

A LOT OF BLOOD

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DESERTED HIGHWAY BAR-NIGHT

A desolate, wasteland of a bar. Last call has hit, and the tables are empty.

Music cascades gently off the aging wooden walls. All that remain are two men sitting at the bar.

The men are KEVIN and JARED.

Kevin (late 20s), the taller of the two, is dressed nicely in a well-pressed suit.

Jared (late 20s), on the other hand, wears comfortable clothing; jeans and a hoodie.

Each holds a drink; sipping casually.

A middle aged woman approaches the boys. This is PAM (40s), the bartender.

She is dressed younger than she should be, her cleavage bouncing seductively with each step.

PAM

So, where's the next stop on your cross country road trip?

JARED

I say the mountains, or even the beach.

KEVIN

And I say hell, why not go for both.

Kevin chuckles to himself as he sips his drink.

PAM

You're in the perfect part of the country for both, especially in autumn. Sure is beautiful.

JARED

My country tis of thee, and all that shit.

Both boys erupt into laughter.

Pam shakes her head and snickers at their immaturity.

RING.

The phone.

PAM
'Scuse me a moment, boys.

RING.

She rushes to answer it.

PAM
Hold up, hold up.

RING.

She swiftly scoops up the receiver.

PAM
Stubs, Grubs, and Suds. Pam here.

A beat.

Her once cheery demeanor melts to sudden, yet mysterious worry.

Pam covers the receiver with her hand.

PAM
I'll be right back, boys, start
finishing up dem drinks.

Pam ducks around the corner of the bar in order to keep the conversation private, but remaining in view.

PAM
(softly)
Sorry. What was that?

Her voice trails off as the boys carry on. Neither pays a lick of attention to the obviously suspicious Pam.

JARED
To a good night gone great.

Jared lifts a shot glass.

KEVIN
A night we won't forget-

Kevin raises his.

JARED
-or remember.

Both men CLINK their shots and swallow the rest of their fire water.

Jared POUNDS his glass on the bar.

KEVIN

Oh my. I'm throwing in the towel,
man.

JARED

Whoa! Come on. Hit me one more
time, baby.

Pam hangs up the phone, then rejoins the boys at the bar.

PAM

No more, it's closing time. Kill
those drinks, boys. I gotta get
home to my kids.

She scoops up the two shot glasses. Jared swigs from another glass. He swoons with faux lust.

JARED

What, what did you say your name
was again, sweet cheeks?

PAM

Name of Pam, and tickle talk ain't
going to help you out none. Time to
go is time to go.

Jared blushes.

KEVIN

Alright, alright, Pam. We're going.
Keep your shirt on.

Jared flirtatiously stands.

JARED

(quickly)
Or don't!

He stumbles and almost falls. Kevin rushes to his aid,
stabilizing Jared before he can fall.

KEVIN

Let's go.

Together, the two men exit the bar. Pam watches on, scoffing
at their drunkenness.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT-NIGHT

The witching hour has come and gone. But, while the moon hangs high, the night still revels in mystery.

A few sordid street lights dot the sky above the blank concrete of the parking lot.

At the end of the parking lot is a decrepit, rundown bar. A neon sign slowly fades from life and the interior lights are killed.

The lot itself is empty, save for an old, rusty, brown and orange Winnebago RV.

It remains parked in the lot, and appears to be broken down.

Trees line the area and lead into a dense forest. It's a picturesque vision of solitude.

The front door of the bar swings open and the two men drunkenly exit from inside.

JARED

Holy shit. What time is it?

Kevin rubs his eyes to get a better look at his watch. The cool autumn wind nips at his nose.

KEVIN

Three?

His eyes strain in the tepid light.

KEVIN

Two?

From behind the bar, a car emerges.

It's Pam.

She slows down and pokes her head out the window. Her breath is warm against the cool night.

PAM

You boys street legal?

JARED

Mostly.

PAM

You heading to a hotel?

KEVIN
Don't worry. We'll be fine.

JARED
Or die trying.

Pam smiles quaintly and nods her head.

PAM
You boys take care. Come back and
visit any time.

She drives off into the night. The boys watch as her
taillights disappear into the dark.

A beat. Kevin exhales.

JARED
I'm not driving.

Kevin scoffs.

KEVIN
That's fine. I'm good. Don't you
worry.

Kevin takes a step off the curb and stumbles.

Jared laughs.

JARED
You sure?

KEVIN
Yeah, just give me a second.

Kevin stands prostrate. His back CRACKS.

He breathes in the cool autumn air. It is refreshing,
sobering, and sickening.

Without warning, Kevin keels over and barfs.

KEVIN
Oh, ah, ugh.

Jared bursts into laughter as Kevin spews for a second time.

KEVIN
Ugh, I think I'm ok.

Kevin regains his composure and wipes his mouth.

KEVIN
Ok. Let's go.

The duo heads into the darkened parking lot. Kevin retrieves a pair of keys from his pocket.

He JINGLES them.

Jared pulls out his phone and starts playing. He falls a few feet behind Kevin. His phone CHIMES with a distinctive pattern.

Kevin forges on ahead for a few yards before stopping suddenly in his tracks.

Jared continues to walk, paying no attention to the alarmed Kevin.

JARED
Fucking boonies. You think they'd put up a cell tower around here or something.

KEVIN
Dude, where's the car?

Jared pounds away at his phone, walking past Kevin.

JARED
Not playing that fucking game with you, man.

KEVIN
No, seriously, Jared. My car. Where is it?

Jared finally looks up.

The lot is in fact empty, save for the RV. Their car is nowhere to be found.

JARED
I swear, we-

Jared looks about the lot as if to confirm the car is in fact missing.

JARED
-it's gone.

He's right.

KEVIN
Thank you, professor.

JARED
Hit the lock button.

KEVIN
What?

JARED
Here.

Jared snatches the keys from Kevin. In dramatic fashion, Jared hoists the keys in the air and presses the lock button.

Silence.

Again, Jared presses the button in hopes that the horn will signal to them.

Nothing.

JARED
Fuck. Well, that's all I had.

Jared passes the keys back to Kevin.

KEVIN
Just call a cab.

JARED
I can't.

KEVIN
Why not?

Jared takes out his phone and shows it to Kevin. The screen shows both a low battery and no signal.

KEVIN
Damn it.

BEEP.

The phone shuts off.

JARED
Dead anyways. Your phone have a signal?

KEVIN
(sarcastically)
It's in the car. So, I wouldn't know.

JARED
Bummer. What are we going to do?

Kevin's normal, even-keeled composure quickly melts. The night air nips at his patience.

KEVIN

Fuck!

As Kevin curses the heavens, a muffled WHIMPER slips from inside the back portion of the RV.

A beat.

JARED

Shhh. Did you hear that?

Kevin turns his ear to better hear.

KEVIN

Hear what?

JARED

Shhh.

A beat.

Both men swivel their heads for a better vantage point.

Nothing but the night air frosting against their warm, patterned breathing.

WHIMPER.

JARED

That.

Jared pauses; he leans forward slightly.

JARED

I think it came from inside that RV.

Kevin furrows his brow.

KEVIN

I didn't hear anything.

Again, a WHIMPER. This time louder.

Kevin hears it.

KEVIN

It sounds like a person, doesn't it?

They tip-toe closer.

The sound quickly dissipates into the darkness of the night.
They inch closer.

JARED
Maybe they need help?

KEVIN
Or maybe they can help us.

They reach the placid vehicle. Kevin KNOCKS lightly on the side of the RV.

Jared pulls at the door latch.

It's locked.

He tugs harder, but it simply will not budge.

JARED
Fuck, it's stuck.

KEVIN
Hello? Hello?

No response.

Jared BANGS harder on the side panel.

JARED
You ok in there? Hello? Are you hurt?

Though the thick exterior of the RV acts as a muffled barricade, the soft, tender voice of a YOUNG WOMAN speaks to the men.

Her words are velvet; soft and simple.

WOMAN (OS)
Hell-hello? Is there someone there?
Is somebody out there?

Jared leans his ear closer to the RV.

Kevin stands on his tiptoes and attempts to sneak a peek through the front window. A thick piece of metal obscures his view.

He can't see a thing.

KEVIN
Damnit. Hello?

Kevin knocks sharply against the metal obstruction.
It RINGS out in echo against the brisk autumn night.

KEVIN
I can't see a thing.

Tension mounts.

Kevin jets over to check the other side of the RV. All the windows and points of entrance are locked, blockaded.

He pounds and kicks, but nothing gives.

KEVIN
Hello!

JARED
Hi, are you ok? Is everything ok?

Jared squats down to the apparent source of the mysterious voice.

A beat.

JARED
Hello?

Silence.

WOMAN (OS)
Where am I? It's dark in here.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS

From afar, an unseen STALKER watches the action from his POV.

The branches snap as the Stalker cranes for a closer look at the parking lot.

His shadows examines the action closely. His breathing is heavy against the quiet night air.

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT

Back to the action in the lot.

The woman's words are almost inaudible as she SOBS gently into the quiet night.

Jared looks up at Kevin, who shrugs his shoulders.

KEVIN
(agitated)
Dude. I can't see shit. It's all
blocked off and locked up. The
things is like a damned fortress.

Jared contemplates the situation.

JARED
(to Kevin)
Just stay calm.

He faces the RV.

JARED
(to the girl)
Are you ok? Are you hurt?

A pause for silence.

WOMAN (OS)
Who are you?

Her sniffles fill the crisp night air.

Kevin bends down toward Jared to get in closer to the conversation.

KEVIN
My name is Kevin. This is Jared.
You're in an RV parked outside of a
bar in Freemont.

WOMAN (OS)
(panicked)
Freemont? How close are we to
Omaha? Whose RV am I in?

Kevin shrugs his shoulders.

JARED
We don't know whose RV. It was
parked outside the bar when we
left.

KEVIN
What's the last thing you remember?

SNIFFLE.

WOMAN (OS)
I don't know. I was heading to my
car after work. Please just get me
out of here.

Kevin scratches his jawline.

KEVIN
What's your name?

A beat.

SNIFFLE.

WOMAN (OS)
Becky. Becky Barton.

KEVIN
Listen, Becky Barton, you need to
remain calm.

JARED
Right. Stay calm.

Kevin glares at Jared's repetition.

KEVIN
The most important thing is
addressing if you're hurt.

Quiet rummaging from inside.

SNIFFLE.

BECKY (OS)
I can't feel my leg. I think it's
bleeding. I think there's a lot of
blood-

Becky swallows hard. Each word is a struggle.

BECKY (OS)
-I can't feel the right side of my
face. My hands are tied down, and I
think there's someone else in here
with me. I can't see anything.

Jared glances at Kevin. Both men are at a loss for words.

JARED

We're going to get you out of there, Becky. Don't worry, just stay calm.

Kevin leans in to Jared to speak candidly.

KEVIN

Dude, how the hell are we going to get her out?

JARED

We'll think of something. We'll get help.

KEVIN

We can't help ourselves.

JARED

I don't know. We'll walk to the nearest gas station and call. Do you have a better plan?

KEVIN

The one at the end of the road? There's no way it's open.

A beat.

He grasps at straws.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Besides, what if whoever did this comes back.

Jared paces back and forth in thought.

JARED

Then we jump him, take his keys, and get the fuck out of here.

Kevin crosses his arms.

KEVIN

I hope it's that simple.

Becky SOBS louder.

BECKY (OS)

Hello, what's going on out there? Did you leave me? Are you getting help?

Kevin walks back to the side panel and sits down. Jared joins him.

Both lean against the rusted, orange metal.

JARED
It's ok, Becky. We're here still.

KEVIN
This is the situation. Our car was stolen. The only phone we have is dead, and we are in the middle of nowhere.

JARED
You're trapped inside, and we're trapped outside.

SNIFFLE.

BECKY (OS)
Please, it hurts. My leg won't stop throbbing. Please help me.

Both Kevin and Jared wear worry upon their faces. The situation is dire.

Each boy is sobered up by the severity of it all.

KEVIN
Becky, try not to think about your leg, alright?

Kevin stands and walks toward the bar.

JARED
Where are you going?

Jared rushes out toward Kevin.

KEVIN
Maybe Pam left the door open to the bar. We can get in and use the phone or something.

JARED
That's better than nothing.

Jared slows down.

JARED
But what if it's locked?

Kevin stops, he turns back to Jared.

KEVIN

Then we have two options. We can either break into the bar, call the police, and deal with whatever legal issues happen, or-

JARED

Or?

KEVIN

-or we continue to fail at breaking into the RV, waiting for Becky to die. Either way, her life is in our hands. I'll feel more comfortable knowing we didn't take a stupid risk here.

Jared slowly nods in agreement.

JARED

You're right. Let's go.

KEVIN

No, you wait here.

JARED

What? Why?

Kevin sighs.

KEVIN

Someone needs to stand look out. Maybe we get lucky and someone drives by.

Jared nods in agreement.

Kevin departs, heading toward the back of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF BAR

The back of the bar is a mess. Steel trash cans, empty pallets, and wooden crates litter the area.

A broken screen door thinly shields a large, decayed wooden entryway.

Kevin evaluates the entrance.

KEVIN

Hmmm...

A series of small windows line the wall. The inside of the bar is dark.

KEVIN
I wonder if-

Kevin reaches for the screen door and pulls it open.

It SQUEAKS with rust, but opens without a problem.

KEVIN
That was a freebie.

The screen reveals a thick, metal door. Kevin studies it momentarily.

It is presumably locked.

Nonchalantly, Kevin twists the knob and pushes.

CREAK.

Again, it opens without a problem. Kevin leaps slightly, caught off-guard by the ease of entry.

KEVIN
Too easy.

Kevin draws a small, multi-purpose, Swiss Army knife from his pocket. On one end, there is a small flashlight.

Kevin activates the light, and enters cautiously the mysterious bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Back in the front lot, by the RV, Jared paces with his arms crossed.

He SIGHS heavily.

The night has brought a brisk bite and Jared's breath is thick against the air.

His boredom turns swiftly to intuition.

As if prodded forward by an unseen, divine force, Jared goes to work in order to open the door latch of the RV.

BANG.

He is inspired to get inside.

CRACK.

He is motivated.

Jared pulls at the unscathing door that blocks him from Becky. His results are the same as Kevin's earlier attempt.

Despite the stiff opposition, he simply doesn't relent.

JARED

C'mon.

Jared pulls harder, the door rattles on its hinges. At first, it doesn't give. But this only invigorates Jared more.

He pulls harder.

CRACK.

A small break at first, but it propels Jared to press on and get inside.

Harder.

JARED

Open, you piece of shit, open!

His teeth grit against one another as he pulls; harder and harder, more force with each tug.

CRACK.

Progress.

Jared digs in his heels and yanks with one last hurrah.

SNAP. CRACK. SNAP.

The corner of the door breaks from the hinge.

The release of pressure sends Jared down to the ground.

The RV bounces from the stress.

BECKY (OS)

Hello? What's going on? What happened?

Jared pops back up to his feet. With haste, he investigates his progress.

JARED

Yes!

The door has in fact opened ever so slightly.

JARED

Hold on.

He investigates the cracked area. Underneath, Jared sees what appears to be a welded sheet of metal that covers the now exposed area.

JARED

There seems to be a metal sheet behind the door. Are you sure you can't see anything?

BECKY (OS)

No. It's pitch black. Everything is dark. It's like a mausoleum in here.

Jared listens on. The gears in his head spin.

JARED

Just hold tight. I promise.

He grabs the corner of the door by the exposed angle. With great force, Jared pulls on the corner.

JARED

Ungh.

Again, it doesn't budge.

JARED

Come on.

He pulls harder.

The sharp corner of the metal cuts his hand.

JARED

Damn it!

Blood rushes from the wound.

BECKY (OS)

What? What is it?

Jared's eyes dart around the lot for an answer. Instead, all he finds is shadows and chilling mystery.

His lip quivers anxiously. Blood continues to pour from his hand and down to the ground.

Quickly, he removes his jacket and his shirt, taking the cloth to hastily fasten a make shift tourniquet.

Pain seers across his face as he tightens the bandage.

JARED

Ah, shit!

He cringes.

Despite his best efforts, Jared knows the situation has turned dire.

He swallows defeat hard.

SMASH TO:

INT. BAR STOREROOM

Back inside the bar. Kevin steps with caution through the storeroom. The faint glow from his all-purpose tool leads the way.

The area is plagued with darkness, save for tiny strips of light that sneak inside through the chain-mesh covered windows.

Kevin reaches through the dark for a light switch, but only finds the wall. His light does little to help.

Using the wall as a guide, Kevin fumbles through the storeroom toward the main bar area.

MAIN BAR AREA-CONTINUOUS

The bar is a faint memory from the last time Kevin was here. After a bit more fumbling, he finds a light switch and hits it.

Nothing.

The power's dead.

KEVIN

Seriously?

Kevin presses on. Each step he makes comes with an unsettling CREAK.

Tension.

His feet trudge along slowly.

KEVIN

Hello?

Obviously, there is no answer.

A step.

CREAK.

From ahead, Kevin spots a telephone.

It's illuminated by the pale moonlight.

KEVIN

That's what I'm talking about!

He rushes confidently through the darkness to the phone. With a swift scoop, he lifts the receiver from the handle.

Silence.

There is no dial tone.

KEVIN

Hello?

Kevin pounds the buttons furiously. But, in unsurprising horror movie form, there is no response.

KEVIN

Come on, come on!

Kevin SLAMS the receiver back down. As he does, a soft SHUFFLE of feet echoes from behind him.

Kevin turns sharply.

KEVIN

Who's there?

He squints into the darkness, but sees nothing.

KEVIN

Jared?-

Another SHUFFLE, but this time it comes from the back storeroom.

KEVIN

-is that you?

Kevin swallows hard.

He is frantic.

His breathing quickens and becomes labored.

Carefully, he steps toward the back room. Each one is thought out, caught in honey as he heads toward the unknown.

Step.

Step.

Step.

A CRASH from outside.

Kevin's eyes bug open wide. He sprints out of the bar toward the source of the noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Kevin sprints around the corner to find the lot empty, save for the RV, which now has a portion of its back door removed.

KEVIN

Jared? Jared!

Kevin rushes to the RV.

Jared is gone.

A trail of blood leads off toward the road, but vanishes abruptly.

KEVIN

Jared!

Kevin spins around as he desperately seeks for a trace of his friend.

Nothing. The bitter cold of the night slaps Kevin hard across the face.

KEVIN

Where are you?

The silence is broken by a WHIMPER from Becky.

BECKY (OS)

(muffled)

Is Jared gone? What's happening? I thought he was still here.

Kevin sprints to the exposed steel barrier that was behind the RV door. He places his ear up to the cold metal to better hear Becky.

KEVIN

Becky? It's me. It's Kevin. What happened to Jared? Where's Jared? Why is there blood?

Becky's WAILS barely penetrate the exterior of the RV.

Kevin's grows frantic.

He BANGS on the steel exterior.

KEVIN

Becky! Where's Jared?

No response.

A beat.

Silence.

KEVIN

Becky!

Beat.

SNIFFLE.

BECKY (OS)

Is he gone?

KEVIN

Who? Is who gone? Jared? Who are you talking about?

BECKY (OS)

Him.

Kevin composes himself.

KEVIN

Listen, Becky.

He bites his lip to force patience.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

If I'm going to be able to help you, I need you to be calm. Can you do that?

She exhales deeply.

BECKY (OS)

Ok.

KEVIN

Now, tell me what happened, tell me where Jared is.

SNIFFLE.

BECKY (OS)

He was trying to open the door, but I think he cut his hand.

KEVIN

Is he ok?

BECKY (OS)

I don't know. He went to find you. Did he not find you?

KEVIN

No. He didn't.

Kevin takes a step away from the RV. He paces with his thoughts and kicks at the pebbles on the ground.

KEVIN

Was there someone else out here? I heard a loud crash from inside the bar.

BECKY (OS)

Nobody. Nothing.

Becky pauses.

BECKY (OS)

He said he would be right back.

KEVIN

We have to be logical. This simply doesn't make sense.

Kevin again does a once over of the dense forest that surrounds the lot.

He cups his hands over his mouth.

KEVIN

(shouting)

Jared! Jared!

Of course, there is no response.

KEVIN
(frazzled)
Maybe I missed him inside. Should I
go back in?

Kevin paces.

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

The wind blows through the trees like a metronome keeping
beat. His words shudder under the weight of his voice.

KEVIN
I'm going to look for him.

Kevin heads for the bar.

BECKY (OS)
Wait. Don't go!

He stops.

BECKY (OS)
Please don't.

KEVIN
Don't?

BECKY (OS)
Don't leave me here. Please--please
stay.

Becky begins to cry.

BECKY (OS)
Please.

A crossroad.

Kevin slips into thought as he paces back and forth across
the black lot.

He again bites his lower lip, utterly torn on what to do.

On the one hand, his best friend is missing. But, on the
other, this poor girl's life may be in the balance.

KEVIN
Fine. I'll stay. If Jared has any
sense about himself, he'll head
back this way.

Kevin slowly heads back to the RV.

As he does, he notices a small crack in the paint near the rear fender.

KEVIN
Did Jared mention anything about
the fender?

BECKY (OS)
No, why?

Kevin cautiously meanders to the fender. He scrapes at the paint, chipping it in the process.

Underneath the paint is a wire. Kevin tugs at it, which pulls more paint chips from the fender.

KEVIN
(mumbling)
The hell is this?

BECKY (OS)
What? What's going on?

He continues to pull. The wire winds around the back bumper and along the side of the RV.

Kevin slowly pulls more. As he does, paint peels from the exterior.

The wire eventually ends under the front bumper of the RV.

Kevin gives it one last tug, and a small black object falls to the ground with a loud THUNK.

BECKY (OS)
What was that?

KEVIN
I'm not sure.

Carefully, Kevin bends down to retrieve the object, which is still attached via the long wire.

He carefully examines the hard exterior of the object. Its shape is a basic box, but the lining shines with a glossy finish.

A beat.

Suddenly, a red LED light blinks amidst the object's vacant facade.

A few seconds pass, and it blinks again. It appears to obey a set pattern.

Kevin remains silent as the blinks draw his attention. This silence brings worry to Becky.

BECKY (OS)
Kevin? Are you still there? What's
going on?

KEVIN
Shhh.

As Kevin continues his rudimentary study of the object, a faint CHIME echoes from the woods.

Kevin drops the device in fright. Fear sears through his bones. The chime is deathly reminiscent to that of Jared's phone.

KEVIN
Did you hear that? That chime? Was
that from inside the RV?

BECKY (OS)
Chime? What chime?

KEVIN
Shhh.

CHIME.

Kevin leaps to his feet. The noise appears to emanate from the woods. Kevin's eyes dart back and forth as he awaits the next chime.

BECKY (OS)
Is that him?

KEVIN
Shhh.

Kevin takes a step toward the woods.

BECKY (OS)
Kevin?

KEVIN
Shh.

Another step.

CHIME.

BECKY (OS)
What's going on?

KEVIN
Shhh.

Another step.

A beat.

Another step.

A beat.

CHIME. A step.

CHIME. Another.

CHIME. Closer.

Kevin cannot take the mystery any further. Every second brings him a step closer to the mysterious CHIME that sings from the woods.

Becky is kept in the dark, not even knowing that Kevin has left her side.

BECKY (OS)
Kevin?

He doesn't respond.

He is a man on a mission.

He is focused on the chimes.

BECKY (OS)
Kevin?

The CHIME continues to be a mystery.

Kevin doesn't know much, but he knows that the object he found triggered the CHIME he is hearing from the forest, and that CHIME sounds identical to Jared's phone.

BECKY (OS)
Are you still there? Please Kevin,
don't leave me. He's going to come
back. Please don't leave me.

Becky's voice is so sincere it hurts.

Kevin inches closer to the woods.

Despite the offbeat intervals of each CHIME, he is enthralled by its swan-like tune.

CHIME. He inhales and steps.

CHIME. He exhales and steps.

He is now closer to the woods than he is to the RV. Becky's words disappear against the soft howl of the night winds.

BECKY (OS)
(softly)
Kevin? Kevin?

Kevin is at the edge of the woods.

CHIME.

BECKY (OS)
(muffled)
Hello?

The RV remains at his back, a distant memory.

Slowly, he passes into the trees and out of the lot, hot on the trail of the mystery noise.

CUT TO:

WOODS

The woods are a different world, a different realm, a different universe. The mysterious noise draws Kevin deeper into the woods.

The leaves crunch under his feet. Each breath emits warmth against the cool night.

BECKY (OS)
(faint)
Kevin!

Kevin tip-toes through the brush and past the trees. In the distance, a clearing emerges. The chime has subsided.

CRUNCH.

Kevin enters the clearing.

CLEARING-CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

Jared?

Kevin grows closer to the source of the commotion. Becky's pleas have become a mere whisper against the wind.

CRUNCH.

Kevin enters the middle of the clearing. There he finds a small family burial plot surrounded by a rusty, spiked fence.

It sits somberly amongst the equally dilapidated trees.

KEVIN

Hello?

Behind the fence are 3 aging gravestones. From above, a countless number of shoes dangle from the tree branches to create a creepy mobile.

Kevin furrows his brow as he approaches the gravestones. His eyes are mesmerized as the shoes dance against the beat of the night.

KEVIN

What the fuck?

BURIAL PLOT

Kevin opens the gate of the rusted fence.

It SQUEAKS.

Carefully, he enters the grave site and investigates the stones.

The names and dates are worn, and unreadable.

KEVIN

Hmmm.

He brushes off some dirt from the cobbled rock.

CRACK.

Kevin stands. His eyes dart through the darkness.

Nothing.

KEVIN

Jared?

The world disappears around him.

SNAP.

A twig breaks behind Kevin. He turns, heart racing, just in time to see a small animal scurry off. Fear fills his eyes as he struggles to comprehend the situation.

He exhales; a moment passes.

SLAM.

A sharp noise from the parking lot cut through the dark. Kevin's eyes snap to the lot, catching a DARK FIGURE exiting the RV with a large, black bag.

KEVIN

Hey! You!

The Dark Figure doesn't respond to Kevin's raucous pleas from afar.

KEVIN

Stop!

Kevin gives chase; sprinting from the clearing and through the woods toward the figure.

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT

Kevin exits the woods and enters the parking lot. As he does, the Dark Figure disappears into the shadows across the lot.

He slows to a stop at the RV; pants with exhaustion, accepting momentary defeat.

KEVIN

Damn it.

The RV looms over him. Its shadow moving through the lot as the night creeps further into darkness.

With little hope, Kevin shrugs his shoulders.

KEVIN

Why the hell not?

He tugs at the door.

CREAK.

It budges ever so slightly, but is still locked. A small corner protrudes, torn from the frame of the door.

He BANGS on the side panel.

KEVIN

Becky! You ok? What happened?

No response.

Kevin digs through his pocket and retrieves his Swiss Army knife. Carefully, he digs the small knife into the opening and creates a lever.

KEVIN

Come on, come on!

Kevin forces the knife against the opening. He pushes, and pulls, and pushes, but gets no result.

KEVIN

Becky? Are you ok?

He pounds his palm against the door, yanking the handle. It jiggles, but won't budge.

Tears replace the fear in Kevin's eyes, and he finally crumbles to the ground.

SNIFFLE.

For the first time, Kevin acknowledges the dire consequences he faces. The cold autumn wind picks up. Kevin wraps his arms around one another.

He shivers as a tear rolls down his cheek.

SNIFFLE.

At first, the sniffle comes from Kevin. But quickly, it becomes apparent that there is another SNIFFLE echoing from inside the RV.

Kevin hears it and leaps to his feet. His teeth chatter with fear and excitement.

KEVIN

Beck! Is that you? Thank God.
Please tell me you're ok?

SNIFFLE.

Kevin leans into the door for a better listen.

JARED (OS)

Kevin?

It's Jared!

Kevin's eyes open wide with surprise and he smiles.

KEVIN

Jared! Holy shit man. I was worried sick! You ok? What happened?

Kevin is overjoyed.

JARED (OS)

I don't know, man, I don't know.

A beat.

JARED (OS)

Am I inside the RV?

Kevin's joyous demeanor plummets.

KEVIN

Yeah.

Pause.

JARED (OS)

Damn.

A muffled BANG from inside as Jared punches the floor.

JARED (OS)

Dude, I don't know what happened. One second, I was waiting outside for you. The next--

KEVIN

(interrupting)

Are you alone?

Kevin presses his ear up to the RV.

JARED (OS)

I don't know. It's dark. I can't really move, but I think I hear someone else breathing.

KEVIN
Is it Becky?

JARED (OS)
Maybe, I'm not sure.

Kevin slinks back down to the ground.

He SIGHS in despair.

Options are fleeting, and his back is physically up against the proverbial wall.

KEVIN
What do we do?

A beat.

JARED (OS)
There really aren't any options.

KEVIN
Psh. That's an understatement.

Jared swallows hard.

Kevin looks about the area for some sort of divine intervention.

Nothing.

JARED (OS)
You have to get to that gas station.

Kevin looks up and laughs.

KEVIN
You're kidding, right? Do we even know how far away that was? I haven't ran more than a mile since 8th grade.

A beat. Jared's silence distresses Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I can't leave you here, man. Come on, be realistic.

No response.

Kevin stands. He POUNDS against the door.

KEVIN
Jared? Don't fuck around with me,
man. Come on.

No response.

Kevin POUNDS again. Harder.

KEVIN
Jared!

Tension.

JARED (OS)
I'm here.

Jared speaks slowly. His words filter heavily through his
trembling lips.

JARED (OS)
Look, I'm scared too. But I don't
know what other solutions there
are.

Kevin nods his head slowly in agreement. Courage builds in
his blood. Jared is right, and Kevin knows it.

KEVIN
Ok. Fine.

JARED (OS)
Are you sure?

Kevin stands.

KEVIN
Yeah. I can do this.

JARED (OS)
Just get to the gas station and
call for help. Don't worry about
me.

He leans his back against the RV. The night sky unfolds in
front of him. He exhales deeply.

KEVIN
Deal. But don't go anywhere. I'll
be right back.

JARED (OS)
I'll see you soon.

Kevin inhales deeply, then exhales with purpose. He is invigorated with responsibility.

KEVIN

Here we go.

And with that, Kevin hits the ground running. He sprints out of the parking lot and on to the main road.

CUT TO:

MAIN ROAD

The trees turn to green blurs as Kevin sprints down the road. His fists swings forward and back.

His shoes POUND against the cold pavement.

Behind him, the RV shrinks from view. The road is long, dark and desolate, but Kevin runs with purpose.

Inhale.

Exhale.

The beat of Kevin's shoes echo against the trees and keep time with the rhythm of his breath and the frosty night air.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Each jaunt, each step, each stride brings Kevin closer to the gas station.

As the road bends, the first infant rays of light from the gas station spill through the treeline.

Behind them, the slightest whisper of the coming dawn. The light screams in comparison to the darkness of the parking lot.

KEVIN

Yes!

Kevin smiles and quickens his pace. Safety is within reach. He can taste it, and it is sweet.

SQUEAK.

SQUEAL.

SKID.

From behind, a car brakes, coming to a stop in the parking lot.

Kevin's heart races as his feet slow to a halt.

He turns.

Although the lot is a good distance behind him, he can see the shadowy shape of a tow truck parked next to the RV.

KEVIN

No.

As if in a dream, Kevin takes one step gingerly toward the parking lot.

Then another, and another.

Each step speeds up, and soon Kevin is sprinting back toward the parking lot.

SLAM.

CREAK.

Kevin closes in. His pace quickens.

KEVIN

Come on, come on.

A MAN exits the truck and approaches the RV. Without skipping a beat, he unlocks the back door and enters, disappearing from Kevin's view.

KEVIN

Jared!

Kevin composes himself as he reaches the edge of the lot. He takes cover behind a tree.

CUT TO:

EDGE OF WOODS-CONTINUOUS

The action unfolds a mere yards away, but Kevin remains still, anonymous.

The Man exits the rear of the RV holding a large bag, similar to the one from earlier. Without regard, he tosses it to the ground.

Whatever is inside the bag flinches and kicks at being dropped.

MAN

Urngh.

Kevin leans forward for a better look.

SNAP.

A twig cracks under his foot. The Man turns sharply at the noise.

It seems as if Kevin is caught. He takes a step back as the Man takes a step forward.

Kevin holds his breath. The Man watches the woods, but doesn't notice Kevin.

Tension fills the air, but Kevin remains calm and still. As the Man watches on, he loses interest in the noise and returns to his devious work.

Kevin exhales.

KEVIN

Gosh.

The Man picks up the bag and drags it toward the woods, disappearing from sight into the trees.

Kevin waits.

He leans forward for a better look, but can't see a damn thing. The moment is thick. Each second lasts an eternity.

Finally, from the darkness, a DARK FIGURE exits the RV.

It's Becky. Kevin immediately recognizes her beauty against the ugly autumn night.

KEVIN

Becky?

She leaps from the edge of the bumper and falls to the ground. The freedom of the moment captures all her attention and overwhelms her.

She is focused and determined.

KEVIN

(whispering)

Becky-

She doesn't hear him.

In her frenzy, she hobbles to her feet. She's visibly hurt and favors her leg.

From afar, the Man emerges from the forest and approaches the mouth of the lot.

KEVIN
(whispering)
Becky!

This time, Kevin is louder. But, again, his words fall short against the night.

The Man draws closer, oblivious to Kevin's calls toward the fleeing Becky.

Kevin steps toward the lot, toward Becky.

KEVIN
Beck!

Finally. Kevin's words hit the right pitch to draw Becky's attention. She squints toward the forest.

Despite having no idea what Kevin looks like, she recognizes his soothing voice.

BECKY
Kev-Kevin?

Without responding, Kevin simply points toward the woods and the approaching Man.

Becky immediately realizes the situation she is in.

She desperately looks about the area for a solution, for a place to hide.

KEVIN
(mouthing)
Hurry!

Time is running out.

Kevin gets antsy, ducking around the tree for a better vantage point. He can't leave Becky hanging out to dry.

The Man approaches; his pace quickens despite not knowing Becky has escaped the RV.

Kevin closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

KEVIN
(to himself)
Please God.

A car door SLAMS shut.

Kevin takes a step into the unknown, then opens his eyes. The world comes into full view, but nobody is there.

Becky is gone.

The lot is empty.

Kevin remains frozen.

The Man slams the back-door shut and hops into his tow-truck. The motor CRANKS, and the Man drives off into the night.

It appears as if the Man has once again thrown Becky into his RV of death.

A beat.

Kevin takes a step into the lot. The wind blows his hair up against his face. He brushes it back.

Step.

PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

Pebbles CRACKLE under the soft rubber sole of his shoe.

Step.

KEVIN
Becky?

Step.

Kevin visually inspects the parking lot over, but finds nothing.

Tension mounts as Kevin continues to tip-toe across the lot and toward the RV.

BECKY (OS)
Kevin?

Kevin jumps.

Becky rolls out from under the RV. She is bleeding badly, and in awful shape.

KEVIN

Holy shit.

As Becky hobbles to her feet, Kevin scoops her up. A tear drops down her cheek. Words can hardly penetrate her lips.

She WHIMPERS.

KEVIN

Shh. It's ok.

Fear boils up in her eyes. Despite the dirt, filth and grime, Becky is gorgeous. Kevin marvels at her beauty.

KEVIN

You're alive. You're safe.
Everything is going to be OK.

WHIMPER.

BECKY

We have to leave. You have to get
me out of here. Please get me out
of here, please.

Becky pulls at his arm, but Kevin is reluctant. She sobs harder.

BECKY

Please. We just have to leave.
Please.

KEVIN

And go where? Jared is still locked
inside that fucking slaughter house
on wheels, you're in no shape to
walk, and we are miles from
civilization!

Becky collapses in Kevin's arms. Her tears run with genuine pain and fright.

BECKY

Please...please.

KEVIN

I'm sorry. But I'm not leaving my
friend behind. I just can't do that
to him.

Becky regains her composure. She stands up straight and wipes away her tears gently. Kevin examines every inch of her fragile face.

KEVIN
You're safe now.

Becky SNIFFLES.

BECKY
The roof. There's a hatch on the
roof. We can get to your friend
through the hatch.

Becky turns to point at the looming RV.

KEVIN
Like an emergency hatch?

Becky nods.

BECKY
When I first woke up, I thought I
was in a cave, or a casket or a
morgue.

She wipes away a tear.

BECKY
All I saw was a light shining from
above me, and a face watching down
on me.

Kevin listens intently.

KEVIN
That's good. Maybe we can use that.

Kevin paces. He looks over the RV, taking note of the hood,
the roof, and the side. He deconstructs a way to climb to the
top.

KEVIN
Roof latch, huh? Ok, I think we
having something here.

One more passing glance.

KEVIN
Fuck it. This is what we're going
to do. You're gonna hide over in
the trees.

Kevin points over to his former hiding spot.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm going to break through that
hatch, save Jared, then we are
getting the hell out of here. Deal?

Becky nods with apprehensive approval before slowly scampering off toward the trees.

Kevin approaches the RV. He knocks on the side door twice.

KEVIN
Hold tight, buddy.

No response from inside.

KEVIN
Going to get you out of there. We
will be laughing about this
tomorrow night, I promise.

Kevin grabs hold of the driver side mirror, and hoists himself up on to the hood. Each movement is careful and delicate.

Inhale.

He climbs.

Exhale.

Higher.

Becky watches on from the woods. Kevin steadies his footing and climbs to the roof.

ROOF OF RV-CONTINUOUS

In front of Kevin, a small hatch with a circular handle.

Kevin stops.

He checks down toward Becky. Her fingernails dig into the brittle bark of the tree. She bites her lip as she watches Kevin navigate the roof of the RV.

Proceeding with the utmost caution, Kevin kneels down next to the hatch.

KEVIN
Almost buddy. Almost.

A gentle wind blows against his sleep-ridden face. Kevin swells with fear.

His hair blows over his eyes, and he again brushes it away.

Inhale.

Exhale.

One hand at a time, Kevin grasps the handle and tightens his fingers around the hard plastic.

Inhale.

Exhale.

BANG.

A shot rings out. Kevin falls backward on to his butt, but quickly pops back up.

KEVIN

Shit.

In a fury, he twists the handle of the hatch and pulls it open, revealing the darkened interior of the RV, which appears to be more like a mausoleum.

KEVIN

Jared!

The moon bathes only a portion of the interior, but it's enough for Kevin to make out the form of a body laying on the ground.

KEVIN

I'm coming buddy, stay put.

Kevin carefully leans down toward the opening for a better look.

As he does, the crude face of a MASKED CLOWN looks up at him. Kevin is taken aback with fear.

CLINK. WHIR. An insistent and maniacal laugh cackles from the Clown.

The back door flies open and the masked Clown, who wears only rags with tatters, sprints out.

CLOWN

Nooo!

The Clown pulls a gun and fires up at Kevin.

KEVIN

Ugh!

Kevin swerves to the side and dodges the incoming bullet from the Clown.

The laughs continues.

Kevin watches as the Clown flees from the RV in a hurry. As the Clown hobbles away from the RV, a knife drops from his possession.

KEVIN

Wait!

Kevin takes to action and leaps from the RV.

PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

With a THUD, Kevin hits the ground. His knee scraps against the concrete. It instantly begins to bleed.

Despite the pain, Kevin isn't detoured. The laugh echoes.

KEVIN

Stop! Stop!

The Clown nears the woods, not looking back a single time. Still keeling from the fall, Kevin picks up the knife and closes into the clown.

KEVIN

Fucker!

Kevin tackles the Clown and stabs him repeatedly in the back. He grits his teeth with each downward thrust.

KEVIN

Son of a bitch.

Blood pours from the Clown, but the laugh continues. Gingerly, Kevin turns the clown over on to his back and reaches into the burlap overcoat.

Inside, he finds a tape recorder playing the sinister laugh.

Next, Kevin notices is that the clown's hands are tied with crude barbed wire.

KEVIN

What the-

Kevin pulls back the mask to reveal Jared, his friend.

KEVIN

J-

Tape covers Jared's mouth, and a crude set of stitches keep his eyes shut.

KEVIN

Jared?

Kevin falls to his knees over his friends lifeless body. Blood seeps from the knife wounds and pool around Jared's corpse.

BECKY

Did you get him?

Becky slowly emerges from the woods. Her pace toward Kevin quickens.

Kevin breaks down.

His SOBS echo against the otherwise calm parking lot.

The laugh continues despite the body being deceased.

Becky grows concerned.

BECKY

What happened, Kevin? You got him, right?

As she closes in, she sees Kevin's brittle grasp of the moment.

BECKY

Is that-him?

Kevin looks up at Becky.

KEVIN

It's Jared. I killed Jared.

Becky shakes her head slowly. Kevin tosses the tape recorder against the ground. It shatters.

The laughing abruptly stops.

BECKY

No.

She rushes to Kevin and pulls him to his feet.

BECKY
You didn't know. You couldn't have
known.

Kevin's eyes remain locked on his friend's limp body. Becky
turns his shoulders, forces him to face her.

KEVIN
I thought it was-

BECKY
Don't do this to yourself. Stop
right now.

Kevin can't focus. Becky's words are like whispers in his
ears.

KEVIN
I-I-

Becky shakes him hard. His frantic behavior does well to get
Becky focused on the situation.

BECKY
Hey.

Kevin doesn't respond.

BECKY
Hey!

She digs her nails into his shoulders and shakes him
savagely.

BECKY
Kevin!

The instance of her shake snaps Kevin back to reality. He
looks down at Jared, then up at Becky.

KEVIN
We have to get out of here.

BECKY
And go where?

Kevin scans the lot. The RV is still there. Jared's body
remains on the ground, as cold as the concrete.

KEVIN
We need to find shelter. A
defensive position to hold out
until the morning.

BECKY
Like the bar? Or the RV?

Again, Kevin scans the area. The hatch atop the RV remains ajar. He looks back at the bar. Its dark silhouette hovers ominously over the duo.

KEVIN
The bar.

Kevin grabs Becky's hand and leads her out of the parking lot and toward the bar.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BACK OF BAR

Kevin quietly leads Becky toward the back of the bar. He steps around the familiar area with confidence.

The smooth light from the moon illuminates dust against the bare building.

KEVIN
Come on.

BECKY
Ok.

Kevin grasps Becky's hand tightly and leads her toward the back door. Calmly, Kevin reaches for the knob.

He has regained a bit of his swagger, his confidence swells as he takes control of the situation.

KEVIN
Follow my lead.

BECKY
Just don't let go.

Kevin nods with purpose as he twists the door knob. It doesn't move. A rusted padlock holds the door in place.

Kevin furrows his brow.

KEVIN
What the heck?

He pushes his shoulder into the door. It doesn't budge. The door is securely locked.

BECKY
What's wrong?

KEVIN
The door's locked.

BECKY
So? How'd you get in last time?
Don't you have a key or something?

Kevin leans his shoulder against the door and digs his heels into the gravel. With great force, he twists the knob and pushes again.

KEVIN
Argh!

The door frame rattles, but the door doesn't open.

KEVIN
Fuck!

BECKY
What is it?

KEVIN
It was open earlier. I swear, the
door was open earlier.

Kevin takes a step back from the door. He runs his hands through his hair as he thinks.

KEVIN
I walked back here and opened that
door without an issue. I didn't
lock it when I left.

Frustration has finally taken Kevin over. His eyes bug out slightly. Becky attempts to remain calm, but fear dilates her pupils.

BECKY
So?

KEVIN
So, don't you see? Someone is
fucking with us. This isn't just a
coincidence.

BECKY
Come on. Fucking with us?

Kevin stops. He looks Becky in the eye. Both feel the strain of the situation tearing into their souls.

KEVIN
I don't know. Maybe.

Becky sarcastically nods her head. Her typical reluctant demeanor melts from her face.

BECKY

You think this is a game? Is this
funny or something?

Kevin opens his mouth, but doesn't speak. His jaw hangs ajar. The moon glistens off the saliva of his teeth.

BECKY

This?

Becky rolls up her shirt sleeve. Exposed for Kevin to see is a series of bruises and cuts. Her wrists are black and blue from the shackles that bound her in the RV.

BECKY

This isn't fucking with. Your
friend is dead, and you're the one
that killed him.

Becky stomps a few feet away. She raises a bony finger and points toward the lot.

BECKY (CONT'D)

His body is in a pool of blood
outside that tomb!

Kevin's jaw remains slightly open. He stares listlessly, listening as Becky rants.

BECKY (CONT'D)

That tomb that held me prisoner.
And you have the audacity to say
we are being fucked with?

Slowly, Kevin returns to reality.

KEVIN

I didn't-

Becky doesn't relent.

BECKY

I've been fucked before, Kevin, and
I assure you the cuffs never break
the skin.

Kevin breaks as Becky finishes her point. He knows he has gone too far. She breaks into tears and collapses into his arms.

KEVIN
I'm sorry. I really didn't mean
anything by it.

A beat.

Becky's tears echo against the small area.

KEVIN
Maybe it's not a game, but
something's not right here. The
longer we wait around, the worse it
will get.

BECKY
I don't want to die, Kevin. I don't
want to die. Please don't let me
die.

KEVIN
I promise, on my life, that I will
protect you and keep you safe.

Becky pulls back and wipes her mouth as she ponders over
their current situation.

BECKY
What can we do?

Kevin folds his hands behind his back.

KEVIN
Run. We have to run. The only
reason we stuck around to begin
with was to help you. And now we-

He stops his words short as he swallows hard. Jared, his best
friend in the world remains lifeless in a puddle of blood.

BECKY
Kevin. You can't focus on that.

Becky puts her hand on his shoulder.

BECKY (CONT'D)
None of this matters if we don't
make it out of here alive.

KEVIN
Then we need to move.

Becky removes her hand and turns her back to Kevin.

BECKY

Let's assume you're right. Maybe they are toying with us.

KEVIN

Ok, so?

BECKY

Don't you think they want us to run? Won't they be expecting that? They can't be stupid.

KEVIN

Then we have to act fast. Even if they are expecting it, they won't be expecting it now.

Becky faces Kevin. A light bulb goes off in her head.

BECKY

How often do people drive up and down this road? Maybe if we are patient, someone will come along.

KEVIN

I don't know. I'm not from around here. We were just passing through for the night.

BECKY

Damn it.

KEVIN

Sorry.

The duo have their backs up against the proverbial wall. The autumn night continues to slowly fill with despair.

BEEP.

Both Becky's and Kevin's eyes are instantly magnetized to the noise.

It is coming from inside the bar; from the other side of the door.

BECKY

What was-

KEVIN

Shh.

Kevin steps toward the building. From the darkness of the bar, a faint light glows. It illuminates the window pane.

BEEP.

Kevin steps toward the noise gingerly.

BEEP.

BECKY
Is tha-

KEVIN
Shush!

He steps again, cutting the distance between them and the noise.

BEEP.

Kevin nears the source of the noise. He peeks through the window. Resting on the floor of the bar is a cell phone.

It glows with activity.

KEVIN
My phone?

BEEP.

It lights up again, the grows dim. Kevin pulls on the door furiously, but it simply will not budge.

KEVIN
Fuck!

Kevin pushes his back against the wall and crumbles to the ground.

KEVIN
Still think we aren't being fucked
with?

The surrealism of the moment swirls in Kevin's head. His eyes dilate.

BECKY
Let's bail, ok? Come on.

She pulls at Kevin's hand, but he doesn't budge.

BECKY
Kevin, please.

Again, she pulls.

Kevin blinks hard, but doesn't budge.

BECKY

Giving up now is an invitation for
death. It's an invitation I would
like to avoid.

Her words speak with venom and purpose. Her hand remains
extended.

KEVIN

You're right.

Kevin wraps his fingers around her hand and she pulls him to
his feet.

KEVIN

Let's move.

Kevin heads toward the lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOT-CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Becky sneak into the parking lot. Again, the night
is deathly quiet.

KEVIN

Stay alert.

The RV looms in the distance. A few yards away, Jared's body
remains in a pool of blood.

The faint glow from the overhead lights casts a shadow of the
RV across Jared.

Kevin swallows hard.

BECKY

Don't look at him.

She grabs his hand.

BECKY

Come on.

Becky looks Kevin directly in the eyes. An overwhelming sense
of purpose swells inside Kevin.

He nods.

Together, they tip toe across the lot and toward the woods. The night remains still.

The world is quiet, a tad too quiet. Tensions mount as they cross the lot toward the edge of the woods.

Each step is uncertain, calculated. Wind slowly blows against their determined faces.

KEVIN

Almost there.

The RV is now to their back. Jared is a speck in the distance.

KEVIN

Careful. Careful.

Hand in hand, they reach the edge of the woods. The trees offer an embrace of safety and possibility.

EDGE OF WOODS-CONTINUOUS

The sturdy trees provide a level of comfort. The lot, which has been a constant source of tension, is finally to their backs.

BECKY

Now what?

Kevin examines the woods. Timber and brush dot the area in front of them.

The cloudless sky provides just enough moonlight to illuminate a path through the forest.

He pauses.

KEVIN

I'm not sure. Should we split up, divide and conquer?

BECKY

I don't know. That didn't turn out too hot last time.

Becky catches her words.

BECKY

I-

KEVIN

No. You're right. Neither of us
knows the area that well. It would
just put us in jeopardy.

Both contemplate the next series of moves. With guaranteed
death behind them, and the great unknown of the woods in
front of them.

BECKY

Then we stick together.

She grabs Kevin's hand tightly.

He reciprocates.

The moment dangles delicately as death looms firmly in the
air.

KEVIN

Deal.

Before they can take a step, a BOOM echoes from behind them.
Kevin turns. In the distance, a SHADOWY FIGURE steps into the
middle of the lot.

BECKY

What was that?

KEVIN

Oh shit.

Becky's heart races. Kevin stands prostrate, prepared for the
worst.

BECKY

Kevin!

KEVIN

Run!

Kevin tightens his grip around Becky's hand as he sprints
into the woods.

BECKY

Kevin, wait!

The Shadowy Figure doesn't make a move, but that doesn't
detour Kevin's escape.

Trees turn to blurs as he dodges the twigs and bark. His feet
speed up, putting the lot far behind him.

The RV slowly disappears in the distance.

BECKY

Slow down, I can't keep up.

The night turns vicious. Despite her cries, Kevin sprints faster.

His fingers wrap around her hand as he drags her through the crowded forest.

KEVIN,

Don't slow down, come on.

The moon spews waves of light from above the canopy of trees. Stripes of light dance against the dried forest floor.

Leaves CRUNCH under the weight of each step. Urgency swells through their veins.

Their pace quickens.

The night air smacks against Kevin's skin as he grits his teeth.

Becky heaves with exhaustion.

She tightens her hand around Kevin's. Despite the brevity of the situation, she turns back.

BECKY

He's gaining on us.

Kevin dodges one low hanging branch, then another.

KEVIN

Don't slow down. Come on.

Again, he quickens his pace. A twig SNAPS beneath the force of his foot. Kevin turns to look at Becky.

Tears roll down her rosy cheeks.

BECKY

Kevin! Watch out!

He turns quickly, coming face to face with a large branch.

His forehead slams into the brittle bark, knocking him out cold. His ankle twists against the piled leaves as he falls to the cold ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RV-DARKNESS

A room devoid of light.

Total darkness.

For the moment, the only sound is muffled wind blowing against cheap aluminum and a soft SCRATCHING.

A moment passes.

It feels like an eternity.

SCRATCH.

Another eternity.

The contained silence is broken by a soft SHUFFLE and a gentle metallic JINGLE.

SCRATCH.

An eternity.

From the darkness, a gruff, disorientated voice speaks. It's Kevin.

KEVIN

Ugh.

RATTLE. JINGLE.

KEVIN

Hello?

Kevin grows anxious. He is chained to the floor, but has no idea where or why.

Through the darkness, he struggles at his restraints, but is completely held down.

KEVIN

Becky! Becky!

RATTLE. SHUFFLE.

KEVIN

Help! Help!

Nothing.

A moment of silence passes.

Another.

BECKY (OS)
Kevin? Are you ok?

KEVIN
Becky? Is that you?

BECKY (OS)
I'm here.

Kevin's voice perks up.

KEVIN
Oh thank god.

A beat.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm locked in the RV, aren't I?

BECKY (OS)
(sarcastic)
Yes.

She chuckles nervously.

KEVIN
What happened? My head is killing
me. And I can't move.

BECKY (OS)
You hit a branch. It knocked you
out cold.

KEVIN
Ugh. How'd you get free?

BECKY (OS)
I hid before the guy could find me.
He just scooped you up and dragged
you away.

Kevin remains shrouded in darkness. The wind blows gently
against the exterior.

Silence. Nothing.

KEVIN
Are you ok?

Silence. Kevin rattles in frustration.

KEVIN
Becky?

BECKY (OS)
I'm here. I'm ok. I thought I heard something.

Kevin plays down Becky's response.

KEVIN
Where'd the guy go?

BECKY (OS)
Who?

KEVIN
(frantic)
The guy, the villain, I don't know what to call him.

Becky pauses a moment. Her breathing increases with anxiety and pain.

BECKY (OS)
I don't know. He threw you inside, then came out with a bag and walked off into the woods.

A beat.

BANG.

Kevin slams his fist against the ground. It echoes against the metal walls.

KEVIN
Damnit. What the hell is going on here? Are we being watched? How many of these guys are there? It's like they know our moves before we do.

BECKY (OS)
Whoa, calm down, Kevin. You have to try to stay calm. Trust me. I've been there, I know.

Silence.

A beat.

Kevin sighs.

He remains quiet in the darkness. Becky, presumably hiding out on the other side of the rusted aluminum death box, is deathly silent.

KEVIN
It smells awful in here.

From the other side of the wall, Becky chuckles. It brings a sense of joy to Kevin.

KEVIN
We're going to get out of this. You know that, right?

BECKY (OS)
Right.

Silence.

Darkness.

BECKY (OS)
Oh!

KEVIN
What, what is it?

Shuffling.

Silence.

KEVIN
Becky? Are you there? What's wrong?
What is it?

Quiet.

BECKY
Shh. Stay put. I have an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-EARLY MORNING

Becky stands in front of the RV. The tiniest bit of light breaks on the horizon.

She wipes blood from her lip and the sun from her eyes.

The bar expands in front of her.

For the first time, Becky is alone, but free.

Thoughts rush through her head, her eyes race about the pavement in front of her.

Carefully, Becky checks over her shoulder.

BECKY
Hold strong.

Inside the RV, Kevin GRUNTS as he presumably pulls at his restraints.

KEVIN (OS)
(muffled)
What do you see?

She ignores Kevin's comment.

BECKY
Shh. Trust me.

Becky SIGHS with exasperated thought, her eyes wandering from left to right.

From the corner of her eye, she catches a glimpse of the top hatch. It inspires an idea.

Moving quickly, she scampers up the side of the RV to the top.

CUT TO:

ROOF OF RV

Once on top, she pauses. The hatch is a mere few feet away.

KEVIN (OS)
(muffled)
Becky, is that you?

His words are barely a whisper and don't carry much weight against the soft howls of the night.

Becky lays down flat on her belly and crawls across the cold metal roof toward the hatch.

KEVIN (OS)
(muffled)
What are you doing?

Wind blows Becky's hair into her face. She wipes it aside as she nears the latch.

As Becky reaches the hatch, she sidles to her feet and crouches above the opening.

Carefully, she examines the latch, the door, and the opening. Becky wraps her fingers around the circular handle and twists, but it doesn't turn.

It's locked.

BECKY

Damnit.

She notices a small opening in the lining between the hatch and the roof.

BECKY

Hmmm.

She prys at the opening. At first, it doesn't budge. Becky puts forth more effort.

CREEK.

The corner pulls loose ever so slightly.

BECKY

Oh, yes! Come on.

She tugs harder.

CREEK.

It pops a little more.

There is just enough room for to jimmy an object inside and pry open the hatch.

Becky leans toward the opening to speak more clearly to Kevin.

BECKY

Kevin, listen. I think I can get the roof hatch open. I just need something to pry at it.

KEVIN (OS)

Hurry.

Becky stands and carefully shimmies down the RV.

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT

Becky hits the ground. Her shoes make a subtle CRUNCH against the asphalt.

The lot is empty, and deathly quiet. Becky wastes no time and rushes to the front door of the bar.

FRONT OF BAR

The front entrance is well kept, save for a few scattered leaves. Pockets of light illuminate the decayed entrance.

Becky swells with fear.

BECKY
Why the hell not.

She pulls on the front door.

It doesn't budge. Becky LAUGHS.

BECKY
Hnnnnnn.

She checks nervously over her shoulder. The lot remains still.

Back to business.

Propped on the wall next to the door is a large wooden wheel. It catches her eye.

Becky takes a closer looker. The wheel is held up to the wall with a series of curved metal braces.

She checks the RV again.

Nothing.

Becky grabs a hold of the wheel and pulls.

SNAP.

It breaks off the wall. The force sends Becky backwards.

JINGLE.

One of the metal braces drops from the wheel. Becky tosses the antique to the ground and retrieves the brace.

BECKY
This may do.

It's curved shape resembles a crow bar. She tests its strength.

The bar doesn't bend. It is a solid piece of steel.

CUT TO:

ROOF OF RV

Once again, Becky pulls herself on top of the roof. This time, she is armed with the makeshift crowbar.

Time is of the essence, but Becky steps carefully toward the hatch.

BECKY

Come on.

She bites her lip while she sizes up the hatch.

Inhale.

Exhale.

She plunges the metal into the exposed crevice.

SCRATCH.

CREEK.

Beck pulls back on the brace. The hatch SNAPS.

BECKY

Come--on--you--son--of--a--

She GRUNTS and exudes more force.

SNAP.

The hatch flies open. Becky tumbles to her butt, but quickly pops up to her knees. She scuttles to the opening and peeks in.

BECKY

(whispering)

Kevin?

The interior is dark, save for a square of light illuminated by the waning moon.

BECKY

Can you stand?

Silence.

Becky cranes her head for a better view. Huddled at the outskirts of light is Kevin, drenched in blood.

Adorned on his face is a clown mask, nearly identical to the one Jared had on earlier.

KEVIN

I can't. I can barely move.

Becky looks checks over her shoulder, and again finds nothing of concern.

BECKY

I'm coming down.

KEVIN

No! Don't.

Kevin does his best to stand in protest, but he can hardly move. Not only are his hands tied down, but a large metal beam keeps his legs in place.

BECKY

You're crazy. You did the same for me.

KEVIN

If you come down here, I swear I'll-

His words are cut short by the SHUFFLING of footsteps across the lot. Becky straightens in fear.

BECKY

Shhh.

She squats down to get a better look. Two RATTY MEN walk briskly through the lot toward the RV.

Neither has yet noticed Becky.

KEVIN

What is it? Becky?

Becky looks toward the hatch, then back to approaching men.

She nervously bites her lip.

Each step brings Becky and Kevin close to death. Their voices are murmurs, but become decipherable as they draw closer.

Only a few yards away.

Closer.

Becky makes a snap decision. She dives toward the hatch and plunges down into the darkness, pulling the door shut with her.

SMASH TO:

INT. RV-DARKNESS

The room is swallowed in darkness. A few baby rays of light seep through the crack Becky made in the hatch.

It's enough to illuminate the action.

KEVIN

What are you doing?

BECKY

Shh. They're coming. Just play dead.

Becky scrambles through the dark and hides in a corner. The voices of the Ratty Men become fully discernible.

RATTY MAN 1 (OS)

What about that girl?

He clears his throat harshly from underneath his grizzled voiced.

RATTY MAN 2 (OS)

She aint goin' far. I'm more worried about that Charlie over there.

Becky cowers as the voices get closer. Their footsteps SCRATCH along the pavement.

RATTY MAN 1 (OS)

Bag him and tag him. Someone will pay for the parts.

They reach the side door and stop.

The door opens. Light leaks into the room. For the first time, a solid glimpse of the RV's interior is offered.

Kevin lay under the beam. Blood swarms around him, and is splattered against the walls.

For the most part, the RV is empty.

Various buckets litter the ground. Some have lids, some do not.

Becky is hidden underneath a table covered by a burlap sack.

Across from her is a stack of black bags. Each sack is filled with an unknown object. They protrude.

The two Ratty Men enter.

Both are dressed in all black. Ratty Man 1, the taller of the duo, wears a ski mask.

Ratty Man 2, a more athletic man, dons a hat and a bandana with a snarling, clown-like smile drawn on it.

Ratty Man 1 walks to Kevin's body and hovers over him.

RATTY MAN 1
Keep him or kill him?

Ratty Man 2 joins his friend. Together, they loom over Kevin's body.

He nudges Kevin with his thick, black boot. Ratty Man 1 GRUNTS.

He draws a pistol and cocks it. His actions are seamless, but they seem to take an eternity.

He points the gun down at Kevin.

Becky peeks out from her hiding spot. Her eyes wide with fear and anxious anticipation.

A beat.

An eternity.

Kevin cringes with anticipation of death.

A beat. The moment lingers.

Ratty Man 2 calmly places his hand over the gun and lowers it away from Kevin.

RATTY MAN 2
Let's move first.

Ratty Man 1 SNICKERS, then holsters his gun.

Becky exhales deeply, satisfied with Kevin being spared of death.

In unison, the Ratty Men head to the back corner of the RV, opposite of Becky.

A large pile of black bags lie in wait. Each man scoops a bag.

Becky leans forward for a better look. Her face is now exposed, in plain view.

RATTY MAN 2

Urgh.

Again, Becky slowly sways toward the action. This time, however, her shoulder bumps into the wall with a THUD.

The steel blinds of the window SHAKE, drawing the attention of both men.

Each turns sharply and drops their bag to the ground. Ratty Man 1 pulls his gun.

Becky dips back into her hiding spot, covering her mouth with both hands.

RATTY MAN 1

Did you hear that?

A beat.

Silence.

Both men are at full attention, like predators ready to strike their prey.

Tension.

Kevin looks up toward Becky.

Ratty Man 1 pulls back the hammer. Becky's eyes bug out in fright.

RATTY MAN 2

Shh.

Ratty Man 2 presses his finger over his lips and takes a step toward Becky's direction.

Another step.

Kevin rolls over and GRUNTS. His elbow THUNKS against the wall. The curtains again SHAKE.

Both men's eyes dart to Kevin.

RATTY MAN 1

Shit.

He holsters his gun.

RATTY MAN 2

Let's move.

They pick up their bags and exit the RV. The door closes behind them, once again sealing Kevin and Becky into a darkened tomb.

A moment.

Their footsteps slowly disappear into the night.

A beat.

Becky lurches from her hiding spot to Kevin. She instantly breaks into tears. Through the shreds of light, Becky wraps her arms around him.

KEVIN

That was close.

BECKY

I'm scared.

KEVIN

Me too. But we have to get out of here.

Becky composes her self and sits up on her knees. She removes the mask from Kevin's face.

He blinks hard.

KEVIN

Thank you. I couldn't see a damn thing with that on.

Kevin looks about the RV. The minimal light isn't very telling as to their surroundings.

Becky pulls at Kevin's restraints, but it is too dark to see anything.

BECKY

Stay still.

She pulls.

BECKY

Damn. I can't see a thing.

KEVIN

You have to get me out of this.

Becky wipes away a tear.

BECKY

I'm trying, I just--I can't-

She SNIFFLES.

KEVIN

(interrupting)

Wait! In my front pocket, there is
a small LED light and a small Swiss
Army knife.

Becky reaches into his pocket and digs around frantically
before pulling out the items.

She quickly turns on the light, which proves to be
extraordinarily useful.

Kevin's hands are bound with a series of ropes and knots. She
places the light in her mouth.

Using the knife, Becky quickly goes to work at the rope,
slicing, dicing, and pulling at the threads.

Blood drips from Kevin's wrists as she undoes each knot and
knot.

BECKY

Almost. Don't move.

Kevin cringes at the pressure from the rope. Becky grits her
teeth and focuses in.

Almost there.

Another strong tear and Kevin's hands are released. He sits
up sharply and pushes the beam off his legs.

Sweet freedom.

The glow from the flashlight illuminates the RV. The rustic
interior echoes with dread.

Both leap to their feet and embrace.

Kevin twinges with pain. He lifts his left foot off the
ground.

BECKY

What is it? Are you ok?

Kevin looks down at his foot.

It is a bloody mess.

KEVIN

I'm fine. I think my ankle's messed
up pretty bad, but I'll be fine.

He cringes and exhales.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Jeez, would you look at this place?

Becky pulls back and turns.

She points the light toward the wall, bathing the area with
its soft white hue.

Splatters of blood glean as they drip from the wall and form
puddles on the ground.

Slowly, Becky traces a path along the wall with the light.
Every bloody nook and cranny of the RV glows with mystery.

BECKY

What do you think they are up to?

KEVIN

I'm not sure.

The wretched stank is overwhelming.

Becky covers her mouth.

BECKY

Ugh, that smell.

Kevin stops over one of the buckets. This one doesn't have a
lid covering it.

KEVIN

Hey, bring that light over here.

Becky obliges and hands Kevin the light. He flashes the light
toward the bucket. It's filled with a murky liquid and
various personal objects; keys, sunglasses, wallets, etc.

BECKY

Oh my.

Kevin sidles to the next bucket. This one has a lid on it. He
hands the light up to Becky, who grabs it.

Kevin wraps his fingers around the lid and pulls.

It doesn't budge.

He sidles over to the next. He wraps his fingers around the lid and pulls.

This one opens easily.

A horrendous stench hits Kevin's nostrils. He instantly covers his mouth.

KEVIN

Goodness.

Becky leans forward with the light. The inside of the bucket is illuminated.

Silence.

Kevin inches closer. The contents come into full view. A dark, thick liquid.

BECKY

Gross. Cover it back up.

Kevin tosses the lid back on the bucket and tightens it. He stands.

Curiosity takes over. He pushes past and hobbles over to the bags. He looks back at Becky, who cringes.

Her hand shakes, unable to steady the light. It pans with Kevin as he nears the pile of bags.

BECKY

We should go.

The light finally lands in the far corner, directly on the stack of bags.

The plastic exterior of the bags glimmer. They both swallow hard and exchange a worried glance.

KEVIN

Aren't you curious?

BECKY

Not really, no.

Up close, the details of the bags become more apparent. They vary in size, some bigger and some smaller. They remain in a sorted order.

BECKY

What if they come back? We should really leave.

Kevin focuses on the bags. He reaches out; touches the smooth plastic.

Becky anxiously watches on.

BECKY

Please.

Kevin grabs hold of the closest bag, fingers digging deep into the exterior.

He breaths heavily.

The light shakes as each moment passes. Becky exhales deeply.

Kevin clenches tightly into the bag; pulling apart the drawstring.

KEVIN

Hold on.

Inhale.

Exhale.

The light trembles with Becky's shaky hand.

Kevin slowly opens the bag.

Becky steps forward with the light.

The interior of the bag illuminates, but is yet to come into full view.

BECKY

Is that?

Kevin pulls down the lip. Inside is the bag is a HUMAN HEAD. The skin is still intact, and blood trickles from the neck.

KEVIN

Holy shit!

He quickly closes the bag and falls backward, reeling to the ground.

Becky SCREAMS.

Kevin hops to his feet, but crumbles under the pain of his ankle.

BECKY

Let's get out of here. Now.

She helps Kevin to his feet. Becky leaps up toward the hatch, grabbing the sides.

KEVIN

I got you.

Kevin wraps his arms around her legs. He cringes with pain as he hoists her upward toward the roof, and she pushes out through the roof.

KEVIN

Urrgh.

Becky digs in and pulls herself out of the RV.

BECKY

Come on.

Kevin wipes his brow. Becky reaches her hand down to assist Kevin.

One leg on the ground, the other dangling a few inches off. He sizes up the jump.

Carefully, Kevin squats down on one leg. He pulls his arms back to build momentum.

BECKY

Hurry.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Kevin springs straight up into the air. His face twists in pure agony.

KEVIN

Argh.

He just barely grabs on to the lip. Pain surges through his body.

Becky grabs his wrist and pulls him while he lifts.

BECKY

Almost there.

KEVIN

Ugh.

With great stress, he makes it up the hatch and out of the RV.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF RV

Becky assists Kevin on to the roof. He crawls free from the RV and turns over on his back to catch his breath.

Becky slams the lid shut.

The sun breaks through the treeline over the horizon. The first signs of hope emerge from an otherwise dismal night.

Kevin steadies himself upon his haunches. He reaches down to his ankle and pulls up the cuff of his pants.

KEVIN

Ugh.

Blood pools around his sock. He peels the band down to reveal a horrible gash.

He wipes away the blood. Beneath the red is a deep cut. Skin tatters away from the bone. Kevin cringes at its sight.

BECKY

You ok?

Kevin quickly pulls his sock back up to hide his injury from Becky.

KEVIN

Yeah. I'm fine.

Kevin joins Becky at the edge. Both strategically position themselves to look over the lot.

Silence. The wind has died down.

BECKY

Where do you think they went?

KEVIN

I don't know.

Both sets of eyes dart from tree to tree. The night is deathly still.

The entire parking lot is a picturesque scene of the approaching dawn.

Silence.

Inhale.

Exhale.

VROOM.

From a distance, the soft roar of a car rumbles toward the parking lot.

KEVIN

Shh. Do you hear that?

Beck crawls to the edge of the RV. The ROAR draws closer with every second.

BECKY

What is it?

KEVIN

It sounds like-

VROOM.

BECKY

-a car!

Kevin steadies himself. Becky eagerly inches toward the edge of the RV.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD-A MILE AWAY

A well-maintained SUV barrels down the lone country road. Behind the wheel, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN with salt and peppered hair.

Trees turn to blurs as he cruises down the desolate country road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF RV

The ROAR of the car draws closer and closer. Becky looks to Kevin.

Each swallows hard, but neither says a word. Their eyes dilate with fear and possibility.

VROOM.

Becky licks her lip in anticipation.

KEVIN
Wait. Please.

The ROAR draws near. Each passing second invigorates Becky further.

In comparison, Kevin remains stoic. His eyes tighten with focus on the tree line.

Becky tightens her grip against the side of the RV. Agony echoes throughout her face.

For her, redemption rides down the country road.

KEVIN
Becky, please.

The SUV draws nearer. Becky doesn't speak. Her facial expression says enough.

Without warning, Becky leaps from the top of the RV and sprints toward the road.

BECKY
Help! Help! Help!

KEVIN
Becky! Wait!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Becky sprints down that parking lot toward the main road. The sun sheds light upon her trek to the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF RV

Kevin watches as Becky sprints toward the Road.

KEVIN
Becky!

Kevin lifts himself up to his feet.

He cringes with pain. Blood seeps through his pants.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD-QUARTER MILE

The SUV draws closer. The DRIVER continues on his path toward the parking lot; toward Becky and Kevin.

The driver plays on his cell phone while navigating the solemn road.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF PARKING LOT

Becky hits the edge of the parking lot. Her eyes are furious with desperation.

BECKY

Help! Help!

Behind her, Kevin balances on his good foot on top of the the roof of the RV.

KEVIN

Becky!

His words get absorbed by the thin morning air.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF RV

Kevin steps to the edge of the RV. He swings his arms forward to gain momentum.

Becky hits the road. Her arms flail in desperation as she hails at the oncoming car.

KEVIN

(whispering)

Becky!

Kevin debates the situation. The ROAR of the car grows ever closer. He watches as Becky waves her arms frantically for help.

He stops himself to examine the tree lines. There is no sign of either of the two men.

VROOM.

Becky is totally focused on the vehicle heading toward them. Kevin has his back against the wall.

Knowing that Becky is putting them both in jeopardy, he leaps off the top of the RV.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Kevin hits the concrete surface of the parking lot like a load of bricks.

KEVIN

Ah!

He immediately hits the ground in agony. Pain surges through his body. He grabs his ankle.

KEVIN

Fuck!

Blood gushes from his leg. The bottom part of his ankle bone protrudes from his leg, penetrating his skin.

Becky pays him no attention. Kevin rolls on the ground, holding his ankle.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN COUNTRY ROAD

Becky catches a glimpse of the car. She sprints toward it, arms flailing like crazy.

BECKY

Help, please help!

The car approaches, paying her no attention as the driver continues to focus on his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Kevin crawls toward Becky.

Blood trails behind him.

His eyes wince with the utmost pain.

As he digs his nails into the concrete, an imposing shadow approaches and looms over him.

Kevin notices the shadow and flips over to his back, coming face to face with Ratty Man #1.

Before Kevin can even react, the Ratty Man draws his pistol and points it at him.

KEVIN

Wait!

From behind his mask, the man sneers.

Pause.

The wind blows.

An eternity passes.

BANG.

He fires a bullet straight through Kevin's forehead. Blood spurts from his skull into the cool morning air.

In the distance, Becky turns to face the source of the blasting noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN COUNTRY ROAD

Becky now faces the RV. She sees the Ratty Man standing over Kevin, catching the tail end of the kill shot.

BECKY

Kevin?

As she watches on from across the road.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV

The Driver sees Becky.

DRIVER

Shit.

He yanks the wheel and swerves to avoid her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN COUNTRY ROAD

The SUV dodges Becky and swerves into a nearby tree. Quickly, the Driver exits the vehicle. He is in a tiff.

DRIVER
What the hell are you doing out
here?

BECKY
Help me! Please help me!

She falls to her knees.

The Driver makes his way to her. Before he can reach her, the other Ratty Man emerges from the shadows.

BECKY
No!

The Ratty Man lifts his arm to reveal a large machete. Without warning, he swipes downward, killing the Driver instantly.

BECKY
No!

Darkness.

Despair.

Desolation.

Becky retreats into her hands. She sobs with fear.

BECKY
Please.

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT

The other man continues to loom over Kevin's deceased body. Blood races from Kevin's head toward the forest.

The RV is staunch. The sun reaches for the sky, sending the darkness to the shadows.

Each second that passes brings the unknown reality of the morning.

CUT TO:

MAIN COUNTRY ROAD

Becky remains on her knees. Tears roll down her cheek.

BECKY
No.

From behind her, the other Ratty Man emerges. Becky doesn't flinch.

BECKY

Kevin.

The man walks up behind her with the utmost care.

He places his hand on her shoulder.

Becky wipes away her tears.

She knows she is heading back into the RV, and that the unknown will be far worse than the torture she has faced over the last few hours.

BECKY

Please. Please.

The Ratty Man cracks his neck.

A beat.

Silence.

Exhale.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARKING LOT-MORNING

The sun has overtaken the abysmal night. The RV remains firmly parked in the lot.

Birds CHIRP from the trees. The bar sits quietly behind the RV.

CHIRP.

The parking lot is cleared of Kevin and Jared's bodies. Not even a drip of blood remains.

CHIRP.

A car pulls into the lot and slows down. It's Pam, the bartender from last night.

She pulls up next to the RV and rolls down her window, peeking her head out.

The driver side window of the RV rolls down. The Ratty Man peeks his head out. He isn't wearing a mask. His face comes to view, but is silhouetted by the darkness from inside the RV.

Both drivers look at one another.

A beat.

CHIRP.

PAM
Got 'em all?

The Driver nods his head.

CHIRP.

PAM
The boys dead?

Nod.

CHIRP.

The Driver spits tobacco out the window. Pam curls her lip in disgust.

PAM
The girl? I don't want to miss out
on that sale.

Nod.

CHIRP.

PAM
Good.

CHIRP.

PAM (CONT'D)
Do something useful with them boys.
At least sell them for scraps.

Nod.

CHIRP.

PAM (CONT'D)
The car too. Get rid of it all.

Nod.

The Driver leans out the window and hands Pam an Envelope.
Pam takes it and opens it.

Inside, a stack of cash.

Pam nods, then drives past the RV to the back of the bar.

The RV pulls into drive and heads out of the lot and down the road, and out of view.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.