

BLEED

by

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D-GUNK. *

D-GUNK.

D-GUNK.

D-GUNK.

Rhythmic pulsing.

Familiar.

A heartbeat...

FADE IN *

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAY *

Fat tires thump over the seams of the highway. *

D-GUNK. D-GUNK. D-GUNK. D-GUNK.

A grey bus. The kind that takes people on their last ride. *

Snowy woods stretch in all directions. Deep country. *

The highway is forced to wind around rocky outcroppings, at the whim of nature. *

The PRISON BUS roars past a sign: NEXT EXIT 30 MILES. *

INT. PRISON BUS - SAME *

Scarred faces. Bulging arms. Orange jumpsuits. Manacled wrists.

Ten prisoners. Rowdy. Barking jokes and insults at each other.

Except one.

VICTOR NOVA (50s). Greying. Thin. At the tail-end of his prime. But silent and dignified. *

He reads a book of Rumi poems. *

INT. FRONT OF THE BUS - SAME *

Two guards, RICK and GARY, sit facing the prisoners as the driver pilots the bus through the snowy terrain. *

Rick is steely-eyed in the face of the prisoners. Gary seems greener, nervous.

RICK

My wife won't let our kid play
football. He's eight years old.
He's not a goddamn baby.

Gary stares at the prisoners.

Rick waits for a reply.

RICK

What, you're on her side?

GARY

Uhm, what?

RICK

Football. A boy's gotta play
football. But no, not in the nanny
state. These kids can't even leave
the house anymore without a bottle
of hand sanitizer and a helmet on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - SAME

The bus slows as it approaches road construction. Cones narrowing the highway to one lane.

A WORKER in an orange vest waves the bus through, holding a large sign that reads "SLOW."

INT. FRONT OF THE BUS - SAME

THE DRIVER, fat and frumpy, shakes his head.

DRIVER

Ah, come on. They're not even doing
anything!

RICK

(to driver)

Tax dollars at work, am I right?

Gary looks out the window. At the "SLOW" sign. Face pained.

RICK

(to Gary)

You're not a democrat, are you?

GARY

Huh?

Gary looks like he may throw up.

Rick leans over, genuinely concerned.

RICK

You okay?

Gary's eyes meet Rick's.

RICK

Gary?

GARY

I'm sorry.

BLAM!

Rick collapses, bullet through the head.

We see Gary's hand gripping the smoking gun at his waist.

DRIVER

What the fuck?!

Just then, a WHITE VAN pulls in front of the bus, blocking the highway.

The driver slams on the brakes, throwing the prisoners forward in their seats.

Gary grips the arms of his seat, steadying himself.

The driver reaches for his concealed pistol.

Before his fumbling hands can pull it out-

BLAM!

The driver collapses face-down on the steering wheel. Gary stands behind him. His face contorted in anguish.

He grabs the lever to the door. Throws it open.

A heavy moment of silence.

Then...

Thick, black boots stomp up the steps. Gary unconsciously backs away as this man approaches.

*
*

We see his body first, lean and cruel. Wrapped in a green parka, his face is hidden by the fur hood. *

He pulls the hood off -- JACK PRYOR (40s). Craggy face, hardened by bad deeds. Eyes that cut. *

He steps down the aisle, gun in hand. Appraises each confused prisoner in turn. *

Each one flashes a "not me" look, and each one is spared, until... *

Victor.

Jack casts his cold eyes upon him. Levels his gun at Victor. Victor doesn't flinch.

JACK

Pow.

Jack breaks into a toothy grin.

JACK

Keys!

Jack reaches his hand behind him and Gary shoves them into his hand. *

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER *

Victor descends the bus steps into the cold air, rubbing his wrists, now freed from shackles. *

The two "construction workers" toss the cones into the back of the van.

They strip off their orange vests and helmets to reveal *

GINA (20s), tough, tattoo of a rattlesnake wrapped around her neck. Deadly fangs by her ear. Tail ending suggestively between her breasts -- *

NICK (30s), wiry urban cowboy, grabbing Gina possessively by the waist -- *

And WORM (40s), a hulk, Jack's right-hand man. Calculating eyes. Born killer. *

Stepping out of the van is their driver, KEITH (20s), fresh-faced and dumb. He trades Victor his prison suit for a fresh, white button-up, slacks and a thick winter coat. *

As he changes, Victor smirks at the crew. Unimpressed by what he sees. *

Jack sidles up next to Victor. Victor motions to the bus. *

VICTOR
The rest of them?

Jack grins.

JACK
You're gonna love this.

Jack snaps his fingers and Worm climbs into the bus. *

Fires it up.

INT. PRISON BUS - SAME *

Worm revs the engine and starts to turn the bus across the highway.

PRISONER #1
Hey! What are you doing?

The prisoners gaze out past the guard rail to the CHASM below.

PRISONER #2
Come on, man! We can all make out of this okay!

Worm ignores this and starts the bus down a hill, toward the edge.

The prisoners scream in protest.

PRISONER #3
Please! No!

Worm puts the bus in neutral and throws the door open.

He leaps out as the bus rumbles down the highway.

Toward the guard rail.

SMASH.

OVER THE EDGE.

It disappears from the crew's view.

CRRRAASSHHHHHH!

They hear the twisted metal. The screams.

Then silence.

Jack turns to Victor proudly.

JACK
THAT is how you do it.

The crew is laughing, high-fiving, celebrating.

Victor eyes Jack disapprovingly.

VICTOR
Get us out of here.

Jack meets Victor's gaze. Annoyed.

JACK
Right this way, your highness.

He motions toward the white van.

Victor looks back to

GARY, who is standing on the side of the road, shaking in fear.

JACK
Don't worry about him.

Jack shoots the crew a look. They all draw their guns.

GARY
No! I did what you wanted! You said
I'd see my family again if I did
what you wanted!

JACK
Gary, your family's gonna be fine.
(beat)
You, on the other hand...

Jack gives a nod to the crew. *Death sentence.*

Before Gary can react-

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!

The crew unloads on Gary. He crumbles to the ground.

Victor looks away in disgust.

Jack sees this and scowls at Victor.

*
*
*
*

JACK

So you'd rather he run to the police and rat us out in ten minutes?

VICTOR

I'd rather you don't make promises unless you intend to keep them. Karma has a way of settling all debts.

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK

Let's get one thing straight. You may be hot shit in Mexico, but until we get there, you will show the proper respect to the people who just saved you from ten to twenty.

*

Victor eyes Jack up and down.

VICTOR

I thank you for your help. But your crew answers to you. And you answer to me. Respect that.

*

*

*

A tense stare-down between these alpha dogs.

*

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

*

Jack and Victor duck from unknown gun shots.

They turn -- Gary is still alive. Barely. Firing blindly at them as blood leaks from his mouth.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Stubborn little fucker, huh?

(beat)

Worm.

*

*

*

Worm stomps toward Gary.

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Gary keeps wildly firing, but Worm doesn't even flinch. Maybe he's confident. Maybe he's crazy.

Without breaking stride, he reaches Gary and blasts him in the head. Dead.

With a mighty kick from his massive foot, he sends Gary over the edge of the highway. His body tumbles unceremoniously down the craggy cliff. *

Problem solved, Jack impatiently motions to his crew. *

JACK
Okay, could we please get going,
ladies? *

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER *

The crew files into the VAN. Victor sits apart in the back. *

Keith turns the key.

RR-RR-RR-RR.

Tries again.

RR-RR-RR-RR.

Dread starts to suffocate the crew.

KEITH
No. No. No. No!

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - SAME *

Jack hops out of the van. *

Investigates the body of the vehicle. *

Looks at the hood. A stray bullet from Gary has pierced it.

The rest of the crew jumps out.

Jack ducks down. Sees fluid puddling in the fallen snow. The engine leaking precious life. *

JACK
You gotta be kidding me.

He gets back up.

Victor is standing behind him.

VICTOR
Karma, Jack.

Jack shoots daggers at Victor.

GINA

Goddamn it. This is Denver all over again.

*
*

JACK

All right, all right, calm down. I'll call it in to Charlie. He'll bring the other van. It's a minor inconvenience, my lovelies.

*
*
*

NICK

And what do we do until then? We can't just stand here on the side of the road holding our jocks.

*
*
*

Jack scans the trees.

Picks up a thin plume of smoke.

*

Through squinted eyes, he makes out a CABIN.

An excited smile.

*

JACK

Let's go make some friends.

*
*

TITLE CARD:

BLEED

We see the landscape through a view-finder. Slowly scanning the wintry woods from left to right. No sign of life.

*

Gloved hands grip a small pair of binoculars.

*

MIKE DWYER (early 30s) takes them from his eyes to look at his companion. He is square-jawed and stubbly. He moves with the ease and confidence of a lion in his den.

MIKE

Come on, man. Mom's begging for a grandkid, and she's not going to get one from me.

PATRICK DWYER (late 30s) sits next to his younger brother. A softer, lesser version of Mike. Like a blurry Xerox. He struggles loading an arrow into a sporting crossbow.

PATRICK

Ugh, would everyone just relax? Laura and I are still in our honeymoon phase.

The two men are perched in a rudimentary, open-aired deer stand, giving them a decent view of the forest.

MIKE

You've been married for seven years.

Mike takes the crossbow and arrow from Patrick's hands and effortlessly loads it.

Hands it back to Patrick, who nods, grateful and embarrassed.

PATRICK

You sound just like Laura.

Mike places a hand on Patrick's shoulder, indicating silence.

He points to a tree a few dozen yards away.

A buck. Big antlers. Sniffing the snow-covered earth for something edible.

*
*

Mike motions for Patrick to take aim.

Patrick gives it a moment's thought...then hands the crossbow to Mike.

Mike smirks, disappointed in his big brother.

He sets up shop on the low wall of the deer stand. Keys in on the deer.

Lets out a long exhale.

THWIP.

The arrow PIERCES the buck, which JUMPS frantically and skitters off.

*

Mike smiles down at Patrick.

MIKE

Bingo bango.

CUT TO:

Blood in the snow.

*

A light trail, winding amongst the trees. The remnants of fading life. Patrick and Mike crunch through the snowy terrain.

*
*

Over a hill, they spot the deer, lying dead.

*

Patrick and Mike stand over the fallen creature.

The arrow directly in the buck's heart. *

MIKE *

Wow. What a shot.

Mike pats himself on the back. Patrick stares at the open eyes of the deer. His face creased in sympathy. *

PATRICK

Sorry, buddy.

Mike pulls out his gutting knife and leans over the animal.

MIKE

Hey, it was either him or us. *

Patrick smirks at Mike's sick sense of humor. *

Suddenly, the buck KICKS Mike in the chest! *

As Mike is sent reeling, the deer thrashes to life.

Patrick stumbles backwards.

PATRICK

AHHH!

The buck frantically scrambles to its feet. *

Retreating, Patrick trips, falling flat on his back. *

The buck tramples toward him, antlers first! *

SLAM! Mike throws himself into the deer, knocking it back down.

In an instant, he plunges his knife into the buck's throat, spilling torrents of blood. *

Patrick watches in disbelief.

Finally, the deer is still.

The brothers let out a sigh of relief. Share a little laugh. *

MIKE

What the fuck just happened? *

Patrick, catching his breath, takes another look at the arrow.

PATRICK
Penetrating cardiac injury. *

Mike looks at Patrick, confused.

PATRICK
You stuck it right in his heart. *
That actually plugs up the wound. *
As long as the arrow didn't come *
out, he could've lived for a while. *

MIKE
Wow. You should have become a real *
doctor. *

PATRICK
Dermatologists are real doctors, *
Mike. I did great at anatomy. *
(beat) *
I just don't do well with blood. *

MIKE
Then you might want to close your *
eyes. *

Mike pulls the arrow out of the deer's chest, spilling more
blood.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK *

Patrick and Mike trudge through the snow, each gripping a leg *
of the buck. It drags behind them, leaving a bloody smear in *
the snow. *

Cresting a small hill, they approach *

THE CABIN

A large, modern oasis in the midst of the forest. *

Two floors of large wooden beams, expansive glass windows,
brushed concrete and steel.

A thin wisp of smoke escapes from the chimney.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The deer carcass is HOISTED into the air via rope around its
ankles.

Mike and Patrick, blood-speckled from their encounter, tug on the other end, fixing the rope to a post once the deer is in place. *

Mike slides a plastic tub under the dead animal. *

Tools and yard equipment are scattered around the cold, concrete space. *

A restored Ford Mustang sits in the center, pristinely polished.

Just then, LAURA (early 30s) enters from the side door. Pretty, brunette, slender. Educated and wants you to know it. *

LAURA
You really did it. *

Laura walks over to Patrick and gives him a gentle kiss, careful to avoid the blood on his face. *

LAURA
I was counting on your physical ineptitude to spare this poor creature's life. *

PATRICK
If only God hadn't blessed me with a brother. *

Patrick and Laura chuckle. *

Mike DIGS a HUNTING KNIFE into the deer's belly, splitting it from stem to sternum. *

She watches the deer carnage, then looks to Patrick, who seems a little queasy, looking at the floor. *

PATRICK
I'm sorry you have to see this. *

She smirks and takes a long look at the bloody carcass as Mike guts it. *

LAURA
This? This is Tuesday afternoon in the ER. Last week, we had a guy whose eye literally popped out of his head. I popped it back in. *

Patrick shudders at the thought. That is not helping. Laura smiles wickedly. *

MIKE

Well you know what I always say, if
you want to grill it, you gotta
kill it.

*
*

Mike continues to make a bloody spectacle with the buck,
slopping innards into a bucket. Patrick turns even further
away.

*
*
*

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

*

Patrick lets the hot water run over him, washing the blood.

*

Behind him, the glass shower door opens...

A hand around his waist.

He turns to find Laura, naked, smiling.

He draws her in. They kiss passionately.

She turns around, leans her face into the tiled wall, presses
backward into him.

Pleasure spreads across Patrick's face. Laura squeezes her
eyes shut.

Patrick hesitates.

PATRICK

Wait, let me get a condom.

LAURA

No, keep going.

PATRICK

It's not safe.

LAURA

Fuck safe.

He slows his pace indecisively. She turns back, disappointed.

He leans in and kisses her slowly.

Turns her around. Kisses down her neck. Breasts. Stomach.

Keeps descending.

She gasps.

LAURA

This conversation's not over.

She bites her lip.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

*

Patrick rifles through the medicine cabinet.

We see a big bottle of DIET PILLS. A container of IBUPROFEN.

He finds the SHAVING CREAM he's looking for.

Closes the mirror.

CUT TO:

Patrick shaves.

Nicks his chin.

A drop of blood spills into the running sink water below.

Patrick investigates the tiny wound in the mirror.

PATRICK

Damn.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

*

Patrick finishes pulling on his shirt. Tugs it down, straightening the lines.

He takes his phone out of his pocket. Notices the battery is low. Plugs it in to charge.

LAUGHTER from downstairs. He hustles out of the bedroom to join his family.

*

*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick makes his way toward the steps. A bridge connects the upper hall to the staircase, crossing over the expansive, open living space below.

He descends the staircase to the

INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

*

MAIN FLOOR. Large glass windows offer a near 360 degree view of the landscape. Patrick pads through the

*

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

*

FOYER, which holds coats and discarded hunting equipment,
and past the

*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*

LIVING ROOM, which boasts recliners, couches and a 50-inch
flat screen. To his right, a

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

*

MODERN KITCHEN, glimmering with steel appliances.

Finally, he reaches the

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

*

STUDY. Oak and leather. Books and booze.

*

Laura and Mike relax on opposite couches, half a bottle of
wine into the evening. Patrick joins his wife.

LAURA

(laughing)

Okay, I know you've explained this
a thousand times, but what the hell
is a hedge fund?

MIKE

Basically, it's a bunch of
investors that make high risk bets
with other people's money.

LAURA

Right, so you're the kind of guy
who sees the Wolf of Wall Street as
a hero's journey?

MIKE

Oh, here we go.

LAURA

Okay, okay, I'll spare you my
liberal brow-beating. This time.

(beat)

What's the most you've ever lost in
one day?

MIKE

2.8 million. Bad day.

He kills his wine glass.

LAURA
(to Patrick)
Could you imagine?

PATRICK
I think I would die.

MIKE
But if you have the stones to stare
down that kind of day, the rewards
are incredible.

They all scan their glorious surroundings. *

Mike pours two drinks. Shoves one into Patrick's hand. Maybe *
Patrick wanted a drink, maybe he didn't, but he's not the
type to make a fuss.

MIKE
Anyway, I appreciate you guys
finally coming up for the weekend. *
All this isn't worth anything
without family.

He raises his glass. They join him.

MIKE
To my big brother, and his
beautiful wife. Salud.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

They glance around at each other.

PATRICK
Must be a noise complaint.

They all chuckle.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Mike stands up and mock tiptoes out of the room,
conspiratorially waving them to follow.

They all make it to the hall, drinks in tow.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MIKE
Well, this is exciting.

Drunk, giggling, they enter the

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Foyer, flanked by Patrick and Laura, Mike swings open the front door.

MIKE

We don't want any!

He's met with JACK'S steely gaze.

JACK

I ain't selling any.

The trio quickly quiet down, Jack's presence imposing.

A heavy silence.

Then Jack breaks into his warm, crooked smile.

JACK

I'm sorry to disturb you folks, but this is a hell of a place for a breakdown. I've been walking for the last few hours trying to find a phone.

Mike looks over the stranger with cautious eyes. Subtly blocks Jack's passage with his body. Not sure what to make of him.

JACK

It'll just be a minute.

Jack's presence is sobering Mike up fast. He senses something off about the stranger.

MIKE

You don't have a cell?

JACK

I'm an old-fashioned guy.

Jack tries to peek his head into the cabin, stealing a glimpse of their luxurious accommodations.

MIKE

Where'd you say you were heading?

JACK

I didn't. Down south. Vacation.

MIKE

So you're from up here?

JACK *
Not originally. *

Another awkward silence. Nervous glances. *

MIKE *
Our service is kind of hit or miss *
here. There should be some *
callboxes along the highway. *

JACK *
Yeah, I tried a few of those. No *
luck. They did make awful good *
birds' nests though. *

Jack pre-empts the next suggestion. *

JACK *
Waited for a while for someone to *
come by too. After about an hour, a *
trucker finally showed up...and *
drove right on by. Looks like it's *
every man for himself out here. *
So... *

Mike thinks on it. Really trying to just come up with another *
excuse. He doesn't want Jack here. *

But before he counters, Jack raises his hands in surrender. *

JACK *
If I'm causing any trouble, don't *
worry about it. There's bound to be *
another place in a few miles. I'll *
just keep on walking. *

Patrick butts in, trying to relieve the tension. *

PATRICK *
Don't be crazy. Come on in. *

Jack nods graciously.

He lets himself in, brushing up against Mike as he does.

Mike shoots a look at his brother. *We don't know this guy.* *

Laura, not sure what to make of Jack, tries to be pleasant. *
Smiles uneasily. *

Jack looks at Laura for the first time. Appraising her with a *
deep, uncomfortable glare. *

Jack turns to Mike and Patrick, smiling. *

JACK

I really do appreciate this.

Mike nods and moves to close the door-

It's stopped by WORM.

Mike stiffens at the sight of him.

Jack lays a big hand on Mike's shoulder.

JACK

Ah shit, forgot to mention, was
traveling with a few buddies of
mine. You don't mind if they come
in out of the cold too, do you?

Before Mike responds, the rest of the crew and Victor file in.

Mike, Patrick and Laura stare in shock at the group. Hearts dropping.

GINA

(at the impressive cabin)

Oh...my...shit...

Nick is the last to enter. He lingers by the door. *On guard.*

Mike stares at Nick for a long moment. Nick smiles and pushes the door closed.

JACK

I'm sorry.

Mike snaps his head toward Jack.

JACK

I didn't get your name.

MIKE

Mike.

JACK

I'm Jack. Thanks for helping us
out, Mike.

Jack turns to Patrick and Laura.

His gaze tells them to answer.

PATRICK

Patrick.

LAURA
Let me get you my phone.

JACK
Name?

LAURA
It's just in here.

She starts toward the study.

JACK
Name.

He stares her down.

Boldly, she meets his glare. Toughening up.

PATRICK
It's Laura.

Their gaze doesn't break.

Finally, Jack smiles.

JACK
Enchanted, Laura.

He reaches out his hand.

She lets it hang out there for a moment.

Finally, hers limply meets his.

He suddenly clasps both hands around hers. Holding it still as he gazes at her. Asserting his dominance.

Patrick watches impotently.

She yanks her hand away. Turns and heads toward the study.

Jack exits after her, shooting a smirk to his crew as he does.

They snicker.

Nick turns to Patrick.

NICK
He likes her.

GINA
Lucky girl.

Nick snarls at Gina. She licks his ear.

Patrick lowers his eyes. Ashamed.

Mike struggles to maintain control of the situation.

MIKE

Can I get you guys something?

Worm and Keith have wandered into the **living room**. *

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS *

The duo eyes the artwork on the walls, impressed. *

KEITH

Got any cigarettes?

Mike joins them, keeping a close watch. *

MIKE *

Nah, sorry guys. None of us smoke. *

Keith comes across a box of fancy cigars. Picks them up and motions to Mike with them. *

KEITH

What about these? *

MIKE *

Oh yeah. Those were a gift from my dad. He passed away, so I've been saving them... *

Keith looks at Mike expectantly. *

Mike lets out a defeated sigh. *

MIKE *

Sure. I guess it's time. *

Keith smiles. Pops a couple out. Hands one to Worm. *

Worm takes a long, sickening sniff. Nods in approval.

Keith hands another to Mike, inviting him to join them. *

Mike swallows his rage, then accepts with an exaggerated smile. *

INT. STUDY - SAME

Jack takes a long gander at the impressive digs. Whistles appreciatively.

JACK
Not too bad at all.

Laura grabs her phone from off the glass coffee table and impatiently hands it to Jack.

He holds it, but doesn't place a call yet.

Instead, he lingers on Laura.

JACK
I don't scare you, do I?

Laura shakes her head.

LAURA
I work in the ER. I'm tough to scare.

Jack raises his eyebrows. *I'll take that as a challenge.*

Jack takes a long inhale.

JACK
That's good. Because something about this mountain air just brings out the animal in me.

He grins wolfishly at Laura, closing the gap between them.

Laura backs away.

Finds herself out of real estate against a wall.

They gaze at each other for a long moment. His body inches from hers. Tension thick.

Then-

A CELL PHONE CHIME goes off.

They both look at Laura's phone in Jack's hand.

It's not hers.

He slides his hand into his pocket.

Pulls out

HIS OWN CELL PHONE.

Laura swallows, stunned at his flagrant lie.

Jack slips her phone into his pocket as he answers.

JACK
(on phone)
Charlie. About time. Yeah, we found
a place. Right off mile marker 201.

Laura eyes Jack contemptuously...until she sees the gun
peeking out from his waistband. She tries to hold back the
fear crossing her face.

JACK
(on phone)
Two hours? Jesus man.

Hearing this ETA, Laura deflates. Jack notices this.

JACK
(on phone)
Ah well, I guess we'll find
something to do.

Jack slips his tongue over his lips. Pins Laura with a stare.
She looks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Worm and Keith are blowing great puffs of cigar smoke into
the air, reclined on a coach.

They stare down Patrick and Mike, who sit erect across from
them. Their cigars burn in their hands.

KEITH
Hey, come to think of it, either of
you have a phone I can borrow? I
gotta text my mom.

Patrick and Mike glance at each other. Unsure what to do.

KEITH
She worries.

Mike swallows. Knows this is another nail in their coffin.

But there's no way out. He digs into his pocket. Hands over
his phone to Keith.

Keith immediately hands it to Worm. It disappears into Worm's meaty palm.

Worm gazes at Patrick. He doesn't need to ask. *

PATRICK

I left mine at home. Trying to unplug, you know?

Patrick has surprised himself with this lie. Tries to keep this from showing.

Worm bores down on Patrick. Studying his face.

Keith checks in with Worm.

Worm gives the slightest of nods.

KEITH

Hope no one important tries to get in touch with you.

Meanwhile, Nick stands by the door while Gina rummages through some drawers. *

Nick eyes the two brothers, sizing them up.

NICK

Which one of you is the money behind this place?

Neither one answers.

GINA

My bet's on the little dweeby one.

Patrick doesn't respond, but Gina's perceptive.

GINA

No? It's the hot one? Damn. He got the looks and the cash. *

(to Patrick)

You're just the shit that's left over.

NICK

Like that movie...what is it?

WORM

(with a puff on his cigar)
Twins.

NICK

Yeah, Twins. You're Danny Devito! *

The crew all hysterically laugh at this.

As they do, Mike subtly taps Patrick with his elbow. Casts his eyes to the FOYER. *

Mike's bag of hunting equipment sits in the corner. His CROSSBOW peeks out of the top. * *

Patrick makes discouraging eyes at Mike. *Don't be stupid.*

SMASH!

A vase hits the floor, breaking into pieces.

Gina, in the hallway, stands still, her hands raised. *

GINA

Whoops.

NICK

Job opening!

They all chuckle.

Mike looks to Patrick.

MIKE

I'll take care of it.

Mike gets up and heads toward the shards...bringing him closer to the crossbow. *

PATRICK

Mike, it's fine. We'll get it later.

Mike ignores him.

MIKE

I just need to get a broom from the garage.

He is just a few feet from the crossbow when- *

A HAND clamps on his shoulder.

It's Victor.

Mike turns. *Caught?*

VICTOR

I apologize for my associates. They apparently aren't used to the finer things.

Mike nods. Beads of sweat building at his brow.

Victor notices this.

VICTOR

I'm sure we won't be here long.

His words do little to reassure Mike.

Just then, Jack and Laura return.

JACK

Good news. Ride's on the way. In just a few short hours, it'll be like we were never here.

*
*
*
*

Mike and Victor exchange glances. *Not long, huh?*

JACK

I know it's not ideal. But we can certainly compensate you with...

Jack pulls out his wallet. It's empty. He shrugs.

JACK

...good company.

Jack turns a lascivious eye toward Laura.

Patrick rises to his feet. The sight of Jack and Laura together is too much for him to bear.

*

PATRICK

(unsteadily)

I'm sorry, but...that's not going to work for us...

Silence falls over the group.

PATRICK

You've made your call. Now we'd like- well, we'd like you to leave.

The crew is surprised, but mostly amused at Patrick's brazenness.

Jack smiles.

JACK

Patrick. It's a couple of hours. Now, we could spend that time shivering in the cold. Or we could spend them in here. A bottle of wine. A pretty lady.

*
*
*
*

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
And good old-fashioned
conversation. How's that sound?

Patrick considers this.

PATRICK
That's all you want? And then
you'll leave?

JACK
Scout's honor.

Patrick looks to Mike for input.

Mike responds while keeping his body angled toward the
crossbow. *

MIKE
We don't really have a choice, do
we? *

JACK
There's always a choice, Mike.

The crew grows stiff. Knowing this could go either way.

PATRICK
But if we're reasonable, then
you'll be reasonable, right?

JACK
I am an exceedingly reasonable man.

Laura, standing a foot behind Jack, eyes Mike inching toward
the crossbow. *

She looks at Jack's GUN, sticking out from his pants. Within
reach. *

Laura gives Mike a small nod. *

MIKE
So in a few hours, you all just
continue on your...vacation. *

Because you're all on...vacation.
Together.

Jack eyes Mike.

JACK
Vacation's more fun with friends.

Patrick catches eyes with Laura. Sees her looking at Jack's
gun. His eyes go wide in fright.

Jack registers this look just as-

PATRICK

Don't-

Laura reaches for Jack's gun!

At the same time, Mike lunges for the crossbow! He spills the contents of his backpack as he shimmies it out. *

In the blink of an eye, Jack SNATCHES Laura's hand.

They wrestle with the gun, Jack's hand gripping the muzzle.

Laura squeezes the trigger.

BLAM! *

A wild shot goes off! *

Jack SMACKS Laura in the face, sending her to the floor. *

JACK

Bitch! *

Patrick stands, paralyzed by fear. *Is this really happening?*

From the floor, Victor groans. Blood seeping from his thigh. *The wild shot has hit Victor.* *

Jack sees this. *

JACK

Fucking hell. *

GINA

Waste her, Jack! *

Jack glowers at Laura, murder in his eyes. *

Mike, covered by the commotion, pulls up the crossbow and aims it at Jack. *

He has him dead.

MIKE

Don't move!

Jack freezes. His eyes slowly meet Mike's. *

MIKE

GET. THE. FUCK. OUT. OF. MY. H- *

BLAM! *

A gun shot goes off.

Blood splatters on the cabin wall. *

And Mike collapses in a heap. Bullet in the head. *

Worm stands impassively. Smoking cigar. Smoking gun.

Patrick gasps. World collapsing.

He falls to his knees and crawls over to his fallen little brother. Cradling him in disbelief. *

Laura covers her mouth, in utter shock.

Jack eyes the dead body.

JACK

Christ Worm, does it always have to be a headshot with you?

Worm shrugs.

Jack clomps over to Victor, who holds his bleeding thigh, sweating. *

Jack takes a look at the wound, all the blood. *

VICTOR

This...is not going well...Jack... *

Jack smirks. *

JACK

Keith, Nick, take care of him. *

The two men quickly prop up Victor, elevating and tending to his leg. *

Jack turns his ire toward Laura.

JACK

This is all your fault, you know? I wanted to have a nice, quiet evening. But I knew from the moment we walked in that you'd be trouble. Lippy broad like you needs to learn her place.

She turns to him, lip bleeding...and spits in his face. *

GINA

Daaaaamn. *

Jack smiles.

Meanwhile, Patrick stares at his dead brother in a daze.
Covered in his blood.

PATRICK

We gotta get him to a hospital...we
gotta...

He looks up to see Jack KICK Laura while she's down.

The glint from a HUNTING KNIFE spilled from the bag catches
his eye.

Unable to take it anymore, Patrick grabs the knife. Feels the *
weight in his hand.

AND CHARGES JACK. *

PATRICK

AHHHH!

But Jack sees him coming.

Grips Patrick's arm in the air. Much stronger.

Jack turns back to Laura as he holds Patrick's arm aloft.

JACK

See what's happening because of
you? See this?

With that, Jack TWISTS Patrick's arm so that the knife is *
facing his own chest. Patrick is useless against him.

Jack locks eyes with Patrick. Gives him his crooked smile. *

Patrick's eyes plead "no." *

Jack leans into Patrick's ear. *

JACK

(whispering)
It's okay. *

With that, Jack takes Patrick into a BEAR HUG... *

SHOVING THE KNIFE INTO HIS HEART. *

Jack holds him tightly as sound stops. *

Slowly, Jack releases Patrick. Backs away from him. *

Patrick looks down, speechless.

The HILT of the KNIFE protrudes from his chest as though he were a stuck pig.

He stumbles backwards, catching the blood cascading from his chest.

To Patrick, it's all a silent, dreamy daze.

Laura, crying, reaching out to him.

The rest of the crew looking and pointing, some in shock, some laughing.

Jack's pitiless face.

Jack grips Patrick's shoulders. His boot raised to his stomach. FULL FORCE KICKS HIM. *

CRRASSSHHH!

And then Patrick is falling, surrounded by glass shards...falling...

...falling...

DARKNESS

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT *

We see the broken window. Hear Laura's sobs.

Then see Laura on the floor, her head buried in her hands.

Jack unceremoniously grabs Laura by the hair and yanks her to the window.

Forces her eyes toward Patrick, who lies unmoving on his back outside. *

JACK

Look! I want you to remember this.

She tries to avert her eyes, but Jack painfully twists her neck to keep her staring.

Her eyes focus on the knife protruding from Patrick's chest. Blood blooming around the wound.

Finally, Jack tosses her back to the floor.

Worm immediately takes aim at her with his gun. Looks to Jack for the word.

KEITH

Jack...

Jack and Worm both snap their heads toward Keith, where he and Nick are struggling with Victor, hands covered in blood.

KEITH

We can't stop the bleeding.

Jack grimaces. Turns to Laura.

JACK

You said you're a doctor?

Laura doesn't answer. Shellshocked. He snaps his fingers in front of her.

JACK

Hello? You up?

He kneels next to her.

JACK

Hey. Heyyyy. Where's my pretty girl?

He gently tries to raise her chin up, but she jerks it away.

JACK

Alright, I get it, I get it. Family is family. What happened sucks, alright? But that guy right over there. He's got a family too. And he had nothing to do with what went down. In fact, if you want to be technical about it, it was you who shot him. Now, I'm no doctor, but I believe there's some kind of oath that says "do no harm." I'd say a bullet through the femoral artery constitutes harm. So don't help him on my account. In fact, you're free to hate my guts. Help him because, well, it's the right thing to do.

She sits there in silence. Jack stands up.

JACK

Also, if he dies, you die.

Laura looks over to the struggling Victor.

LAURA

I'm gonna need some alcohol, gauze,
and something to stitch with.

JACK

Well there you go! We just might
salvage this evening yet! Keith,
drag Mr. Patrick inside. And
everybody else...
(smiling)
Calm the fuck down.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick's body lies in the falling snow.

He is still. Pale.

We follow a snowflake drifting in the night sky.

It flutters and feints its way toward earth.

Toward Patrick.

It gently touches down on the handle of the knife.

PATRICK LURCHES UP FROM THE WAIST WITH A GASP.

He frantically scampers to his feet, head whipping in all
directions. Mad with confusion.

The trees spin around him.

LAURA

(O.S.)
Don't touch me.

Suddenly, the world crystallizes for Patrick.

PATRICK

Laura.

He slowly looks down at his chest. Afraid to see the
truth....

The knife handle protrudes, the blade buried halfway into his
chest.

He gingerly touches the blade. Recoils in pain.

He looks around at the snowy landscape. Then the cabin. About
to do something rash.

He gathers his courage. Slowly grips the handle with both hands... *

...closes his eyes...

...winces...

...braces for the trauma of yanking the knife out...

...then releases the handle.

Opens his eyes. Clarity washing over him.

PATRICK

Bad idea.

Just then, the sound of footsteps crunching in the snow. *

Patrick scans for something, anything he could use for a weapon.

Too late.

KEITH

rounds the corner. Whistling.

Comes across PATRICK'S BODY. Lying still. *

Playing possum. *

Keith looks at the knife buried in Patrick's chest. *

KEITH

Ugh. Gross. *

He grabs Patrick's feet and drags him through the snow. *

Patrick's "dead" eyes look at Keith from behind as he's pulled.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Keith slides Patrick's limp body next to the Mustang.

He looks down at the grotesque specimen. *This won't do.* *

Keith looks around the garage. Finds a folded sheet on one of the shelves. *

He yanks it down, opens it up.

KEITH

Sorry, brah.

Keith casts the sheet over Patrick's body. The bump from the knife handle protruding.

Keith takes a satisfied breath.

He surreptitiously looks around. No one in sight.

From his pocket, he pulls out a length of tube, a spoon, a syringe and a stash of heroin.

As he concocts his mixture,

OVER HIS SHOULDER,

we see the sheet RISE at the waist.

It looks like a ghost.

Keith pauses, about to light the spoon. Spins around just as Patrick lies back down.

Keith looks for a long moment.

Then turns back to the task at hand.

UNDER THE SHEET POV

Patrick holds the sheet up with his hand just a few inches off the ground so that he can get a lay of the land.

He searches the garage for anything useful.

Spots a hammer on the ground a few feet away.

Reaches his hand for it when

KEITH

Spins back around. Needle about to go in his arm.

Looks at the sheet. *Did it just move?*

Keith stares. Stares.

Nah.

He stabs the needle into his arm. Sinks into his chair.
That's the good stuff.

His hands drop the drug paraphernalia to the floor. His eyes roll around in his head. Gaze unfocused. He's loving it.

He lazily looks back to the body- *

THE SHEET LAYS FLAT ON THE CEMENT. *

Keith squints his eyes. Not fully comprehending what he's seeing. *

He struggles to get up from the chair. Staggeres to his feet. Trying to keep his eyes opened and focused. *

Keith stands over the sheet. Kicks it gingerly with his foot. *

KEITH *

Hey. You in there? *

He gets on his hands and knees. Pulls the sheet off the floor. Obviously, no body. *

And as Keith looks... *

PATRICK appears behind him. Hammer held aloft. Trembling. *

It's the perfect opportunity. One swing, and it's lights out for Keith. *

But Patrick...JUST CAN'T DO IT. *

Slowly, Keith turns his head toward Patrick. Sees Patrick standing over him. Keith is, in his drug-addled state, relieved. *

KEITH *

Oooh. There you are. *

Patrick is paralyzed. Unable to strike, unable to run. *

Keith looks at Patrick serenely for a moment... *

Then realizes the obvious -- PATRICK IS STANDING OVER HIM. *

His eyes bug out. *

KEITH *

Oh fuck! *

He LUNGES into Patrick, knocking him into the DEER CARCASS! *

Patrick is knocked flat on his back as the big buck is sent SWINGING. *

Keith charges wildly toward Patrick, the drugs and fear overtaking him. *

And as he rushes, the deer's momentum sends it swinging back toward Keith...ANTLERS FIRST. *

SHUNCK! *

One set of antlers PLOW THROUGH KEITH'S NECK! *

They rip out of his throat as the deer swings away once more, and Keith FALLS to the floor next to Patrick. *

Keith gasps from his torn neck. Blood gushes out over Keith's hands as he grips his throat. *

Keith turns to Patrick with desperate eyes. His blood squirting on Patrick in rivets. Until finally, Keith's shuddering comes to a halt. *

Dead. Really dead.

Patrick huffs and puffs, adrenaline pumping, covered in Keith's blood. *

INT. STUDY - SAME *

Victor sits on the couch, pants off, wounded leg extended atop the glass coffee table. *

Laura sits in a chair, hunched over the bullet hole. Medical supplies spread on the table before her. *

Though distraught, her brain has switched to work-mode -- a welcome reprieve from her hellish situation. *

She stitches with precision, Victor gamely trying to hide his pain. *

VICTOR
Thank you for this. *

No response. *

He looks at the work she's doing to him, impressed. *

VICTOR
You have steady hands. *

She shoots him a glare. *Please stop talking.* *

VICTOR
These people. They're not my people. In Mexico, I would have been able to handle this differently. *

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

But here, my influence only extends
so far. Other resources had to be
employed.

She yanks on the thread, causing Victor to gasp in pain for a
moment. *She doesn't want to hear it.*

VICTOR

Was Patrick-

LAURA

(daggers)
Don't you dare.

She stops her work and stares Victor down.

LAURA

Don't you dare say his name.

They lock eyes. Victor takes in this woman whose life he has
destroyed. He softens.

Nods.

She returns to her stitching.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Still flat on his back, Patrick attempts to sit up-

WINCES in pain.

Looking down, he sees blood oozing from his wound with every
movement.

First on all fours, then knees, then feet...he rises.

He braces himself against the garage wall.

Eyes Keith's body. His hands tremble. Blood continues to pool
at his feet.

He glances around the garage for something to staunch the
bleeding.

Spots some electrical tape on a workbench across the room.
Maybe 20 feet away.

He takes a few steps, and his legs almost give out from
underneath. He catches himself, takes a deep breath.

Looks again to the tape, these 20 feet now seeming like a
mile.

Slowly, he tries again, this time tightening his muscles as much as he can, preparing for the worst.

One step at a time, he crosses the floor, grabbing for purchase on whatever he can. Each foot fall more painful than the last.

He hoists himself up against Mike's Mustang. Drags himself across the side. *

Finally, he reaches the shelf. Reaches a shaky hand for the tape. *

Has it in his grasp-

SLIP.

It squeezes out from his bloody fingers...

...and rolls under the car.

Patrick's face: *Are you kidding me?*

He delicately lowers to his knees. Crawls toward the car.

He stretches for the tape- just out of reach. *

Lowers closer to the floor- OW!

The knife handle connects with the concrete, sending shockwaves of pain through his body. More blood drips down the hilt. *

Patrick rolls onto his side. Then onto his back. *

Pushes with his feet, sliding a few inches closer.

Reaches out- GOT IT.

Sighing with relief, he rests for a moment. *Fuck my life.*

CUT TO:

Patrick leans against the workbench, a bunch of old rags clumped around the wound, soaking up the blood. *

He fumbles with the tape, trying to get his slippery, bloody nail under the sticky seam.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.

Nope. Nope.

Nope.

Got it.

He shakes his head. *Unbelievable.*

CUT TO:

He presses down the last piece of tape around his makeshift bandage. His wound is cushioned and sealed, for now.

He scans the work table in front of him.

Finds a small, clear container of nails. Flips up the lid. Dumps the nails out.

CUT TO:

Patrick kneels beside Keith's body. Pulls Keith's arm out. *

Takes the edge of a razor blade to Keith's wrist. Blood oozes out.

He presses the clear container against Keith's wrist. Collects the dripping blood. A few ounces.

CUT TO:

Patrick peels back his bandage to reveal his blood-soaked rag.

He gingerly squeezes a few drops of the blood into the container.

He flattens his bandage back down.

Closes the container. Shakes it a few times. Places it back on the work table. *

CUT TO:

Patrick pops open the trunk of Mike's car.

Rummages through the back. Finds a gym bag.

Unzips it. Looking for anything useful.

A box of golf balls. Tosses them away.

Gym shorts. Headband. Both discarded. *

A tennis racket. He gives a few tentative swings. Holds his chest in pain. *Nope.*

A wristwatch-style heart monitor. He clips it on.

He looks at his vitals. Ekg spikes. Few and far between.

CUT TO:

Patrick runs his hands over the different tools hanging on the walls.

Saw. Axe. Drill.

All too large and unwieldy for his weakened state.

He stops at a bottle.

Battery acid.

CUT TO:

He dumps a bottle of glass cleaner onto the ground.

He then lines up the lip of the empty bottle with the bottle of battery acid.

Steadily refills the glass cleaner bottle with battery acid.

He screws the glass cleaner spray top back on.

Gives it a squeeze. It squirts in a small arc.

He shrugs. *The best he can do.*

CUT TO:

Patrick returns to the container of his and Keith's blood.

Examines it closely.

It is clumpy. Coagulated.

He shakes his head, disappointed. *Not a match.*

*

CUT TO:

Patrick kneels at Keith's heroin chair.

*

Picks up the discarded rubber tubing and needle.

*

Finally, he eyes the door that leads back into the house.

*

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick quietly pushes the door open a crack.

PATRICK'S POV

Empty living room.

Cheers and laughter coming from the STUDY.

Gripping his spray bottle, Patrick pushes open the doo-

It's stuck.

He looks down through the crack.

Sees Mike's arm.

Patrick grits his teeth.

Pushes with all his weight. Pushing his dead brother's body.

The door slides open.

Patrick shuffles in and closes the door. Not allowing himself to look down at his brother.

His eyes dart to the left and right. Coast is clear.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

*

He drags himself down the hall toward the noise.

Patrick reaches the entrance of the study. *Too risky to look inside.*

He looks at a framed poster of Muhammad Ali's "Rumble In the Jungle" hanging on the wall opposite the entrance.

*

At the reflection of the crew in the glass.

IN THE REFLECTION

The shapes of Jack's people mill about, but one face is clear.

Laura.

Sitting on the edge of the couch. Eyes faraway. Catatonic.

JACK

Hey, they've got vinyl. Who wants
to hear some Dean-o?

Laura is inaccessible. Might as well be on Mars.

Patrick ambles back down the hallway as old crooner music begins to play.

Patrick heads for the STAIRS. Slow and steady. *

Almost there-

WORM emerges from the kitchen and into the HALLWAY, looking down at a bottle of wine. *

Patrick is right in front of him. Patrick freezes. CAUGHT. *

Worm only needs to look up.

But instead, Worm snaps his fingers and spins back toward the kitchen. *

Patrick gasps at the close call. Looks desperately for a hiding place. *

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

A corkscrew rests on the counter.

Worm's strong hand grabs it as he shakes his head at his forgetfulness.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Worm makes his way back toward the study.

Patrick is no where in sight.

Worm is almost to the study when-
creak.

The faintest of sounds.

But Worm is a professional. Spins on his heels. Hand at his gun.

He takes slow steps back down the hall.

Places his wine bottle on a bookshelf.

Making his way to **THE COAT CLOSET**. *

INT. COAT CLOSET - SAME *

Patrick is buried behind a few thick winter coats. *

The door is slated. Patrick can see the approaching dark figure of Worm blotting out the light.

He frantically digs through the pocket of one of the coats.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Worm reaches out for the doorknob of the coat closet.

Fingers curling around it like octopus tentacles.

INT. COAT CLOSET - SAME

Patrick grips a ring of keys.

Finds a car key.

Panic button.

WE-OH WE-OH WE-OH WE-OH!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Worm jerks his head toward the garage, where the car alarm wails.

He narrows his eyes.

Jack and Nick immediately join him in the hallway.

They exchange concerned glances.

Jack grabs the garage door and throws it open.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

WE-OH WE-OH WE-OH WE-OH!

The trio find the Mustang flashing and wailing. Their guns outstretched in the din.

They scan the garage.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Patrick makes a break for it...

...to the best of his ability.

He drags himself toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRS - SAME

*

Clings to the railing.

Looks at the railing.

He's left a bloody hand print.

He wipes it with his sleeve.

Then tucks his hands into his sleeves in an effort to stop leaving blood smears.

Pulls himself up.

Step by painful step.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Jack winces at the alarm.

JACK

Worm, take care of that noise!

*

While Jack covers him, Worm throws open the car's door and slides into the driver's seat.

Takes a knife to the control panel.

WE-OH WE-

It falls silent.

JACK

Keith better not be fucking around with us.

NICK

(calling out)
Keeeiith!

They round the car and find-

-what appears to them to be Patrick's bloody body under a sheet.

Complete with knife handle tenting the sheet at the chest.

Jack smirks.

JACK

At least he did his job.

He motions for the rest of them to follow him back inside.

JACK

Ah, he's probably just strung out
in the woods somewhere.

Nick runs his hand over the muscle car. *

NICK *

Hey Jack, why don't we just take
this baby down to Mexico? *

Jack stares at Nick, taking in his stupidity. *

JACK *

Six of us? In a stolen hot rod with
two-seats? Trying to get over the
border? *

Nick nods sheepishly. *

JACK *

We stick to the plan. That's why
it's called "the plan." *

Jack heads back up the stairs and the two henchmen follow
suit. *

Worm casts one last glance at the body. Instincts telling him
something's not right.

But he follows Jack out the door. *He's not paid to think.* *

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS *

WIDE ANGLE on Jack and his crew emerging from the garage as
Patrick, upstairs, simultaneously limps into the MASTER
BEDROOM.

Worm closes the door behind them.

Gina drunkenly runs into the crew.

GINA

Everything good?

Gina hangs around Nick's neck. *

Jack takes an eyeful of the horny lady.

JACK

A-okay.

GINA
Cool, cool. Mind if we take five?

Jack smirks at Nick.

Nick holds his hands up helplessly as Gina drags him toward the stairs.

NICK
Duty calls, boys.

Jack shakes his head. Looks to Worm.

JACK
Some people have no class.

Worm grunts his assent.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Patrick hears the stairs creaking. The mumbled voices of Gina and Nick approaching.

He frantically reaches for his CELL PHONE, still plugged into the wall.

He grasps it. Swipes his thumb to unlock it.

It doesn't respond.

He swipes again. But the thin film of blood makes the screen unresponsive.

He wipes the phone off on his sleeve- and it clatters to the floor.

He bends to his knees to pick it up just as Gina and Nick reach the top of the stairs.

He reaches for it, but they're too close...

He is forced to retreat toward the bed on all fours, leaving the cell phone behind.

As he slides under the bed, careful to keep the handle of the knife from catching the edge of the mattress, Gina and Nick clumsily enter the room, sloppily kissing.

Nick kicks the door closed behind them as their mouths attack each other.

Their hands grab and twist -- nasty, rough foreplay.

INT. UNDER THE BED - SAME

*

Patrick watches Nick's big cowboy boots stomp on the floor.

On the...CRUNCH...phone.

*

His boot lifts up to reveal a shattered, useless screen.

Patrick winces. This cuts as deep as the knife.

INT. ABOVE THE BED - SAME

*

Nick and Gina are oblivious to anything but their rising passion. The smashed phone soon covered by tossed aside clothes.

They collapse onto the bed.

INT. UNDER THE BED - SAME

*

Patrick shifts away from the BULGING MATTRESS that threatens to drive the knife completely through him.

GINA

(O.S.)

Yeah, that's right. Show me what a real cowboy can do.

Patrick eyes the deadly bulge. It rolls toward him.

GINA

(O.S.)

Uh huh...just like that...

He scoots on his back. But runs out of bed.

The bulge rolls directly over him.

He pushes against it with both hands, a bloody Sisyphus.

GINA

(O.S.)

Ride me, cowboy...

Patrick uses all his strength...

*

But the bulge still makes contact with the knife handle.

Stomach-twisting pain for Patrick.

And then, the bulge begins BOUNCING.

*

Pressing the knife further in with each bounce.

Millimeter by agonizing millimeter.

Sweat beads at Patrick's brow.

Blood drips from his opening wound.

Patrick bites his tongue so that he doesn't shriek under this torture.

His eyes are wide with the strain of holding the mattress at bay.

He's losing the fight...losing his grip...

*

GINA
(O.S.)
HEY! Not there!

The motion stops.

NICK
(O.S.)
What?

GINA
(O.S.)
You know what. Every time we gotta
go through this.

*

*

Suddenly, the bulge disappears.

Patrick GASPS in sweet relief.

INT. ABOVE THE BED - SAME

*

Gina stands, naked, fuming.

Nick sits on the corner of the bed.

NICK
Why do you have to be such a prude?
You're all talk.

*

GINA
You're a pig!

With that, she storms into the bathroom and slams the door.

Nick, also naked, tries to follow, but the door is locked.

He jiggles the knob.

NICK

Let me in, Gina! Don't fucking do
this to me!

She doesn't respond. He grows insane with anger.

NICK

Fine. Go fuck yourself!

He grabs a nearby lamp and SMASHES it against the wall.

Still naked, he grabs his shirt and pants.

Stomps out of the room.

INT. UNDER THE BED - SAME

Patrick sighs. A moment's respite.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick has emerged from under the bed.

In the attached bathroom, the shower runs.

Patrick examines his phone in his hand. Busted.

It falls to the ground with a clatter.

But Patrick isn't being clumsy -- he's losing his balance.

He stumbles, bracing himself against the bed.

The room spins.

The mattress fiasco is taking its toll.

We see the spikes on his wrist monitor coming fewer and
farther between.

We hear the thumping of Patrick's heart. Slowing...

Slowing...

D-GUNK...D-...GUNK...D-...GUNK...

He checks his monitor, eyes widening at the results.

With blurred vision, he eyes the bathroom door.

His trembling hands dig in his pocket.

Produce a credit card.

He wedges the card between the door frame and the door, working it under the latch.

CLICK.

It yields.

Patrick weakly, carefully pulls the door open.

Slips inside the **FOGGY BATHROOM.**

*

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

*

Gina is luxuriating in the water, trying to calm herself.

We see the full view of her snake tattoo curling the length of her torso.

Patrick views her figure through the glass frosted shower stall. *She's distracted, for now.*

Patrick places his spray bottle on the sink.

As quietly as he can, Patrick opens the mirrored medicine cabinet.

Grabs the bottle of DIET PILLS. Dumps them down his throat.

*

Chases it with a handful of IBUPROFEN.

Looks at a bottle of liquid DECONGESTANT. Shrugs. Downs it.

He closes the cabinet-

GINA is standing at the open shower door. Shower still running.

She is naked. Dripping wet. Staring at the unbelievable sight:

PATRICK, knife in chest, bleeding onto the bathroom tiles...

He looks back at her, also at a loss for words.

Finally...

PATRICK

Please...I just want to save my
wife...Help me...

He lists, catching himself on the sink.

PATRICK

You're a woman. Can you imagine what my wife is going through right now? What they'll do to her?

She looks into his eyes. Sees his desperation.

GINA

It's okay...

He looks to her hopefully.

WHAM.

She delivers a swift KICK to his stomach, sending him reeling to the floor.

GINA

I'll make this fast.

Patrick looks up at her from his side.

He bleeds on the tiles. It mixes with the condensation in the room.

He looks up at his spray bottle on the sink. Out of reach.

Gina glares down at him contemptuously.

GINA

So I'm a woman, huh? And you think that makes me soft? You think I'll just do your bidding, like every other piece of shit man on this fucking planet?

Patrick tries to crawl away, leaving a snail trail of blood behind him.

GINA

Come back over here you little maggot.

Gina stomps after the helpless Patrick.

In a last ditch effort, Patrick impotently KICKS his legs out toward Gina.

Hits her shin.

It's not hard. But it pushes her foot back-

over his SLICK BLOOD TRAIL.

As she tries to recover, her legs go out from under her.

And her head comes down full force on-

THUNK.

The sink.

Patrick rolls to his back, painfully pulling himself up to the prone position.

He sees Gina, face down on the tile. *

He turns her over. She GASPS for breath. In a convulsive daze. *

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. *

Patrick's eyes go wide. *

NICK

(O.S.)

Gina, it's me. Listen, I'm sorry.
I'm coming in.

Patrick frantically crawls to the door and -CLICK-

Presses the lock just before the doorknob turns.

NICK

(O.S.)

Oh, so it's like that. You won't
even talk to me now? Even when I'm
trying say sorry?

Gina tries to form words -- but Patrick puts his hands over her mouth to quiet her. Squeezing tight. *

She weakly raises her hands, grabbing at his face. *

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - OUTSIDE THE DOOR - SAME *

Nick, now dressed in his jeans and shirt, presses his head on the door.

NICK

Ah, I know I'm fucking up. I just
can't handle what you do to me
sometimes. You know that you are
equal part guilty about this shit. *

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Patrick's grip tightens around Gina's mouth and nose. He's suffocating her. He turns his head away, unable to look.

NICK

(O.S.)

Sorry, sorry, I don't mean to deflect the blame here. Just give me something. A little something. I need to hear your voice baby.

Finally, her arms collapse to her side. She is still.

Dead.

Patrick grimaces at what he's done.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - OUTSIDE THE DOOR - SAME

Nick PUNCHES the door.

NICK

Woman, you better say something to me or I'm gonna kick this door down! I won't have you humiliate me like this!

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

This knocks Patrick out of his grief.

Thinking fast, Patrick tears a piece of toilet paper.

Digs in his pocket.

Produces a pen.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - OUTSIDE THE DOOR - SAME

Nick rears his foot back.

NICK

That's it! I'm coming i-

The slip of toilet paper slides under the door.

Nick tilts his head quizzically.

He kneels down and reads it.

"GO AWAY"

Nick crumples it in his hand. He actually starts to tear up.

NICK

You know just how to hurt me, you
know that.

He punches the door one more time...then meekly walks away.

Beaten.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

*

Patrick's breathing is labored.

His eyes dimming.

He's just about out of steam.

Heart slowing...slowing...

D-GUNK...

D-GUNK...

D-GUNK...

But just in time, the pills start to take effect.

Stabilizing his heartbeat...

D-GUNK. D-GUNK. D-GUNK.

Then sending it SPEEDING...

D-GUNK-D-GUNK-D-GUNK-D-GUNK-D-GUNK-D-GUNK

Patrick's eyes jolt back open.

The room stops spinning.

He comes to his feet, heart now racing.

He checks his watch. The line spikes every half second. *Maybe he overdid it.*

CUT TO:

Patrick sops up Gina's leaking blood with a towel.

On the sink, his CLEAR CONTAINER is open again.

Patrick squeezes some drops of blood into it.

He then presses the container against his chest and pushes on the rags around his wound.

His own blood leaks out into the container, joining Gina's.

He flips the lid closed and shakes.

CUT TO:

Patrick stares at his clear container of blood on the sink.

It is lumpy.

He dumps it out. Frustrated. *Strike two.* *

Cleans it out with water.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

The bathroom door creaks open.

Patrick pokes his head out. The coast is clear.

He locks the door on the inside knob and closes it.

We see one last glimpse of Gina as darkness descends on her.

Patrick limps his way to the **upstairs hallway.** *

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS *

From here, Patrick gazes at the stairs. Seeming longer than last time. He sighs. *

INT. STUDY - NIGHT *

Nick storms around in circles, crazy with anger.

Worm is unimpressed, his gaze never leaving Laura, who sits on the couch in a daze.

NICK

I'm done with her. This time I mean it.

Nick catches eyes with Laura.

NICK

What am I doing wrong? I treat her nice, I give her shit.

No response.

NICK

Ah, so you're on her side?

Blank stare.

NICK

YOU'RE JUST LIKE HER.

*

Nick pulls out his gun.

But in the blink of an eye, Worm has snatched it from his hand.

NICK

Hey!

Nick lunges for it, but a stern glare from Worm silences him.

Worm turns his back on Nick. Walks toward the bar.

He places the gun on the bar. Ducks behind it.

NICK

I wasn't going to use it. Just scare her.

Worm re-emerges with a bottle of whiskey and two shot glasses.

He plunks them down on the bar.

Nick nods his head. Smiles.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS - SAME

*

Patrick leans against the wall for a moment, catching his breath after his arduous descent.

He is ten feet from the open air entrance of the **LIVING ROOM**.

*

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

*

Jack flips through the channels of the giant TV.

Victor sits in a Laz-e-boy near the entrance, fully clothed and stitched up, his injured leg elevated. He flips through his book of Rumi poems. *

Patrick pokes his head into the room. *

Victor is angled away, but if Jack turns toward Victor, he has a clear view of the entrance. Of Patrick. *

Patrick takes a tentative step into the entrance.

Jack FLIPS OFF THE TV. Turns to Victor- *

as Patrick quickly recoils, barely out of sight.

JACK
Nothing on the news. *

Victor glances up from his book. *

JACK
By the time they find that bus,
we'll be balls deep in margaritas. *

Victor lowers his eyes back to his book. Jack turns away from Victor- *

-as Patrick moves as fast as he can passed the entrance.

He is three steps from cover when Jack starts talking again. *

JACK
You know...

Two.

JACK
...a little fucking gratitude...

One.

Jack turns back to Victor. *

JACK
...would go a long way.

Patrick is no where to be seen. *

Victor looks up at Jack. A tight-lipped smile. *

VICTOR
Did you know I have a daughter?
She's seven years old. *

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

She just learned to ride a bicycle
this year. And I, due to my
unfortunate circumstance, missed
that moment. But I promised her
that as soon as I was home, as soon
as this was over, we would go
biking around Puerto Vallarta
together.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He motions to his wounded leg.

*

VICTOR

But it's going to be a little hard
to keep that promise now, thanks to
the bullet in my fucking leg.
So, Jack, do I have gratitude? My
gratitude is endless. My patience
is not.

*
*
*
*
*

Jack turns away, angry.

As Victor returns his attention to his book...

We see Patrick up against the opposite side of the wall in
the hallway. He and Victor separated by just a few inches of
plaster.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Worm and Nick sit on stools at the bar, nursing the bottle of
whiskey.

Laura watches them, seemingly catatonic.

But now that we're seeing her up close, there is life in her
eyes still.

She is fixated on the GUN at the edge of the bar. Begging to
be taken.

We see her scanning the faces of Worm and Nick. Drunk...but
still lucid.

She gazes at the glass window. The latch locked tight. And
too far to make a run for it.

She then looks toward the entrance of the room-

Her heart stops.

Eyes widen.

She chokes back a gasp.

Standing in the door frame:

PATRICK.

Her Patrick.

Blood-soaked.

A knife sticking from his chest.

But alive.

She blinks her tearing eyes.

He remains. This is no hallucination.

Patrick gives her a weak smile.

NICK

Hey.

*

Laura goes white. Whipping her head toward the bar in fear.

But Nick is looking right at her. Oblivious to Patrick, who has disappeared back around the corner.

NICK

(re: her tears)

Don't be sad. He's in a better place now.

(beat)

The garage.

He busts out with a guttural, drunk laugh. Worm chuckles quietly along with him.

As they laugh, Laura cautiously looks back to the entrance, where Patrick is peeking his head out.

She catches eyes with him and throws them toward the gun.

She sees his own eyes light up. *He sees the gun too.*

She then angles in on Nick and Worm.

LAURA

Could I please have a drink?

Nick looks to Worm.

NICK

Wooooow. Looks like she's coming around.

Nick grabs an extra shot glass, hits Worm in the arm.

They both amble over like bros approaching a woman at a club.

As they do, Patrick makes a beeline for the bar. A very slow beeline.

Laura holds out her hand for the shot glass.

Nick gives it to her, then fills all of their glasses up.

NICK

To bitches. Gotta love'em.

As him and Worm are about to throw back their shots-

LAURA

To Patrick. My husband. Who never hurt anyone in his life.

Patrick is halfway there.

LAURA

And who was nothing but a good, sincere man.

Nick and Worm go to throw it back-

LAURA

He may not have been the toughest guy. But that didn't matter.

Nick rolls his eyes.

NICK

Jesus lady, are we gonna drink or what?

LAURA

He was my man. And God, I know wherever he i-

WORM

Cheers.

Worm pins her with a stare. The toast is over.

They throw back their drinks.

As she downs it, Laura fixes in on Patrick, who is still ten feet from the bar.

Worm and Nick look at Laura, and off her eyes, slowly turn back to the bar.

As they do, Patrick dives to his knees and crawls the last few feet behind the bar.

Out of sight, but without the gun.

Nick looks at the gun, then at Laura.

NICK

Did you want another drink?

Laura looks to him, trying to conceal her fear.

LAURA

No. No. I'm fine.

NICK

Really? Are you sure? Because you really seem interested in the bar. Doesn't she seem interested, Worm?

Worm nods his head.

NICK

Let me go see if I can get you something that you want.

Nick heads toward the bar while Worm bores down on Laura suspiciously.

Nick places his bottle of whiskey on the bar. Then runs his hands along the edge.

PATRICK, hiding on all fours behind the bar, can see his fingertips.

NICK

Let's see...were you perhaps interested in...

Nick's hands stop at the discarded gun.

NICK

This?

Laura shakes her head.

Nick walks toward her menacingly.

NICK

Well, if you want it so bad, here you fucking go.

*
*

He levels the gun at her forehead. Worm puts an arm on Nick.

*

NICK

Worm, this bitch was trying to get
us drunk and then fucking shoot us.

*
*

LAURA

What? No, I swear I wasn't.

*

INT. BEHIND THE BAR - SAME

*

Patrick winces. Helpless. He eyes the whiskey bottle.

Eyes his spray bottle of battery acid.

INT. STUDY - SAME

*

Nick keeps the gun trained on Laura's face, held back by the
meaty arm of Worm.

*

NICK

She stitched the old man up. He'll
be fine. Let's just take care of
her right now.

*
*
*

Laura's eyes dart from

THE GUN to

NICK'S ANGRY FACE to

THE WHISKEY BOTTLE getting scooped up and disappearing behind
the bar.

The slightest look of confusion crosses her face before she
snaps her attention back to Nick.

LAURA

Please, I'm distraught. I don't
know what I'm thinking about. I
just want to live.

INT. BEHIND THE BAR - SAME

*

Patrick carefully pours out a quarter of the bottle of
whiskey into a cup.

Then pours half of his bottle of battery acid into the bottle
of whiskey.

INT. STUDY - SAME

*

Laura sees Patrick's hand raise the bottle back up onto the bar top.

INT. BEHIND THE BAR - SAME

*

Patrick's knife handle hits one of the shelves of the bar.
Pain arrests his body and his hand slips off the bottle.

INT. STUDY - SAME

*

Laura sees the bottle TEETER, threatening to fall.
She quickly throws herself into Nick's arms, WEeping.

INT. BEHIND THE BAR - SAME

*

At the last second, Patrick sees the bottle through his pain-haze and jerks his hand up.

INT. STUDY - SAME

*

Nick and Worm are taken aback by Laura's display of emotion-
And don't notice Patrick's hand steady the bottle and then disappear back behind the bar.

Nick peels Laura off of him and roughly tosses her to the couch.

His anger dissipating.

NICK

Ah, whatever.

*

Nick sticks his gun back in his pocket. Heads back over to the bar.

Composing himself, he puts his shot glass down.

Opens up the whiskey bottle. Pours himself another shot.

*

He looks at it.

WORM

I think you've had enough.

Nick looks back to his friend. Looks at the shot.

*

NICK
You're probably right.

INT. BEHIND THE BAR - SAME

Patrick silently slaps his head.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Nick takes a step away from the bar.

But then turns back. Eyes the shot hungrily.

He lifts the shot glass to his lips, reconsidering.

NICK
But it's been a long day.

Worm pins him with a glare.

Nick takes the shot away from his lips, acquiescing.

Starts to put it down.

Then-

NICK
Relax Worm. You ain't my mom.

With that, Nick throws back the shot!

He winces. Eyes watering.

Holds his breath. After a long moment...

NICK
Woo! That burns!

Nick pours another one.

NICK
One for the road!

He dumps it down his throat.

He shakes his head. Rubs his neck.

NICK
Now my mom, she was one tough as
nails ball-buster, God rest her
soul.

Nick coughs.

NICK
Ahh, that stuff repeats on you.

Nick coughs again.

Then a big hacking cough.

Worm moves toward Nick but he waves him off.

NICK
...just need a little water...

Nick rounds the bar...

...AND SEES PATRICK DUCKING BEHIND IT.

Patrick blinks up at him. Caught. Face to face.

Nick's eyes go wide.

He opens his mouth to speak. But instead of words... *

Blood seeps out.

He grabs his neck, coughing hysterically, blood covering the bar, the floor, and Patrick.

Nick braces himself on the bar, still staring at Patrick in disbelief, but unable to speak.

He tries to stand...but loses his strength...

Falls directly into the GLASS COFFEE TABLE. *

SMASSSHHH.

Worm rushes over to him, pulling him from the debris.

He lays Nick on the floor as Nick coughs up more blood. Worm is unsure what to do.

Laura stares at Nick. A tiny smile creeping onto her face.

Just then, Jack dashes into the room, followed by the laboring Victor. *

JACK
What the hell is going on?

Jack and Victor stand over the convulsing Nick. *

JACK

What's wrong with him? *

Worm shakes his head. He doesn't know.

Jack kneels beside him. Places a hand on his shoulder.

JACK

It's gonna be okay, buddy.

He looks up to the bottle of whiskey on the bar. *

Jack furrows his brow. Stomps over to the bottle. *

Takes a sniff. Recoils.

JACK

This ain't whiskey.

Jack puts his hand on his gun. Rounds the bar to find- *

Nothing. Patrick is gone.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Patrick limps at full speed, unsure of his next move.

He sees the bottle of red wine that Worm had left on the shelf earlier.

He looks at the front door. Gears turning.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Jack turns to Worm.

JACK

Where the hell is everyone else?

Worm takes his meaning. Pulls out his own gun.

Jack motions to the hallway.

Worm falls out, gun outstretched.

Jack pulls Nick's gun from his pants. Hands it over to Victor. *

JACK (CONT'D)

Watch her. Can you do that?

Victor gives a small nod with pursed lips.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Worm cautiously makes his way up the steps.

Something on the railing catches his eye...

BLOOD. He smears a finger through it. Still wet.

His eyes dart toward the bedroom door.

He picks up the pace, jumping steps two at a time.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Jack heads in, gun drawn.

All seems quiet. He steps around the car. *

Turns his gaze to the body under the sheet.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door bursts open.

Worm barrels in, gun first. No one here.

He turns on his heel to face the bathroom door.

With gun extended, he tries the knob.

Locked.

Takes a single step back.

SMASH. Kicks it open effortlessly.

Pokes his head in.

Gina's dead body.

Worm registers this with a killer's lack of emotion.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Jack stands over the sheet-covered body.

Throws back the sheet.

It's KEITH. Dead.

Blood seeping from his gouged neck.

A SCREWDRIVER is wedged between the buttons of his shirt, standing on its head. From under the sheet, this looked like the knife handle. *

Jack grits his teeth.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Victor sits next to Laura on the couch. Staring into her eyes intently.

VICTOR
What happened here? I know you know.

Laura studies Victor's face. Unsure of his angle.

LAURA
I...I don't know.

Victor looks her over. Sensing something. *Hope?* *

VICTOR
He's still alive, isn't he? *

His intuition surprises Laura. *

LAURA
Please, let me go. He's dying. I can still save him. If I can get help... *

Victor nods sympathetically.

VICTOR
I'm sorry. I know I've caused you great pain. But I have a family too. And I cannot risk never seeing them again. *

Laura bows her head in sorrow.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Jack and Worm meet.

JACK
Gina?

Worm shakes his head.

JACK

Are you fucking kidding me?! How is
this guy doing this?!

Worm nods toward the front door.

Blood on the knob.

JACK

Find him. End him.

Worm spins toward the door. Throws it open. *

Disappears into the night. *

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Worm scans the snow. *

A trail of blood leads off into the woods. *

Worm stomps after it, gun in hand. *

INT. STUDY - SAME

Jack kneels next to Nick, who is no longer moving.

He looks up at Laura, death in his eyes.

JACK

You think your pussy husband is
going to save you?

LAURA

Seems like he's doing a pretty good
job so far.

Jack grinds his teeth into a sickly smile.

JACK

You know, I just had a great idea. *
When Charlie shows up, instead of *
killing you, how about we take you *
with us? The boys down in Mexico *
would love a little peach like you. *

Jack brushes a piece of hair from Laura's cheek. *

JACK

They got a name for rich bitches *
like you down there. Un fresca puta. *

Victor suddenly stands over Jack. *

VICTOR *
Jack. What's happened is your *
fault. No one else's. She is not to *
be blamed for your incompetence. *

Jack eyes Victor with contempt. *

VICTOR *
Leave her be. She's paid enough for *
one night. *

Jack rises to his full height. Chest to chest with Victor. *

JACK *
I say when it's enough. *

Victor doesn't give an inch. *

Jack speaks without breaking eye contact. *

JACK *
Laura, could you tend to my friend *
Nick here? I do believe he's dying. *

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Worm trudges through the snow. *

The blood trail now comes in drips and drabs. *

He rounds a bend...

And the trail stops dead at the base of a tree. *

Worm spins around, scanning all directions for signs of *
movement. *

Nothing. *

Then- DRIP. *

A droplet of blood splashes onto Worm's shoulder. *

He looks up. *

In the tree branches above him sits Patrick and Mike's *
makeshift DEER STAND. *

Worm flashes a shark's smile. Circles the tree to find nailed- *
in boards of wood making a ladder up to the stand. *

EXT. DEER STAND - CONTINUOUS *

Worm's head pokes up over the ledge of the meager construct. *

His eyes eager to have Patrick in his deadly sight. *

But instead, resting in the center -- Worm's WINE BOTTLE. *

Worm's face sinks. Grabs the bottle. Hops down. *

Pours out the last few drops.

The red wine looks like blood in the snow. *

He's been duped. He SMASHES the bottle against the tree, losing his cool. *

Composes himself. Pulls out his cell. *

WORM
(into phone) *

I lost him.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Close in on Jack's face.

JACK
(into phone) *

He couldn't have gotten far.

Jack eyes Laura, who examines Nick's unfocused eyes. *

JACK
(into phone) *

Put me on speaker. *

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Worm looks around the snowy landscape, scanning for any sign of Patrick. *

He holds up his phone.

JACK
(on speaker)

Patrick, Patrick, Patrick, what are we gonna do now? It all seemed so simple before. We just had to play a little waiting game and then we'd be nothing but a pleasant memory to you. And now look at us. *

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Not that I blame you. You seem like
a nice guy. So I'll make you a
deal.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Jack leans down and takes Laura's hand away from Nick. Holds
it gently in his own. *

JACK

(into phone) *

If you come in now, your wife won't
endure anymore of this... *

He suddenly TWISTS her arm with SICKENING FORCE.

Laura SCREAMS in pain.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Laura's HOWLS of pain drift through the night air.

Worm holds the phone aloft, spinning it in all directions.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - PATRICK'S FACE

We can't tell where he is, but we can see him grimacing at
the sounds. Trying to stifle his anguished reaction.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Jack twists the wrist mercilessly, Laura clawing at him to
stop as she screams.

Finally, Victor can take no more.

VICTOR

That's enough.

(beat)

Jack, that's enough!

Victor moves to separate him from Laura, but Jack PUSHES
Victor back down to the couch. *

JACK

Shut up, old man. *

Victor watches with indignation as Jack applies even more
pressure. *

CRACK.

Laura SCREECHES in agony as the bone in her wrist finally gives.

Satisfied, Jack releases, and Laura collapses to the floor.

She crades her broken bone. *

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Worm holds the phone aloft. Still no sign of Patrick.

JACK
(on speaker) *
Don't be stupid, Patrick. It's
over.

ECU - PATRICK'S FACE

Patrick blinks through tears. Helpless. Tortured.

INT. STUDY - SAME *

Victor moves to help Laura, placing a comforting hand on her back. He looks up to Jack. *

VICTOR *
If I didn't still need you, I'd *
kill you right now. *

Jack smirks. *

JACK *
And if I didn't still need to get *
paid, I'd kill you right back. *

IN THE WOODS

Worm pockets his phone and stomps back toward the cabin. *

But we stay fixed on where he was standing.

On the broken wine bottle. *

Five, six, seven moments...

then...

PATRICK ERUPTS through the snow a few feet away. Emerging like the undead rising from a grave. *

He takes a deep breath. *

Checks his watch. His vital signs fading...

He pulls himself out of the snow. *

Looks at the cabin.

He's running out of time. And he's out of ideas.

He stares at the cabin for a long moment.

And finally...

Simply begins to trudge back.

Defeated.

His steps are slow and heavy... *

...and increasingly unsteady.

He's having trouble even finding the energy to surrender.

He tries to rest against the trunk of a nearby tree...

But can't make it that far...

WHOMP.

He collapses on his side in the snow. Unable to go on. *

PATRICK

I'm...sorry...

He rolls onto his back. Gazes up at the night sky. *

The snow has finally stopped. *

The clouds part. *

Blinking stars are now visible in the crisp mountain air. *

It's quite beautiful.

A calming sight to die to.

But then, blotting out the sky, smiling down on him --

LAURA

Radiant and uninjured. *A vision.* *

She gently strokes his cheek.

LAURA
Sweet Patrick...

PATRICK
W-where are they?

LAURA
Shhh. Don't worry about that.

Patrick's eyes well with tears.

LAURA
It's okay. It's over now. You did
your best.

Laura runs her hands through his hair.

Leans in.

Places a soft kiss on his lips.

LAURA
I love you so much. Just go to
sleep now.

She stands up.

Walks into the woods, into the night.

Patrick watches her leave through dimming eyes.

Laura stops for a moment. Looks back at him.

LAURA
I mean, if it was Mike, things
could've been different.

Patrick's eyes suddenly light up. These words hitting him
like a freight train.

His hand curls into a defiant fist. He punches at the snow. *

PATRICK
Laura! Laura!

She continues to walk away. Disappearing into the dark.

Finding a well of strength he didn't know existed, Patrick
pulls himself to his knees.

The knife throws hot sparks of pain through his body, but he
keeps moving.

PATRICK

Laura!

He unsteadily comes to his feet. Reaching out for Laura.

But as he does, she is slowly enveloped in a GROWING BEAM of WHITE LIGHT.

PATRICK

No...

Patrick shields his eyes as she vanishes...

AND A VAN COMES INTO VIEW, SCREECHING TO A HALT A FEW INCHES FROM PATRICK.

We now see that Patrick has wandered onto the

WINDING ROAD

that leads to the cabin.

Patrick looks up at the white van, dazed.

PATRICK

No.

The driver, CHARLIE, a burly beardo with a ragged voice, throws open the van door and jumps out.

He takes a long gander at Patrick in the headlights.

CHARLIE

Holy shit.

PATRICK

...men...have my wife...

Charlie's eyebrows raise.

CHARLIE

Jack did this to you? Oh man, he is one crazy son of a bitch.

Patrick wobbles unsteadily before him.

Charlie shakes his head, amused.

Patrick suddenly raises his spray bottle to the Charlie's face.

Without hesitation, Patrick raises his spray bottle to the Charlie's face.

He has a half a second to look at it quizzically before-
SQUIRT SQUIRT.

CHARLIE

AHHHHH!

Charlie falls to his knees, holding his burning eyes.
Impassively, Patrick steps around the writhing man.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick climbs into the driver's seat.

Buckles up.

Hits the gas.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We watch the tires THUMP-THUMP over Charlie.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick looks at the broken body fading in the rearview
mirror.

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack stares out the window.

Laura nurses her wrecked wrist. She has stabilized it between
pieces of the broken coffee table frame and a torn piece of
cloth. A makeshift splint.

She eyes the shards of glass from the broken table top.

Worm watches her like a hawk.

Suddenly, Jack's eyes light up.

JACK

Halle-fucking-lujuh.

FROM JACK'S POV

The van rumbles up to the cabin.

JACK
We're heading out!

He looks at Nick on the floor. Turns to Worm.

JACK
Help me get this asshole out to the van.

Worm leans over Nick. Rolls him face up.

Nick's eyes are frozen open.

Dead.

Jack grimaces.

JACK
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Jack grabs Laura's arm.

She tries to remain seated on the couch, but he yanks her up.

She spills onto the floor, doubled over.

JACK
Get moving, sweet-cheeks.

While bent over, we see her eyes focused on the floor. On the glass shards. *She wanted to be pushed here.*

She grips a piece of glass between her fingers, cupping it to keep it hidden.

Then, as she rises, she slides it into the splint. *

Jack smiles at her.

JACK
Thata girl.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, Worm, Victor and Laura emerge from the front door of the cabin.

The van rumbles down the driveway.

Comes to a stop a few dozen feet away.

The driver is obscured behind the headlights.

The group trudges toward the van, Worm in the lead.

But Jack slows.

Eyes the van.

A dent on the bumper. A blood smear on the door. *

Victor and Laura slow behind him too, but Worm keeps moving, unaware.

Jack shields his eyes from the headlights, gazing at the driver.

Making out...

...are you fucking kidding me...

PATRICK.

JACK

Worm!

Worm turns to Jack.

VROOM!

The van SMASHES into Worm!

But Worm absorbs the blow. He grips the grill of the van, swinging his feet under the cab. *

Clinging to the front of the van like a giant spider, Worm manages to pull out his gun.

PATRICK POV

Worm levels the gun right at him through the windshield.

With no other options, Patrick jerks the wheel

TOWARD THE CABIN *

CCRRRR-FUCKING-AAASSHH! *

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SAME *

...an eerie moment of silence as everyone regains their bearings...

We see the van HALF-BURIED into the wall of the cabin. *

Jack, Laura, and Victor have hit the deck. They stare at the wreck in disbelief. *

Broken beams of wood spike in jagged angles around the fissures torn through the cabin. *

SMOKE pours out of the van's crumpled front end. *

Worm lies face down. A piece of wood driven through his back. *

Slowly, the van door squeaks open.

PATRICK steps unsteadily down.

Cut up a bit from crash. But he's seen worse.

He turns toward Jack.

Jack stares at the man who won't die in utter astonishment.

PATRICK

Hi Jack.

Jack is pinned by Patrick's stare.

For the first time, he seems speechless.

But then-

JACK

Bye Patrick.

He pulls out his gun and levels it at the defenseless Patrick.

SLICE! Jack's forearm blooms red and the gun falls from his hand. *

He looks up-

Laura holds her secreted glass shard.

She LUNGES at him for the death blow.

But Victor grips her arm, stopping the glass just inches from Jack's neck.

His face is conflicted, but-

VICTOR

(to Laura)

He's my ride.

Jack then grabs her by the neck. Tosses her to the ground. *

Patrick spots Worm's gun lying a few feet from him in the rubble. *

Meanwhile, Jack looms over Laura, mad with rage. *

Victor pushes between them. *

VICTOR
Let's just go!

BLAM! BLAM!

Jack and Victor hit the deck.

Patrick holds the gun in his trembling hand, unable to get steady bead in his condition. *

He grips the gun with both hands and takes a breath.

Zeroes in on Jack's head.

WHOOMP!

Patrick is suddenly flat on his back.

He looks up.

WORM.

Impossibly still alive. Blood running from his side where he pried the plank out of him. *

He levels back a weak fist.

WHAM!

Hits Patrick in the face.

But it isn't as devastating as it should be because Worm is as close to death as Patrick.

Patrick grips the gun in his hand and SMASHES it against the bridge of Worm's nose.

Worm falls to the side, dazed.

From the ground, Patrick again levels his gun at Jack.

BLAM!

Just misses. *

Jack looks to Victor.

JACK

Fuck this.

Jack grabs the struggling Laura and pulls her toward the van, Victor right behind. *

Patrick tries to get another shot off as they disappear along the far side of the van, but-

CRUNCH!

Worm lays another blow into his face. *

Patrick tries to bring his gun toward Worm, but Worm weakly holds it at bay.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAN - SAME *

Jack throws open the side door and tosses Laura inside.

INT. VAN - SAME *

Laura immediately tries to scratch and claw her way out. *

Jack tackles her down to the floor of the van.

She fights back as ferociously as a cat being forced to take a bath.

Desperate, Jack SLAMS her head on the hard metal.

This leaves her groggy, barely conscious.

JACK

(to Victor)

Tie her up.

Victor climbs into the back.

Pulls the door closed.

INT. FRONT OF THE VAN - SAME *

Jack jumps into the DRIVER'S SEAT. Throws the van in reverse. *

Miraculously, it still runs. The van putters, groaning in protest as it tears itself from the skeleton of the cabin's wall. *

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SAME

*

The van's movement catches both Patrick's and Worm's attention.

*

As the van turns, Jack and Worm lock eyes.

*

But Jack is remorseless. He throws the van into drive.

*

Worm watches the van slowly pull away.

*

For the first time, emotion registers on Worm's face.

*

Heartbreak.

Patrick too watches the van disappear with a sinking heart.

All hope leaving as the lights fade from view.

The van BUCKS and SPUTTERS down the driveway. Deeply wounded by the crash.

Smoke emits from the engine. Perhaps not long for this world either.

Worm turns to Patrick. Seeing all his troubles embodied by Patrick's bruised and bleeding face.

Patrick, too, has nothing left to fight for than to kill the man who killed his brother.

But before they begin, let's make one thing clear:

Their fight will be slow and arduous. Each move causing them great pain. They are both greatly reduced versions of themselves. Windup toys on the last of their revolutions.

WORM

AHHHH!

Worm lets loose with a flurry of slow fists to Patrick's face.

Patrick HEFTS Worm away and levels his gun at him.

Click. No bullets.

He THROWS the gun at Worm's face, striking it with a CRUNCH.

Patrick slides away from Worm.

Pulls himself to his feet with the railing of the porch.

*

Worm comes to his feet as well, gripping his side, which oozes a steady flow of blood.

Patrick grabs a potted plant.

Heaves it at Worm's head.

SMASH. It explodes...

...on the ground several feet in front of Worm.

They both pause for a moment, catching their breath.

Addressing how the other looks. How unlikely it is that either one is still alive.

Both consider giving up.

Both do not.

They CHARGE toward each other once more.

Worm has more weight and takes them both reeling through the exterior GARAGE DOOR. *

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS *

Patrick uses all of his strength to keep Worm from grasping the knife handle and ripping it from his chest. *

They THUD against the work table.

Worm gains the upper hand and finally GRIPS THE KNIFE.

White-hot pain envelopes Patrick as he screams out.

With one hand, Patrick tries to keep the knife in. With the other, he wildly searches for any sort of a weapon. *

Worm's strength is overwhelming Patrick. The knife starts to CREEP out of Patrick's body. *

But finally, Patrick's fingers grip the handle of something. *

A HAMMER. The same hammer he couldn't bring himself to use on Keith. *

But this time- *

WHAM! He CRASHES the hammer down on Worm's skull. *

Worm releases his grip, dazed. Patrick peels himself upright and raises the hammer again. WHAM! *

Worm falls to his knees. But Patrick isn't done. This is the man who killed his brother. There will be no mercy. *

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM! Patrick pummels Worm's skull until Worm falls to the floor. *

Dead. *

Patrick looks down in weary relief... *

then falls to the ground himself.

Out of strength.

Out of life.

Out of time.

He hears his own heartbeat in his ears.

D...GUNK...

D...

...

...gunk

Patrick's head now rests on the floor, gazing at Worm's dead body.

Patrick's eyes are fighting to stay open.

The only thing that's stopping him from closing his eyes and finally giving in...

The blood pouring from Worm's head wound... *

trickling toward him...

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

Stillness. The birds not even chirping yet.

A gentle snow falls on the silent cabin. *

A picture of tranquility, save the gaping maw in the front. *

We get closer. Focusing on the garage. *

The garage door is open.

INT. GARAGE - SAME *

The car is gone.

No sign of Patrick.

But on the work table. *

Patrick's clear container. *

A small amount of blood. *

Still viscous. *

Not clumpy like the other samples... *

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING *

Underneath the rising sun, the white van CHUGS along the highway.

Coughing up smoke.

Sliding in the snow. *

INT. FRONT OF VAN - SAME *

Jack pilots it with steady resolve. *He's come too far to stop now.*

Victor sits next to him, his face a mask of concern. Jack slaps him on the shoulder. *

JACK

Come on, isn't this exciting? *

Victor is unamused. *

INT. BACK OF VAN - SAME *

Laura comes to. Woozily looks around the van.

Tries to move. Can't.

She's bound by knotted rope to her seat. It's criss-crossed over her chest like straps on a parachute pack.

INT. FRONT OF VAN - SAME *

Victor motions to Laura.

VICTOR
And what about her?

JACK
I'll take care of her. *

Victor looks back at Laura, sympathetic. Laura meets Victor's gaze with pleading eyes. *

Jack looks at his rearview.

A car is tailgating them.

JACK
(sotto)
Just pass us, asshole.

Jack rolls down his window.

Waves the car forward.

It remains behind them.

It HONKS. *

JACK
Oh, fuck this guy.

HONK HONK HONK HOOOOONK.

Victor gazes into his rearview mirror with dawning recognition.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

We're close on the grill of the MUSTANG pursuing the van.

Then we peek over the hood...

...travel THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD to see... *

INT. MUSTANG - SAME *

WORM'S BODY propped up in the passenger seat. *

Head bobbing with the bumps in the road. *

His arm lays palm up, duct taped to the cup holder at the wrist to keep it steady. *

A needle is inserted in his vein. *

Attached to it, Keith's rubber heroin tubing has been repurposed.

Blood drips from the tube into a common funnel.

Another length of tubing is duct-taped to the bottom of the funnel and wraps upward.

Blood travels through it, moving every few seconds like a lazy snake.

We follow the blood through the tube as it winds its way through a

BASKETBALL PUMP.

A hand presses down the handle in short increments.

We follow the blood through another tube on the other side of the pump as it runs into ANOTHER ARM.

PATRICK'S ARM.

We now get a look at the whole sick science project come to life.

Patrick works the steering wheel with one hand while his other pumps blood from Worm's body into his own.

The heroin needles, the tubing, the funnel, the duct tape, all readily available items he's been able to fashion into a

A MAKESHIFT BLOOD TRANSFUSION.

And as ghastly as it looks, this exactly how the first blood transfusions were done.

Patrick REVS his engine.

INT. VAN - SAME

Jack looks through the rearview mirror in abject disbelief.

JACK

No-

SLAM!

Patrick RAMS the slow-footed van.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The fender of the muscle car LOCKS HORNS with the van's, pushing the van to go faster than it's capable.

The van's engine WHINES in pain.

INT. FRONT OF VAN - SAME

Jack fights with the steering wheel to keep them on the road under Patrick's assault.

JACK
(to Victor)
Get him off of us!

Victor grimaces that it's come to this. But unbuckles.

INT. BACK OF VAN - SAME

VICTOR climbs through the back as the van LURCHES from another impact.

Victor catches himself against the wall.

Steadies, then THROWS open the back door of the van, gun leveled at-

THE HIGHWAY.

Patrick's car is no where to be seen.

INT. FRONT OF VAN - SAME

CLOSE ON JACK as he turns his head to look out the driver's side window...

Just in time to see --

THE MUSTANG RAM INTO THE SIDE OF THE VAN.

Jack fights to control the steering wheel.

And loses.

THUMP THUMP RRREERRR -- the sound of tires leaving paved road and digging into dirt.

Jack and Patrick lock eyes as

SMASH!

Patrick rams him ONE MORE TIME, sending them both -- *
HURTLING into a DITCH.

RRRRERRR -- *

WHOMP.

Both vehicles come to a sudden halt.
The van is pitched at a 30 degree angle into the snow. *

The muscle car embedded into the van.

Quiet for a moment.

INT. MUSTANG - SAME *

Patrick unbuckles woozily.

Taps the steering wheel, grateful for no airbags in this vintage car.

He YANKS the IV from his arm, producing a small stream of blood from his arm. Rather quaint after what we've seen.

EXT. DITCH - SAME

Patrick emerges from the car.

Looks at the steadily gathering smoke from the van's still-running engine with concern.

He limps his way along the side of the van, using it for support.

A few dozen yards away --

VICTOR. Face down in the snow. Tossed from the van in the crash. *

Patrick notes him.

Not moving. Not a threat.

Patrick rounds the van to the open back door.

He peers in.

It's dark in there.

PATRICK

Laura...?

He sees a shape moving in the darkness...

LAURA

P-Patrick...

Patrick's eyes light up. *She's alive.*

WHAM!

Patrick goes down as JACK leaps into him from the darkness of the van. *

They both roll through the snow. *

Patrick winds up on top.

He looks at Jack's ghastly countenance.

Shards of windshield glass embedded into his face. One shoulder of his jacket ripped clean through, showing exposed, bloody flesh.

Patrick PUNCHES Jack in the face.

But Jack is beyond pain. A rabid animal.

He FLIPS Patrick over with a deft maneuver.

Patrick hits the ground hard.

And Jack is now on top of him.

Patrick tries to raise his arms to fight but Jack easily holds them down with his hands.

Their faces are drawn intimately close. Jack relishing this position. Taunting him with his eyes.

Patrick is just too weak to overcome his grip.

JACK

I'm going to pull this knife out of you, Patrick. *

Jack's broad smile is even more disgusting now that his face is a spider web of gashes. *

JACK

And then I'm going to gut your wife with it.

Jack STOMPS a boot down on one of Patrick's arms, freeing up his own hand to grip the knife handle.

JACK

Nice doing business with yo-

BLAM!

JACK'S HEAD ERUPTS IN A GEYSER OF BLOOD. *

He COLLAPSES next to Patrick.

Patrick looks up, stunned.

VICTOR

bruised and battered, but very much alive, stands over him.

Holding the smoking gun.

Victor gazes at Patrick for a long moment.

VICTOR *

Every leaf that grows will tell
you... *

Victor points the gun at Patrick. Considering. *

Patrick doesn't flinch. He's been through it all. *

VICTOR (CONT'D) *

What you sow will bear fruit. *

Victor lowers the gun. *

VICTOR

I died in the bus crash.

(beat)

Do we have an understanding?

Patrick nods.

Victor tucks the gun into his pants.

Pulls out a cell phone.

VICTOR

Yes. There's been an accident on
Highway 85. Mile marker 217. Send
paramedics right away.

He hangs up.

Nods respectfully to Patrick.

VICTOR

Good luck.

With that, Victor limps away, descending the ditch. *

Disappearing into the tree-lined valley.

Patrick rests his head in the snow for a moment. Cautious relief spreads on his face. *

He peels himself up from the ground.

Limps his way to the side of the van.

Throws the door open.

And there, in the streaming sunlight, sits LAURA. *

She looks up at him with tears of relief.

His face is nearly beyond words. The trials he's faced having baptized him in blood.

A new man stands before Laura.

He touches her face, partly to make sure she's okay, partly to make sure she's real.

PATRICK

Are you...okay?

Laura laughs at the sight of this man asking that question. *Maybe he's not completely changed.*

LAURA

I'll be fine.

WHOOOSH.

They both turn to the front of the van, where the idling engine has finally CAUGHT FIRE.

They instantly snap into crisis mode again.

Patrick runs his hands along her rope bindings, finding a nasty, large knot.

He struggles to pull it apart with his weak, trembling hands.

The fire spreads through the interior of the van, filling it with black smoke.

They both cough, struggling to breathe.

LAURA

It's okay, you can do this.

Patrick pulls on the rope.

As one part of the knot loosens, the other part tightens.

Laura works her wrists to try to wriggle free from the rope. Her broken wrist sends shockwaves of pain up her arm for trying.

The fire CONSUMES the cabin, the heat now unbearable.

LAURA

...just go...get out...

Patrick looks at her like she's crazy. He'll die before he'll leave her.

He'll die before he'll leave her.

He looks deep into her eyes, realizing what he must do.

PATRICK

I love you, Laura. I love you so much.

She gazes back, not comprehending.

And a second before she can understand-

Patrick grips the knife handle sticking from his chest-

AND YANKS IT OUT.

Blood SPRAYS.

Laura GASPS.

Patrick CRIES OUT in EARTH-SHATTERING PAIN.

And with the last of his strength...

...he slides the bloody knife under a cord of rope binding her chest...

...and works it back and forth...

The threads of the rope split, one at a time.

The fire practically burning them up now.

Patrick lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM!

Saws through the LAST BIT OF ROPE.

SNAP.

It breaks apart!

Laura pulls the slackened rope off her, tossing it to the floor.

It is quickly consumed by flame.

Patrick COLLAPSES into her arms.

Laura LAUNCHES them both out of the van and they THUD to the ground.

Their hot bodies smoke in the snow.

*

IN THE DISTANCE

Sirens WAIL toward them.

Laura scoots them away from the inferno.

She looks down at Patrick.

He is no longer responsive.

We hear rescue vehicles SKID to a halt above them.

D-GUNK...

D-...

...GUNK...

Laura covers his gaping chest wound with both her hands.

Blood spills out from beneath her palms.

LAURA

Look at me Patrick! Look at me!

The shouts of paramedics fade until all we hear is...

D-...

...gunk...

D-...

...gunk...

d-...

...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

*

The well-kept lawn a verdant green.

Orchids bloom in rows lining the graves.

CLOSE ON

Laura, standing over a tombstone.

She delicately places a flower on the ground next to it.

Wipes away a tear.

She stands back up.

A hand grips hers.

We follow it...

TO PATRICK.

Weak, a cane at his side, but most importantly, ALIVE.

He squeezes Laura's hand.

Fights back his own tears.

PATRICK
Love you, buddy.

We now see the name on the tombstone.

MIKE DWYER.

Patrick lets go of Laura's hand...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Say hi, sweetie.

...and runs it over her...

PREGNANT BELLY.

Patrick carefully takes to one knee.

Leans his head against her stomach.

Listening.

Face expectant. No longer scared of anything life can throw at him.

And though he of course can't hear it...

we hear...

ever so softly...

D-GUNK.

*

D-GUNK.

D-GUNK.

FADE OUT