

BLEED

by

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D-GUNK.

D-GUNK.

D-GUNK.

D-GUNK.

Rhythmic pulsing.

Familiar.

A heartbeat...

FADE IN

On fat tires.

Thumping over the seams of the highway.

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

A grey school bus. The kind that only carries the bad kids. We peer inside.

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

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

Except one.

VICTOR NOVA. Greying. Thin. At the tail-end of his prime. But silent and dignified behind simple, silver glasses.

He silently reads a book of Rumi poems.

Outside, snowy woods stretch in all directions. Deep country.

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

IN THE FRONT OF THE BUS

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 my kid shovel.
He's eight years old. He's not a
goddamn baby.

Gary stares at the prisoners.

Rick waits for a reply.

RICK
What, you never shoveled snow?

GARY
Uhm, what?

RICK
Snow. These fucking kids. First we stopped keeping score at their soccer games. Now they don't even shovel snow.

OUTSIDE

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."

IN THE BUS

THE DRIVER sighs.

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 to this alpha.

A tall figure stands before the prisoners. Wrapped in a green parka, his face hidden by the fur hood.

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

He appraises the confused prisoners. Steps down the aisle. Gun in hand.

Each prisoner 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.

CUT TO:

Victor descends the bus steps into the

FRESH AIR

Rubbing his wrists, now freed from shackles.

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

TheyGINA strip off their orange vests and helmets to reveal

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

and

NICK (30s), urban cowboy, grabbing Gina possessively by the waist.

WORM (40s), silently tosses Victor a camouflage jacket. He is Jack's right-hand man. Calculating eyes. Born killer.

In the van, their driver, KEITH (20s), fresh-faced and dumb.

Victor smirks. Unimpressed by what he sees.

He turns to Jack.

VICTOR

The rest of them?

Jack grins.

JACK

You're gonna love this.

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

Fires it up.

INT. 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.

Leaps out as the bus rumbles down the highway.

Toward the guard rail.

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.

Gary breathes a sigh of relief.

Jack gives a nod to the crew.

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 10-20 years getting ass-raped in fuck town.

Victor eyes Jack up and down.

VICTOR
I thank you for your help. But
have a little class.

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?

Worm stomps toward Gary.

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

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.

Tumbling unceremoniously down the craggy cliff.

JACK
Could we please get going,
ladies?

The crew files into the

VAN

with Victor sitting apart from them 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!

Jack gets

OUT

Investigates the body of the van.

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

We are so fucked! What are we going to do?!

JACK

Everyone calm down! I'll call it in to Charlie. He'll get us a new van. We just need to find a place for a little.

NICK

And where the fuck is that? We're in the middle of fucking nowhere!

Jack scans the trees.

Suddenly, picks up a thin plume of smoke.

Through squinted eyes, he makes out a CABIN.

A thin smile.

JACK

There.

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 an 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 deer.

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 deer, 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 deer's heart.

MIKE
Wow. What a shot.

He pats himself on the back.

Patrick stares at the open eyes of the deer. Face creased in sympathy.

PATRICK
Sorry, buddy.

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

MIKE
Hey, it was either her or us.

Suddenly, the deer KICKS Mike in the chest!

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

Patrick stumbles backwards.

PATRICK
AHHH!

The deer frantically scrambles to its feet.

Backpedaling, Patrick trips, falling flat on his back.

The deer tramples toward him!

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

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

Patrick watches in disbelief.

Finally, the deer is still.

Patrick turns away from the blood.

MIKE

What the fuck?

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

PATRICK

Wow. Straight through the heart.

Mike looks at Patrick, confused.

PATRICK

The heart can keep beating even if it's directly pierced. As long as whatever went in doesn't come out.

MIKE

You get that a lot at your dermatology practice?

PATRICK

I did great at anatomy. I just don't do well with blood.

MIKE

Then close your eyes, princess.

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

EXT. WOODS - LATER

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

Cresting a small hill, they arrive at

THE CABIN

A large, modern oasis in the midst of the frozen 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 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, catching the remaining drops of blood.

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. The kind of girl that every guy in Williamsburg would swipe right.

LAURA

You really did it.

She looks to Patrick with a disapproving smile.

MIKE

If you want to grill it, you gotta kill it.

Laura rolls her eyes. She walks over to Patrick, and gives him a gentle kiss, careful not to get any blood on herself.

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.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

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

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 going.

She gasps.

LAURA

This conversation's not over.

She bites her lip.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

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.

MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

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.

Walks over to the window. Gazes out at the frozen white landscape. Beautiful.

In the distance, something catches his eye. A small plume of smoke, off the highway. *Hmm.*

Then, LAUGHTER, from downstairs.

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 and open living space below.

He descends the staircase to the

MAIN FLOOR

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

FOYER, which holds coats and discarded hunting equipment,

and past the **LIVING ROOM**, which boasts recliners, couches and a 50-inch flat screen.

To his right, a modern **KITCHEN**, with glimmering steel appliances.

Finally, he reaches the

STUDY

Oak and leather. Books and booze.

Laura and Mike recline in arm chairs, half a bottle of wine into the evening.

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 turns to Patrick.

LAURA

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.

Laura shoots Patrick a glance.

PATRICK

I'll just stick to the scratch-offs, thank you very much.

Mike gets up, heads over to the bar.

Pour two drinks, and 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

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

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 blocking Jack's passage with his body. Not sure what to make of him.

JACK
It'll just be a minute.

Patrick, not one for tension, speaks first.

PATRICK
Of course, come in.

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

Mike shoots a look at his brother. *Why'd you let him in so quickly?*

Jack shakes off the snow from his jacket onto the floor.

JACK
Ahh. Sorry. It's getting bad out
there.

Even drunk, Mike senses something off about Jack.

MIKE
You don't have a cell?

JACK
I'm an old-fashioned guy.

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

LAURA
That's nice. I wish I could bring
myself to get rid of mine.

Jack looks at Laura for the first time.

Appraising her with a deep, uncomfortable glare.

JACK

It's easier than you think.

Mike, with growing unease, engages Jack.

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.

Finally, 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.

The group relaxes. *Well when you put it like that...*

MIKE

Don't be crazy. You're more than welcome here.

Jack smiles.

With a new calm restored, Mike 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

Oh, you don't mind if my friends I was traveling with 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
Thanks for helping us out, Mike.

Jack turns to Patrick and Laura.

His gaze telling 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 her. 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

Pawing through the room with disregard.

KEITH
Got any cigarettes?

He comes across a box of fancy cigars.

KEITH
Ooh, never mind.

He pops a couple out. Hands one to Worm.

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

Mike bites his tongue.

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-

BZZ BZZ. BZZ BZZ.

A cell phone ringer 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)
Yeah, we found a place. Right off
mile marker 201.

Laura eyes Jack contemptuously...until she sees the gun peeking out from his waistband.

The extent of their danger is becoming clear.

JACK
(on phone)
Two hours? Jesus man.

Laura, standing near the entrance, deflates. Silently admonishing herself for letting Jack this far inside.

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 couch.

They stare down Patrick and Mike, who sit erect across from them.

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

It's important. She worries.

Mike swallows. Knows this 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 languidly 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

Noooo? 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 corner of the room by the garage door.

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

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

SMASH!

A vase hits the floor, breaking into pieces.

Gina 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

Ahh, you guys are gonna kill me.
My buddy Charlie's coming to pick
us up, but HIS van's in the shop
so he's gotta borrow his
brother's. It's a shit show.
Anyway, it'll be about two hours.

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

JACK

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

He 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 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 two little hours. Now, we could spend those two hours shivering in the cold. Or we could spend them in here. A bottle of wine. A pretty lady. 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.

Looks at Jack's GUN, sticking out from his pants. Within reach.

She gives Mike a small nod.

MIKE

So in two hours you all just continue on your...vacation.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
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.

The hammer of the gun snaps -- chomping down on Jack's thumb!

JACK
AHHHH!

Jack SMACKS her in the face with his other hand, sending her to the floor.

JACK
Bitch!

The gun dangles from his right hand, the hammer crushing into the flesh and bone of his thumb.

He painfully pulls the hammer back and removes the gun. Blood seeps from his gashed thumb.

JACK
Fucking hell!

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

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

He has him dead.

MIKE

Don't move!

Time slows down as...

BLAM.

A gun shot goes off.

And blood splatters on the cabin wall.

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 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.

KEITH

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, he 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.

He locks eyes with Patrick. Gives him his crooked smile.

AND SHOVES THE KNIFE INTO HIS HEART.

Sound stops.

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
to laugh.

Jack's pitiless face.

Jack grips Patrick's shoulders. His boot raised to his
stomach.

CRRASSHHH!

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

...falling...

DARKNESS

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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 in the snow.

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.

Jack appraises her as she sobs. Cocks his head in thought.

Raises his open palm.

Worm holsters his weapon.

JACK

I got a better idea, Worm.

He kneels beside Laura.

JACK

How about we take her with us?
The boys down in Mexico would
love a little peach like her,
wouldn't they?

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

JACK

They got a name for rich bitches
like you down there. Un fresa
puta. They're gonna take their
turns on you like you're a
piñata.

(beat)

Maybe that will teach you to try
to shoot a man in the back.

Victor suddenly stands over Jack.

VICTOR

That's enough.

Jack eyes him with contempt.

JACK

What's your problem?

VICTOR

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

JACK

I say when it's enough.

VICTOR

For now.

Jack stands up. Eyes Victor.

Victor doesn't give an inch. Two alpha dogs.

Jack speaks without breaking eye contact.

JACK

Keith, drag Mr. Patrick inside.
And everybody else...

(smiling)

Calm the fuck down.

Victor turns from Jack. Leans over to help Laura to her feet.

LAURA

No! I don't want your help.

Victor nods understandingly.

She stands on her own accord.

He quietly takes her arm and leads her toward the study, away
from the mess.

JACK

Hey, save some of that for me!

Victor doesn't dignify this with a response.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS EARLIER

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, the snow a vortex.

LAURA

(O.S.)

No! I don't want your help.

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 in the snow.

Playing possum.

He looks at the knife buried in Patrick's chest.

KEITH

Ugh. Sorry brah.

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.

KEITH

Ugh.

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

He yanks it down, opens it up.

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

Satisfied, Keith opens the door to the outside.

Lights up his cigar. Takes a few deep drags.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

we see the sheet RISE at the waist.

It looks like a ghost.

Keith pauses from his puffing. Spins around just as Patrick lies back down.

Keith looks for a long moment.

Then turns back to smoking.

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 screwdriver on ground a few feet away.

Reaches his hand for it when

KEITH

Spins back around.

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

Keith drops his cigar to the ground. Stubs it out with his foot.

Looks back at the sheet. Steps toward it suspiciously.

Reaches a tentative hand out. Grips the corner.

Throws it back to reveal

Patrick. Unblinking. Unmoving.

Keith leans in. Taking a good long look.

Trails his eyes down Patrick's body..

...to the screwdriver gripped tightly in his hand...

KEITH

Huh?

SCHUNK.

With a sudden, brutal strike, Patrick plunges the screwdriver into Keith's neck.

Yanks it out.

Keith gargles on his own blood, unable to get out even a scream.

Blood gushes out over Keith's hands as he grips his own throat.

Looks at Patrick in utter shock.

Then collapses onto the floor.

Dead. Really dead.

Patrick huffs and puffs, adrenaline pumping, covered in blood.

He 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. So much blood. His hands tremble. *What has he done?*

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 the first step. 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, leaving a bloody smear.

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 reaches 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 pours, dripping down the hilt.

He rolls onto his side.

Then onto his back.

Pushes with his feet, sliding a few inches closer.

Reaches out- GOT IT.

Sighing with relief. 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 fast-flowing 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 it 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 that 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.

CUT TO:

Patrick kneels beside Keith's body once more.

Digs through his pockets.

Produces a pack of gum, some lotto tickets.

SEVERAL HEROIN NEEDLES. A length of rubber tubing. A small bag of heroin.

Patrick reinserts the heroin into Keith's pocket.

But he pockets the NEEDLES and TUBING.

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 door-

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.

He drags himself down the hall toward the noise.

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

He looks at the 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.

Heading for the stairs. Slow and steady.

Almost there-

WORM emerges from the kitchen, looking down at a bottle of
wine.

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

Worm only needs to look up.

But instead, he 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 himself
for forgetting it.

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

Where 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.

HALLWAY

Worm reaches out for the doorknob.

Fingers curling around it like octopus tentacles.

CLOSET

Patrick grips a ring of keys.

Finds a car key.

Panic button.

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

HALLWAY

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 car 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.

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 fucking 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)
Keeiiiith!

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.

They all follow Jack back up the stairs.

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

But he follows Jack out the door into the

FOYER

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 languidly 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.

UNDER THE BED

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.

ABOVE THE BED

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.

UNDER THE BED

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...

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, he bulge disappears.

Patrick GASPS in sweet relief.

ABOVE THE BED

Gina stands, naked, fuming.

Nick sits on the corner of the bed.

NICK
Why do you have to be such a
fucking 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.

UNDER THE BED

Patrick sighs. A moment's respite.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick has emerged from under the bed.

In the 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 digs 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

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 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.

Her own blood stream trickling from her head, meeting his.

Her DEAD EYES look back at Patrick.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Patrick's eyes go wide.

He scrambles to Gina's side, checking her pulse. She is indeed dead.

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?

Patrick sits, leaning against the door, trying to formulate plan.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

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.

BATHROOM

Patrick closes his eyes, trying to will Nick to leave.

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.

Patrick winces.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

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!

BATHROOM

Patrick tears a piece of toilet paper.

Digs in his pocket.

Produces a pen.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

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.

BATHROOM

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 widen.

The room stops spinning.

He comes to his feet, heart now racing.

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

CUT TO:

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

On the sink, his CLEAR CONTAINER is open.

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 Lena'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. 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

HALLWAY

Gazes at the stairs. Seeming longer than last time. He sighs.

INT. STUDY - SAME

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 STAIR - SAME

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

He is ten feet from open air entrance of the

LIVING ROOM

Inside, Jack flips through the channels of the giant TV.

Victor sits in a Laz-e-boy near the entrance, flipping through his book of Rumi poems.

Patrick pokes his head into the room.

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

Patrick takes a tentative step into the entrance.

Jack stops on a news report. Turns to Victor-
as Patrick quickly recoils, barely out of sight.

JACK

Hey Victor, you're famous.

Victor glances up from his book.

ON TV

A NEWS ANCHOR reports from his desk over helicopter footage of the FLAMING PRISON BUS WRECK.

NEWS ANCHOR

...when a prison bus went over
the ledge and plunged nearly 300
feet into a canyon. Police have
been unable to reach the wreckage
but all passengers are presumed
dead, including notorious drug
cartel kingpin, Victor Nova.

A picture of Victor's mug shot flashes on the screen.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jack laughs at the screen.

JACK

By the time they realize you
weren't in that wreck, we'll be
balls deep in margaritas.

Victor lowers his eyes back to his book-
-as Patrick moves as fast as he can passed the entrance.
He is three steps from cover.

JACK

You know...

Two.

JACK

...a little fucking gratitude...

One.

Jack turns to Victor.

JACK

...would go a long way.

Patrick is gone.

Victor turns to Jack. A tight-lipped smile.

VICTOR

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 it too.

She then angles in on Nick and Worm.

LAURA

Could I please have a drink?

Nick looks to Worm.

NICK

Woowoow. 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

Are you sure? You didn't want to maybe stick this in your fucking mouth and see if you get fucked up from it?!

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!

BEHIND THE BAR

Patrick winces. Helpless. He eyes the whiskey bottle.

Eyes his spray bottle of battery acid.

IN THE ROOM

Nick waves the gun in Laura's face, held back by the meaty arm of Worm.

NICK

I know Jack wants to take her down to Mexico with us and turn her out, but it's not worth it. Let's just fucking take care of her.

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.

BEHIND THE BAR

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.

IN THE ROOM

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

BEHIND THE BAR

Patrick's knife handle hits one of the shelves of the bar.

Pain arrests his body and his hand slips off the bottle.

IN THE ROOM

Laura sees the bottle TEETER, threatening to fall.

She quickly throws herself into Nick's arms, WEEPING.

BEHIND THE BAR

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

IN THE ROOM

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. Bitches are crazy.

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.

BEHIND THE BAR

Patrick silently slaps his head.

IN THE ROOM

Nick shrugs his shoulders.

NICK

On the other hand, it's been a
shit day.

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

I guess it all started with my
mom.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

She was a 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 a 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. Unsure
what to do.

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

Just then, Jack and Victor dash into the room.

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 at Worm.

JACK
What were you guys just doing?

Worm points 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 where to go, what to do.

He sees the bottle of 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 turns to Victor.

JACK

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.

Spots the long blood smear along the door.

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 HAMMER 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

Lying will make it worse.

Laura looks the man up and down. He is unlike the others. Clearly cut from superior cloth. *Maybe...*

LAURA

Patrick's still alive.

A flicker of surprise crosses Victor's impassive face.

LAURA

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

Victor nods sympathetically.

VICTOR

I am sorry for the trouble that we've caused you. And for your losses.

(beat)

But I have a family too. And I cannot risk never seeing them again. Even for you.

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 snowy night.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Worm scans the snow.

A trail of blood and footprints leads off into the woods.

Worm stomps after them, 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.

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.

Resting at the end of it -- Worm's wine bottle.

Worm picks up the bottle.

Pours out the last few drops.

In the snow, the red wine looks like blood.

He's been duped.

He drops the bottle.

Looks at it for a long moment.

Pulls out his cell.

WORM

I lost him.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Close in on Jack's face.

JACK

He couldn't have gotten far.

Jack eyes Laura.

JACK

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. You just had to wait out two little hours. And now look at us. Not that I blame you. You seem like a nice guy. So I'll make you a deal.

INT. STUDY - SAME

Jack holds Laura's hand gently in his own.

She sits on the couch, eyeing Victor for help. He doesn't look at her.

JACK

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!

Jack ignores him.

JACK
Shut up, old man!

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.

Cradling her broken bone.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

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

JACK
Don't be stupid, Patrick. It's
over.

ECU - PATRICK'S FACE

Patrick blinks through tears. Helpless. Tortured.

IN THE WOODS

Worm clicks off his phone and stomps back toward the cabin.

But we stay fixed on where he was standing.

On the wine bottle.

Five, six, seven moments...

then...

PATRICK ERUPTS through the snow a few feet from the wine bottle. Emerging like the undead rising from its snowy grave.

He GASPS for 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 in the snow 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 parted.

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. 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 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.

He looks up at the white van, dazed.

PATRICK

No.

The DRIVER, 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.

DRIVER

Holy shit. What the fuck happened to you?

PATRICK

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

The driver's eyebrows raise.

DRIVER

Oh fuck. Jack did this to you? He is one crazy son of a bitch!

Patrick wobbles unsteadily before him.

The driver shakes his head, amused.

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

The driver has a half a second to look at it quizzically before-

SQUIRT SQUIRT.

DRIVER

AHHHHH!

The driver falls to his knees, holding his burning eyes.

Impassively, Patrick steps around the writhing man.

Climbs into the

VAN

Buckles up.

Hits the gas.

THUMP-THUMPS over the driver.

Leaves his broken body fading in the rearview mirror.

INT. STUDY - LATER

Jack stares out the window.

Laura nurses her wrecked wrist. Wrapping it with a torn piece of cloth.

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

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 makeshift cloth bandage on her wrist.

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.

The dent on the bumper. The blood smear.

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, unlike the doughy driver, 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!

...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 fissure torn through the cabin.

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.

BY THE VAN

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

CLOSE ON JACK

as he 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.

WHOOOMP!

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 other side of 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 face.

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

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAN

Jack throws open the side door and tosses Laura inside.

She 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.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Jack fires up the van.

OUTSIDE

This catches both Patrick's and Worm's attention.

Jack rolls down the window.

He and Worm lock eyes.

JACK
Catch up with us!

With that, Jack throws the van into reverse.

It GROANS in protest before THUMP-THUMPING over the skeleton of the cabin's wall.

Worm watches the van back away.

For the first time, emotion registers on his 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 remaining 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 gaping hole in the cabin.

ONCE INSIDE,

they

- smash each other with dishes
- block each other's movements with tables and chairs

and as their strength fades

- throw couch cushions
- slap each other's faces

INT. GARAGE - LATER

The two combatants stumble down the stairs of the garage, Patrick is using all of his strength to keep Worm from grasping the knife handle sticking 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.

But before just before Worm can yank the knife out, Patrick BURIES his fingers in Worm's side wound.

Worm HOWLS in pain.

Stumbles away from Patrick-

right into the DANGLING DEER CARCASS.

Seizing the moment, Patrick throws himself into Worm.

PUSHES his face into the deer's split open body.

Worm swings his arms wildly at Patrick, but he's stuck in an awkward angle.

Patrick uses all of his remaining strength to force Worm's face into the deer's wound.

DROWNING him in the deer's blood.

Worm gasps for breath, but only succeeds in filling his throat and mouth with deer blood.

Slowly,

painfully,

incredibly,

Worm falls still.

Patrick releases him.

Worm collapses to the floor.

Face covered in blood.

Eyes open.

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 wound...

trickling toward him...

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

Stillness. The birds not even chirping yet.

A gentle snow once again 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.

INSIDE

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 - LATER

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

Coughing up smoke.

Sliding in the snow.

INT. 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.

VICTOR

I'm not happy about how things
have gone, Jack.

JACK

We're on our way, aren't we?
You're not licking balls in
Leavenworth last time I checked.
I'd say I held up my end.

IN THE BACK

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.

IN THE FRONT

Victor motions to Laura.

VICTOR
And what about her?

JACK
Don't worry about her. She's a
separate business transaction.

Victor looks back at Laura. Sympathetic, but bound by his code.

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.

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...

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. 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!

Jack tosses Victor his gun.

Victor looks at the gun in his hand.

JACK
It's time to get your hands
dirty.

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

He 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.

JACK

turns his head to look out the driver's side window

Just in time to see

PATRICK'S CAR 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.

RRRRRERRR-

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. CAR - 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,
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 AND BRAIN.

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.

Considering his options.

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 descends 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 of the dawn, 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 breath.

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 at her in the eyes, realizing what he must do.

PATRICK

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

She looks him in the eyes, 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 splits, a little at a time.

The fire practically burning them up.

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

It's spring.

The well-kept lawn boasts a fresh 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
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