

RED LIGHT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A lonely four-way junction. Two bright red traffic lights hang over the road like watchful eyes.

In the distance, two headlights cut through the darkness. A car fast approaches the intersection.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - SAME

SARAH sits in the driver's seat. She's college-aged, easy on the eyes, although it's hard to tell with the iPhone in front of her face.

Next to her, her boyfriend, PRESTON, same age, tipsy but with a boyish charm. He sluggishly turns to the rear windshield.

PRESTON

You just ran a red light.

Sarah doesn't bat an eye.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Babe.

SARAH

Huh?

Sarah lowers her phone. Glances in the rearview mirror.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh. Whoops.

Preston slumps back into his seat.

PRESTON

You know texting and driving kills more high school students than drinking and driving.

(to the backseat)

Right, Matt?

MATT, barely 18, lies in the backseat, head resting uncomfortably against the window. He's so lit, you could probably read a book by him.

SARAH

It's a good thing we're not in high school anymore.

Sarah gestures between Preston and herself, then hands her phone to him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Text "I'll Facetime you in a few."

PRESTON

Drunk guy with a phone. There's an idea.

SARAH

It's for Rebecca.

PRESTON

I haven't heard that name in a while.

SARAH

We just started talking again.

PRESTON

Why?

SARAH

She's the new president of Alpha Omega Pi.

PRESTON

So you're not actually wanting to be friends with her again.

SARAH

I just want the sorority to notice me, and she's my ticket in.

Preston stops texting. Folds his arms across his stomach like he's ready to hurl.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You better not.

PRESTON

I'm fine. Here.

Preston returns the phone. Sarah reads the sent text.

SARAH

(in disbelief)

"I just ran a red light, hit a school bus, and killed ten kids. I'll call you later"!?

Sarah stares daggers.

PRESTON  
Was there a typo?

SARAH  
What in the actual fuck, Preston?

PRESTON  
Hey, you wanted to be noticed.

Preston laughs, then holds his pained stomach again. Uh-oh.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
OK. I lied. Stop the car.

EXT. DINER - SAME

A single truck sits in the parking lot of this forgotten roadside eatery.

Sarah's hatchback hardly comes to a halt before Preston bolts from the car and makes a beeline for the diner's front doors.

INT. SARAH'S CAR - SAME

Sarah pulls up Facetime on her phone. It won't connect.

Frustrated, she looks back at Matt, still asleep, then quietly exits the car.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston rushes to the first open stall.

There's no toilet. Just an exposed pipe and a hole in the floor. A spiderweb of tape holds up a sign: "OUT OF ORDER."

Preston moves on to the next stall.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sarah treads the parking lot. She holds her phone arms-length out in front of her, searching for service.

Sarah turns the corner of the diner. Steps beyond the glow of the street light.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston flushes, exits the stall. He moves to the sink where an adjacent exhaust fan built directly into the wall provides a window to the parking lot.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sarah walks by a rusted dumpster and old thrown-out toilet, eyes never straying from her phone.

CRASH!

A couple of rusty steel pipes CLANK under her feet.

Sarah stumbles, regains her footing, composes herself enough to kick one of the old pipes away from her.

The pipe rolls away and DRUMS against the concrete.

THUMP.

The pipe comes to rest against a pair of boots standing in the shadows. A hand reaches down for it.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Sarah's silhouette appears on the other side of the spinning fan. Preston doesn't notice her.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sarah stands in front of the fan, too blinded by her phone to see THE FIGURE in a hooded yellow rain poncho and wielding the steel pipe emerge from the darkness.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston swishes water in his mouth. Spits it into the sink.

He freezes. Was that a scream?

Preston shuts off the water and looks at the fan on the wall.

Sarah's silhouette is gone. The side lot appears empty.

Preston turns to leave --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Preston whips around, comes face to face with --

SARAH

screaming mercilessly on the other side of the fan, trapped by something unseen.

SARAH

HELP MEEEEEE!!!

Preston looks on hopelessly. There's nothing he can do behind the spinning fan blades.

PRESTON

Sarah!? SARAH!!!

He futilely bangs his fists against the wall.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sarah claws at the metal fan guard. She is suddenly yanked back, taking the guard with her, sending it flying across the parking lot.

Screws and splinters of wood sail in all directions. The guard SPARKS against the asphalt.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston runs to the restroom door. Pulls on it. It's locked from the other side. Preston BANGS on the door.

INT. DINER - SAME

An old-timey jukebox plays some crappy COUNTRY SONG. The banging on the bathroom door doesn't seem to exist.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston looks around. Sees a large wrench on the floor next to the out-of-order stall. He grabs it.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sarah struggles with the figure. She reaches out for something, anything, to hold on to.

CRACK! The spinning fan blades skip across Sarah's knuckles. She SCREAMS again and falls free from the figure's grasp.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston runs back to the wall and raises the wrench to the fast rotating blades.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Sarah back-pedals towards the fan, pleading. The figure raises the pipe like a javelin.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Preston shoves the wrench into the spinning fan.

CLANK! One of the blades catches the wrench against a supporting bar and brings the fan to an abrupt stop.

EXT. DINER - SAME

The figure thrusts the pipe forward. Sarah's hand goes up.

INT. DINER - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

The pipe SHOOTs through the fan opening. It misses Preston's face by a single inch.

Preston jumps back. He watches the bloody tip of the pipe slowly retreat through the fan opening.

Then there's SILENCE.

Preston steps forward. Tries to look out of the fan.

PRESTON

Sarah?

He can't see her.

THWACK!

A hand reaches through the fan and grabs Preston by the hair.

Preston struggles to free himself as the hand pulls him closer to the fan.

Preston attempts to push himself away from the wall, just as his head enters the opening of the fan, right between two of the razor sharp blades. He looks up.

The figure reaches for the wrench with its other hand.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
NO! NO! NO!

The hand grabs the wrench and yanks it free. The fan blades WHIRL into a HIGH SPIN.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SAME

A strawberry milkshake MIXES in a blender.

Matt, still half-asleep, steps into the diner. Passes by a WAITRESS tying off a bag of trash. Matt makes his way through an aisle of empty booths.

A sign at the end of a long corridor reads "GENTS." Matt moves to the door beneath it. Pushes. Locked.

EXT. DINER - SAME

Matt heads back to the car. The waitress carries the bag of trash around the corner of the diner.

Matt opens the driver's door. The car is empty. The keys hang from the ignition, the DINGING of the open car door their only accompaniment.

THUMP. THUMP.

Another sound. Matt closes the door and follows the sound to the corner of the diner.

Matt comes to Sarah's iPhone on the ground. He picks it up, slides his thumb across the cracked screen. He FLINCHES. Cut.

Matt sucks his thumb, turns the phone over, sees a spot of blood on the ground. Then another, until he realizes the growing trail of it isn't his.

Matt takes a few more steps, follows the blood trail when --

A SCREAM.

The waitress. She stands next to the dumpster, hands over her face, SCREAMING IN TERROR.

Matt runs to the waitress, sees what she sees.

It's Sarah -- pinned below the exhaust fan, SPEARED through her cheek by the steel pipe.

Suspended a foot in front of her face, also skewered by the pipe like the button of a whirligig, Sarah's raised hand.

Matt looks at the blood-soaked fan above Sarah's body. One of the blades has wedged into the side of Preston's face.

The fan motor strains against Preston's skull. THUMP. THUMP.

Matt glances up, sees four words scrawled across the wall, written in the blood of his friends:

YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED

The waitress's horrified SCREAMS echo into the night.

BLACKOUT!

EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - EVENING

An All-American two-story home on a cul-de-sac lot. Half a dozen newspapers sit at the foot of the empty driveway.

A pair of boots steps up to one of the newspapers. A hand reaches down for it.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

The doorbell CHIMES.

NIKKI, 18, black, enters from the kitchen. Her walk is like her: bouncy, confident, more than a little sassy.

She fixes her ponytail when the doorbell screams again.

NIKKI

Hang the fuck on!

Nikki snaps the hair tie into place and opens the door.

XANDER, 19, stands on the front step, newspaper in hand. Lean, athletic build. Strong chin. He's a six foot tall drink of water.

XANDER

You can always tell when someone's mom is out of town.

Xander hands the newspaper to Nikki.

XANDER (CONT'D)

There's more next to my 4Runner.

NIKKI  
So you grabbed one?

Xander rubs his perfect tricep.

XANDER  
It's my rest day.

Nikki smacks him on the shoulder with the newspaper. Xander steps inside.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
(re: newspaper)  
Easy. I think that has the story about Preston and Sarah.

NIKKI  
So does half of my news feed.

XANDER  
Just saying. Some people keep that kind of stuff.

NIKKI  
Yeah, if they're serial killers.

Nikki opens the newspaper. Dead center on the front page, a black-and-white photo of the deceased couple. Nikki scrunches the newspaper flat and hands it back to Xander.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Well, since I don't live here and Hannah does, you can give this to her. And maybe you can convince her she won't get carded tonight.

XANDER  
Can't you do that?

NIKKI  
Her ankles don't go over her head when she talks to me.

Xander makes a face: did you have to say it like that?

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Steam everywhere.

HANNAH, 17, stands under the hot shower. Pretty face. Vulnerable. There's a quiet thoughtfulness in her eyes.

Hannah lets the water hit her face. She stands in silence.

BANG! She jumps to the sound of a fist against the door.

NIKKI (O.S.)  
It's been twenty minutes! Get your  
pasty ass out here!

Hannah manages a grin and shuts off the water.

EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A 1973 Dodge Charger pulls into the driveway. Parks right on top of the newspapers.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Xander snaps a red wristband on Hannah. Nikki examines her own matching wristband.

NIKKI  
Where'd you get these?

XANDER  
A guy in my Psych class. He said  
A.S.U. hasn't changed the colors  
since he enrolled.

Nikki looks at Xander's wristband. His is green.

NIKKI  
What do the colors mean?

XANDER  
Red means over eighteen but under  
twenty-one. Green means you can  
drink.

NIKKI  
Then I want a green one!

HANNAH  
You're sure they won't card me? I'm  
the only one of us under eighteen.

XANDER  
We can get in through the exit.  
It'll be like we left and came  
back. They'll check your wristband  
at the gate and not your I.D.

Hannah doesn't look convinced. Xander gently rests his hands on her shoulders.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Trust me, OK?

Hannah smiles at him. Xander pulls away.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
I have to work for the first hour,  
but I should be able to meet you  
guys after that.

THUNK. The sound of the front door closing.

NIKKI  
Is someone here?

HANNAH  
(oh no)  
My mom's home.

Hannah quickly grabs her jacket. Throws it on. She ushers Nikki and Xander to the door to the garage.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
I'll meet you outside.

NIKKI  
Hide your wristband.

XANDER  
And hurry up!

Hannah shuts the door. She pulls the sleeve of her jacket over her wristband when

JIMMY

steps into the kitchen. 22. Dark features. Straight-faced. He's good-looking despite the eggplant-colored circles under his eyes. Jimmy drops a duffel bag to the floor.

HANNAH  
Jimmy. What are you doing here?

JIMMY  
Grandma's back in the hospital. Mom  
can't make it home.

Hannah stares. That didn't answer the question.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
She insisted. I guess she heard  
about what happened.

Hannah sighs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Just tell me where you're going and I won't wait up.

HANNAH

Xander and Nikki are taking me to a movie. I'm staying at her place.

JIMMY

You're not going to The Incline?

HANNAH

Not unless they've moved the Regal theater.

He doesn't believe her.

JIMMY

Don't go to The Incline.

HANNAH

(over it)

Anything else, Dad?

Jimmy looks at the newspaper on the counter. Sees the picture of Preston and Sarah.

JIMMY

Just be careful.

Hannah exits through the garage, but not before Jimmy catches a cursory glimpse of the red band on her wrist.

EXT. THE INCLINE - NIGHT

A university campus-turned-bustling festival fairground. It sits atop a large slope. Hence why they call it The Incline.

A large stage sits directly in front of the university building. A banner above the stage reads:

"47TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE INCLINE! GO ROADRUNNERS!"

Music THUMPS. Hundreds of concert spectators cheer and dance.

Behind a small fence at the bottom of the hill, a line of college kids waits to get in.

Xander bypasses the line. Hannah and Nikki follow him.

XANDER

Coming through!

Hannah looks ahead. Bumps into a couple running the opposite direction. She looks back at their wristbands. One wears green. The other yellow.

HANNAH  
Um, Xander...

Xander steps up to a STUDENT WORKER at the exit gate. Shows his green wristband. The worker waves him through.

Hannah pulls Xander back by the arm.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Xander!

XANDER  
What?

HANNAH  
The under twenty-one bands aren't red!

Hannah points to the people wearing yellow wristbands.

XANDER  
Oh. Shit.

NIKKI  
I told your ass I wanted green!

HANNAH  
What are we gonna do?

Xander paces. He looks to a couple of girls walking by. Each of them wears a yellow wristband.

XANDER  
Think you can take them on?

NIKKI  
Are you kidding!?

XANDER  
OK, I'm sorry, I was wrong! Look, I know a guy inside who can get you in. Let me find him. Just stay here.

NIKKI  
Like we can go anywhere! We rode here with you, dick!

Xander reluctantly walks back, shows his wristband again, and disappears into the festival.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
So much for trust.

Nikki rips off her wristband. Hannah does the same.

HANNAH  
Well, you're eighteen. You can  
still get in. I'll stand in line  
with you.

NIKKI  
I'm not going in if you can't.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hannah?

Hannah turns. REBECCA, 22, approaches them. Tanned, blonde highlights. Rebecca's beauty is more than a little intimidating.

Two of Rebecca's followers, MIA and MICHELLE, same age, practically interchangeable, aren't far behind.

HANNAH  
Rebecca?

REBECCA  
I thought that was you. What are  
you doing here?

HANNAH  
Um...

Hannah looks back at the festival entrance.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
I'm not really sure.

REBECCA  
Are you trying to get in?

Hannah sheepishly nods.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Is your brother with you?

HANNAH  
No. Just me and my friend.

NIKKI  
(small wave to Rebecca)  
We've met before.

Rebecca gives the girls a strange look over.

REBECCA

Wait here.

Rebecca walks off, approaches the student worker. They exchange words for a moment.

HANNAH

She knows I'm not eighteen.

NIKKI

Shit, would she rat on you?

HANNAH

Let's just get out of here.

But Rebecca's already back.

REBECCA

Hope it's okay I got you green.

Rebecca hands each of the girls a green wristband.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll see you inside. And Hannah, when you see Jimmy again, please tell him I said hi.

Rebecca waves her manicured fingers and motions for Mia and Michelle to follow her.

Hannah and Nikki are all smiles.

NIKKI

OK, I'm not even a little bit bi, but I really want to fuck her.

HANNAH

I'll never understand why my brother dumped her.

EXT. THE INCLINE - LITTLE LATER

On stage, some indie PUNK ROCK BAND finishes their number to scattered APPLAUSE.

A drag queen, MISS GINGER PEWSAY, her face caked in paint, walks to the center of the stage, smiles a shit-eating grin.

MISS GINGER PEWSAY

Give it up, ladies and gentleman! A much-needed intermission if I say so myself!

The GUITARIST gives her the finger as he exits.

MISS GINGER PEWSAY (CONT'D)

Your place or mine, sweetie?  
 Alright, in case you're just  
 getting here because you were  
 having sex in the parking lot, I'm  
 Miss Ginger Pewsay, and this is the  
 47th annual Festival of the  
 Incline!

(cheers)

Now before we move on to our next  
 performer, I must remind everyone  
 that this drag queen is no sellout.  
 So you're not going to hear a word  
 from me about A.S.U.'s viral video  
 contest, sponsored by Google, with  
 the most-viewed video receiving ten  
 thousand dollars and a paid  
 internship. Maybe if they had  
 something like that around when I  
 was in my twenties, I wouldn't be  
 standing up here pushing forty and  
 painted like a fucking clown.

Hannah and Nikki navigate through the cheering crowd.

MISS GINGER PEWSAY (CONT'D)

So let's skip the bullshit and move  
 on to our next act. I don't know  
 this one's name because his birth  
 certificate is just an apology  
 letter from the condom factory. Put  
 your hands together!

The next performance begins. Nikki holds a plastic solo cup.

HANNAH

Do you see Xander?

NIKKI

No, and I don't want to.

Nikki freezes. Pulls Hannah closer to her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Hannah, look.

In the distance, Matt (from the beginning of the film)  
 solemnly walks through the crowd, surrounded by people, yet  
 completely alone.

HANNAH

Is that Matt?

Matt looks up. Rubs the back of his neck. Like he can sense many eyes on him.

NIKKI  
I guess they let him go.

HANNAH  
Do you think he did it?

NIKKI  
I have homeroom with him. I hope  
the fuck not.

Hannah grabs Nikki's hand.

HANNAH  
Come on. I don't feel right  
staring.

The girls avert their eyes and walk the other way.

VOICE (O.S.)  
It wasn't him.

The girls turn. A FRAT BOY steps forward, a longneck bottle of Busch Light in his hand.

NIKKI  
Excuse me?

FRAT BOY  
That guy didn't do it.

NIKKI  
And you know who did?

Frat Boy takes a swig of his beer.

FRAT BOY  
It was a ghost.

Hannah and Nikki exchange looks. Is he serious?

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)  
Her name was Tabitha Hudson. She  
was killed by a red light runner on  
that same road one year ago. Now  
she's back.

Nikki takes Hannah's hand. Begins to lead her away.

NIKKI  
We're walking away now.

FRAT BOY

That couple was just the first.  
She's going after anyone who  
doesn't stop at that red light.

Frat Boy steps closer. Hannah scrunches her face against the smell of his breath.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

And she won't rest until she finds  
the one who didn't stop for her.

He holds a hard gaze on Hannah. She doesn't budge an inch.

Frat Boy surrenders to her gaze, lets out a drunken laugh.

The girls turn their backs and walk away.

NIKKI

(over her shoulder)  
You should switch to water!

FRAT BOY

Just run the red light for  
yourselves! You'll see her, too!

EXT. THE INCLINE - SAME

Matt looks at the ground, puts the hood of his sleeveless sweatshirt over his head.

He continues past the HUSHED WHISPERS of those around him to a long row of portable toilets near the back of the festival.

It's less crowded here. Quieter. Darker.

Matt enters the last toilet in line, checks to make sure no one notices him, and shuts the door.

INT. PORTABLE TOILET - SAME

Matt sits on the toilet. He doesn't use it. He's just getting away from everything.

He removes the hood from his head. Inhales. Then, lips quivering, he brings his hands to his face and cries.

A grown man reduced to an infant.

SWSH! SWSH! The portable toilet suddenly SHAKES.

Matt jumps to his feet.

Then, as quickly as it began, the shaking stops.

Outside, two pranksters LAUGH. Matt listens to the pitter-patter of their shoes as they run away.

Matt punches the wall. Wipes his tears. He looks at himself in a small mirror on the wall.

MATT  
Get it together, man.

Matt pushes on the door to leave. It won't open.

EXT. PORTABLE TOILET - SAME

The portable toilet has been tightly wrapped by a bungee cord, no doubt by the pranksters.

INT. PORTABLE TOILET - SAME

Matt throws his body against the door. No use.

MATT  
Fuck.

SWSH! SWSH! The portable toilet shakes again. But it's different this time.

Harder. Mean-spirited.

Matt braces himself between the walls.

Then, after a long, excruciating moment, the toilet settles.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Hello...?

No response. But there's a sound. Like trickling water.

Matt looks up. Some type of clear liquid pours out of a vent in the wall and begins to puddle around his feet.

Matt tries to open the door again.

MATT (CONT'D)  
HEY!! LET ME OUT!!

When the entire floor is coated, the pouring liquid stops.

Matt looks up. Pushes his hands against the plastic roof.

SCCCRRRAPE!

Matt freezes, eyes wide and full of fear. He knows that sound, and so do we --

It's a match striking a matchbox.

EXT. THE INCLINE - SAME

Hannah and Nikki push through a random line. Frat Boy trails behind them.

HANNAH  
Is he still following us?

NIKKI  
I think so. Should I say we're lesbians?

HANNAH  
If it'll get him to leave us alone.

Xander suddenly joins the girls.

XANDER  
(to Nikki)  
Your boyfriend's hot.

NIKKI  
I will kill you where you stand.

XANDER  
But then I can't be your designated cock block.

NIKKI  
Just help us get rid of him.

Xander turns to Frat Boy, but he's suddenly vanished.

XANDER  
Abracadabra?

NIKKI  
Thanks anyway, deserter.

XANDER  
So how'd you get in?

NIKKI  
We did ungodly things for the doorman. Hope you're happy.

A hand smacks Hannah on the shoulder, whips her around.

It's Jimmy. Uh-oh.

JIMMY  
What the hell are you doing here!?

XANDER  
Whoa, Jimmy, relax --

JIMMY  
I'm not talking to you! Hannah, I told you not to come here! Are you drinking?

Nikki tosses her solo cup over her shoulder.

HANNAH  
No!

JIMMY  
Then why do you have a green wristband?

HANNAH  
It was just to get in! Rebecca gave it to me.

This catches Jimmy off-guard.

JIMMY  
What?

HANNAH  
Please don't make this a big deal.

JIMMY  
It is a big deal! You shouldn't talk to her!

HANNAH  
Yeah, according to you, I shouldn't do a lot of things.

JIMMY  
Hannah, I'm trying to protect you.

HANNAH  
No, you're trying to be Dad. And guess what, Jimmy? You're not him!

That was low. The two siblings stare hard at each other.

JIMMY  
Come on. Let's go home.

HANNAH

I'm not going anywhere with you!  
 (to Xander)  
 I'm ready to go.

Hannah pulls away. Xander can't seem to look up from the ground as he turns to follow her.

Nikki stays behind for a moment. If the look in her eyes is any indication, she almost feels sorry for Jimmy.

After a moment, Nikki finally runs to join the others.

Jimmy stands alone. Rebecca struts in behind him.

REBECCA

That was quite a scene.

JIMMY

(firm)  
 Don't ever talk to my sister again.

REBECCA

It seems to me she likes to make her own choices. I guess that's something you two don't have in common.

Rebecca walks off, a conniving smile painted on her face.

EXT. PORTABLE TOILETS - SAME

Two STONED GUYS sit together behind the portable toilets, sharing a joint.

STONED GUY #1

It fucking stinks, man.

STONED GUY #2

That's how you know it's good.

STONED GUY #1

Nah, man, like somebody set their asshole on fire.

STONED GUY #2

It's the dumpers.

The two glance to the row of portable toilets. SMOKE creeps out of a vent on the last toilet. A barely audible SCREAM can be heard from inside.

STONED GUY #2 (CONT'D)  
 Sounds like he got a hold of some  
 real good shit.

STONED GUY #1  
 Smells like it, too.

INT. 4RUNNER - LITTLE LATER

In the backseat, Nikki fumbles on her phone.

Up front, Hannah rests her chin in her hand and stares out  
 the passenger window. Xander observes Hannah with quick  
 glances. It's quiet until --

XANDER  
 You okay?

Hannah nods.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry if I got you into  
 trouble.

HANNAH  
 You didn't. He's just -- he's not  
 who he used to be.

Nikki pops her head between the front seats. Hannah jumps.

NIKKI  
 Look at this!

Nikki passes her phone to Hannah.

HANNAH  
 What am I looking at?

NIKKI  
 Start there and scroll.

HANNAH  
 (reads)  
 "The body of Tabitha Hudson was  
 discovered in a ditch at the  
 intersection of Old Haven Road and  
 Friendship Trail. Hudson was the  
 victim of an apparent hit and run."

NIKKI  
 What if that creep at The Incline  
 was right?

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What if Sarah and Preston ran the same red light and brought her back?

HANNAH

I think you should switch to water.

XANDER

Hang on. You think this woman killed Sarah and Preston?

NIKKI

Not the woman. Her ghost.

XANDER

And she killed them because they ran a red light?

NIKKI

Hello!?! "You should have stopped" was written above their mutilated bodies. I'd say that's a pretty strong motive.

XANDER

But how do you know it was the same red light?

NIKKI

My granny took that route every Sunday to church. There's only one traffic light on that entire road.

XANDER

So anyone who runs this red light is going to see her?

There's a brief silence as they absorb what they're hearing.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Old Haven Road, right?

Xander suddenly turns the wheel. Hard.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The 4Runner just barely makes the turn onto a narrow side road. The faded green street sign partially hidden in the overgrowth of kudzu reads:

OLD HAVEN RD

EXT. THE INCLINE - SAME

Jimmy heads for the festival exit. He's about to leave when he sees some kind of commotion coming from the line of portable toilets.

Jimmy makes his way there. Begins to see it.

A huge fire. The last toilet in line has been set ablaze.

Jimmy and a crowd of spectators watch as TWO MEN put fire extinguishers to the flames.

INT. 4RUNNER - SAME

Hannah hands Nikki's phone back to her.

HANNAH

You're not really thinking of running it, are you?

XANDER

Come on! This could go viral. We could be the next trending hashtag.

HANNAH

Not if we're dead.

NIKKI

(already brainstorming)  
Hashtag red light challenge.

XANDER

I mean, if we do this and make it seem like something happened, people are gonna talk about it. We could win that contest.

HANNAH

Can we just remember for one second this was an innocent woman who was wrongfully killed?

XANDER

Are you scared?

The question catches Hannah by surprise. She doesn't answer.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I mean, if you are, think about this: if the story was actually real, wouldn't something have happened to Matt by now?

EXT. THE INCLINE - SAME

The fire is out. Smoke billows from the blackened remains of the portable toilet.

A man takes out a pocketknife. He cuts through the bungee cord keeping the door closed.

The door swings open.

Matt's charred, smoking corpse spills out onto the grass.

GASPS, SCREAMS, and at least one "WTF!?" erupts from the crowd of spectators.

Out come the camera phones.

INT/EXT. 4RUNNER - SAME

Nikki pulls up the camcorder app on her phone.

XANDER

This woman was probably a nobody.  
Never had a fair shake in life. Now  
we have a chance to make her a  
somebody.

HANNAH

You don't think that's just a  
little exploitative?

XANDER

Not at all. We'd be immortalizing  
someone who never got the justice  
she deserved. We can't make her  
life any better, but maybe we can  
make her death count for something.

HANNAH

You just want the money.

Up ahead, the intersection looms. The glow of the traffic light bathes the road and surrounding pine trees in red.

NIKKI

There it is.

XANDER

If you don't want me to do it, I  
won't. You say the word.

Hannah looks back at Nikki for approval.

NIKKI

He's right. Nothing happened to  
Matt.

Hannah turns back to the front. She shakes her head, like she can't believe what she's about to say.

HANNAH

I get the biggest portion if we  
win.

Xander smiles. Presses a little harder on the gas.

The engine REVS. The 4Runner shoots forward. Trees whip past the side windows as the dial on the speedometer reaches 60.

Nikki readies the camera. Presses the record button.

Hannah's phone CHIMES. She clicks it on.

Her face drops.

On the phone screen, a picture message with the caption:

sumbody just got toasted in the shitter!!

Above it, a picture of Matt's grisly corpse.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Oh my God. That's Matt.

Hannah looks up. The intersection is just yards away.

XANDER

Here we go!

HANNAH

NO, DON'T!!

Hannah reaches for the wheel, but it's too late.

The 4Runner runs the red light.

The vehicle skids for a moment as Hannah attempts to take the wheel from Xander.

Xander whips the vehicle back into control. Hits the brakes.

The tires burn rubber as the 4Runner comes to rest on the side of the road. The three slam back into their seats.

NIKKI

Jesus!

XANDER  
What's wrong!? You said to run it!

Hannah struggles to speak. Finally...

HANNAH  
Matt's dead.

She turns her phone over to show them.

SILENCE.

Then, in unison, the threesome slowly turn their heads back to the red glow of the intersection. It sits about fifty yards away.

XANDER  
Anybody see anything?

Hannah looks into the woods. It's too dark to tell.

NIKKI  
If she comes after my black ass  
first...

HANNAH  
Nikki, stop.

Hannah rolls her window down.

XANDER  
What are you doing?

Hannah shushes him.

Outside, the rhythmic hum of cicadas and grasshoppers fills the night air. But there's something else, too.

HANNAH  
Do you hear that?

Nikki and Xander lean forward, listening.

XANDER  
I don't hear anything.

HANNAH  
Listen.

There's a sound. THUMP. THUMP.

NIKKI  
Is that...

It is. Distant FOOTFALLS.

XANDER  
No way.

HANNAH  
There's someone out there.

XANDER  
It can't be.

The footsteps become more distinct. Whoever's out there is getting closer.

NIKKI  
OK. That's our cue. Roll up the window and let's go!

Hannah rolls up her window.

Xander can't seem to move. He's frozen to the seat.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Xander!

Xander finally grabs the shifter. Puts it in drive.

But the 4Runner doesn't move. Xander's foot is still on the brake.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Why aren't we moving!?

XANDER  
It stopped.

NIKKI  
What?

He's right. Other than the sounds of nature, it's quiet.

THWACK!

A hand suddenly SMACKS the driver's window!

All three SCREAM together. They jump out of their seats and crawl on top of each other.

The beam of a flashlight cuts through the glass and illuminates each of their horrified faces.

Outside, a policeman, OFFICER CRAWFORD, early fifties but in good shape, lowers his flashlight and tips his hat.

CRAWFORD

Boo.

The three of them practically melt. Nikki lowers her phone and ends the video.

INT/EXT. 4RUNNER - LITTLE LATER

Crawford hands Xander his license.

CRAWFORD

Where you kids coming from?

XANDER

The Incline.

CRAWFORD

You go to A.S.U.?

XANDER

Yes, sir.

CRAWFORD

What about you two?

HANNAH

We're in high school.

CRAWFORD

But you're all wearing green wristbands.

Oh no. The girls instinctively grab their bands.

XANDER

We haven't been drinking! I swear!

NIKKI

It's true! He's a total lightweight!

XANDER

Nikki!

Crawford holds out a hand of censure. Xander goes quiet.

CRAWFORD

Relax. I'm letting you off with a warning.

Xander breathes a sigh of relief.

XANDER

Thank you.

CRAWFORD

I'm sure you're all familiar with recent events in Augustus. You should know the town's issuing a curfew for anyone under eighteen. You'll let the rest of your friends know.

XANDER

We will, Officer.

CRAWFORD

And if any of you remembers anything about tonight that might be helpful, give my precinct a call.

Crawford nods. Leaves the window.

HANNAH

Excuse me!

In a second, he's back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Do they know anything yet? Was it an accident?

Crawford exhales. It's obvious he doesn't want to say.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Please. We went to school with him.

After a long silence:

CRAWFORD

It wasn't an accident, ma'am.

Hannah can't hide it in her face any longer -- she's scared out of her mind.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

You kids go straight home.

With a tip of his hat, Crawford walks away.

Xander starts the engine. Drives.

Nikki turns around. Gets one last look at the red light.

EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - LITTLE LATER

A quaint ranch-style home. Xander's 4Runner sits against the curb. Hannah and Nikki close their doors.

XANDER  
You two gonna be okay?

The girls nod unconvincingly.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
It's just a story. Get out of your head about it.

NIKKI  
Bye, Xander.

The girls wave him off. Xander drives. Fallen leaves spiral upward and catch in the wind.

Lightning blossoms in the distance.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Come on. Let's go to sleep.

Hannah watches the leaves settle back to earth.

One of them lands in a shadow shaped like a person.

Hannah whips her head up.

It's not a person. Just some trees and a mailbox.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Hannah.

Lightning flashes again. Hannah snaps out of it and follows her friend inside.

EXT. XANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Xander parks the 4Runner in the driveway. He climbs out, shuts the door, makes his way to the porch.

Lightning splits the sky, bringing light to the darkness.

Xander freezes.

There's someone standing in the distant woods. A bright yellow rain poncho hangs over their shoulders.

Xander's view of the person lasts as long as the lightning, then it's back to darkness.

Xander stands unmoving.

There's another flash of lightning. Xander squints to see into the trees.

There's no one there. The figure is gone.

A little spooked, Xander fumbles with his keys, unlocks the front door, and heads inside.

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nikki and Hannah sleep together.

Rain beats against the window. The crack of THUNDER rattles the glass.

Hannah opens her eyes. Looks at Nikki. She's still asleep.

Hannah quietly climbs out of bed. She goes to the window. Pulls the curtains back.

Outside, a torrential downpour. Drops of rain dance against the driveway.

Hannah goes back to the bed. Pulls the covers up.

More THUNDER.

Hannah squeezes her eyes shut. The covers go up just a little bit more.

SCREEEEEECH.

Hannah opens her eyes. Turns her head.

On the opposite wall, the closet door slowly CREAKS open of its own accord.

HANNAH

Nikki...

No response. Nikki's out cold.

The closet door comes to rest. Hannah can't seem to tear her eyes away from it.

THUMP.

A sound, like something falling out of the closet.

THUMP. SCRAPE. More sounds. Whatever fell is dragging itself across the floor.

Hannah shakes the sleeping lump next to her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Nikki, please wake up.

A guttural, RASPY INHALE echoes from the foot of the bed.

Then SILENCE.

A look of contemplation washes over Hannah. She cautiously crawls to the edge of the bed.

Hannah looks down. Cocks her head. It can't be.

At the foot of the bed, Nikki lies on the floor, covered in blood, her wide, dead eyes staring up at Hannah.

Hannah's jaw drops. She senses something behind her and turns around.

A figure veiled by the covers sits up in bed. It looks directly at Hannah, who opens her mouth to scream.

THE FIGURE LUNGES! --

INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- Hannah BOLTS awake!

Sweat covers her hairline. She pants heavily, chest rising and falling.

Hannah looks next to her. Nikki faces the opposite wall, safe and sound in her sleep.

Hannah checks the time on the digital clock next to the bed. It's only 2:17 am.

Hannah grabs her phone. Three missed calls from Jimmy. She sighs and falls back against her pillow.

Next to Hannah, Nikki opens her eyes, no signs of sleep in either one. It's going to be a long night for the both of them.

EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Nikki and Hannah make their way to the driveway. Hannah scrolls on her phone.

HANNAH

Somebody posted a video of Matt on the contest's Facebook page. They might shut it down.

Nikki comes to the driver's side of her car and freezes. Hannah regards her thoughtfully.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You okay?

Nikki stares unblinking at the driver's door, then finally shakes her head.

NIKKI

Yeah. Door's unlocked.

The girls hop into the car.

As the driver's door closes, we finally see what Nikki was seeing -- three small words etched into the blue paint on the driver's door:

YOU DIDN'T STOP

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Hannah walks in. She waves back to Nikki in the driveway, then closes the front door and drops her stuff on the stairs.

HANNAH

Jimmy?

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Hannah enters. Goes to the counter. No note.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Hannah opens the door from the kitchen. No car.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

Hannah paces by the stairs, phone to ear.

JIMMY (V.O.)

(voicemail)

Hey, it's Jimmy, leave me a --

She ends the call.

There's a small accent table near the front door. Small knick-knacks and framed family photos decorate the surface.

Hannah grazes her fingers across a SHADOW BOX. Inside, the portrait of a man, her FATHER, in his Army Combat Uniform.

Pinned to the right of it, the distinguished PURPLE HEART.

Hannah glances over to a photo of herself, Nikki, and Jimmy at the beach. Jimmy's arm is around them both. They all look genuinely happy.

Hannah manages a weak smile when she looks closer at the picture and sees the digital camera dangling from Jimmy's wrist. She raises a brow.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HANNAH'S ROOM - LITTLE LATER

Hannah sits at her computer. She types "TRAFFIC CAMERA LOCATOR" into the search engine and clicks the first link.

A map of Augustus appears with several red dots scattered on different connecting roads.

Hannah types "OLD HAVEN RD" in the first search box and "FRIENDSHIP TRL" in the second.

The map refreshes and zooms in. No red dot on this intersection. Hannah sighs.

INT. CAR SHOP - DAY

Nikki and a MECHANIC walk through a small garage.

MECHANIC

I can't say I've ever seen that on somebody's car before.

NIKKI

Can you fix it or not?

MECHANIC

I can fix it, but it'll take a good chunk of the afternoon. You might want to find something to do in the meantime.

Nikki glances out the open garage door.

Across the street, Nikki can see a grand concrete staircase leading up to a Doric-inspired two-story building: the Augustus Public Library.

NIKKI  
No problem.

She hands her keys to the mechanic.

INT. AUGUSTUS PUBLIC LIBRARY - LITTLE LATER

Nikki heads for the circulation desk where a mousy librarian, MISS WHEELER, 40ish, gives her an upwards glance.

NIKKI  
Does the library keep old  
newspapers?

MISS WHEELER  
Are you searching for a time or a  
keyword?

NIKKI  
Anything that mentions Tabitha  
Hudson.

INT. AUGUSTUS PUBLIC LIBRARY - SECOND FLOOR - LITTLE LATER

Miss Wheeler leads Nikki to a small, closed-off area guarded by tall bookcases.

MISS WHEELER  
All of our local papers from the  
last ten years will be in our  
online database. Anything prior to  
that will be on microfiche. You're  
welcome to use it, but you'll have  
to share.

Miss Wheeler points to the microfiche reader. Xander is already there. He smiles at Nikki.

INT. AUGUSTUS PUBLIC LIBRARY - SECOND FLOOR - LATER

Nikki and Xander sit together at the microfiche reader.

XANDER  
You're shitting me, right?

NIKKI  
Yes, Xander, this is the face of  
somebody shitting you.

XANDER  
Did you tell Hannah?

NIKKI

No. She seems freaked out enough as it is.

XANDER

Who do you think did it?

NIKKI

I don't know. But we weren't even in my car, Xander. Whatever or whoever saw us was at my house.

She suddenly eyes Xander suspiciously.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Xander can't even look at Nikki as he speaks:

XANDER

I think I saw her last night.

Nikki doesn't have a chance to react before Xander thrusts a sheet of paper at her.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I found this.

The headline at the top of the paper reads:

PSYCHIC DETECTIVE KILLED IN HIT AND RUN

There's a picture of TABITHA HUDSON on the page. Late 60s. Heavy wrinkles. She wears a distinguishable snowflake-shaped brooch on the collar of her shirt.

She's also black.

NIKKI

I guess my chances just got a little bit better.

XANDER

She was a medium. She helped families locate missing children. According to this, she was in the middle of a case when she died, and they still haven't found the kid.

NIKKI

Hang on. The article on my phone also called it a hit and run. None of these say anything about the car running the red light.

XANDER

So?

NIKKI

So how did that guy at The Incline know?

XANDER

The guy who was following you?

Nikki nods.

XANDER (CONT'D)

He was drinking. He probably made it up.

NIKKI

Or maybe he's the one who did it.

XANDER

You think he'd go around telling people the story of the red light if he's the one who ran her over?

NIKKI

It'd be the perfect way to get the suspicion off of him.

XANDER

I think his chances of vandalizing your car are slightly better than him committing manslaughter.

Nikki bites her lip in frustration.

NIKKI

What'd you find on the microfiche?

XANDER

Nothing. It's all gone.

NIKKI

What?

XANDER

All of the cards that mention her name are missing.

NIKKI

Somebody took them?

Xander shrugs. Nikki grabs her stuff.

XANDER  
Where are you going?

NIKKI  
To find that guy from The Incline.

XANDER  
Why?

NIKKI  
If you're right, he scratched up my car and he has the microfiche. Are you coming?

XANDER  
I have to work in a couple hours.

Nikki makes her way to the stairs. Xander follows her.

XANDER (CONT'D)  
Hold up! Let's say he did scratch your car and steal the microfiche. That means there's a chance he killed Matt. And Sarah and Preston. And you want to voluntarily go looking for this guy?

NIKKI  
Better I find him than him find me.

XANDER  
So how are you going to find him? You don't even know his name.

NIKKI  
Hannah has every yearbook since we've been in school. He may have graduated before us. If we can find his picture, we've got his name.

Nikki leaves.

Xander walks back to the microfiche machine. He grabs his stuff and turns around, just in time to see --

A YELLOW BLUR

slip silently behind one of the bookcases.

Xander hesitates to move, then cautiously approaches the bookcase, turns the corner, and comes face to face with --

Nothing. The aisle is empty.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Hannah blow-dries her hair.

THUMP. A sound, somewhere in the house.

Hannah hears it, unplugs the dryer. The large plug falls to the floor, its metal teeth pointed UPWARDS.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Hannah goes to the top of the stairs. Looks down.

HANNAH

Jimmy?

No response, but there's movement. She takes a step down.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Hannah enters, looks around. No one's there, but the small door to the garage is wide open. She goes over to it.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Hannah flicks on the light, sees the double-car GARAGE DOOR halfway raised.

Cautiously, Hannah approaches it, passes by dozens of WALL-MOUNTED TOOLS as she goes.

Hannah bends down. Looks out from the raised door to the driveway. A couple of dry leaves carried by the wind SCRATCH against the concrete.

SCREEEECH. Hannah brings the door down. She walks back to the kitchen, passes by the same display of wall-mounted tools --

-- the large pair of GARDEN SHEARS suddenly missing.

Hannah flicks the switch. The light goes out.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Hannah comes up the dark stairs. Freezes.

At the other end of the hall, the silhouette of a person.

Hannah sees it and can't look away. She back-pedals to the bathroom, just as the person takes a deliberate step forward.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Hannah storms in, swings the door behind her, locks it.

She takes baby steps backwards, eyes locked on the half-inch space between the door and the tile.

Hannah takes another step back --

THUMP. The sole of her foot hits the teeth of the dryer plug.

Hannah SHRIEKS, falls on her ass, looks back at the door. A dark shadow fills the space below it.

Hannah slowly rises. Grabs a curling iron from the counter. She raises it like a tomahawk. Then she unlocks the door and THROWS IT OPEN --

In the hall, Nikki dodges the curling iron.

NIKI

Jesus!

HANNAH

Nikki! You scared me!

NIKKI

I scared you!? You wanna put that away!?

Hannah lowers the curling iron. Tosses it on the counter.

HANNAH

What are you doing here?

NIKKI

Where are your yearbooks?

HANNAH

What?

NIKKI

I need to find that guy from The Incline.

HANNAH

They're in my room.

Nikki turns around, disappears on the path to Hannah's room.

Hannah sticks her head out of the doorway, bewildered.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Did something happen!?

EXT. THE INCLINE - NIGHT

The festival's coming down. Xander and some scattered STUDENT EMPLOYEES dismantle the stage.

Xander looks off into the distance. Sees the PORTABLE TOILETS roped off by yellow POLICE TAPE.

A blanket of ASH and BURNT GRASS sits in place of the last toilet.

Xander tilts his head. There's a figure in a yellow rain poncho standing on the other side of the stage.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah and Nikki lie on the bed. They flip through various yearbooks.

Hannah turns over the last page, then tosses her yearbook to the foot of the bed.

HANNAH  
That's the last one.

Nikki discards her yearbook, too.

NIKKI  
He must've transferred from  
somewhere else.

Hannah looks up to the open bedroom door.

HANNAH  
Or maybe he's older than we think.

Through the open door, Hannah can just barely see Jimmy's room across the hall. Nikki and Hannah exchange glances.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - JIMMY'S ROOM - LITTLE LATER

A typical guy's room. Lacrosse trophies line the shelves of an old bookcase. Posters of various indie rock bands adorn the walls. Hannah and Nikki enter quietly.

HANNAH

Check that side. I'll look over here.

Hannah and Nikki sift through Jimmy's belongings.

NIKKI

You're sure he's not home?

HANNAH

Even if he was, he never comes in here. He hasn't since he moved out.

Nikki opens the night stand drawer and pulls out a 4 x 6 school photo of Jimmy at seven years old. Nikki smiles.

NIKKI

This is weird. Going through somebody's room you used to like.

HANNAH

My brother?

NIKKI

Don't act like I'm the first person to acknowledge how hot he is.

Hannah finds a yearbook. Silently opens it.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Besides, it's not like anything happened. He was still with Rebecca when I had feelings for him. Did he ever tell you why they broke up?

HANNAH

Nikki, come here.

Hannah holds up the yearbook for Nikki to see.

On the open spread is a picture of the junior varsity football team. Frat Boy stands right in the middle.

NIKKI

That's the guy.

HANNAH

Look behind him.

Nikki leans in. Her eyes grow wide.

NIKKI

No way.

In the photo, Xander stands directly behind Frat Boy.

EXT. THE INCLINE - NIGHT

Xander wheels a portable stage deck cart to the other side of the platform.

Behind him, someone in a yellow rain poncho disappears behind another cart.

Xander freezes, knowing the person is there. He quietly approaches the cart. Pauses. Readies himself.

In a flash, Xander whips around the cart and grabs the person by the shoulders. He pins them to the cart and removes their hood, revealing the youthful face of a college FRESHMAN.

XANDER

What the hell are you doing!?

FRESHMAN

Get off me! Let go!

XANDER

Not until you tell me why you're following me!

FRESHMAN

I was hired!

A pause. Xander releases his grip on the freshman.

XANDER

What?

FRESHMAN

I was paid to follow you.

XANDER

Why?

FRESHMAN

The viral video contest. I'd get a portion if we won. There's a GoPro over there.

XANDER

So that was you at the library.

The freshman nods.

XANDER (CONT'D)

And you scratched up my friend's car.

FRESHMAN

What? No. I was just told to look scary in this stupid get-up and not get caught.

XANDER

Who hired you?

FRESHMAN

I don't know.

Xander shoves the freshman against the cart.

XANDER

The fuck you don't!

FRESHMAN

I swear! It was some guy and his bitchy girlfriend. I don't know their names! I swear to God, that's all I know!

Xander looks thoughtfully at the guy.

XANDER

You leave those girls alone. You got me?

The freshman nods nervously. Xander shoves him along.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Get out of here.

FRESHMAN

(muttering as he runs)  
I better still get paid...

Xander turns. Sees Hannah and Nikki approaching him.

XANDER

What are you guys doing here?

HANNAH

We need to talk.

Xander's eyes fall on the yearbook in Hannah's hand.

INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT

Xander looks at the picture of Frat Boy and himself in Hannah's yearbook.

XANDER

His name is Scott. He was a senior when I was a freshman. I didn't know him well. The only reason we know about each other now is because I'm joining his fraternity. Running the red light was supposed to be a harmless pledging event.

NIKKI

You mean hazing.

XANDER

I thought he might pull some shit on me after running it, but I never thought he'd do anything to you guys. Especially keying your car. I thought you'd be okay.

Hannah looks surprised.

NIKKI

So now that it's out in the open, it'll stop, right?

XANDER

Well, the guy who's been trying to scare us isn't going to bother us anymore. I'm just not sure about the people who hired him.

HANNAH

People? As in, somebody besides Scott?

XANDER

His girlfriend.

HANNAH

Who's that?

XANDER

Your brother's ex.

HANNAH

Rebecca? You think she's involved?

XANDER

I don't know.

NIKKI

Maybe we can get some answers if we can get into her sorority.

Nikki looks to Hannah.

HANNAH

I'll go.

XANDER

Are you sure?

HANNAH

I know her better than either of you. If she is hiding something, I'll find out.

XANDER

There's something else.

Xander retrieves a piece of computer paper. Some article from an ancestry website.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I found this today. Tabitha Hudson has a sister. Nora Hudson. She lives in Geneva County.

NIKKI

That's only half an hour from here.

XANDER

I drove up there earlier. Nobody was home, but there was a car in the driveway. The front end was all smashed up.

NIKKI

You don't think...

XANDER

Maybe. I want to go back. Talk to this woman. Find out what really happened to Tabitha.

Hannah takes charge.

HANNAH

OK. Tomorrow, I'll go to Alpha Pi and talk to Rebecca. You two meet at Nora's house, and we'll regroup at my house by nine.

Xander nods. The girls open their doors to leave.

XANDER

Hey.

The girls turn around. Xander can barely look at them.

XANDER (CONT'D)

If I had known this was gonna turn into something, I never would've gotten you guys involved. I was just too scared to run the red light alone. I'm sorry.

Hannah smiles sympathetically.

HANNAH

See you tomorrow.

Xander watches as the girls walk back to Nikki's car. Then he notices the yearbook still on his seat. He grabs it and goes after the girls, but they're already driving away.

Xander goes back to his 4Runner, throws the yearbook into the seat. Accidentally drops his keys as he does.

Xander reaches down to pick up the keys. Freezes --

Looking out from under the 4Runner, Xander can see someone walking between two cars at the other end of the lot, wearing a familiar yellow rain poncho.

Xander rises, but the figure is gone.

Xander reaches into the cabin and flips on the headlights.

He takes several steps forward, surveys the parking lot for the figure.

No sign of it anywhere.

XANDER

I thought I told you to fuck off!

Xander returns to his 4Runner. Looks for his keys on the ground. They're gone.

Xander checks the 4Runner's cabin, panic setting in.

JINGLE.

A sound. Xander's keys. Somewhere in the parking lot.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Give me my goddamn keys!

Xander follows the jingle of his keys to the middle row of cars. Stops. Rethinks his choice. Fuck this.

Xander goes back to his 4Runner, grabs his phone from the driver's seat. He turns around and punches in a number.

SHLINK!

Two GIANT BLADES lash out from under the 4Runner. In one quick swipe, one of the blades hits Xander on his left ankle and rakes across his Achilles tendon.

Xander SCREAMS IN PAIN and falls back, dropping his phone. Blood pools around his feet.

The hooded figure rises from under the vehicle, the missing garden shears from Hannah's garage firmly in hand.

Xander crawls back, turns over into a running stance. He takes off the best he can, his left foot dragging uselessly behind him.

The figure pursues him. Calm. Calculated.

Xander puts some distance between the figure and himself. He makes it to the far end of the lot and ducks down behind a truck carrying several WATER COOLERS.

The figure's dirt-caked boots follow the trail of blood on the ground.

Xander notices the blood trail he's leaving behind.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Shit.

Xander reaches up, grabs one of the water coolers. He unscrews the lid and dumps the water. It spills across the asphalt, carries the blood in all directions, erasing Xander's trail.

Xander tosses the cooler as far as he can. It CRACKS against the ground several cars away.

Xander scoots to the next row of vehicles. He tries random car doors as he hobbles forward. They're all locked.

Xander crouches down behind a JEEP. He peeks around the corner. Sees his 4Runner about forty yards away, front door wide open.

But the figure is suddenly nowhere to be found.

Xander looks up. The jeep's driver window is down a couple inches. It might be just enough to get his arm through.

Xander rises to the window. Checks his surroundings once more for the figure. Coast is clear.

Xander shoves his arm into the window opening as far as it will go. His fingers reach for the unlock button on the door panel. He's a centimeter short.

He opts for the jeep's horn instead.

THWACK!

The figure grabs him from behind!

Xander's free arm goes up in defense. The figure swings the garden shears. The tip of the blades CRACK against Xander's elbow. He SHRIEKS.

The figure raises the shears for another blow. Xander frees his arm from the window and clears himself from the path of the blades.

CLANK! The shears miss and SPARK against the jeep.

Xander clutches his bleeding arm and makes a beeline for the 4Runner.

Twenty yards away. Ten yards. Five.

He's almost there. Xander reaches for the driver's door.

THUMP.

Xander stops, almost immediately, a strange look in his eyes. He reaches his hand up, blindly pats the back of his head.

The garden shears stick out of the back of his skull, six inches of blade embedded just above the base of his hairline.

Xander's eyes roll over white. He succumbs to the blow and topples backwards.

The handles of the garden shears catch against the 4Runner. The impact pushes the blades further into Xander's skull.

The blades explode out of Xander's mouth and open up, splitting his cheeks apart in a macabre death grin.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

A beautiful, Colonial-style sorority house.

A flag with the Greek letters for ALPHA OMEGA PI juts at a diagonal point just below the roof on the side of the house.

Nikki's blue sedan, now scratch free, pulls up to the curb.

INT. NIKKI'S CAR - SAME

Nikki puts the car in park. Hannah unbuckles herself in the passenger seat.

NIKKI

You sure you want to go alone?

HANNAH

Yeah. Go meet Xander.

Hannah exits the car.

NIKKI

Be careful, Hannah.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - SAME

Nikki drives away.

Hannah steps up to the front porch. She knocks on the massive double doors.

BOOM! The doors burst open.

Mia and Michelle (Rebecca's followers from The Incline) stumble onto the porch and nearly knock Hannah to the ground.

MIA

Whoa! Sorry.

Hannah regains her composure.

HANNAH

Is Rebecca here?

MICHELLE

Try out back.

The two girls laugh and dash across the expansive front lawn to a white Civic waiting in the driveway.

Hannah hesitantly steps inside.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

The inside is as luxurious as the outside. A large chandelier hangs from the twenty-foot ceiling above travertine floors.

Hannah closes the front doors.

She looks to the wall of the far left, sees a row of portraits for each residing sorority member.

Hannah stops to look at Rebecca's picture. The word "PRESIDENT" has been professionally stenciled on the frame.

Past the spiral staircase, Hannah can see the patio doors leading to the backyard. She makes her way there.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - BACK - SAME

The patio doors open. Hannah walks through them.

A pergola sits against the house. Growing vines provide shade over a furnished patio.

Hannah makes her way to the edge of the porch and peers out over the garden. It's distractingly beautiful.

Hannah advances further into the garden. She reaches out to a large bush to touch the bud of a flower --

SHLINK!

Garden shears SNIP near her fingers. Hannah JUMPS BACK as a figure emerges from behind the bush.

It's Frat Boy, who will now be called SCOTT.

SCOTT

Oh fuck! I'm sorry!

Hannah calms her breathing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I didn't see you. I was just -- hey, I know you! From The Incline.

HANNAH

Yeah. You tried to scare me. And apparently nothing's changed.

SCOTT

What are you doing here?

HANNAH

I could ask you the same question.

SCOTT

Working for free. One of the many perks of being the boyfriend of a sorority president. Your turn.

HANNAH

Looking for your girlfriend. And you. Why did you tell us that story?

SCOTT

What story?

HANNAH

About the red light.

Scott laughs. Returns to trimming the bushes.

SCOTT

Why not? Everyone's talking about it.

HANNAH

But you told it to us.

SCOTT

Your boy Xander asked me to.

HANNAH

What?

SCOTT

How else was he going to make it look like your idea to run the red light if it came back to bite him in the ass?

HANNAH

Xander wouldn't do that.

SCOTT

Did he get you to run the red light?

Hannah doesn't respond.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

HANNAH

Why did you pay someone to follow us around? Was that really worth a stupid contest?

SCOTT

I paid someone to follow Xander.

HANNAH

Was that before or after you scratched a threatening message on my friend's car?

SCOTT

I never did that.

HANNAH

So who did?

REBECCA (O.S.)

Hannah!

Rebecca appears and waves from the patio. Hannah and Scott exchange knowing glances.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Nikki's car travels down a lonely stretch of country road. The vehicle passes a sign:

NOW ENTERING GENEVA COUNTY

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - LITTLE LATER

Rebecca leads Hannah up the spiral staircase, giving her the grand tour.

REBECCA

I was surprised to hear you're thinking of pledging next year. I thought after your brother and I ended things, I wouldn't see much of you, if at all. And now I've seen you twice in one weekend.

HANNAH

I hope I'm not bothering you.

They reach the top of the landing.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LITTLE LATER

Rebecca opens one of the many doors for Hannah to see.

REBECCA

It's pretty empty right now. Most of the girls are on retreat for the weekend.

HANNAH

You didn't go?

REBECCA

Somebody had to stay and watch the place.

Rebecca closes the door. Moves along.

HANNAH

How long have you and Scott been together?

REBECCA

Long enough.

Rebecca stops walking.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I heard he said some shit to you and your friends the other night. I hope you didn't take him too seriously. I don't.

Hannah exhales.

HANNAH

Sorta. We ran the red light. But I guess I don't need to tell you that. You already know.

They stare at each other. Hannah stands tall.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Where did you hear that story, Rebecca?

REBECCA

I'm not sure what you're talking about.

HANNAH

I'm talking about you scratching up my friend's car.

REBECCA  
You can't prove that.

HANNAH  
You saying that is all the proof I  
need. Who told you about the red  
light?

Rebecca goes to leave. Hannah blocks her path. Rebecca  
glares. Hard.

REBECCA  
Scott's dad works for the police.  
He responded to the call when  
Tabitha's body was found.

HANNAH  
But how did he know it was a red  
light runner and not just a hit and  
run? The intersection doesn't have  
any cameras. I checked.

REBECCA  
You know, you're a lot different  
than I remember you.

HANNAH  
I could say the same about you.

REBECCA  
You really wanna know how I know?

Rebecca leans in, her face uncomfortably close to Hannah's.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
I'll show you.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - EVENING

A weathered home. Some shingles missing from the roof.  
Decades-old siding that's chipped and faded. The house is  
slowly disappearing into the overgrowth of the land.

Nikki's sedan pulls up to the curb.

INT/EXT. NIKKI'S CAR - SAME

Nikki rolls her window down, surveys the area for Xander's  
4Runner. No sign of it anywhere.

In the driveway, Nikki can see the old Pontiac with the  
smashed-up grill.

Nikki grabs her phone. Calls Xander's number. Straight to voicemail.

NIKKI

Xander! Where the hell are you? I thought white people showed up on time! You're not living up to your stereotype. I can't do this alone. Please call me.

Nikki throws her phone in the passenger seat and starts the car.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You look lost.

Nikki whips her head to the open window.

An old black woman stands just outside, looking in at Nikki behind thin-rimmed glasses. This is NORA HUDSON, Tabitha's sister. A walking cane supports most of her weight.

NORA

Are you?

Nikki nervously flips over the printed ancestry article sitting in her lap.

NIKKI

Oh. No. I think I'm okay.

Nikki smiles uncomfortably. Nora gives her a hard stare.

NORA

You should head home then. It'll be dark soon.

Nora walks up to the front porch. Nikki closes her eyes, musters up the strength to call out.

NIKKI

Excuse me!

Nikki opens her door, grabs her phone and wall charger, and follows after Nora.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Actually, I am lost. I'm on my way home from school, and I was using my phone to navigate, but the battery just died. And my car charger doesn't work.

Nikki holds up the wall charger.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Can I come in and charge it with  
this for a few minutes?

Nora opens the screen door, inviting her in.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - EVENING

The sun sets behind the sorority house. Rebecca leads Hannah  
to her Audi.

Hannah looks down the road. Her face drops --

Xander's 4Runner sits across the street.

REBECCA

Hey! Do you want to know or not?

Hannah nods and gets into the car with Rebecca.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Curtains drawn. No lights on. The little light there is comes  
from the glow behind the drapes and the small oval window in  
the front door.

Nora whips a heavy drape to the side with her cane. Rays of  
sunshine pour into the room. Dust particles float through  
empty space.

NORA

There's an outlet over there.

NIKKI

Thanks.

Nikki plugs her phone into the wall.

NORA

I don't have any coffee. Would you  
like some water?

NIKKI

That'd be nice.

Nora steadily walks into the kitchen. Nikki takes the  
opportunity to snoop.

There's a fireplace on the far wall. Two built-in bookcases  
coated in dust flank either side.

Nikki looks at the framed photos on the bookshelves.

There's one of teenage Nora in her high school cap and gown.

There's another with Nora and Tabitha, cheek to cheek, probably taken when the two were in their early 30s. Tabitha wears the same brooch seen in the article from the library.

Nora returns to the living room with a glass of water.

NORA

It's from the tap. Hope that's okay.

NIKKI

That's fine. Thank you.

Nikki takes the water.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

My name's Nikki.

NORA

Nora.

Nora sits on an old recliner. It squeaks beneath her weight.

NIKKI

I was just looking at your pictures. Have you lived here your whole life?

NORA

Sixty-two years.

NIKKI

I was born and raised in Augustus.

NORA

And you need a G.P.S. to find your way home?

Nikki bites her lip -- "stupid."

NIKKI

(playing it off)  
Yeah. It's a problem.

NORA

Not a fan of Augustus. Too many deer running around.

Nora peeks between the window blinds. Sees the beat-up Pontiac outside.

Nikki motions to the picture of Nora and Tabitha.

NIKKI  
Is this your sister?

NORA  
Yeah. That's Tabby.

NIKKI  
She looks just like you.

NORA  
I suppose she did. She died last  
year.

Nikki takes a seat on floral couch.

NIKKI  
I'm sorry.

NORA  
Don't be. The last time I spoke to  
her was well before that. We didn't  
exactly see eye to eye.

Nikki pretends to look hard at the photo from across the  
room.

NIKKI  
I feel like I've seen her somewhere  
before. Like in the paper.

NORA  
You probably have. She made the  
news every now and then whenever  
she found a missing kid. Said she  
had a gift for it.

NIKKI  
A gift?

NORA  
Second sight. Said she could see  
things others couldn't. The police  
caught wind of her abilities and  
hired her for search and rescues.

NIKKI  
Sounds like a blessing.

NORA  
If you can call the gift of  
deception a blessing.

Nikki sets her glass on the coffee table.

NIKKI

You think she lied about it?

Nora doesn't answer. She stares out the window.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I mean, gift or no gift, she did find all of those missing kids -- right?

NORA

All but one.

NIKKI

So she must've had some insight no one else did.

Nora leans forward.

NORA

Here's some insight. Hide and seek is a much easier game when you're the hider and the seeker. I could have done what she did and made a fortune, too. But I didn't. And that's why I live here.

Nora looks around the room. She seems disgusted by it.

NIKKI

You think she found those kids because she took them?

NORA

When was the last time you heard about a child going missing around here? A year ago?

NIKKI

How could somebody do that?

NORA

There are bad people out there, Nikki. People you wouldn't expect to be bad people. Sometimes people in your own family. And for the right price, there isn't a thing in this world a bad person wouldn't do. So take it from an old woman with the same blood flowing through her veins: this world is a much better place without her.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen. Branches stretch high above the blacktop, a tunneling canopy with no visible end.

Rebecca's Audi sits a few yards away from the intersection, headlights spilling over the asphalt.

Hannah follows Rebecca to the side of the road.

REBECCA

This way.

HANNAH

What are we doing here?

REBECCA

You haven't seen anything yet to make you think the story is real. That's why you're not convinced the car that hit her ran the red light.

Rebecca points to the ditch.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That's where they found her body. That's where you'll see her. That's where I saw her.

HANNAH

Is this a joke?

REBECCA

You tell me.

Rebecca ushers Hannah closer to the ditch.

Hannah looks into the trees running parallel with the road.

The familiar HUM of cicadas and grasshoppers rings through the stagnant darkness.

Rebecca slowly back-pedals to the car.

HANNAH

(not looking away)

If I see her, what does that prove?

REBECCA

That she was killed by somebody who didn't stop. And provoking her by running the red light for yourself was a big mistake.

Rebecca makes it to the car.

Hannah continues to stare at the treeline. In the dark confines of the woods, a branch SNAPS.

Hannah's eyes widen.

THUMP. THUMP. Something hits a blanket of leaves.

Hannah GASPS.

HANNAH

Rebecca...

REBECCA

Keep looking!

Rebecca pulls a small rock out of her pocket.

Hannah closes her eyes, too afraid to look any longer.

Rebecca throws the rock into the trees.

The rock sails into the trunk of a tree and lands in the underbrush. CRACK. THUMP.

Hannah, eyes closed, shudders at the sound.

Rebecca covers her mouth, ready to explode with laughter, but she keeps her cool.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Any minute now!

Rebecca silently opens the driver's door.

Hannah opens her eyes. She looks at the trees.

THUMP. THUMP. More sounds, almost resembling footsteps, but it's too dark to see anything.

Hannah takes a deep breath and steps closer to the ditch.

HANNAH

I can hear her.

KRRRRRRRR!!

Tires SQUEAL. Rebecca's Audi takes off.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING!?

As the car passes, Rebecca LAUGHS and gives Hannah the finger through the open window.

REBECCA  
Stupid bitch!

Tail lights disappear around the bend.

Hannah finds herself suddenly alone.

EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nikki's sedan pulls into the empty driveway.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - FOYER - SAME

Nikki storms into the house. All of the lights are off.

NIKKI  
Hannah!?

Nikki makes her way up the stairs.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Xander!?

No response. The place seems empty.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Nikki moves quickly from room to room. It's eerily quiet.

She pulls out her phone.

INT. REBECCA'S AUDI - SAME

A cell phone RINGS in the passenger seat. Rebecca reaches over and grabs it -- "NIKKI CALLING..."

Rebecca tosses the phone out the open window.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Hannah's phone shatters against the blacktop.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Nikki ends the call, puts the phone in her pocket. She turns around --

BAM! There's someone standing there!

A duffel bag drops to the floor, its contents spilling everywhere. A light flicks on to reveal --

Jimmy.

NIKKI  
Shit! Jimmy, I'm sorry.

JIMMY  
What are you doing here?

NIKKI  
Looking for Hannah and Xander.

JIMMY  
They're not here.

NIKKI  
Are you sure?

JIMMY  
Yeah. I was getting some old stuff  
from my room. It's just me.

Nikki sighs.

Jimmy begins to collect his things from the floor.

NIKKI  
Here. That's my fault.

She bends down to help him.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Hannah paces by the road. She searches her pockets for her phone. No luck.

HANNAH  
Damn.

In the distance, headlights approach.

Hannah reacts, runs closer to the lane divider. She looks back at the traffic light. It's still red.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 (sotto)  
 Don't turn green...

Hannah waves her arms over her head, tries to get the driver's attention.

The vehicle's almost to her, but they're not slowing down.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Stop. Stop! STOP!!

They're not stopping. Hannah jumps out of the way.

The vehicle zips past her and goes straight through the red light.

Hannah, disbelieving, catches her breath.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Doesn't anybody stop around here?

Tail lights vanish up the road. With no other options, Hannah starts to walk.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Jimmy shoves a pair of shorts into his duffel bag. Nikki grabs something else -- dog tags that once belonged to Jimmy's father. A razor blade has been added to the chain.

Jimmy, embarrassed, takes the tags from Nikki and drops it into his pocket.

Nikki flashes a sympathetic smile, then reaches for something else. She picks up a set of plastic microfiche cards. Her face drops.

NIKKI  
 Where did you get these?

JIMMY  
 Oh, here.

Jimmy tries to grab them, but Nikki pulls away.

NIKKI  
 These are microfiche cards.

JIMMY  
 Yeah. They're from the library.

They stand. Jimmy appears anxious.

NIKKI  
Why do you have them?

JIMMY  
I was doing some research for school a while back. I must've swiped them on accident.

Nikki looks closely at the cards.

NIKKI  
Xander and I tried to find some cards just like these at the library yesterday, but they were all missing.

JIMMY  
What were you trying to find?

NIKKI  
What were you researching?

They're at an impasse. Jimmy zips up his duffel bag and pulls it over his shoulder.

JIMMY  
Can I have them back please?

NIKKI  
What do you know about Tabitha Hudson?

The question is so far out of left field, Nikki is instantly able to register the look of fear on Jimmy's face.

JIMMY  
I don't know anything.

NIKKI  
Bullshit. Did you run the red light?

He doesn't answer, but it's clear that he has.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
You did, didn't you?

Jimmy heads for the stairs, done with the conversation. Nikki is right on his heels.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Because after I ran the red light a couple nights ago, strange shit started happening to me.  
(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

And right now I'm thinking you  
might know something I don't.

Jimmy stops at the top of the stairs. She has his attention.

JIMMY

Why did you run the red light?

NIKKI

We didn't think we'd actually  
summon the dead. I don't think  
Rebecca and her boyfriend would be  
telling people to run it if it was  
going to put somebody in danger.

JIMMY

Rebecca's telling people this?

NIKKI

Isn't that why you ran it?

Jimmy faces the other way.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What is going on, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Rebecca and I both ran the red  
light. Together.

NIKKI

When?

JIMMY

Nikki, trust me, you don't want to  
get involved in this.

NIKKI

I'm already involved. When did you  
run the red light, Jimmy?

She's not backing down, and Jimmy knows it. He turns back  
around and looks her dead in the eye.

JIMMY

It was a year ago.

Nikki's face registers shock as the pieces come together.

NIKKI

You.

Jimmy sits on the top step.

JIMMY

It was an accident. I wish there was something I could do to change it, but I can't.

NIKKI

What happened?

Nikki takes a seat next to Jimmy. He takes a deep breath, prepares to free the burdening guilt weighing on his heart.

JIMMY

She was in the middle of the road. We didn't see her. I don't even know what she was doing out there.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jimmy's Dodge travels down the empty ribbon of blacktop.

JIMMY (V.O.)

We were in my car. I was driving.

INT. JIMMY'S DODGE - SAME

Jimmy's behind the wheel. Rebecca rides shotgun.

REBECCA

You were late.

JIMMY

My sister needed me.

REBECCA

So did I.

Rebecca pulls out a blunt and cracks her window.

JIMMY

Don't even think about it.

REBECCA

Got a light?

JIMMY

You're not smoking in here.

Rebecca pushes in the cigarette lighter on the dash.

REBECCA

Look, even your car says it's okay.

JIMMY

I don't want that shit in my car.

REBECCA

What's the problem?

JIMMY

You know you only smoke after...

(eyes narrowing)

Who were you with tonight?

REBECCA

Nobody.

JIMMY

Are you sure about that?

REBECCA

Just drive the car, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Who is he?

BAM! A yellow figure CRASHES into the hood of Jimmy's car. It sails across the windshield and over the roof, falling onto the road behind them like a broken rag doll.

Jimmy hits the brake.

EXT. OLD HAVEN ROAD - SAME

Jimmy's car SCREECHES to a halt. A few yards away, a heap of a person draped in a yellow rain poncho lies in the middle of the road. A few yards beyond that, the intersection, red lights glowing.

INT. JIMMY'S DODGE - SAME

Jimmy and Rebecca unclick their seat belts.

JIMMY

What was that?

REBECCA

Jesus, you hit somebody!

JIMMY

What?

REBECCA

That was a fucking red light!

Jimmy opens his door.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Jimmy runs to the person wearing the yellow rain poncho. It's Tabitha. She lies unmoving on her stomach. Streaks of blood slither down the poncho.

JIMMY

Call 9-1-1!

Rebecca cautiously approaches the two from behind. Jimmy bends down to inspect.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Please be okay...

Jimmy turns her over. Tabitha's broken face stares back at him. She makes a disturbing, throaty COUGH.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Thank God. I'm gonna get you help.

Jimmy looks back at Rebecca. She's frozen, rooted to the spot, fear in her eyes. There's no way she's capable of calling the cops.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Jimmy takes off for his car.

Rebecca's expression of fear is replaced by frightening motivation. She goes to the edge of the woods and grips her fingers around a large, jagged rock.

Jimmy retrieves his phone and punches in numbers. He looks back at the body.

Rebecca stands over Tabitha, rock raised high above her head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

Rebecca's empty eyes don't even flinch as she brings the rock down. It hits Tabitha in the face with a sickening CRUNCH.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

NOOOOOO!!

Jimmy runs back, sees the permanent damage Rebecca's done.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What did you do!?

Rebecca tosses the rock back into the woods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What the FUCK did you DO!?

REBECCA  
Look at her, Jimmy! She was finished! She would've died before anybody showed up to help!

Tears form in the corners of Jimmy's eyes.

JIMMY  
You killed her!

REBECCA  
No. You ran her over. I put her out of her misery. Now let's get out of here before somebody sees us.

Rebecca starts for the car.

JIMMY  
We can't leave!

REBECCA  
There's nothing we can do for her, and I'm not sticking around and explaining to the police why you don't stop at red lights and why I have a shit-ton of weed on me.

JIMMY  
This is fucked up, Rebecca. We can't leave her.

REBECCA  
Yes, we can. And we will.

Her eyes pierce into his. Jimmy's finally seeing the true colors of her character for the first time.

Rebecca grabs Tabitha's ankles.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Help me pull her to the side.

Jimmy, pained, dumbstruck, terrified, close to a blubbering mess, doesn't move.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

COME ON!

Rebecca gets on his level.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You really want to call the cops?  
Go to jail? Think about your mom.  
Your sister. Your dad's gone. You  
want the only other man in their  
lives to disappear, too?

Jimmy perks up, a chord struck. She's got him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

No? Then help me.

He doesn't have a choice. He stands up to help her.

Together, Rebecca and Jimmy carry Tabitha's corpse to the side of the road. They drop her into the ditch.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I never told anyone.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy's face lacks expression. He's emotionally drained.

JIMMY

I didn't care what happened to me.  
I still don't. But I couldn't hurt  
Mom and Hannah. I couldn't leave  
them.

Nikki sympathetically touches his knee.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You can't tell Hannah.

NIKKI

I won't.

Nikki, empathetic, smiles. A friendship forced by association becoming much, much more.

Nikki suddenly retracts her hand, eyes wide.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Hannah.

JIMMY

What?

NIKKI

We have to go!

JIMMY

What's wrong?

NIKKI

Hannah's with Rebecca right now!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Hannah walks along the ditch. She sings softly to herself, eyes cutting to the woods every few seconds.

The woods are quiet now.

Up ahead, tail lights. There's a car sitting on the side of the road.

As she nears it, Hannah begins to recognize it. It's the Civic Rebecca's followers drove away in. It's also the car that just ran the red light.

HANNAH

Hello!?

Hannah quickens her pace. Then stops.

The car isn't just sitting on the side of the road. It's crashed into the ditch, perched atop a fallen tree, engine still running, the front two wheels a foot off the ground.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Hannah cautiously approaches the driver's side window.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hello...?

Hannah opens the door.

In the driver's seat, Michelle's ghost-white face stares back at Hannah, neck twisted, a fatal wound across her forehead.

A small whimper escapes Hannah's lips.

THWACK!

A hand reaches from under the car and grabs Hannah's ankle.

Hannah SHRIEKS. She falls back and sees --

MIA

cowered under the car, tears streaming down her face.

MIA

Is she dead!?

Hannah, still processing what's happening, can only nod. She finally comes to terms with reality and extends her hand out to help.

HANNAH

Are you okay?

Mia shrinks back, hesitant to take Hannah's hand. She shakes her head no.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Please, I want to help you.

MIA

Is she gone?

HANNAH

Who?

Still under the car, Mia SCREAMS.

A pair of boots stands right behind Hannah.

The hooded figure grabs Hannah, pulls her up off her feet.

Hannah immediately goes into survival mode, thrashing her arms back, elbowing the figure away from her, hard.

Hannah jumps into the car. She pulls the door shut --

CLANK!

The figure thrusts a pair of garden shears forward. The closing door BANGS against the blades and swings back open.

INT. WRECKED CAR - SAME

Hannah crawls over Michelle's body. The figure slowly enters the car's cabin.

Hannah reaches back and uses Michelle's body as a shield.

The figure stabs at the air -- THWAP! The blades sink into Michelle's chest.

## UNDER THE CAR

Mia cries on her stomach. She listens to the sounds above her, then begins to crawl out from under the car.

## INSIDE THE CAR

Hannah blindly tries to open the passenger door. Locked.

The figure pushes Michelle against the steering wheel. Michelle's lifeless foot falls onto the gas pedal, the weight of her leg pushing it all the way down.

## UNDER THE CAR

The raised front tires begin to spin, full speed. Mia's right underneath.

## INSIDE THE CAR

Hannah unlocks the door. Throws it open.

The figure LUNGES at her.

## EXT. ROAD - SAME

Hannah jumps out of the car.

The car shifts its weight and tips forward.

BRRRRRRRZZZZZ!!

The right front tire LOWERS ONTO MIA, catching her between the shoulder blades. Blood and shredded skin fly out from under the car.

Mia SCREAMS as the spinning tire sinks further into her back, completely shredding through her upper torso.

SNAP! Mia's rib cage cracks under the fast-spinning wheel. Her painful cries go immediately silent.

Hannah slowly backs away, horrified, then takes off through the trees.

## EXT. WOODS - SAME

Hannah runs.

It's dark, but there's just enough moonlight through the treetops to illuminate the forest floor.

Hannah stays in a straight path. She dodges trees, bulldozes through branches reaching out at her.

She doesn't stop, doesn't even slow down.

Hannah comes to a small hill.

At the top of the hill, there's a small abandoned house. Holes in the roof. Shattered windows. It's been exposed to the elements, and nature's already made its way inside.

Hannah runs to the hole where the front door used to be.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SAME

The wooden floors CREAK as Hannah searches for something: help, a weapon, anything.

She finds a dark corner in what once was a living room, a perfect place to hide. She crouches down.

Hannah claps her hand over her mouth. Her heavy breathing turns to SILENCE.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SAME

The figure comes up the embankment, garden shears in hand.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SAME

The figure enters the house.

Hannah watches silently from the dark corner.

The figure paces the living room. The blades of the garden shears SCRATCH against the stone fireplace.

The sound is unsettling. Hannah squeezes her eyes shut.

The figure looks towards the dark corner. The same corner Hannah is hiding in.

Hannah opens her eyes. Sees the figure looking right in her direction.

Hannah watches in horror as the figure approaches.

Just as the figure reaches the corner --

The figure freezes. Bends down. Scoops up something from the ground. It's an old tattered shirt. The size and color suggests it belonged to a small boy.

Still holding the shirt, the figure abruptly turns around and walks out of the house.

Hannah watches the open doorway like a hawk.

FOOTFALLS disappear down the hill.

Hannah slowly rises. She takes baby steps forward. The old floors GROAN beneath her weight. She takes another step, into a circle of moonlight coming from a hole in the roof --

CRASH! A patch in the rotted floors gives out. Hannah's foot sinks, the hole expanding as it consumes Hannah's leg up all the way up to her knee.

Hannah smacks her hands on the floor, tries to catch herself. Her hands break two more holes into the wood.

Her entire body suddenly torpedoed through the caving floor and free-falls into the basement.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Rebecca's Audi pulls into the driveway where Scott is waiting for her.

SCOTT  
Where's Hannah?

Rebecca tosses her keys to him.

REBECCA  
If the bitch wants to waste my  
time, I can waste hers too.

SCOTT  
You just left her?

Rebecca heads for the front doors. Scott contemplates between the car keys in his hand and joining Rebecca on the porch.

Scott opts for the car. He climbs in, starts the engine, and drives away.

REBECCA  
What the fuck!?

Rebecca narrows her eyes and storms into the sorority house.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hannah lies on her back in a nest of wood. She turns over, coughs. A cloud of dust settles.

Hannah steadily rises to her feet. She stands in the same circle of moonlight and looks around.

There's a small foam mattress in one corner, an old cartoony blanket draped over it.

Next to that, scattered drawings -- the works of a young child. Rainbows. Robots. One of the drawings features a figure wearing a hooded yellow rain poncho.

Hannah's eyes keep moving along the walls --

Hannah SCREAMS.

There's a deteriorated body sitting in another corner of the room. It's closer to a skeleton than an actual human being.

Hannah steps closer to the body to get a better look.

The body is small. Probably three feet tall. Clenched in its cadaverous hand, a familiar item -- the brooch seen in Tabitha Hudson's pictures.

Hannah's eyes widen as she realizes -- this is the boy Tabitha Hudson never found.

Hannah turns, looks for a way out. No stairs. No doors. Not even a ladder.

A shadow casts overhead. A cloud passes over the moon.

Hannah looks at the jagged hole in the living room floor directly above her. She jumps for it. She's too short.

Hannah licks her lips, fast thinking, then removes her belt.

Hannah throws the buckle-side of her belt at the hole like a lasso, holding tight to other end. The buckle doesn't catch on anything and falls back.

Hannah tries again, this time with a slight jump.

CLACK!

The buckle slips over an exposed nail and pulls tight. Hannah tugs on the belt for good measure. It's secure.

Hannah climbs the belt like a rope and pulls herself to freedom.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Jimmy's Dodge skids into the driveway.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Fists pound on the other side of the front door.

Rebecca crosses the lobby.

REBECCA

You better have my fucking keys!

She turns the key-lock and opens the door.

It's not Scott. Jimmy and Nikki stand on the porch.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Jimmy.

JIMMY

Where's my sister?

Jimmy charges inside, begins searching rooms.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Hannah!?

REBECCA

Whoa, you can't just barge in here!

JIMMY

(louder)

Hannah!?

REBECCA

Why are you yelling? She's not here!

Jimmy ascends the stairs. Nikki steps inside.

NIKKI

You're lying. I dropped her off a few hours ago. I know she's here.

Rebecca gives Nikki a look over.

REBECCA

Let me guess. You're Jimmy's new fuck buddy? Or am I being robbed?

BAM! Nikki's fist flies into Rebecca's chin. Rebecca crumbles against the wall, lip bleeding.

Nikki stands in front of a stunned Rebecca, rubs her knuckles, and bolts for the stairs to follow after Jimmy.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

Jimmy searches the room. Nikki runs to his side.

JIMMY  
She's not here, Nikki.

NIKKI  
She has to be.

Through the far bedroom window, Nikki can see the 4Runner sitting across the street.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Xander.

Nikki runs to the stairs, takes them two at a time.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Rebecca, on her cell phone, fumbles through the freezer.

REBECCA  
(to phone)  
I said assaulted. And carjacked. Do I need to fucking spell it out for you? Yes. The Alpha Omega Pi house. Just send someone.

She hangs up, grabs a bag of peas, and places it on her chin.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Hannah emerges from the treeline. She falls back against a tree, out of breath, eyes on the intersection.

Hannah looks up. Cocks her head. There's something attached to the trunk of the tree. She reaches up to touch it.

It's a hidden camera.

In the distance, headlights approach. Hannah drops her hand and bolts for the road, arms signaling above her head.

The headlights get closer. Then SPINNING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS appear over the vehicle. It's a patrol car. Hannah makes a mad dash for it.

The cruiser slows down. Inside, Officer Crawford lowers his window.

CRAWFORD  
Ma'am, are you okay?

Hannah can't respond. She breaks down into tears.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

A gust of wind RUSTLES through the trees.

Nikki runs across the street, heads for Xander's 4Runner. She reaches the vehicle and throws open the driver's door.

The 4Runner's empty. No sign of the keys either.

Nikki slams the door and starts back for the house.

CLICK! The 4Runner's back hatch unlocks. The door rises on its own.

Nikki slowly turns. Her hand instinctively goes up and over her mouth when she sees --

XANDER --

stuffed in the back, dead, his grinning, blood-caked face staring out at her.

Nikki chokes back a scream and runs back to the house.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

The front doors explode open. Nikki stumbles into the house. She slams the doors behind her and locks them.

NIKKI  
Jimmy! We have to get out of here!

Rebecca comes around the corner.

REBECCA  
I don't think so. The police are on their way.

Jimmy appears at the top of the stairs.

JIMMY  
What's going on?

NIKKI  
Xander's dead!

CRASH!

The hooded figure barrels through the sitting room doors, garden shears swinging madly.

The blades pierce Rebecca's shoulder. She lets out a STARTLED CRY and falls onto the stairs.

The figure advances on Rebecca. Ready to strike again.

Nikki JUMPS onto the figure's back, hands reaching for the garden shears, trying to knock them away.

Jimmy races down the stairs. Hops over Rebecca.

The figure slams Nikki into the wall. She crashes to the floor, smacks her head on the travertine tile.

Jimmy confronts the figure. There's a moment of stillness, the two of them sizing each other up. Then the figure swings the garden shears at Jimmy.

Jimmy jumps back, just in time, the tip of the blades missing his face by a fraction of an inch.

Nikki crawls to the stairs.

Jimmy charges at the figure. The two go flying through a set of French doors and disappear into the formal dining room.

Falling glass settles. Then SILENCE.

Nikki helps Rebecca to her feet.

REBECCA  
This can't be real...

Nikki SHUSHES her. Both girls look through the shattered French doors. It's too dark to see into the dining room.

CRUNCH.

Just out of view of the girls, someone steps over shattered glass and wood.

The girls clutch each other, listening to the CRUNCHING of the footsteps as they get louder and closer.

NIKKI

Jimmy?

The FOOTFALLS stop. The girls don't move a muscle.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Jimm --

The hooded figure steps into the light. The girls SCREAM.

Rebecca desperately flings the frozen bag of peas at the figure. Both girls leap up the stairs.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

GO! GO! GO!

The figure follows swiftly behind them.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Rebecca and Nikki race to the end of the hall.

REBECCA

Split up!

NIKKI

I don't know this house!

The figure reaches the second floor. The girls enter the last room together and close the door.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Nikki locks the door. Grabs a nearby accent table and drags it over. A makeshift barricade.

Rebecca runs to the window. It's been nailed shut.

REBECCA

Who the hell did this!?

BOOM! The bedroom door VIOLENTLY SHAKES. Nikki holds the accent table in place.

Rebecca grabs a bedside lamp and hurls it through the window. Glass explodes over the roof.

Rebecca clears the pane with her shoe, then crawls through the opening.

Nikki rushes to follow her.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - ROOF - SAME

Rebecca reaches the top of the cross gabled roof.

Nikki stumbles out of the broken window, nearly slips on a shard of broken glass.

Nikki looks back. She can see into the bedroom, the accent table on its side, the door wide open.

But the figure is gone.

Nikki carefully moves away from the window, follows after Rebecca.

Rebecca comes to the roof's edge. She looks down. It's a twenty foot drop.

Nikki sees a dormer window facing the back of the house. She signals for Rebecca and makes her way there.

NIKKI

Over here!

Nikki gets to the window. Tries to open it. Also nailed shut.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Shit.

CRASH! The window shatters from the other side!

Nikki SCREAMS and loses her balance. She rolls down the roof, just barely manages to hook her fingers over the gutter before the rest of her body tumbles over the edge.

Nikki dangles helplessly.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Rebecca!

The figure emerges from the shattered dormer window, garden shears at the ready. The figure contemplates between the two girls, then settles on Nikki.

Rebecca turns around, goes the other way, leaving Nikki to hang.

The figure looks down at Nikki from the roof's edge.

Nikki clings to the gutter, feet kicking a good twelve feet above the roof of the pergola.

The figure raises the garden shears.

THWAP!

The figure FLINCHES. Rebecca stands right behind the figure, a jagged piece of glass in her hand. She sinks it into the figure's shoulder. Eye for an eye.

The figure whirls around, knocks Rebecca down. Rebecca crab-walks away, but only so far. She's already at another edge of the roof.

The figure removes the embedded glass. Tosses it aside.

Rebecca stands up, faces the figure. Behind her, the twenty foot drop. She looks back --

THE FIGURE POUNCES!

Rebecca jumps back, but not before -- THWACK! -- the figure brings the garden shears down onto Rebecca's foot, pinning it to the roof.

Rebecca free-falls over the edge, her fixed foot causing her body to swing backwards like a pendulum in a perfect one-eighty. Her ankle BREAKS.

Rebecca's head hits the flagpole jutting out the side of the house. The sharp tip IMPALES the back of her head and explodes out of her eye, turning her into a human shish kabob.

The figure lifts the garden shears out of Rebecca's foot.

Rebecca's legs slide over the edge of the roof and dangle in midair. Drops of blood rain down from Rebecca's suspended body and splash onto the sidewalk.

The figure goes to the other side of the roof. Looks down.

Nikki hangs from the gutter, legs thrashing, frantic, terrified.

The gutter starts to buckle, lowering an inch at a time. Now there's a large gap between it and the roof's edge.

Nikki tries to pull herself back onto the roof. SLASH! The figure rakes the shears near her fingertips.

Nikki kicks harder, struggles to hold herself up.

The gutter can't support her weight and SNAPS IN HALF.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

NO!!

Nikki and the gutter PLUMMET to the pergola.

Nikki's falling body slips between the giant pergola beams, snags on the honeysuckle vines, then crashes into a GLASS PATIO TABLE sitting underneath.

An EXPLOSION OF GLASS sprays in all directions. Nikki lies sprawled on the concrete, leg twisted awkwardly. She doesn't move.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Hannah sits in back, safe behind the metal screen, her cheeks stained with tears. Officer Crawford adjusts his rearview mirror to see her better.

CRAWFORD  
This girl who left you stranded...  
Rebecca, right?

Hannah nods silently.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
Did you know she reported an  
assault and carjacking earlier?

Hannah shakes her head. After a beat:

HANNAH  
(cracked voice)  
Do you believe me?

Crawford takes a deep breath.

CRAWFORD  
I believe something happened.  
That's why I drove you up and down  
that road. But the fact is, we  
didn't see anything. Now that's not  
me saying you and those girls were  
never attacked. That's me asking,  
what reason would a ghost have to  
go back and clean up?

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Crawford's patrol car pulls up to the curb.

INT. PATROL CAR - SAME

Crawford undoes his seat belt.

CRAWFORD

Take a minute and think about what really happened on that road. When I get back, if you're still convinced of what you saw, I'll take you to the station to give your testimony.

Hannah's hardly listening. Her eyes remain fixed on the familiar Dodge Charger sitting in the driveway.

HANNAH

That's my brother's car.

Crawford looks at the Dodge, then at Hannah. He appears sensitive, willing to believe, yet still unsure.

CRAWFORD

Stay here.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - SAME

Crawford makes his way to the front of the sorority house.

He pauses. There's a shattered lamp and fragments of glass on the sidewalk. Crawford looks up. He can see one of the broken windows.

Crawford unclips the gun in his holster.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Jimmy's eyes open. Groggy. Waking up.

Pulling back, finding Jimmy's face cut, bruised. A piece of duct tape across his mouth.

Even farther back now. Jimmy's on his bottom, legs straight out, his hands bound behind his back by a piece of rope, tied to a post on the stairs.

Jimmy struggles to free himself.

THUMP. THUMP. Footfalls, coming from the kitchen.

Jimmy's eyes widen.

A shadow spills over the lobby floor. Growing bigger as the person in the kitchen finally steps into the light.

It's Officer Crawford.

Jimmy smiles, relieved, just as --

THE HOODED FIGURE

steps in from the sitting room, right behind Crawford.

Jimmy squirms, kicks, tries to scream for the officer to turn around, but it comes out as a distorted muffle.

INT. PATROL CAR - SAME

Hannah appears restless in the backseat. She looks desperately out of the windows.

Up front, Crawford's laptop lights up.

Hannah leans closer to the metal barrier to see the screen.

On the laptop monitor is a live video stream of the intersection, multiple windows displaying a different angle of the red light.

Next to the laptop, a familiar tattered shirt. The same shirt the figure found in the abandoned house.

Hannah's eyes drift up to the 5 x 7 photo taped to the dashboard. In the photo, Crawford holds up his young son, who's wearing the same tattered shirt, only clean and new.

HANNAH

Oh my God...

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

The hooded figure is right behind Crawford, a mere arms distance away. The garden shears hang lazily from the figure's grip.

Jimmy tries to signal to Crawford with his eyes.

Crawford removes the duct tape from Jimmy's mouth.

JIMMY

BEHIND YOU!!

Crawford spins around.

The figure and Crawford stare at each other, neither of them moving, an agonizing stillness. Then:

CRAWFORD  
I don't see anything.

Crawford looks right past the figure.

JIMMY  
What? No. You -- you have to!

CRAWFORD  
I'm telling you, I don't see --

JIMMY  
It's right there!

CRAWFORD  
-- anything --

JIMMY  
In front of you!

Jimmy closes his eyes. Close to tears. Defeated.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
You have to see it.

The hooded figure slithers back into the darkness.

Crawford turns back to Jimmy and flashes a devilish, all-knowing grin.

CRAWFORD  
I saw it.

Jimmy slowly lifts his head up.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have, though. Not if I  
never ran the red light.

Jimmy's eyes bulge, hardly able to process what he's hearing.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
That's the story, right? Run the  
red light and see the ghost of  
Tabitha Hudson?

JIMMY  
What's going on?

CRAWFORD  
You ran the red light, didn't you,  
Jimmy? Before anyone else, I'd  
wager.

JIMMY

Who are you?

CRAWFORD

You mean to tell me all of your internet searches and trips to the library never pulled up my name? My son's name?

Crawford gets on Jimmy's level, but all Jimmy sees is the loaded gun.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

She would have found him, you know. Brought him back to my family. It would've been like he never disappeared. Like he was never taken from our home. But she was never given the chance to find him.

(unblinking)

Because you didn't stop.

INT. PATROL CAR - SAME

Hannah tries to open the doors. Locked from the outside. She tugs at the metal barrier. Hopeless.

BAM! The back left door flies open. Hannah JUMPS, but it's only --

HANNAH

Scott!

He extends his hand to help her.

SCOTT

Come on!

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - FRONT - SAME

Scott helps Hannah out of the car. She immediately goes for the house. Scott grabs her by the arm.

SCOTT

Hannah, don't!

HANNAH

My brother's in there!

SCOTT

Yeah, and there's a gun pointed right at him.

HANNAH  
I can't leave him.

The two survey the front of the house. Contemplating.

SCOTT  
Follow me.

Scott leads Hannah to the side of the house. He stops at one of the windows and removes his jacket.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Rebecca keeps this window unlocked.

HANNAH  
Are you sure?

SCOTT  
It's how I snuck in every night.

Scott quietly slides the window up.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Crawford paces in front of Jimmy.

JIMMY  
You were there that night.

Crawford shakes his head no.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
So how --

CRAWFORD  
-- do I know it was you?

In the background, Scott silently climbs through the sitting room window.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
There are times when things line up so imperfectly, it leads to tragedy. Like what happened to Tabitha. Or even your dad.

Jimmy grits his teeth, a nerve struck. He secretly pulls out the dog tags from his pocket and begins to saw at the rope with the razor blade.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)  
But sometimes things happen for a reason.

(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Like your ex-girlfriend meeting my oldest son, and telling him everything there was to know about you. I call that destiny.

EXT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - SAME

From inside the house, Scott reaches his arms through the open window. Hannah takes his hands.

Hannah freezes. There's blood on Scott's shoulder.

HANNAH

What happened to your shoulder?

Hannah hesitates. Looks Scott in the eye.

His expression changes, almost instantly. His eyes narrow, lips curling into a crooked smile.

SCOTT

Sorry, Hannah.

Hannah tries to pull away, but he's got her.

HANNAH

NO!

Scott violently TUGS Hannah through the window and into the house. She SCREAMS.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Jimmy and Crawford turn to the sound of Hannah's CRIES.

JIMMY

Hannah!

Scott drags Hannah into the lobby, one arm around her chest, the other holding the garden shears.

HANNAH

Jimmy!

Hannah struggles to get free.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Let go of me!

Scott puts the tip of the blades to Hannah's cheek. She goes still.

JIMMY

What the fuck is this!?

Jimmy fights with the rope. Cuts his finger on the razor blade. Blood spills.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, let her go!

CRAWFORD

I'm afraid we can't do that. You made Scott an only child. Now we get to make you one, too.

SCOTT

What should we do with her, Dad? Leave her in the middle of the road? Wait for the first car not to stop? That's how it all started.

HANNAH

Please, you don't have to do this...

SCOTT

And my brother didn't have to die.

Crawford's face softens, a malicious glint in his eye.

CRAWFORD

I know. We'll hide her. Leave her somewhere. Trapped. Afraid. Alone. How does that sound, Jimmy? Then you can close your eyes every night with that hopeless feeling of uncertainty, not knowing if she's okay...if she's even alive. That's what we did for a whole year.

Jimmy is reduced to tears. Apologetic. Desperate.

JIMMY

I made a mistake. I should have stopped. I'm so sorry. Do whatever you want to me, but please, just let her go.

SCOTT

It's too late. Everyone else who ran the red light is dead. This is the way it has to be.

HANNAH

You're both sick.

CRAWFORD

No. We're just two good people who had something bad happen to them. You'll be happy to know this will be over quickly, unlike what happened to my little boy.

(to Scott)

Move aside, son.

Scott pushes Hannah to the middle of the foyer. Crawford aims the gun at her.

HANNAH

-- WAIT!

Hannah throws up her hands.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I know who took your son!

Crawford and Scott exchange glances.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It was Tabitha Hudson!

Crawford slowly lowers his gun.

Jimmy feverishly saws at the rope behind his back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That's why she was on that road the night she died. She kept him in the basement of some shack in the woods. He drew pictures of her wearing that rain jacket. That's why she wore it. To hide her identity from him. So when she claimed to find him, he wouldn't be able to tell you she was responsible for taking him. He's still there. I saw his body.

Through the kitchen doorway --

Nikki, bruised up, hobbling on a bad leg, silently comes into frame, right behind Scott, a large butcher's knife in hand.

Jimmy sees her, but the others don't.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for what happened to your family, but she's the reason you lost him. Not my brother.

Crawford turns around, back facing everyone, eyes lowered. Is he changing his mind?

CRAWFORD

If what you say is true...

Nikki is just a few feet from Scott. She readies the knife.

Crawford opens his eyes, convinced.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

...she was going to bring him back.

Crawford turns, raises the gun at Hannah...

JIMMY

NO!

...HE FIRES.

The RINGING of the blast LINGERS, replacing every sound in the room.

Hannah glances to Jimmy, his face strained in a HORRIFIED SCREAM that can't be heard over the constant RINGING.

Hannah looks down, disbelieving, her shirt blossoming red, a penny-sized hole in her chest.

She tries to speak, but only a CRACKED EXHALE escapes her lips.

Hannah crumbles to the floor, falls onto her back, mouth open, struggling for a final breath that will never come.

SNAP! The rope around Jimmy's wrists finally splits. He's free, and with nothing left to lose --

Jimmy charges at an unaware Crawford, tackles him into the sitting room, just as --

Nikki STABS the knife into Scott's back. He SHRIEKS, instinctively swings around, garden shears windmilling.

The blades of the shears CRACK against Nikki's chin. The force knocks her into the wall. The framed photo of Rebecca drops and SHATTERS.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - SAME

Jimmy wrestles Crawford to the glass coffee table. It CRACKS and splinters like a spiderweb. Crawford tries to aim. BANG! BANG! Both bullets miss and hit the ceiling.

Jimmy pulls Crawford up to his feet, throws him against the fireplace. The gun FIRES again, then drops to the floor.

Jimmy PUNCHES Crawford in the mouth, over and over, drawing more and more blood with each hit.

Crawford blindly reaches to the fireplace tool set. He grips his fingers around the poker. Swings it, catches Jimmy in the stomach, knocks him back.

Crawford spits out a tooth. Grimaces. Moves in for another hit with the poker.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Scott spins in a circle, tries to use his free hand to get the knife out of his back.

On her stomach, Nikki steadily lifts her head, wounded, weak, defenseless.

Scott gives up on the knife, stands tall. Regards Nikki with furious eyes.

SCOTT  
You fucking bitch!

Then he makes a mad dash to her with the garden shears, teeth bared, feet pounding, when --

Scott's foot hits the bag of frozen peas. He loses his footing, stumbles back.

THWAP!

The knife handle hits the stair railing, pushes the blade all the way through Scott's torso. The tip of the knife just barely breaks through his chest.

A trickle of blood slithers down the corner of his mouth.

Scott drops the garden shears, tries to breathe, but it comes out as a bubbled gargle. He sways for a moment, then collapses onto his stomach.

Nikki eyes the garden shears.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - SAME

Crawford repeatedly hits Jimmy with the poker. In the chest. On his shoulder. Across the hip.

Jimmy collapses, fighting for breath.

Crawford walks over to the gun. Uses the hook of the poker to lift it by the trigger guard.

Crawford grabs the gun and tosses the poker aside.

Jimmy tries to crawl away, bloody, broken, moving at a snail's pace.

Crawford SHOOTs at him. The bullet hits Jimmy in the back of the leg. He SCREAMS.

CRAWFORD

Let's see you run now.

Jimmy looks ahead. Sees the yellow rain poncho in a crumpled pile on the other side of the room.

Crawford aims again. Freezes. Senses something behind him. He turns, lightning fast --

SHOOTs --

Nikki, ten feet away, shears in hand, a stunned look on her face, DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

Crawford, unphased, looks at her unmoving body.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Nice try.

Crawford turns around, aims the gun at Jimmy...

....but Jimmy's gone.

A beat. Crawford carefully surveys the room.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Jimmy...?

Crawford moves around the furniture, gun at the ready.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Come on out, Jimmy.

Crawford sets his eyes on a dark corner. The only place Jimmy could be.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I know you want me to stop all of this. I could stop. But the real question is, did you?

Crawford JUMPS FORWARD, whips the gun into the corner.

The corner's empty.

Crawford looks at the window. Slightly ajar. A small breeze rustles the curtains.

BOOM. The lights go out.

Crawford pulls out his flashlight. Clicks it on. Moves away from the window.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Crawford steps forward, flashlight in one hand, gun in the other.

The beam of light dances across the walls. Onto the floor.

Crawford freezes. Sees Scott's body for the first time.

Rage consumes Crawford's face when --

THUMP. A sound. Upstairs.

Crawford squeezes the gun a little tighter.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

Crawford comes up the stairs.

He looks down the dark and empty corridor. Four closed doors on each side. Jimmy could be behind any one of them.

The flashlight's beam falls to the floor. Illuminates the trail of blood leading to the last door.

Crawford smiles. Slowly walks to the last door. He reaches for the bloody knob when he hesitates and turns his head.

There's a hooded figure standing at the other end of the hall, just beside the banister.

Crawford grins, almost impressed. He raises the gun. FIRES.

The figure sways, then topples over.

Crawford walks to the figure, aims the light, sees --

A coat rack, on its side, a RAIN JACKET DRAPED OVER TOP.

It's a trap, and Crawford took the bait.

BAM! Jimmy LUNGES out from one of the rooms. Swiftly brings the knife down in raging jabs.

STAB! into Crawford's shoulder.

STAB! into his arm.

STAB! into his spine.

STAB! INTO THE BACK OF CRAWFORD'S HEAD.

Crawford tumbles over the banister rail. He plummets to the lobby floor, but not before --

His neck catches on the chandelier. Crawford's hanging body swings to one side, his head unable to move with it.

His neck SNAPS. Crawford's feet TWITCH for a moment, then go limp, his body hanging ten feet above his son's corpse.

Jimmy stands tall, knife in hand, looking down from the landing, his chest rising and falling.

The lights FLICKER on. The emergency generator finally kicks into gear.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - SAME

Nikki's eyes open to the electricity returning. She turns over, grits her teeth, sucks in a gut full of air. It's painful to move.

INT. ALPHA PI HOUSE - LOBBY - SAME

Nikki limps into the room.

Jimmy sits in front of the entrance doors, Hannah in front of him, her head cradled in his lap.

Nikki slowly crouches down next to him.

Jimmy gently runs his bloody fingers through Hannah's hair. Looks mournfully at her peaceful face.

Outside, RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS cut through the windows. Distant sirens WAIL.

Nikki places her hand on Jimmy's. They look at each other. A quiet understanding this will be the trio's final moment together.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Two ambulances fly down the road, emergency lights dancing, sirens BLARING.

INT. AMBULANCE (NIKKI) - SAME

Nikki lies on the gurney. A plump FEMALE PARAMEDIC tends to the wounds on her leg.

Nikki swipes on her phone through pictures of herself and Hannah. She comes to the video of the three of them running the red light. She plays it.

INT. AMBULANCE (JIMMY) - SAME

Jimmy lies on an identical gurney. His phone CHIRPS.

MOM CALLING...

Jimmy closes his eyes. Not ready. He clicks the phone off.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The ambulances come to the familiar intersection, red lights prominently glowing.

INT. AMBULANCE (NIKKI) - SAME

The DRIVER flicks a switch. The siren's tempo changes from hi-low yelp to continuous WAIL.

Nikki continues to watch the video when she pauses it and narrows her eyes.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The ambulances slow down, not quite stopping, checking to make sure the junction is clear. Then both vehicles go under the red light and clear the intersection.

INT. AMBULANCE (NIKKI)

Nikki plays the video again. Pauses it when the view changes to the 4Runner's back window. She zooms in.

Nikki's face drops.

On the phone screen, a cold and familiar face stares back at Nikki...

...Tabitha Hudson. Back from the dead.

INT. AMBULANCE (JIMMY) - SAME

The PARADEMIC lowers the back of the gurney. Jimmy readies himself to lie down.

BANG! The back door BLOWS OPEN.

The paramedic rushes to close it.

Jimmy sits up, the color quickly leaving his face when he looks out of the open ambulance door and sees...

A FIGURE --

wearing a yellow rain poncho standing in the middle of the road, just under the red light.

The paramedic closes the doors. Winded.

PARAMEDIC

Whew. Sorry about that.

Jimmy sits motionless, mouth agape, scared out of his mind.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

You okay? You look like you saw a ghost.

He did.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Both ambulances disappear up the road.

The figure in the yellow rain poncho stands unmoving in the middle of the intersection. Watching. Waiting.

The light turns green, and as it does, the figure VANISHES.

FADE OUT.