

**The Strangers 2**

by

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*Over black, we hear a scream.*

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a BREATH of air. A single BREATH.

KRISTEN opens her eyes.

All is dark, a single light from the hallway pours across the floor, spilling onto the bed where she lies. She does not move, instead we watch as her face fights the instant tears. We hear her BREATH. All is silent.

Her FATHER touches her hand. We hear his soft WHISPER.

DAD (O.S.)  
It's alright.

Like a child, Kristen tries to raise up, her pale weak face barely able to handle its own weight. She tries to see him. We watch the middle-aged man lean over her, the wicker chair CREAKING beneath him.

DAD (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Don't try and talk. You're okay.

Kristen stares back at the man almost as if she does not recognize him. She feels his weathered hands graze her skin.

Her body is still covered in the signs of an attack. We see the deep scratches on her face, on her arms. We see the patches that are taped to her chest where they stabbed her.

DAD (CONT'D)  
You're at home baby. Do you  
remember? It's okay.

Kristen nods her head slowly up and down. For the first time, some of the fear, the terror that stains her face drains away. She sees the signs of her childhood room. The faint traces of her life as it once was. Pictures on the wall.

In a distant corner of the room, barely visible in the shadows, a photo of James rests on the dresser.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Carol and I are making dinner. Do  
you want to try and eat something?

Kristen does not move. Instead, she only listens to the sound of her own BREATH. Her chest rising up and down.

DAD (CONT'D)  
It'll get easier baby, I promise.

For a moment Kristen squeezes his hand. The wedding ring James had offered, still rests on her finger. All is still as her father watches a single tear fall down his daughter's face.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you something to drink.  
I'll only be down for a little bit.

Kristen nods her head as the old man stands. She watches his shadow fall over her face as he turns and shuffles out the door.

All is still. Kristen looks up at the ceiling above her. She sees the fan silently resting. The dust covering the blades. There is a spider web flowing from the light to the wall.

She has been gone a long time.

She hears her father walk down the old wooden stairs. She hears him speaking to her stepmother in the kitchen. Their voices are like memories, only faint traces of the words filter inside.

Near the doorway, there is a brand new walker sitting, waiting to be needed. In the hall she sees the edge of a banner taped to the wall. She can almost read the magic marker words...

*Welcome Home!*

Her father's VOICE calls out to her from downstairs.

DAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Just a second, baby.

For a moment all is still. Kristen pushes herself up onto the pillows. She pulls back the blankets. Her bare legs still black and blue lay limp beneath her.

She slams her fists into the bed.

Her father's WHISTLE begins to float up towards her. She hears the familiar tune underneath his breath. She sees his shadow moving up the wall outside her door.

He is almost inside when they both hear it.

KNOCK. A single sound breaks the silence. She watches the dark outline of her dad stand, pausing just out of sight.

KNOCK.

Kristen does not react at first. She just watches her father's shape turn back downstairs. She hears him call out for Carol. She hears her stepmother's reluctant reply.

KNOCK. Again the deep BOOM fills the house.

We watch Kristen's eyes in the shadows as she turns her head. The familiar sound echoing through the walls.

KNOCK. KNOCK. She listens to her mother open the door as her father takes a couple of steps back towards the living room.

For a moment, there is silence.

Then Kristen hears the woman SCREAM.

Like a bolt of electricity through her body, Kristen's body jerks forward at the sound. She hears her father running down the stairs to the door. She hears her stepmother WAILING.

Her father screams out, first in anger, then in fear. Kristen's eyes never leave the doorway. Chaos.

SLAM. Suddenly, all is still.

A single BREATH. A SINGLE breath escapes Kristen's lips.

Silence. There are FOOTSTEPS down below. The sounds are almost like thunder. Kristen turns, forcing her body to move. One leg hits the floor, then another. She pulls the long weathered T-shirt down across her scarred body.

She tries to stand. Out the doorway, she hears nothing now.

KRISTEN

(whispers)

Dad...

But no sound can penetrate the silence.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Dad...

Her voice CRACKS under its own weight. No response.

Her legs tremble beneath her. SLAM. We watch her weakened body collide with the dresser. CRASH. An avalanche of candles and flowers fall to the floor. Kristen spins back to the doorway.

Still, there is nothing. We hear her take a BREATH as she crawls towards the door, her knees scraping across the carpet.

Suddenly an explosion of sound. A phone RINGS beside her. Kristen collapses beside it trying desperately to stop the noise, she lifts the phone to her face crying out in her silent whisper.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Is Tamara home?

Kristen cannot help herself. The phone slams against the wall as if the plastic was burning into her skin. She hears the buzzing, the DIAL TONE vibrating through the receiver.

She reaches down and picks it up, turning it off in her hand.

RING. RING. Again the phone is full of life.

Kristen slides towards the light, each movement painful. The fear in her face. She is unable to stop her own trembling.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

There are only a few feet to the empty staircase. Kristen peeks her head across the banister at the entryway.

She sees the door hanging open. The neighborhood outside finishing its night. A car passes on the empty street. She hears the brakes SQUEAL at the stop sign just down the road.

RING. RING.

Kristen moves closer to the empty stairs. Suddenly she sees the bodies of her stepmother and her father laying on the ground.

She sees the blood. For a moment all is still.

Kristen's eyes move back and forth as she searches for somewhere to hide. Down below, there is no movement. No footsteps.

The open door sits there waiting. We watch her move forward. We hear her hands as they gently slap the wood of each single step. RING. Again the phone calls to her.

She can barely control herself as she moves down the wooden ledges. She is like a broken spider. She can barely keep herself from falling.

Each stair moves her closer. We hear her BREATHS but nothing else. More and more of the living room becomes clear through the old wood banisters.

She sees her empty living room. Across the couch, the TV is muted, but the images of *JUNO* flash across the screen.

The phone is silent now. She does not see them. Each step moves her closer to the bottom. Suddenly one hand slips and Kristen slides violently down the last few feet, she is almost unable to catch herself.

We see the pain in her face.

Again a car passes. The passengers inside never see her, they never see the bodies. Kristen takes another step down. She is in the open, her body aching with every inch she crawls.

INT. HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Silence. One hand touches the blood of her father. She sees into the kitchen. On the stove, sits a pot still boiling water.

The ice from the drink her father was bringing mixes into the red trail left behind. Kristen lies on the ground, her body beside those of her family. For a moment, she cannot move. She is completely empty as she stares into the nothingness.

All is silent. Nothing.

SLAP. Kristen's hands pull her forward. She stretches out. The street is only a few feet away.

She tries to scream as the next car passes. She tries to call out, but no words escape. We watch her move forward. Again, the phone begins to RING. Over and over the sound vibrates around her, around the house.

She is almost there. The door hangs beside her, swinging back and forth so slightly in the breeze. She can hear the hinges CREAKING even as her own BREATH fills her head.

*She does not see him standing there.*

She does not see the ax in his hand. She does not see the mask.

For one brief moment, Kristen McKay crept forward. Her body in pain, the blood seeping once again from the wounds that had not healed. She struggled forward, her hands covered in blood.

There is a sound, a WHOOSH. The wind cut in half as the blade moves down. In an instant it strikes her.

In an instant, her body slams to the ground.

She never sees him. She never screams.

For a few seconds, the Man in the Mask stands over her. We can hear his BREATHS pouring through the mask. He turns up as Dollface and Pinup emerge from the shadows of the house.

Dollface places the phone inside her pocket as they pass over the family and move to the door. No one stops to look back, no one stops see what they have done. Outside, the truck RUMBLES to life.

We hear the wind blows in the trees. Dogs BARKING back and forth.

For a moment all is still, and then Kristen dies.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A young hand grabs a box pushing it inside the bed of the truck as the night sky hovers above.

LUKE, 17, young and fairly handsome, grabs the last of the cardboard cubes labeled with his name. He does not look up at his father's weary eyes as he lays back in the sea of boxes.

The boy does not say a word.

KINSEY, 10, takes a sleeping bag and squeezes into the small crawl space between the piles. She lays it flat against the metal, making a tiny resting place in the back of the truck for her worn down teddy bear and for herself.

Inside the cab, the children's mother, CINDY, sits with her head resting against the window. A tear falls down her face.

Everyone is tired, their bodies beaten down by a long day.

SLAM. MIKE finishes clamping down the U-Haul trailer on the hitch. He checks the tailgate then moves to the mailbox, making sure it is empty.

The children never look up at the OFFICER who is watching them. The man stomps out a cigarette on the gravel beside their driveway. Mike never looks at him either.

Even when finally, he is forced to walk over.

Luke and Kinsey study the stars, their backs wedged inside the family's makeshift moving van. They listen to their father's quiet words as he leans across the police cruiser, signing the last of the papers the officer has handed over.

MIKE

You like your job?

OFFICER

Mike, I like it as much as you liked yours. It's not about liking it. I go where they tell me.

A quick SLAP of the papers as Mike passes them across the dusty hood.

MIKE

15 years...

He turns from the man, from the truck and looks back at the empty middle class home. Even in the dark, the foreclosure sign is still visible at the door. Even in the shadows, he sees the sign that says "Evicted" plastered across the wood.

He smiles through his teeth as he turns back to the road.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Well....Fuck you.

OFFICER  
Fuck you too man.

MIKE  
Say Hi to Kathy for me.

The two men shake hands. Mike walks back to the truck, pausing only to touch Kinsey's hair as she watches him.

INT. TRUCK

The two children with the same brown hair sit listening as their Dad closes the door.

For a moment there is silence. They hear the officer climb inside his car. Then soon, everything is still.

KINSEY  
(whispers)  
Maybe he'll just drive away.

LUKE  
No...he's waiting. He's got to.

She looks over at her brother beside her in the pickup's metal bed, even in the darkness, she can see the tears in his eyes as he stares up into the sky.

The diesel RUMBLES to life. The truck gently shaking.

Kinsey reaches down and touches Luke's hand as they sit, waiting to leave their childhood home behind.

KINSEY  
I can hear Mom crying.

LUKE  
Good.

KINSEY  
Don't say that.

LUKE  
It's their fault.

KINSEY  
No it ain't.

The truck falls into gear. Kinsey looks up, through the glass she sees her mother's eyes as she stares back to the house.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

I wanna look at it.

LUKE

No...Do what I said.

KINSEY

Why?

LUKE

Because fuck this.

Suddenly, the truck pushes forward and the little girl moves towards the air. Luke spins, rising up, his back to the house.

He pushes past the boxes. He grabs his sister, holding her down.

KINSEY

Let go of me.

But Luke does not. The young man is not angry. She can see it in his face. He can barely keep himself together.

LUKE

Do what I say...okay? Just listen to me.

Kinsey stares up at her brother as she starts to cry.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I want you to watch the sky.

The truck rolls forward, turning onto the street. In the mirror, Luke catches his father's eyes.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Forget about what's back there. It's gone. They took it away.

For one last moment, Kinsey tries to fight as they pick up speed. She can see the wind brush back her brother's hair from his sweaty forehead. She sees his chin trembling.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Please.

She falls back to the floor.

EXT. CITY

The truck moves through the empty small town streets. It passes the lake as the water sits like glass beside the road.

The city is sleeping.

The family drives past rows and rows of houses. Empty windows, abandoned problems.

*A town dying.*

INT. TRUCK BED (MOVING)

Luke and Kinsey ride in silence. Over their heads blinking stoplights have replaced stars.

Over and over their faces fill with light and then disappear again as the street lights thin out and are replaced with a blanket of tree branches.

KINSEY

Where are we gonna go?

LUKE

Grandma's.

Through a small window of boxes, Luke sits watching her. Their eyes lock together through the sea of cardboard.

KINSEY

Where're we gonna go tonight?

LUKE

I don't know.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Mike sits at the last stop light in town, as his wife peers out the window.

For a moment, neither of them speak. There is nothing to say.

Mike reaches over to the ashtray, pulls out a small can of dip and pinches out a little. He grabs a Styrofoam cup from the floorboard, spits the extra juice inside.

He still hears her CRYING, but his eyes stay focused on the road.

CINDY

You said "fuck off"?

MIKE

Sure did.

She smiles through the silence.

CINDY

Good. Fuck'em.

Mike laughs at his wife's words. He puts his hand on her thigh.

The light turns green, and as the truck pushes forward, he watches as they pass the High School, the football stadium.

In the rearview mirror, he sees the lights from the field bathe the back of the truck, he sees it fill their son's eyes.

CINDY (CONT'D)

They can't ride there all the way.

MIKE

I ain't gonna let'em. Luke just wanted to tonight. I didn't wanna fight again.

CINDY

He's mad.

MIKE

He's a prick.

CINDY

He's just scared Mike.

MIKE

Either way...I clear out the back seat, and their asses gonna be in here with us tomorrow.

CINDY

Well, all of y'all are gonna behave.

Mike nods his head as they turn for the main road. Soon, the lanes widen, the trees scattering beside them.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Are we gonna stay at the Holiday Inn?

MIKE

I called around all morning. At the end of the month it's all filled up. We aren't the only ones.

CINDY

Where we gonna go then?

MIKE

It's one night. I talked to Frank.

CINDY

What did Frank have to say about it?

MIKE

He said his place still has water, he thinks its got electricity too.

Cindy turns a sceptical eye towards her husband.

CINDY

Are you serious?

MIKE

You gotta a better idea?

He spits in the cup, letting the Styrofoam wipe away his chin.

CINDY

We got those things back at our house.

MIKE

It ain't our house anymore. I'm not gonna get kicked out of my own home twice.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The boxes full of dishes and clothes begin to tremble as the truck pulls off the asphalt into the gravel. Kinsey looks up as they pull to a stop next to the glowing sign.

KINSEY

What's he doing?

LUKE

(sarcastically)  
Taking care of us.

KINSEY

We're staying here?

LUKE

Get used to it. You think Iowa's gonna be better?

The children rise up from their hiding places. Mike steps out of the truck as the diesel HUMS.

A large chain link fence stretches hundreds of yards in either direction. Signs marking "Foreclosed" and "Keep Out" fill the over grown lawn.

On the other side sits a sea of empty trailers in the darkness.

KINSEY  
Dad, nobody lives here.

MIKE  
Well there'll be somebody here  
tonight.

He walks into the warm beams of the headlights. He finds the lock broken away, the bits and pieces sitting on the ground.

CINDY  
There's probably druggies inside.

Kinsey stands up, throwing her arms onto the roof of the truck.

KINSEY  
(nodding)  
Druggies.

Mike pushes open the gate. He looks back at the family, squinting his eyes in bright burning glow. He sees their worried faces staring back at him.

MIKE  
Does anybody wanna sleep in the truck?  
It's 10:30. I gotta show up in 10  
hours and pick up my last paycheck.  
Until then, this is what we can afford.  
You think I want this?

He walks back towards them, but Cindy slides over to the driver's side. She rolls down the window.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I really am.

CINDY  
Just get the gate.

KINSEY  
It's okay, Daddy.

Mike looks down, his embarrassment breaking through. Cindy pulls forward in the truck.

INT. TRAILER PARK

There are hundreds of them. White, yellow, blue and tan. Each lined up with tiny driveways. Each with tiny yards.

It is like a mini city. Every direction, all around, there are trailers and abandoned lots heading off to the distance.

Each one empty, deserted.

The children stare as the truck moves through the empty park. They pass street signs, stop signs...in the center of "town" there was a underground pool that now sits stagnant.

*It is like a maze.*

INT. TRUCK

Luke and Kinsey stand inside the bed, their hands resting on the faded roof of the truck.

KINSEY

Where are we gonna stay?

LUKE

He was talking to Tim's dad on the phone a couple of days ago.

KINSEY

Tim's house smells like weed.

LUKE

How do you know what weed smells like?

KINSEY

Cause I can smell your room.

LUKE

Shut up.

Some yards were more carefully cleaned out than others. A few bicycles still sit chained to the fence. There are even a couple of trampolines, plastic pools, soccer balls. Things left behind.

KINSEY

My friend Casey lived there.

The little girl points out a set of pink curtains in a small window as the light from the truck passes across a corner trailer.

They wind deeper and deeper into the ghost town.

Soon the sound of traffic from the road is gone.

All that is left is the RUMBLE of the diesel as they pull up to a faded double wide. Mike rolls down the window one last time.

MIKE

Is this it?

LUKE

Home sweet home.

INT. TRAILER

The thin metal door SLAPS against the wall as Mike jiggles his keys in his hands. His shadow falls across the brown shag carpet.

He flips the light switch, but the room remains dark.

Stepping inside, one by one, his family follows him. The switch is flipped back and forth again and again.

Each time the results are the same.

CINDY

Wonderful Mike.

The house is torn apart. Everywhere you turn, there are signs of a life left behind. Cindy sets down her 40 ounce big gulp on the empty TV stand. Even in the darkness, Mike can hear her EXHALE. He knows the sound.

MIKE

There are candles in the U-Haul.

CINDY

He didn't pay the bills when he lived here. What made you think he did it this month?

MIKE

Look, after the company lost this place, most of these people just picked up and left. I just thought we could...

CINDY

Live like homeless people?

The adults lock eyes, sharing a silent argument.

MIKE

Will somebody check the water?

But Kinsey beats him to it. The little girl stands in the kitchen, her tiny face leaning over the sink.

KINSEY

Gross, there's still food in here.

Cindy leans past her and flips the handle. To her great surprise water pours out onto the mess.

CINDY

Well, one of you needs to...

LUKE

Not it.

KINSEY

Not...Damn it.

Cindy is forced to smile while Luke struts from the kitchen. In the shadows she watches her youngest begin to work.

INT. BEDROOM

Luke stands at the doorway of his friend's old room. Even in the darkness, he can see where the bed once sat, a clear rectangle cut out of the wall of trash that covers the floor. For a moment he stares in silence at the posters on the wall.

Following a small path to the "bed" the young man collapses on the ground. Kinsey walks around a little more cautiously, almost as if she is afraid to touch anything.

KINSEY

Why didn't he take this stuff?

LUKE

He didn't care.

KINSEY

Why?

LUKE

Cause he didn't want to go.

Luke's words hang in the air as the little girl maneuvers through the chaos. Without even realizing it, she covers her chest as she stares at the playmate on the wall.

KINSEY

But now he's gone and all his stuff is still here.

LUKE

Does it make it better that we had to vacuum just so some other family can live in our shit? I should have taken a piss on floor.

Kinsey can see some pictures tacked to the wall. Tim's friends, girlfriends. She sees her brother's face smiling back at her. Each photo left behind.

KINSEY

I would have taken these.

Outside, they hear Mike working on the truck. Luke gets up and walks to the window, watching his father.

LUKE  
This is bullshit.

He leans over, digging through the nightstand beside him. Condoms, pornos, and lotion is all that is left behind.

KINSEY  
Do you wanna go walk around?

LUKE  
Not with you.

Suddenly in the darkness she sees the cigar box in Luke's hand. He walks over to the window, trying to see what is inside.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Nothing but an old bong and empty zip lock bags.

KINSEY  
He took that.

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Cindy walks around lighting candles in the living room. Even with the street lights pouring in from the blinds, the room is mostly shadows. Kinsey stands, staring at the empty room.

She picks up an old VCR remote, some change from where a couch once sat. She finds a baby doll laying on the floor, scooping it up into her arms.

CINDY  
That doesn't belong to you.

KINSEY  
It doesn't belong to anyone.

Either way, the little girl cradles the doll inside her arms, moving towards the recliner.

KINSEY  
It stinks in here.

CINDY  
I know.

Luke walks past their mother, making a quiet b-line for the door.

KISNEY  
Where are you going?

LUKE  
Nowhere.

CINDY  
Not tonight, Luke.

The screen SNAPS back, slamming against the wall.

EXT. TRAILER

The U-Haul door opens and Mike sets one of the boxes inside. He looks at his son as the young man moves around the trailer.

He can see the rage brewing inside.

MIKE  
You need to take those looks and put 'em somewhere. I've about had it.

LUKE  
Too bad.

Mike walks past his boy, grabbing another couple of boxes from the back of the truck, he pushes one in his son's chest.

MIKE  
You got something to say, well then say it like a man.

LUKE  
I think this is bullshit. I think you're a coward.

Luke tosses the box into the trailer. Mike looks up, his face bright red, his own anger now bubbling over.

MIKE  
It's pretty fucking simple is it? Maybe I should pull a job out my ass.

LUKE  
You could do something.

MIKE  
The factory's closing. There's no work Luke! There's no goddamn money.

## INT. TRAILER

Kinsey and Cindy stand in silence listening to men's words. For a moment, neither say a word. Cindy lights the last of the candles.

CINDY  
Go to your room.

KINSEY  
It's not my....

CINDY  
Just go.

## EXT. TRAILER

MIKE  
You think it's so simple.

LUKE  
I don't wanna leave here. I don't  
wanna leave everything. If that's  
simple, then it's simple.

MIKE  
There's nothing here!

LUKE  
My friends are here, my life is here.

MIKE  
Not for long. The jobs are going boy.  
Look where we're standing. You got any  
friends here?

LUKE  
You should'a told us. You should of  
asked us.

MIKE  
I told you when I knew. I did  
everything I could. But let me tell  
you something...if you think for a  
second I was gonna hold onto that  
place when I could make it somewhere  
else...where we could get y'all into  
college. There was nothing to decide.

Luke looks down.

LUKE  
You should of asked us...

MIKE

That's not the way it works. Christ boy, you would've been gone in two years either way. This life, this shit will mean nothing.

LUKE

It was my life.

MIKE

The people riding in this truck tomorrow. That's your life. They'll be with you. Don't you think for a moment I wouldn't do whatever it took to make this work. You think I wanna live in a basement? I'm a grown man.

LUKE

A man wouldn't have let this happen.

SLAM. The trailer door closes. Luke knows he crossed the line.

MIKE

Take a walk son. Take a walk right now. Go on. And when you come back, I want your mouth shut. Cause I'll tell you right now, I'll shut it for you.

For a moment, the two stand, staring at each other, neither backing down or breaking each other eyes.

Finally, Luke looks up to the street light above. Mike walks back inside.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The world around him quiet, there is nothing but the sounds of his boots on the pavement as his shadow trails behind him.

Luke walks in silence.

He leans down, lost in his thoughts. He picks up a few small rocks from the side of the road. He spins around staring at the empty windows, the worn away yards already growing over.

His first throw is barely a toss. The sound of the tin wall vibrating. He throws another, this time harder. Another.

The glass shatters over and over. The tiny explosions breaking through the silent prison that hold him.

He reaches for more weapons, not even noticing the eyes that watch him. He's almost ready to throw again. He almost does.

KINSEY (O.S.)  
You're an asshole.

He turns and sees his sister staring at him from the end of the road. For a moment, no one speaks, no one says a word.

LUKE  
Fuck off.

KINSEY  
No.

Luke stands staring, before he turns his back on her. He begins to move again down the street.

For a while, they walk in silence together, but still apart.

The little girl watches him finally pause before turning down another winding road. The sounds of Kinsey's shoes walking fill the night air as he waits for her.

Their eyes never meet when they finally connect, the anger too much, too soon. The street stares back at them as they watch their feet skimming across its face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Mom started crying again.

Her quiet voice breaks the stand still.

LUKE  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry that I don't love this.

KINSEY  
I don't like it either.

LUKE  
You don't care.

KINSEY  
Just cause I'm not a dickface doesn't mean I'm not gonna miss it here.

Kinsey finally looks up at Luke's red face. The doll she found still rests inside her hands.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
I liked my teacher. I liked my friends. You never even asked me.

She takes a rock from Luke, tosses it against the tin wall of the trailer on the corner.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

But it's not Daddy's fault. He liked it here too.

LUKE

It don't matter anyway. None of this shit does.

KINSEY

Then why are you sad?

Luke picks up another stone and tosses it at a trailer a few feet away. It slams against the wall. He picks up another, it slams again. On the third throw, a window smashes and they both pause, looking around. Nothing.

LUKE

I just wanted to stay.

KINSEY

So did I.

LUKE

Is that why you didn't tell any of your friends that you were leaving?

Luke smiles a wicked smile as his sister picks up a rock and tosses it against the house.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Your little boyfriend called yesterday. Wanted to see you.

KINSEY

He's already gone stupid. The trailer with the pink curtains. That was his baby sister's room.

The smile fades as Kinsey's throws increase in strength.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

You think you're so smart.

Luke leans down, there is a whiffle ball bat on the ground in someone's yard.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Soon, nobody's gonna know we were poor. I like that. I wanna live somewhere where I can be cool, don't you? We will always be poor here.

She takes one last rock and throws it as hard as she can, a window shatters.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why Tim left everything?  
We all get a new life.

Kinsey walks to one of the yards where an old rusty swing set sits by itself. For a moment Luke stands in the middle of street. He watches his sister playing. He hears her LAUGH. For a moment, all is still. Finally her voice breaks the silence.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Come play with me.

EXT. TRUCK -

Mike's boots kick slowly against the bumper. For a moment, he sits alone on the hood of his truck. The work is done.

The screen door pops open and he watches Cindy move across the grass, a beer inside her hand.

CINDY

Three beers still in the fridge.

MIKE

But are they still cold?

CINDY

Does it matter?

She hands the bottle to her husband, who takes a sip without batting an eye.

MIKE

No ma'am. Not tonight.

Cindy leans back against the grill. Mike rests his hand on her shoulder.

CINDY

Y'all boys done fightin'?

MIKE

That kid doesn't know shit.

CINDY

And we do?

She pulls the beer away, tipping it back with a smile.

MIKE

You're damn right we do.

CINDY

Look old man, I can't sit here and let you act all high and mighty. He's a boy. Boys get mad and boys get stupid.

MIKE

He needs to learn.

CINDY

Well, it's one thing to wanna teach him. It's another to lecture him just to make yourself feel better.

She turns around, slipping between his legs. For a moment she watches Mike staring out to the empty street. She waits for him, until slowly his eyes come back to him.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I don't you blame you.

MIKE

He does.

CINDY

But he's your son. To him, you control the world. You take the good with that, and sometimes you take the bad. That's the way it is. But fighting with him isn't gonna make you less mad at you.

She hands him the beer.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I'm going inside. You staying out here or are you coming in to help me finish off the rest of the warmest beer in the world?

MIKE

Babe, I just can't believe this is happening. Everything we worked for...gone.

Cindy stops on the steps, turning back on last time.

CINDY

Bullshit. We got them.

INT. TRAILER

The door bends and breaks, until finally it snaps open. The silhouette of the children stand, each staring inside the foreign territory.

KINSEY

We can't go inside someone's place.

LUKE

It's no one's place.

The young man walks inside disappearing into the darkness.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You said you'd do whatever I wanted.  
I want to say goodbye.

Soon, the shades are pulled back and again, the remains of someone's home sit before them. Kinsey slowly trails inside staring at the empty walls.

KINSEY

They forgot their shoe.

She kicks the Nike into the wall.

INT. TRAILER

The children move through a closet full of crap.

INT. TRAILER PARK

The children move from house to house. We watch their shadows moving across the street, searching the windows for houses that are not empty.

Without realizing it, they are moving deeper and deeper into the Park's maze.

INT. TRAILER

A window slides open, we see Kinsey shoved inside.

The little girl crashes to the floor as Luke scrambles to the front door. We watch Kinsey scan the surroundings. Her eyes searching the darkness. When she lights the cigarette lighter in her hand, the little girl can't help but SCREAM.

A BOBCAT MOUNTED ON A FAKE PIECE OF WOOD, STARES BACK AT HER.

INT. TRAILER

A meth lab left behind. The children move around.

LUKE

(heavy southern accent)

Some people like cough syrup for their colds...strangely enough, I like it everyday.

KINSEY

Were they scientists?

LUKE

Kinda like scientists.

INT. TRAILER

One trailer is covered in murals, pictures of hills, meadows. A life size drawing of Jesus stares down at Kinsey.

KINSEY

It's beautiful.

INT. TRAILER

When the door pops open Luke is the first one inside.

We hear his feet leave the cheap linoleum passing onto the carpet. Kinsey leaps onto the small porch behind him.

For a moment they do not see them. Luke does not notice the shadows that fall over their faces. The blood on the floor.

It is only when Kinsey SCREAMS does the young man freeze.

This house is different than the others. The furniture remains, all of it. But that is not what catches their eyes.

*It is the two bodies. The couple tied to the chairs.*

KINSEY

Oh god.

There is a flashlight on the ground at Kinsey's feet. Luke picks it up and shines it against the OLD COUPLE. Their hands, their feet are bound together.

*Someone had stabbed them many times.*

LUKE

Go outside.

But no one moves. No one can take their eyes off the frozen stares that look back at them.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Kinsey!

Luke grabs his sister and walks her out the doorway.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Stay.

He barely turns around, when her little head is already peaking back inside behind him.

The ray of light moves across the bodies. Luke sees the old woman's hands gripping her husband's. He sees where a blade had sliced through her forearm on its way to her chest.

LUKE (CONT'D)

They were fighting.

Luke takes a step forward in the darkness. The blood on the carpet is still wet. It still drips down to the floor below.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

(calling out)

This just happened...

Kinsey hides back as the flashlight moves in her direction.

KINSEY (O.S.)

I thought everyone left.

LUKE

So did I...

All around the couple, there are signs of life. Not a single box, a single thing moved.

Sleeping candles cover every inch of the living room.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I guess they had no where else to go.

He reaches out, almost touching the old woman's skin.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

KISNEY

(whispers)

I wanna get Momma.

Luke nods his head, but again no one moves.

KISNEY (CONT'D)

I wanna get Momma!

The little girl's SCREAM finally breaks her brother from his silent trance. She runs inside, her hand's covering her eyes.

LUKE

Go get Dad.

KINSEY

Come with me.

LUKE

Someone needs to stay here.

KINSEY

Why?

LUKE

I think someone should.

Kinsey turns towards the door. Her shadow falling across the blood. She is almost outside when they hear it. The RUMBLE.

*Not like their father's truck. Something else.*

Luke looks out the door and sees the headlights approaching. Before any of them can move. Before they can reach the door.

The old pick up truck comes around the corner.

KINSEY

Someone's here!

She backpedals, slipping on a rug on the floor. She almost falls colliding with a table. The truck ROARS outside. Kinsey screams, but only a second. Luke thrusts his hand around her mouth stopping the sound.

Back and forth they turn, trying to find somewhere to hide.

Outside a door SLAMS. Suddenly, Luke pushes them towards the back hallway, towards the bedroom.

They barely make it into the bathroom when the white mask floats into the darkness.

INT. BATHROOM

The children slam inside the tub as Luke turns back pulling the curtain closed. The rusty metal RATTLES, the metal rings hanging on the uneven pole.

LUKE

Ssh...

KINSEY  
Come on...come on.

His hand trembles against the pink plastic wall.

Finally, they are hidden.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS on the thin trailer floor. A loud THUD.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Another body lies on the floor before the others. A YOUNG MAN, maybe a few years older than Luke but no more.

*Before he died, the boy had wet his pants.*

There is a sound. A deep BREATHING, almost like a RATTLING.

In the mirror, we see the Man in the Mask stares at himself in the darkness before moving outside again.

Standing before the couple, the Pin Up Girl fiddles with the old man's oxygen tank still sitting beside him. We hear the hiss as the air pours into the empty lungs.

Her plastic face drifts up when she hears it.

*Someone moving in the other room.*

INT. BATHROOM

Kinsey can barely breathe as Luke squeezes her close. The tears from her face drift down her brother's fingers as they squeeze her lips closed.

Luke's eyes watch the small hole in the curtain as the light from the window bounces around the tiny room.

He sees the shadowed figure walk inside. He sees the black holes that should be eyes as they move past the mirror.

The thin pink curtain is all that separates them.

At once, the brother and sister stop breathing, stop moving. Luke's hand drifts from Kinsey's mouth as he braces himself.

They hear her BREATH from beneath the mask. The woman moving back and forth, listening.

The Man in the Mask drops another body in the living room. They hear the RUMBLE. For a moment, all is still.

Suddenly, the woman turns and walks away.

No one moves. Luke's hands tremble against Kinsey's skin. For a few seconds, there is nothing but silence.

SLAM. The front door closes.

Outside the truck returns to life. The headlights fill the bathroom window. The engine ROARS and then there is nothing.

LUKE  
(whispers)  
They're gone.

Kinsey collapses to the bottom of the tub tears pouring from her face. Luke slowly pulls back the curtain.

On the sink, a knife sits across from them, the blade shining in the darkness as it points towards them.

EXT. LIVING ROOM

Luke leads Kinsey down the hallway, past the photos on the wall of grandchildren, sons and daughters. They move past the couple, the stack of crossword puzzles, the TV...the two new bodies that lay on the floor in a pile.

Luke takes three breaths, building up his courage.

LUKE  
I want us to run. Okay?

But Kinsey cannot speak. Finally, he pushes the door open.

KINSEY  
(whispers)  
What if they come back?

LUKE  
We'll stay off the street.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

We hear the porch CREAK as they move. Their shadows chasing them as they run into the backyards and alley ways.

They never look back.

INT. TRAILER

They do not see her in the doorway. They do not see her watching them. As the voices trail away in the distance...

*Dollface comes to the light, watching them move towards home.*

## EXT. TRAILER PARK

Staying close to the shadows, Luke and Kinsey move quickly through the yards, both avoiding the street lights that shine from above. The world around them is a silent blur as they pass the lots and the empty trailers.

But as they pass one house after another, suddenly Luke stops, panic creeping into his eyes.

Before them there are three streets each leading towards three different directions.

KINSEY

Which way?

LUKE

I thought you knew.

KINSEY

I was following you.

LUKE

Shit.

The young man turns, trying to get his bearings. The park is like a maze. Each road curving this way and that.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Which street were we on?

KINSEY

I don't know.

## EXT. PLAYGROUND

Like skeletons, the rusty metal toys sit in their graveyard.

The children move through jungle gyms and teeter totters.

KINSEY

Are we sure they're gone?

LUKE

It's alright, they drove away.  
Dad'll call the cops and then we'll  
get out of here.

KINSEY

What if they come back?

Luke turns back to her as they walk, he almost speaks, when suddenly he is silent.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
What?

LUKE  
Keep going.

KINSEY  
What is it?

LUKE  
I thought I saw someone.

She almost does when Luke grabs her hand.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about it, just go.

In the darkness, a hundred yards away.

*A silhouette following them. Watching them.*

Luke pushes Kinsey around the corner of a trailer. For a moment, they sit staring, the stranger is gone.

KINSEY  
Do you see anybody?

LUKE  
It was probably nothing.

Suddenly, a hand drifts out behind Kinsey's back. The fingers move through the air, drifting towards her.

At the last second, it grabs her.

The child SCREAMS and Luke and Kinsey turn to see Mike standing with a smile on his face.

MIKE  
What'd y'all get into?

Kinsey leaps into his arms before the man can say another word. Mike looks down on his son.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Luke?

LUKE  
Dad we found something. There're people dead in one of the trailers. Somebody killed them.

MIKE  
You guys need to cut it out.

LUKE

Dad...

The boy looks back towards the park, the stranger is gone. For the first time, Mike sees the fear in their faces.

MIKE

I don't know what you guys are up to, but I want you to take your sister back to Mom.

KINSEY

I can go by myself.

LUKE

Dad you need to see this...

MIKE

This had better not be a joke.

LUKE

We're not fucking joking Dad.

Mike almost reacts to his son's words, but the fear in Luke's eyes pushes the scolding from his mind. He leans to Kinsey.

MIKE

Are you sure?

Kinsey nods, looking back from her brother to her father.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your mom has the cell phone. The house is right up this street. Go have her call right now. Don't stop.

LUKE

Hurry.

KINSEY

We shouldn't have broken into the trailers.

Mike shoots Luke a look, but his son quickly looks away.

LUKE

Dad it wasn't like that...

MIKE

It's fine, just go.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The little girl sprints forward down the middle of the street. On both sides she is surrounded by the shells of former homes.

The open windows stare back at her as Kinsey tries to stay calm, but every shadow seems to be watching her.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke hits the corner of the empty street. He turns back and forth searching, but nothing seems familiar.

He glances to his Dad, almost asking, but then looks back into the darkness. Suddenly he moves forward, his eyes still unsure.

MIKE

What were y'all doing?

LUKE

Just messing around.

MIKE

Joke's over.

LUKE

There's no joke.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey turns the corner and in the middle of the street her father's truck sits. The little girl never breaks her stride, her tiny FOOTSTEPS pounding into the pavement.

Just behind her, a shadow dances across the road.

EXT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S TRAILER

Luke and his father move towards the last trailer at the end of the block.

LUKE

There.

He stops cold at the bottom of the steps as he stares up towards the open door. Mike takes a few steps forward, his eyes peering into the shadows.

He looks down at his son when he sees them.

MIKE

Did Kinsey see this?

Luke nods his head as Mike steps forward.

He leans down over the body of a security guard. He sees the empty holster, the broken walkie-talkie laying beside him.

We watch his eyes move around the living room. In the corner, there is a pistol laying on the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You saw the people that did this?

Luke steps up into the doorway.

LUKE

No sir. We hid. But there... I thought I saw someone behind us.

Mike glances up at the doorway. All is quiet.

MIKE

Why didn't you say something?

LUKE

I just thought...

EXT. TRAILER

The little girl opens the door, her chest heaving. She spins around searching, but there is no one here. The living room is empty. The flames of the candles dancing back and forth against the bare walls.

KINSEY

Mom!

CINDY (O.S.)

Back here.

Somewhere inside the double wide, she hears her mother's VOICE.

Running water, the bathtub.

Kinsey sprints back to the master bedroom, pushing open the door with all her might.

INT. TRAILER - BATHROOM

Candles sit laid out around the edge of the tub. Cindy stands in her bra, trying in vain to get the bath water to warm.

CINDY

(smiling)

I think the water heater went down with the ship.

The little girl grabs her mother's hands as they move towards her. She is hysterical, she spins around the tiny darkened room, grabbing her mother's shirt from the floor.

KINSEY  
We need to go.

CINDY  
What is it?

KINSEY  
People got killed. Outside.

CINDY  
What?

KINSEY  
There are dead people in one of the trailers. Daddy wants you to call the cops.

CINDY  
Kinsey, that is not funny.

Suddenly, Kinsey spots the cell phone on the lid of the commode. She pushes past her mom, picking it up, she presses the phone in her mother's hand.

KINSEY  
Call 911. You have to call.

CINDY  
What are you talking about?

KINSEY  
Do it Momma!

Cindy looks down at her daughter, sees the fear in her face. She flips on the phone, picking up the shirt in her hands.

CINDY  
Where's your brother?

KINSEY  
He went to show Daddy. Mom, we saw the killer people. We saw them. They might still be here.

CINDY  
Turn off the water.

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

She rushes past her daughter, dialing 911 on the phone as she makes her way to the living room. She slams the door closed, bolts it with the thin piece of metal.

Kinsey rushes behind her, staring out the windows. The dim street lights reveal nothing, an empty yard, the diesel truck.

Cindy places the phone to her ear, turning to her daughter.

CINDY

Baby, come stand next to me. You  
promise this is real...

The little girl nods her head as Cindy turns back to the kitchen, she walks over to the Big Gulp, grabbing it in her hands as she waits for an answer.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Come on...

The ringing in her ears. Suddenly, she hears a VOICE.

OPERATOR

911, state your emergency.

CINDY

Hello.

OPERATOR

911 state your emergency.

CINDY

I need the police to come out here.

OPERATOR

State your emergency ma'am.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Kinsey lets out a scream. All the eyes in the room flash to the door.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Ma'am.

Cindy walks up to the window, she looks outside into the shadows. She cannot see the porch. There is only darkness.

CINDY

(whispers)

My kids found a body...We need you to  
send a car.

She places her hands around her daughter's chest. Just outside the window, a wind chime swings back and forth in the breeze.

OPERATOR

Where are you located?

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CINDY

Who's there?

Cindy moves across the old shag carpet. There is a small window on the door. A half moon. Kinsey's mother tries to see out, but once again there is nothing there.

KINSEY

(whispers)

It's them.

OPERATOR

Ma'am. I need you talk to me.

Silence. Cindy can hear the woman on the line. She can hear her own breath pushing through the receiver.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

CINDY

(whispers)

I'm here. There's somebody...

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Just come to the old trailer park.

Cindy closes the phone, kneeling down by the door. Kinsey stares into her eyes as they sit in silence, listening.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(whispers to Kinsey)

Go get a knife.

The woman's hand motions in the darkness to the kitchen. She watches the little girl's head move up and down as she tip toes into the shadows.

Cindy looks at the phone, her eyes moving back and forth from the window, up to the lock on the door.

There is nothing but silence.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Is there anybody there?

Nothing. Kinsey, moves back towards her, a butter knife in her hands. Cindy leans against the door, trying to hear.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Outside the porch the wood creaks back and forth. Cindy looks down towards her daughter, motioning Kinsey back.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
I don't know who you are, but you  
need to get your ass on home.

Building all her courage, Cindy suddenly stands again looking outside the moon shaped glass.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Where are you, you little shit?

VOICE (O.S.)  
(whispers)  
Come closer...

Cindy gasps, gripping the knife in her hand, her face inches from the door.

CINDY  
We called the police!

VOICE (O.S.)  
(whispers)  
That's alright.

SLAM.

Two hands rip through the glass, grabbing Cindy by the hair.

Kinsey screams, her mother screams as well. Cindy thrusts herself back from the door as an ax bursts through the door like a gunshot. The blade almost hits her face.

She spins backwards throwing her daughter to the ground. Again and again, the door is beaten down, destroyed.

SLAM. Soon the outside is pouring into the living room. There is no time to cry out, to stop the stranger from coming inside. Cindy grabs Kinsey and they sprint back towards the bedrooms.

They hear the sound coming for them.

INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM

Cindy slams the bedroom door, she spins back and forth, trying to find a place to hide.

CINDY  
Kinsey come here!

Almost instantly the door is hit just beside the little girl. Like a bolt of lighting, there is nothing. Wood exploding.

Cindy grabs her daughter and moves to the bathroom.

As she closes the door she sees the white mask pouring through the darkness towards them.

INT. TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

There is nothing inside the room, nowhere to go. Just a small window by the side wall. The candle's dance above the aborted bubble bath.

Cindy turns searching, we hear her BREATHS, her daughter's CRIES.

The door knob to the bathroom shivers, twisting and turning back and forth. She hears the edge of the blade moving back and forth against the thin wooden door.

CINDY  
Please!

A fist pounds against the wood.

KINSEY  
Momma!

Cindy moves forward thrusting open the window. She grabs her daughter by the waist and lifts her up. There is no time.

CRASH. The door rocks back and forth.

Kinsey twists back and forth, trying to squeeze herself through. The window is so small.

KISNEY  
I can't!

CINDY  
Yes you can!

SLAM. The blade of the ax breaks the wood.

With all her strength Cindy shoves her daughter forward. The little girl flies out the window her body twisting.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey lands with a thud on her back, the air pushed out of her lungs. She cannot move, her body twisting in pain from the fall.

SLAM. She hears the door crack again.

CINDY  
Call the police! Call them!

Her mother cannot fit through the small opening. She tosses the phone out onto the lawn.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Kinsey go!

The woman turns, Kinsey can hear her SCREAM.

INT. TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

The ax flies through the door and Cindy rushes forward, trying to grab it, for a moment she holds it, for a moment she fights back with the invisible force.

She takes the butter knife and swings it widely trying to cut into the stranger's skin.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey pulls herself up, she sees the phone on the ground before her. She hears her mother's SCREAMS.

She crawls forward towards the glowing blue light in the darkness. Then she hears the RUMBLE.

All at once the glow of headlights splash onto her face.

INT. TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

For a moment, the ax grows still. Cindy hears the RUMBLE as well. She turns, her eyes following the sound. She hears the truck door open, she hears it SLAM.

Suddenly the ax rips back through the hole, in an instant it pushes through, this time almost breaking down the door.

CINDY  
Run Kinsey!

There is no escape, the ax pushes through the door one last time. Cindy spins around, she pushes back the glass shower door. She throws herself into the tub, her body trembling.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The little girl looks up into the light, blinded by the bright beams. Her hand is almost there, she almost picks up the phone.

There are two figures moving into the light.

*Two shadows walking towards her.*

INT. TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

Cindy pushes the glass wall closed. The door crashes down.

She hears the FOOTSTEPS as the stranger walks inside, she sees the young Baby Doll Face even in the darkness.

CINDY

Please!

The wall of glass crumbles in an instant. We see Cindy's hand reach out trying to stop her. We hear her SCREAM.

Dollface never stops. The blade swings over and over.

Soon there is nothing but silence and the sound of the ax pounding against the cheap porcelain tub.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey dives down to the bushes along the side of the trailer.

She watches the strangers moving to the staircase, she sees the phone a few feet away. The black silhouettes.

The little girl looks up to the window, the silence once filled with her mother's screams still hangs in the air.

We hear her breaths each one pouring from her chest.

KINSEY

(whispers)

Momma?

DOLLFACE FLIES FORWARD, STARING DOWN AT HER.

Kinsey gasps, her body flies back.

She turns, her tiny feet pushing her up. Without thinking, Kinsey sprints into the darkness, her shadow moving past the phone still resting on the ground.

## EXT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S TRAILER

The front door slams and Mike and his son move out into the streetlights glow. Mike opens the gun's chamber, smells the powder. Click. He closes the weapon in his large hands.

Luke watches his father as the man looks back and forth across the empty lots. Mike checks the address on the mailbox, then with a small wave of his hand, both of them move to the road.

MIKE

There's no reason for something like this. Those people didn't have nothing. They didn't even steal anything, they did it just to do it.

LUKE

Look Dad, I'm sorry that...

MIKE

It's alright. Let's just get back.

Luke nods as he walks beside his father, one of Mike's hands resting on the young man's shoulder.

The other holds the gun in the night air.

## EXT. TRAILER

No one speaks when they see the broken door. No one has to.

Mike charges inside, a single hand raised to stop his son. Luke watches his Dad disappear into the living room.

He sees the broken glass on the floor. The shattered wood.

For a moment all is silent. Then, Luke hears Mike cry out loud.

## INT. TRAILER

Luke rushes past the entryway. He moves into the shadows past the candles Cindy had brought inside.

The doorway to the bedroom is destroyed as well.

## INT. TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

In the darkness the flames still dance on the bathroom walls. He hears the water inside the tub. He hears the SOBBING.

He finds his father holding his mom.

MIKE

Go outside.

He barely speaks, the words like sandpaper against his throat.

LUKE

Mom!

MIKE

Where's Kinsey?

Trembling, his hands move in waves across his wife's pale skin. Over and over he tries, but he cannot clean off her face.

The water. The red. It splashes around him as he climbs inside the tub, pressing Cindy's body against his own.

LUKE

Tell me she's okay!

But no one needs to answer. Luke dives forward, his knees sliding against the cheap white tiles. He reaches out touching his mother's empty hand.

The broken glass. The blood. Luke watches one of the candles fall into the water beside his father's bended knee.

MIKE

Kinsey...

The man looks up in confusion. He finds Luke's eyes. The boy spins around, unable to hold their gaze.

He turns to the open window. The doll Kinsey had held.

There is a tennis shoe on the ground by the wall.

LUKE

Oh my god.

Luke thrust his body forward shoving his chest out the window. He sees the broken phone laying in pieces in the grass.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Mom got her out. Look!

He picks up the toy, the shoe. Without thinking he moves towards the front door.

LUKE (CONT'D)

She shoved her out the window.

Mike stands up, his boots slashing through the water.

MIKE

Don't go out there!

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Mike grabs Luke by the shoulder, thrusting him against the wall.

LUKE

I should've told you. They were watching her! They followed her!

MIKE

Wait, listen to me...

LUKE

She could be hurt! She could be trying to find us!

Tears pour down Luke's face. He looks at Mike, needing something, anything. The empty walls of the living room stare back at them. The open door still waiting.

MIKE

Luke, I think she's okay...I think she's out there. But you need to listen to me.

LUKE

How do you know?!

Luke pulls away from him, he moves towards the door.

Mike once again grabs his son, pulling him away from the windows, the doorway. He pulls him close.

MIKE

I think they would have killed her here. Does that make sense? Shit. I just, the trailer back there. This was different. They didn't plan this. If your Mom gotta her out, then she could of made it.

LUKE

Let's go then!

MIKE

Wait. Luke, listen she's smart. She's hiding out there somewhere.

Mike spins around, searching...thinking.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I want you to get in the truck. Go to the police. I'll stay here and find her.

LUKE  
I'll help you.

MIKE  
You do as I say. We need help.

Mike cocks the hammer of the gun, moves toward the doorway. His shadows dancing up and down in the candle light.

He looks out the door. Outside all is still.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Get in the truck...

Mike holds the .38 in his trembling hands. Luke is frozen, his skin as pale as a ghost.

He tries to wipe the blood off his hands, a thousand thoughts dancing inside his head. He turns, scanning the darkness.

His eyes move across the counter. He sees his wife's purse, but when he digs inside, he comes up empty. No keys.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Fuck...fuck. I have to go...I think  
your Mom....I have to go back in...

LUKE  
No. Just watch the door.

Luke walks past him, moving quickly back into the shadows.

Mike nods his head up and down, the fear growing in his eyes.

INT. TRAILER - BATHROOM

Luke's hands move like bolts of electricity. He cannot open his eyes. He cannot look at her.

The water splashes as his foot hits the tub. He checks his mother's pockets, searching. But once again, they are empty.

LUKE  
Shit...

He hears the water moving below him. He feels her against his leg. The boy stands up, his eyes breaking.

We watch the tears fall from the young man's face as he stands up. He bites his lip like a boy. He hears his father call his name. But for a second he cannot move an inch.

One flash. One look.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Momma.

Finally, Luke breaks his face away. He moves for the door, then briefly turns back. There is one more thing he has to do.

The young man opens the drain, letting the bloody water disappear from around his mother's body.

INT. TRAILER

MIKE  
 Shit.

Mike slams his hand against the wall.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 We'll get in the truck, hot-wire it.  
 Then you'll just go.

LUKE  
 What if you can't find her?

MIKE  
 I don't know! But we need help.

LUKE  
 Let's just leave the truck!

MIKE  
 I'm getting you out of here.

Outside, there is a noise. A sound. Without even thinking, Luke and Mike spin to the open door.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Get back.

He raises the gun, moving to the door. He looks out searching. Finally, he sees the eyes staring back at him. A RACCOON digging through the last remainders of trash still behind. Mike looks back and forth. The silence. He turns.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Let's go.

LUKE  
 Dad I just think...

MIKE  
 Come on!

Mike turns when suddenly it happens.

The movement. So fast. The blade so quick. He never sees her.

THE PIN UP GIRL STABS HIM IN THE CHEST.

Mike stumbles back the gun FIRING into the thin floor.

There is nothing but screaming. Like a ghost, the woman is gone leaving nothing but chaos behind her.

Luke tries to catch him as his father falls back. Instantly he is covered in blood. The SCREAMS.

There is no way to comprehend the violence. Luke grabs his father. He feels the man fighting as he reaches down picking up the gun. The doorway is empty.

LUKE

Dad...Dad...

He fires a shot at the door. There is no one there. Chaos. The man is fighting against him. His body convulsing.

Luke thrusts his hand onto the hole inside his father. The blood pours like a river. He rips away at his father's shirt as his eyes dart back and forth.

LUKE (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's okay.

MIKE

Go...

LUKE

I'm not leaving you.

Mike grabs Luke, trying to push him towards the door.

MIKE

Go!

But his son ignores his words, fighting against him even as he tries to save him.

Suddenly a window EXPLODES.

From outside, someone throws something. CRASH. Luke looks down, he sees it rolling across the floor. A baseball trophy.

*His name written on the side.*

CRASH. Outside, the streetlight bursts.

Inside the trailer, Luke is suddenly surrounded by nothing but darkness. SLAM. Another window explodes. A suitcase. SLAM.

More and more items from the U-Haul pour into the home.

Luke stands up, he tries to see where they are.

He fires a shot into the blackness.

LUKE

I can't see anything.

Objects SLAM into the walls. Over and over like a hail storm. He hears the sounds of their possessions rolling down the roof.

MIKE

Get away from the windows!

LUKE

They're everywhere!

MIKE

Luke!

Then at once...there is only silence.

Mike's labored BREATHS barely escaping his lips. Luke leans down, squeezing his trembling body.

LUKE

Dad...fuck. No...No...

MIKE

It's...it's okay.

But Luke can see his father's fear.

LUKE

What do we do?

MIKE

(wheezing)

Go to the truck.

LUKE

We need to get you some help.

The young man's voice cracks in the silence.

MIKE

You go to the truck, you get yourself safe, then the cops will come...

Mike suddenly heaves forward, blood spewing across his chest.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go...

LUKE  
I don't know how.

MIKE  
You need to hurry. Your sister is  
out there. They'll find her.

LUKE  
How do I get it started?

MIKE  
You can do it...

LUKE  
Please Dad...don't leave me. You  
have to help me. I can't do this.

Tears pour down the young man's face.

MIKE  
(whispers)  
You need to be strong. You and your  
sister...that's all that matters now.

The father looks up at his boy, the weakness in his face.

LUKE  
Dad...

Suddenly Mike throws his hand onto Luke's shoulder and with  
all his might, he tries to force himself to stand.

MIKE  
I'll show you.

EXT. TRAILER

Mike and Luke push out to the small porch. Luke thrusts his  
weight forward as his father clings onto his side. Down the  
wooden steps, he sees the yard, the driveway, everything  
covered in his family's memories.

The U-Haul is spilled out across the lawn.

The young man waves the gun back and forth like a torch.  
Every direction he turns, he finds nothing.

We watch Luke's foot tumble down the steps, he almost slips.

LUKE  
Come on...

Mike grabs the rail, the pain ripping through his face.

MIKE

Keep going.

INT. TRUCK

Luke does not hesitate as he smashes the truck's window.

He lays his father across the backseat as his eyes dance back and forth from each window. The dome light casts the reflection of his bloody face back at him as he tries to see some sign of the strangers out there in the yard.

Everywhere he looks, there is only blackness.

LUKE

What do I do?

The young man climbs across the front seat. He can barely hear Mike's words as he whispers.

MIKE

Look under...pull it.

His weathered hand drifts out towards the steering column.

LUKE

Where?

MIKE

There!

Luke looks up, he sees the desperation behind the anger. He hears the blood filling his father's throat.

LUKE

I'm trying.

MIKE

You...can...do...it.

Luke pulls the wires free, his hands shaking as his heart beats against his chest.

LUKE

I got'em.

MIKE

You have to put them together. It's like you are flipping a switch.

LUKE

Like this?

He mimes the action, his hands shaking as if the connection might trigger an explosion. He watches his father slowly nod.

Suddenly, the truck RUMBLES to life.

Luke looks back at Mike as the man's eyes barely stay open. The boy climbs up, throws the truck in drive.

MIKE

Go!

They slam forward, the trailer dragging behind them as Luke steers past the boxes that were once held inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good boy...

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The truck pours onto the street, Luke pushes the diesel as fast as it can go, the trailer swinging widely behind it.

They move back towards the center of the park, towards the entrance. All around them there is silence as they pass the empty lots and abandoned trailers.

INT. TRUCK

LUKE

Which way?

MIKE

Straight...

Mike is barely able to breathe anymore, the cheap leather is covered in blood.

LUKE

Hold on...

Luke slams on the gas, the truck barely hanging onto the road as they move towards the turn. Luke slams into a mail box, another before finally he straightens it out.

There is a dead end. Luke spins back around, trying to see which way to go. None of the signs point to the highway.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I don't know where we are!

He throws the truck back in drive and they slam into the curb as he crosses into a yard trying to maneuver the rig and the trailer back onto the street.

Luke looks back, suddenly he sees his father's eyes. The blank stare. He slaps him across the face. Nothing.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Dad!

The young man turns back, the truck pouring forward. He does not see the body cross the road. He does not see the shadow.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Dad, open your eyes!

SLAM. SUDDENLY THE WINDSHIELD EXPLODES.

The ax flies across the dash, barely missing Luke as it falls into the passenger seat.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Luke whips the wheel back, the truck hits the curb barreling out of control. He never has time to stop as the truck flies towards a large oak tree beside an empty lot.

Like a train pushing through a wall, Luke and Mike fly forward as the steel and glass crash into the unmoving object before them. There is no time to scream.

Suddenly, everything is still.

Luke's body presses against the steering wheel. In the darkness there are no signs of his father.

The only sound is the HORN as it blasts through the silence.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - PLAY GROUND

The DIESEL'S DAMAGED WAIL rings in the distance as Kinsey sits up, her body hidden inside a large cement tube.

She crawls forward on all fours, the sand beneath her. She leans out into the open, searching for the sound of her families' truck. They are only a few streets away.

For a moment, the sound is the only thing in the world. Kinsey searches back and forth, trying to see any signs of the intruders, she almost rises, almost runs...

Then just as quickly as it had appeared, the horn is gone.

The large playground sits sleeping once again.

She can hear an old swing set twisting in the night air.

Kinsey inches back, too afraid to move out into the darkness. The open field before her is too far, there are so many places for them to be. The empty toys sit quietly watching her.

Then she hears it.

Somewhere a strange squeal, like a metallic scream. The little girl searches. No one. The park is empty.

BUT A MERRY-GO-ROUND NOW SPINS OVER AND OVER.

INT. TRUCK

The young man opens his eyes. A deep cut torn into his forehead, blood drips down his face.

LUKE  
Are you okay? Dad?

He reaches his hand down, trying to find something to use as leverage. Suddenly Luke feels it. The arm hanging loosely.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god.

Instantly he sees his father. Luke tries to turn, but the steering wheel pins him in place.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Dad!

The old man is laying on the floorboard, Luke uses every bit of strength to reach him, he sees the man's face.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Fuck...Fuck! No!

His father is dead.

Luke rips at the plastic wheel, kicking and twisting. Finally, he is able to squeeze himself out one leg at a time.

Thrusting his hands down on her father's chest. Luke slams over and over trying in vain to make him breathe. We hear him slap his chest over and over.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Please!

There is nothing.

Luke pushes himself back, he sees his hands, his arms covered in his father's blood. His SCREAM bounces off the broken metal walls.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - PLAYGROUND

We hear the little girl's BREATH.

Kinsey moves back deep in the tube, the darkness before her. Outside, the merry-go-round spins, the rusty SCREAM growing slower and slower. It is almost as if the sound is following her, chasing her. The sand crunches beneath her tiny body.

Then finally, it stops. There is nothing but silence. Kinsey freezes, listening. She can hear the wind blowing. The swing sets moving back and forth.

We hear her BREATH.

TWO LEGS MOVE PAST THE OPEN CYLINDER BEFORE HER.

The child's fingers clamp across her face in the darkness, she spins around, looking in both directions almost at once.

She is trapped, both sides exposed to the darkness. There are FOOTSTEPS all around her. Someone walking.

Kinsey crawls forward, her bare foot moving alongside her tiny tennis shoe. The sand beneath her feet.

She almost dives out, she almost runs...

Then she hears another sound. Something moving down the empty street before her. The engine RUMBLES. A car coming closer.

A spotlight dances across the park. Kinsey's eyes flash, she can barely keep from screaming.

A police car slowly cruises in the distance.

She hears their radio, the STATIC. The warm beam moves across the children's toys, the faded paint, the rusty metal.

The little girl almost cries out, she almost screams, but suddenly she stops. Soon the cruiser turns around, moving back towards the darkness. She watches it drive away, she listens to motor grow silent in the shadows.

She never moves. The little girl can barely breathe. They did not see what she sees now.

Kinsey stares forward, her body shaking beneath the concrete. We hear her breath barely escape her pale lips. A single tear falls down her dirty face.

A white face in the shadows stands in silence.

*Kinsey knows it is watching her.*

INT. TRUCK

Luke picks up the gun. He looks out the windows, searching. The attackers are gone. There is nothing but an empty lot and a double wide half painted blue and gold.

He tries the door, but the broken metal will not budge.

EXT. TRUCK

Finally, pushing his foot through the glass, Luke thrusts his battered body outside. Like a sack of potatoes he collapses onto the ground beneath him.

Luke looks back across the tracks he had driven deep into the abandoned lot. Up ahead he sees the empty street. The trailers sitting in the shadows. For a moment, the young man looks down at his father.

LUKE  
I'll find her.

Without another look back, Luke heads towards the center of the park. We watch him disappear into the sea of trailers. The shadows swallowing his thin frame. All is still.

He does not see the cruiser drive past in the distance.

The cop's searchlights never move this way.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - PLAYGROUND

Kinsey falls back, her eyes as big as saucers. Her mind spinning. She barely peeks out of the window of darkness.

*The white face is gone.*

KINSEY  
(whispers)  
Daddy, please come get me.

The sand CRUNCHES beneath her shivering body as the wind pushes past the trees. She hears the merry-go-round spin once again in the shadows.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Please.

A rock skips across the grass, stopping in the loose sand before the opening of the concrete coffin. The little girl falls back. Her body trapped against the circular walls.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone.

She does not look back, she does not see the face behind her.

The hand of the woman reaches out slowly in the darkness.

Kinsey's BREATH fills the tiny chamber. Over and over we hear that sound. She can barely control herself, the fear is too much. The hand creeps forward, closer and closer.

THEN LIKE A SNAKE, WE WATCH IT STRIKE...

Kinsey screams out, her voice like a flash of lightening. Dollface rips her backwards, the little girl's head slamming back into the sand.

She tries to spin, the heavy walls trapping her. The shallow echo of her feet kicking the walls.

Dollface lifts a knife above her, we see it rip through the air as Kinsey barely has time to move away. SWISH.

The blade slams into the ground.

Kinsey twists back as the monster slides through the darkness towards her.

SWISH. The blade flies forward, inches from her face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Get away!

Slam. The knife slices through the air, grazing Kinsey's arm.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

No!

Sparks flash before them in the blackness as Dollface hits the wall of the tube with one last thrust.

Kinsey sees the black plastic eyes only a foot away.

She spins, thrusting herself into the sand. Her body thrust forward into the open air. Without stopping she rises, sprinting towards the open road.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

She never looks back. Her bare foot slamming beside her tennis shoe as she crosses the street and heads deeper into the park.

Soon she is gone, her body disappearing into the shadows.

The merry-go-round spins slowly one more time.

## EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke moves through the shadows. Like a child playing hide and seek, he darts from one trailer to the next, hiding.

There is no sign of anyone, anywhere.

Somewhere in the distance, a trash can falls over.

Luke stares at the empty street before him, watching.

LUKE

What do you want?

Nothing but the silence of the neighborhood.

LUKE (CONT'D)

She's just a little girl.

The gun in Luke's hand raises into the sky. He spins back and forth trying to find them.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We didn't do anything!

But there is no response.

## EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey moves into the center of the abandoned cul-de-sac. All around her are empty trailers. The pink curtains of her friend's home stand out amongst the bare windows.

She approaches the door, her tiny face spinning back and forth in the darkness. The street is silent.

For a moment, she is safe.

The door is locked. She twists the knob back and forth in her tiny hands, but it will not budge. The little girl climbs back down the steps. She is looking for somewhere. Anywhere.

She moves to another trailer. Again nothing.

Across the way she spots an open door on one of the trailers. The wind pushes it open slowly. Even from where she stands she can hear the slow creaking.

Inside there is only darkness.

Kinsey again looks back and forth as her feet hit the sidewalk. She pauses in the center of the circle. The street lights casting her tiny shadow down onto the faded concrete.

She pulls off her one remaining shoe and sock. With the toss of a girl, she throws them into a deserted yard.

We hear the PITTER-PATTER of bare feet as she walks up the driveway. The door CREAKS as once again the soft wind blows.

There a few steps leading up. She climbs up, the sound of cheap wood beneath her feet.

EXT. TRAILER

Kinsey's eyes try to break through the darkness.

She steps softly on the metal edge of the doorway, she hears the crack of her weight against the cheap siding.

One last time she looks back before...

VOICE (O.S.)  
(whispers)  
Hello?

Kinsey's back hits the railing behind her. She turns to run, her body clutching itself. In a second she'll be down the steps...

*But then she hears it again.*

VOICE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Who's there?

A tiny whisper, almost like the wind. The VOICE is young like a little girl, like a child's...like Kinsey's.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Leave me alone.

Kinsey stares back, her eyes adjusting to the dark shadows that fill the lifeless trailer.

KINSEY  
It's okay...

VOICE  
(whispers)  
I'm hurt...

We watch as the little girl slowly moves back, her body leaning forward. Again we hear the CRACK of the metal beneath her as she steps closer and closer to the door.

KINSEY  
Where are you?

VOICE  
I'm hiding.

KINSEY  
Come outside so I can help you.

Silence. Again the little girl steps closer.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Come outside.

VOICE  
No. They'll see.

Kinsey's eyes search the shadows. The trailer's living room is bare. We watch her lean closer and closer, her eyes as big as saucers.

KINSEY  
Where are you?

Somewhere inside the empty walls she hears someone move.

A single solid FOOTSTEP on the thin cheap floors.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

VOICE  
(whispers)  
Back here. Come back here.

Kinsey stands, the confusion fighting through her face. For a moment, she is pulled back towards the door.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Please. I don't want to be alone.

INT. TRAILER

The dusty carpet cradles Kinsey's toes as she walks into the living room. Again the door CREAKS behind her. All around her curtains slowly wave back and forth in the cool breeze.

KINSEY  
Where are you?

VOICE  
(whispers)  
Come back here.

INT. TRAILER - HALL

Like the inside of all the trailers there is a long hallway.  
The little girl creeps forward. An open door calling for her.

VOICE  
(whispers)  
They tried to kill me.

Past the door frame Kinsey can see an open window, a street light shines a pale glow across the floor. She inches forward peeking her face just inside the room.

INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM

There is someone in the corner. Her tiny body in a ball. In the shadows Kinsey can see the child's body shivering in fear.

She steps slowly inside. The young stranger's face is buried in the shadows of the corner.

KINSEY  
Turn around, it's okay...

VOICE  
(whispers)  
Are you scared?

Kinsey turns back, the blank walls, the ceiling closing in on her. She hears the wind RATTLING against the window frame.

We watch her pretty face nod up and down.

Gently she reaches out...she is only a foot away.

KINSEY  
They killed my momma.

That is when she sees the knife on the ground. Her tiny knee POPS as she leans forward. She is almost there.

VOICE  
(whispers)  
I know.

Suddenly, the young stranger turns, but there is no crying girl. Where there should be a face, there is only plastic. Where there should be eyes, there is only black.

The Pin-Up Girl's mask raises from the darkness.

The childlike whimpers are gone. Now there is only LAUGHTER.

KINSEY

No...

IN AN INSTANT, PIN-UP REACHES OUT AND GRABS KINSEY'S HAND.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

No!

The little girl screams, as the woman stands before her.

Kinsey tumbles to the ground as the knife flies into the air.

There is no time, Kinsey spins turning towards the door.

INT. TRAILER - HALLWAY

We hear the rumble of FOOTSTEPS as they pour down the darkened hall. But the woman runs so much faster. Kinsey sprints forward, the walls, the curtains, everything pouring past her.

She hears the pounding feet behind her.

KINSEY

Leave me alone!

She is almost out the door when she sees the Man in the Mask blocking the light. She sees the ax in his hands.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

No!

INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN

Spinning away like a crooked top she stumbles to the kitchen. But suddenly the FOOTSTEPS behind her stop. She spins back at the wall. Her tiny fists shooting out in front of her.

We hear her SCREAM.

KINSEY

Stop!

But the door SLAMS. For a moment all is still. We see the fear, the terror in Kinsey's face as she opens her eyes.

In the darkness the window blows the curtains of the windows.

Finally the little girl takes air back into her lungs. Tears fall down her face as she spins back and forth, searching.

*There is no one there.*

KINSEY (CONT'D)

No...

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke sprints forward. He spins back and forth.

LUKE  
Kinsey! Kinsey! I can hear you!  
Where are you!

Over and over he turns, the trailers...the streets. Every direction he turns seems to be the same.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Kinsey!

Luke turns running towards one of the trailers. He slams up the steps, leaping onto the railing. With all his strength he thrust his hands onto the roof, then pulls himself on top.

EXT. TRAILER - ROOF

For the first time he can see the true size of the park.

In the distance, he sees the woods that outline the back fence behind the last row of trailers. He sees the highway. The headlights pouring past the park as drivers move along the road without a care in the world.

We hear his feet pound back and forth across the shingles as he searches for any sign of his sister.

LUKE  
Kinsey!

Suddenly, from somewhere to his left he hears a small trace of the young girl's scream.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I'm here. Tell me where you are!

INT. TRAILER

The little girl stands in the middle of the trailer as the wind blows back and forth across the open windows.

For a moment, all she does is SCREAM. Her voice seems to bounce off the thin wood panels that surround her.

Still the door remains closed, still she is alone.

KINSEY  
Leave me alone!

Nothing. The little girl falls to her knees in the center of the "Living Room" her eyes locked on the door before her.

Her screams drift away as the stillness, the silence seems to take over the room.

We listen to each of her tiny breaths as they pour from her chest. We watch her terrified eyes dart back and forth as she waits for someone to walk through the door.

EXT. TRAILER - ROOF

Luke stares out at the silence that has returned. He is locked on the trailers that the sound had come from.

LUKE

Kinsey!

But there is no response.

Luke turns back to the steps, he almost leaps down when right before he jumps he hears another sound.

From somewhere, the truck's familiar RUMBLE. He turns back, suddenly a few streets over he sees the headlights appear and then vanish.

He spots the truck moving to the corner of the park. The same place he heard Kinsey's scream. He hears the truck pick up speed. He hears the accelerator roar.

He knows where it is going.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Slam. Luke leaps to the porch. In a moment we watch him sprint towards the darkness, as the sound of the truck grows louder and louder inside his ears.

INT. TRAILER

Kinsey's head sits on her chest as she sits, waiting.

There is no sound. Nothing. A slight breeze blows across her hair. For a moment she closes her tiny eyes.

Like distant THUNDER she hears it. A truck moving closer.

We watch her slowly stand in the shadows as the noise grows stronger. We watch her turn one more time searching for a place to hide.

KINSEY

(whispers)

Daddy...please be you.

Suddenly, a light appears in the window. Faint at first. Just a trace. The THUNDER is growing. Kinsey turns towards the door, her eyes trying to see.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Daddy?

We hear her feet as they slide across the carpet. The walls, the curtains surround her as she shuffles weakly across the room.

She almost reaches the door, the truck roaring so loud.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Please...

She is almost there.

SUDDENLY THE TRAILER SLAMS BACK LIKE AN EARTH QUAKE.

The wall, the door, everything is thrown. Like a battering ram, the truck slams the single frame trailer like a metallic bull. The force blasts Kinsey back against the floor.

She screams as she is thrown like a doll. The truck ROARS.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke's legs can barely carry him fast enough as he sprints forward. He hears the CRASH. He hears his sister's SCREAM.

*Then there is only silence.*

Without hesitation he turns the corner, he sees the dead end, the trailer with the pink curtains. He sees the truck now sitting in the middle of the road.

The engine RUMBLES. No one is inside.

He never stops as he passes Kinsey's shoe on the ground. The gun waves back and forth in his hand as he runs for what is left of the door.

INT. TRAILER

We watch him leap up into the trailer. He turns, screaming.

LUKE  
Kinsey! Kinsey!

Then he sees her.

Her tiny body laying across the ground.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Kinsey!

The moment he touches her she springs to life. Fighting screaming, her tiny fists beating against his skin.

KINSEY

No! No!

LUKE

Look at me. Look! It's okay!

Luke spins back, searching the shadows. All around him there is nothing. Kinsey wraps around his neck, her trembling body pulling close to her brother.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Are you alright? Kinsey...are you okay?

KINSEY

My head...

The curtains dance in the breeze. Luke spins back trying to see what's behind them.

LUKE

(whispers)

We have to go.

KINSEY

No! They're out there. They're waiting!

LUKE

Listen to me.

He spins her around, picking her up like a bride.

KINSEY

Where's Daddy? Luke where's Dad?

LUKE

(whispers)

We'll find him.

EXT. TRAILER

There are no steps. There is no door. Luke leaps down into the grass, his sister in his arms.

He fires the gun into the air. Spinning in circles.

There is only silence.

LUKE  
 (whispers)  
 Where did they go?

KINSEY  
 They're waiting for you.

The truck RUMBLES.

LUKE  
 Oh shit.

A Stranger's darkened face sits inside the cab.

Luke looks down into her eyes as he hits the road. With all his strength he pushes forward.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Don't scream. Don't scream.

Suddenly they hear the ROAR. Luke spins running towards the street. The tires SCREECH. The truck moves like a dragon behind him. He hears it crash into a pile of trash cans.

He knows it is only a few feet away.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck!

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BACK YARDS

Luke sprints forward with Kinsey in his arms. He jumps between a trailer, then another as he moves through the small spaces between the abandoned lots and empty homes.

KINSEY  
 Keep going!

The boy cannot turn around, he cannot bear to look. The truck jumps the curb, moving towards them.

WITHOUT WARNING THE MAN IN THE MASK TURNS A CORNER, THE AX INSIDE HIS HAND.

LUKE  
 No.

He fires a shot behind him as he runs with every ounce of energy he has left.

KINSEY  
 They're everywhere!

Somewhere close by they hear the truck RUMBLING. Luke spins to the street as the remaining headlight pours out before them.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Luke!

For a moment Luke cannot help himself. His body tightens even as he continues to run. Deeper and deeper into the maze he runs. He can hear Kinsey SCREAMING. He hears his own breath, his heart. The truck is so close. He rounds the corner...

LUKE

Come on...

And cannot believe his eyes...

A trailer sitting at the end of the street.

They see the lights inside the windows. Two cars in the grass. Music drifts into the silence of park.

*Someone is having a party?*

KINSEY

Go Luke...Go!

Luke sprints forward with his sister.

The truck's tire SCREECH as it moves closer. He sprints forward as the Skynard from inside grows louder and louder.

With one leap he hits the porch never looking back.

INT. PARTY TRAILER

The wooden door flies against the wall.

Luke slams it behind them as Kinsey falls to the floor staring at the strange faces all staring back at them.

BOY (O.S.)

What the fuck?

A sea of candles across the floor, across the window frames. Plastic cups of beer and wine, an IPOD player sitting on a makeshift card table, stale smoke hanging in the air...

SEVEN HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS enjoying their night.

KINSEY

Luke.

She turns back to her brother, her chest heaving.

The young man turns around, eying the small crowd.

Even on a normal day, Kinsey and Luke's attire would be in stark contrast to the wealthy clothes they see before them, but tonight, the cuts, the wounds, the blood stand out more than the designer labels.

GIRL 1  
(softly)  
You're in my math class.

Luke dives forward grabbing a cellphone from her hands.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Suddenly a large hand grab's Luke's shoulder.

BOY 1  
Back off.

Without even looking up Luke shoves the man-child away.

LUKE  
Block the door.

BOY 1  
Fuck you.

KINSEY  
Do it. Help us!

A wave of awkward laughter almost overpowers *Free Bird* as confusion and excitement fills the room all at once.

GIRL 2  
What's going on here?

Like a light bulb flickering softly, the brains of the teenagers try and comprehend what they are seeing in their drunken states.

BOY 2  
What are y'all talking about?

LUKE  
Kinsey look out the window!

He reaches over slamming the IPOD off the speakers. Suddenly the room is silent.

BOY 1  
Back the fuck off.

KINSEY

I don't see them!

SLAM. Luke is thrust up against the wall by the massive kid with the acne and the anger of a college wrestler.

LUKE

We need to call the police.

GIRL 2

You can't bring the police here.

LUKE

This isn't a joke, they killed our parents. Get the fuck off me.

BOY 1

What are you talking about?

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Kinsey's SCREAMS fill the silence. At once every eye in the room is on the front door.

All around the room girls grab boys. Boys cling to their women. Fear suddenly drapes across everyone's eyes. Even the two silent stoners finally rise from their seats off the broken down couch against the wall.

GIRL 1

What the fuck is that?

KNOCK. KNOCK.

KINSEY

It's them.

Luke falls back to the ground as Kinsey dives towards him. There is nowhere to go. Everyone stares at the thin wooden door before them.

On the other side, now there is only silence.

GIRL 2

(whispers)

Who did you bring here?

LUKE

(whispers)

I don't know...

Suddenly there is a SCREAM. The faces of the room spin to the corner. They never saw him coming. He never made a sound.

THE MAN IN THE MASK TOWERS ABOVE A YOUNG WOMAN.

The room spins out of control as the Stranger whips the blade back into the air, blood covering the wall. She never even set down the beer she was holding, the plastic cup falls to floor.

GIRL 2

Oh my God!

There is no time to fight back. The man is like a bull.

There is no stopping him as the monster kills the other stoner before him. The boy does not even have time to react when the blade slices his throat.

The room is nothing but a chorus of SCREAMS and SHRIEKS as suddenly the candles are falling over each other as everyone runs for door, the trailer creaking back and forth as the wave of teenagers rushes for some sort of escape.

LUKE

Kinsey go!

EXT. PARTY TRAILER

He pushes forward swinging open the door as everyone rushes outside. He turns back through the crowd firing the last shot towards the man. But the bullet never reaches him.

Instead it grazes the shoulder of Kinsey as she tumbles out onto the steps.

LUKE

No!

Kinsey dives forward into Luke's arms as they fall. Behind them Luke sees the man standing over the some KID. He must of been in the bathroom. He never had a chance.

The young man's hands try to stop the blade.

Four kids dive into the van slamming the doors. The last girl runs for road. She almost makes it into the clearing when Pin Up catches her. The young woman's SCREAM fills the night air.

Luke pulls Kinsey down the steps. He hears an engine STARTING.

SLAM. His fist hits the window. He reaches down trying to open the door, suddenly realizing that the van is locked.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Let us in!

BOY 1

Fuck no.

The engine ROARS as the wheels spin in the grass.

KINSEY

Stop!

Kinsey pleads at the window. She sees the face of the terrified girl looking back at her with horror in her eyes.

GIRL 1

We can't!

BOY 2

Go!

Suddenly the van ROARS off into the street.

There is no time. Luke and Kinsey sprint for the darkness. They can hear the SCREAMING as the boy in the trailer fights one last time. They hear him crying out. They hear his fear...

Then there is nothing but silence.

INT. VAN (MOVING)

BOY 1

Who has their phone?!

GIRL 1

We should have helped them!

She slams her hands against his shoulder as the streets flash before the windshield.

BOY 1

Shut up! Shut up!

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The van slams across the roads, moving over driveways and yards, anything to get them to the entrance faster.

INT. VAN (MOVING)

GIRL 1

Go back.

BOY 1

Fuck that! Kim, give me the fucking phone!

The young man driving turns to the backseat as they collide with a mailbox. The girl behind him is digging through her purse. Suddenly, she sees the blue glow of her phone inside the pile of crap she is carrying.

The driver reaches out, once again the van almost flips. We hear the tires SCREECHING against the pavement as the wheel spins in his hand. The Boy in the backseat screams.

BOY 2  
Dude just watch the road.

BOY 1  
Give me the phone!

GIRL 2  
I'm trying to call!

The four speed forward, eyes shooting back into the darkness.

GIRL 2 (CONT'D)  
Hello? You have to help us!

All inside rock back and forth as the engine ROARS.

GIRL 2 (CONT'D)  
No! I never called you before! This isn't a joke!

BOY 1  
There's the gate! I see it!

Everyone turns looking forward as they approach highway.

GIRL 2  
Goddamn it. She hung up on me.

BOY 2  
Call again!

The young man in the backseat beside her tries to wrestle the phone from her hands.

GIRL 2  
Get off me.

In the darkness we hear her hand slap against the boy's face.

GIRL 1  
Stop it, stop it!

BOY 1  
Just get down! I can't see if they're coming.

BOY 2  
Fine. I just...

GIRL 2  
It's ringing.

The van spirals forward. The driver pushing the pedal to the floor. He looks back in the rearview mirror again.

BOY 1  
Get down back there.

He sees the silhouette of a girl blocking his eye line. Someone sitting in the back of the van.

GIRL 2  
Who are you talking to?

The road is no more than a hundred yards away. The rec center speeds past them. The metal fence getting closer by the second. Over and over the street light blasts down upon them.

BOY 1  
I'm talking to Karen. Karen get down!

GIRL 2  
Karen's dead.

BOY 1  
What?

The boy whips back. He sees the still figure sitting in the back of the van, blocking the window. A wave of light passes over the windshield. He sees his friend's faces, their fear...

*Then he sees the stranger's mask.*

BOY 1 (CONT'D)  
Shit.

There is no time for a warning. Dollface's knife enters the first girl's throat like an arrow. Her cell phone falls to the ground as we hear her choked screams.

The stranger stabs the boy before he has a chance to cry.

GIRL 1  
Oh fuck! Go!

We hear the engine ROAR. Fifty yards...Forty...Thirty.

## EXT. TRAILER PARK

The van pushes forward, but suddenly spins out of control.

The gate was so close, but suddenly the engine slows. Like a deer shot from a hundred yards away, we watch the van sputter, drifting. It hits the curb of an empty lot and slides to a halt.

For a moment all is still. Then the engine dies and the sound of a door opens in the silence.

*We see Dollface slowly walks back towards the park.*

## EXT. TRAILER

Luke rips his fingers into the metal skirt that flows beneath the trailer. With all his might, he rips away the flimsy panel, opening a small door for Kinsey to crawl through.

There are no signs of the strangers. The park is quiet once again. Checking one last time to make sure the coast is clear, Luke and Kinsey disappear underneath the double-wide.

## INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

He tries to hide their tracks, desperately trying in vain to cover the hole. Finally they are covered in the darkness.

Luke hears Kinsey's weeping beside him. Her back on the dusty cobweb covered ground. He slides her gently away from his makeshift door. They finally stop in the center of the trailer, the low ceiling just inches from their heads.

KINSEY

(whispers)

Where's dad? Where's daddy?

LUKE

Ssh...it'll be okay.

KINSEY

Where's Daddy? Where is he?

Luke can barely see her, but even in the shadows, he sees the blood dripping from her arm. He rips off his shirt, tying it around her body even as she pulls away.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

It hurts...it hurts.

LUKE

I know, I know...but you have to be quiet.

KINSEY

When is he gonna get here?

Luke hangs over his sister, their faces so close together. He can see her trembling. He is shaking as well.

LUKE

He's gone. He's gone.

KINSEY

Where'd he go?

The little girl's voice breaks as Luke touches her face.

LUKE

(whispers)

He died. Dad died.

KINSEY

(whispers)

No.

LUKE

Yes.

Luke grabs the little girl wrapping her up in his arms. He can feel her head as it twists back and forth.

KINSEY

Maybe you're wrong? Maybe he's...

LUKE

It's okay. It will be alright.

KINSEY

No it's not!

The little girl tries to scream. She cannot control herself. Luke grabs her close to him, holding her against his chest.

All around them, the trailer's panels form a thin wall. Luke can hear his sister's breaths as he stares out, trying to spot the evil that is hunting them.

There are holes in the metal, little chinks in the armor filled with light, like stars in the sky.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

What are we gonna do?

Luke stares out into the darkness before him. His eyes searching. He can feel the blood dribbling slowly down his face. He can feel his sister trembling by his side.

LUKE

I have to get you out. Dad wanted me to help you. I have to make you safe.

KINSEY

How are we gonna make it?

LUKE

I don't know...

KINSEY

You have to know. You have to.

Kinsey rocks in his arms. For a moment they both cry.

LUKE

Do you know the way to the road?

The little girl nods against his shoulder.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Could you do it by yourself?

KINSEY

No...

LUKE

Could you?

KINSEY

We have to go together.

The young man rises wiping the tears away with his dirty hands. He looks at the man made stars. The door he made.

LUKE

They don't want to play any more.

He looks down at Kinsey, the fear gone from his eyes.

LUKE (CONT'D)

They want us together. They'll be waiting.

KINSEY

I can't do it by myself.

LUKE

Yes you can. You can. I will lead them away and then you run. You get to the road and then I will find you later. Just get help.

KINSEY

But they'll kill you.

LUKE

I can't take a chance that something will happen to you. You're the only thing...

Luke shakes his head back and forth.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You're the only thing that matters.

Luke kisses her hand like a princess. The little girl can barely keep her eyes open through the tears and the blood.

KINSEY

Please don't die.

LUKE

I won't. Do you hear me? Dad wanted me to make you safe. I'll keep them away and you'll see, tonight we will be together. I'm not gonna die.

Kinsey nods her head, the fear still in her tiny face. Luke sets her down and crawls towards the edge of the trailer where a tiny sliver of light remains.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Do you see that trailer? I'm gonna make a bunch of noise and then I will wait until they come back.

In the distance they can see the house still glowing. The remains of the fire dancing in the windows from the party.

LUKE (CONT'D)

When you see them come towards the trailer, all of them...then you run okay. Don't you stop. Okay?

KINSEY

What if they catch me?

LUKE

I'll kill them before they get to touch you. But you have to run, get the police. Get somebody back here.

Luke pushes open the metal panel, gently, he peeks out searching for any sign of them.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Just wait until you see them.

Slowly he pushes back the wall, the streetlight fading from Kinsey's face as he tries to hide her.

KINSEY  
I love you.

For one last moment the brother and sister look into each other's eyes.

LUKE  
I love you too.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

The young man's shadow falls across the grass as he steps out into the opening.

All around him there is only silence. Empty windows and empty lots. There is no sign of the strangers anywhere as he circles back and forth before the last trailer on the street. The candles's flames still dancing in the open doorway.

The bodies still laying the yard.

He leans down, lifting the man's ax from the concrete. He sees the blood, the pieces of skin still hanging to the metal.

It stains his bare chest as he presses against his skin.

LUKE  
Where are you?! Huh? You don't have  
to sneak up on me...I'm right here!  
I'm waiting!

Luke slams the blade down into the hood of the last remaining car. He can see flattened tires. The broken windshield.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Come on!

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

The light from the crack is like oxygen as Kinsey kneels before it. She watches her brother, she hears his voice.

LUKE (O.S.)  
I'm waiting for you!

KINSEY  
Please...

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

CRASH. Again the blade swings as the young man's anger builds. SLAM. He thrust the ax against the door.

LUKE  
Bring your little three-way out here!

The wind blows across the empty street. The trees shaking, leaves fall to the ground. But again there is no sign of life.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I'm not afraid of you!

Luke stands, his body flexing as his anger, as his rage replaces the fear that once existed.

Just beyond him, he can see the terrified face of one of his old classmates. He sees the dead eyes staring up at him.

When he looks up again, he sees the Man in the Mask standing down the road. He sees him walk out into the street light, the warm glow falling against his shoulders.

He watches the hand made face staring back at him.

CREAK. One foot steps down on the wooden steps.

Luke spins moving back from the yard into the street as he sees another face. The Pin-Up Girl emerges from the shadows of the doorway. He sees the knife inside her hands.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Come out here. Come on!

He turns back to the road and the man still stands, but this time he is closer.

A pile of trash cans fall to the ground as Luke backpedals into the street. The loud explosion fills his ears. He spins back and forth from the two dead faces as they watch him.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I'm here. Are you afraid?

Suddenly the world goes black.

The street lights across the park vanish. The power cut. Luke turns back and forth as the blackness surrounds him.

He can barely see a foot in front of his face. The moon dances in and out of the clouds.

*But he knows that they are gone.*

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

Kinsey hides her muffled screams inside her hands as she watches the darkness, searching for some sign of her brother.

KINSEY

Be okay....be okay.

She hears him slam into the trash cans once again. She hears the lid rattling on the street in the silence.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

A deep BREATH.

Luke moves across the yard towards the open door.

The ax waves in his hand as he walks towards where the Pin-Up once stood.

INT. PARTY TRAILER

Slowly he passes the body that lays across the doorway. His boots snap back from the dried blood that clings to him.

There is no one inside. The couch is now empty. The remaining candles are barely holding onto their lives.

Luke sees his own reflection in the cheap mirror above the plastic mantle. The ground creaks below him as he walks down the hallway where the Man in the Mask had come through before.

The blade of the ax seems to lead him with every step.

We hear his BREATH as he moves from room to room.

Each doorway is empty. Bare floors and the blank walls.

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

As he passes back before the doorway, Luke looks out at the street, he can see the trailer where Kinsey is hiding.

He turns back, towards the kitchen. Just beyond the counter he sees nothing but cheap linoleum. An empty 12-pack rests on the counter. A bag of ice melts beside it.

The house is empty.

LUKE

(whispers)

Where are you?

For a moment, Luke stands staring at the  
his own breath, the sound of his heart be

The wind blows across the blackened stree

LUKE (CONT'D)  
What do I do now?

Behind him, the Pin-Up Girl rises above tl

The blade inside the woman's hand hangs dc  
moves like a ghost, each step slow. Her k

She moves closer and closer as Luke heads back slowly to the  
door. We watch her blade rise in the air.

We watch her inch forward.

Luke takes a step towards the door. Another.

The woman moving slowly behind him. The blade rises.

She is almost there.

Luke barely sees it. His reflection in the mirror. One last  
look before he makes it outside.

He barely sees the mask floating in the darkness beside him as  
he creeps towards the bodies on the ground. We hear his feet  
sticking to their blood once again. Luke BREATHES.

It happens in a instant. There is no time to run...

THE KNIFE SWINGS DOWN AND LUKE SPINS.

We hear him scream out as the blade of the ax slams inside the  
woman's chest. It happens in an instant.

There is no time to run.

The Pin-Up Girl falls to the ground.

Luke spins back. The fear in his face. The woman collapses.

Luke tumbles to the door.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You fucks! I have her! Do you hear  
me!? Do you!? You want her back,  
come and get her!

In the darkness he hears the woman slamming her body against  
the ground. THUD. THUD.

Like a fish pulled out of the water she moves back and forth, her body convulsing. He hears her scream, for a moment, she is nothing but a person.

Luke tries to remain calm, his mind is spinning. He falls to his knees above her. The knife still rests inside her hand.

He leans down in the shadows. He pulls it from her hand.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You're gonna die. Do you understand?  
You could've left us...

The dead eyes of the mask stare forward as the woman's BREATHS grow slower and slower. She reaches out for his face. But there is no strength left in her hand.

Luke's eyes watch her fingers fall back to the floor as her breaths grow weaker and weaker. He can see the vein in her neck beating, heart raising.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
Are you scared?

But the smiling face never answers.

The mask slides back to the ground. The pale face smiling up to the young man as the stranger rests her head on the floor.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
I know you are.

For a moment all is still. Then he hears her LAUGH.

He looks back at the darkness as the sound of the woman fades. Luke's hands grip the ax. He watches the moonlight briefly flash across the empty street.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Your friends will be here soon.

But suddenly, he realizes that Pin-Up is dead.

The cheap plastic smile. The black eyes staring back at him.

He can see the dripping down her neck, *she had been choking.*

Once again, Luke is alone.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

The blade of the ax scrapes along the driveway as Luke walks out into the open street once again.

He holds an open gas tank in one hand. An old quilt from the couch is tossed over his shoulder. We watch him stand, staring into the darkness.

Suddenly a flame erupts from a lighter. A blanket of fire is thrown before him.

LUKE

Where are you?!

More and more Luke pours the gasoline across the flames. The fire almost licking his face as he stands.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

Kinsey watches as the fire builds. She sees her brother. She sees the blood that covers his skin. She sees the anger in his eyes.

And then she sees the Man.

The little girl cannot control herself, before she has even realized what she has done the words have escaped her lips.

KINSEY

Luke! Watch out!

She watches Luke spin towards her. She sees the fear slam back into his face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Watch out!

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

The Man in the Mask never stops. He sprints forward from the darkness as Luke turns.

LUKE

No!

The ax rises in Luke's hands as he runs forward. He swings with all his strength. We hear the blade cut through the wind. The whip of the wood inside the air, the metal.

We hear the Man catch it in his hand.

We see him stab Luke in the chest.

There is a SCREAM, but not like a yell.

The sound that escapes the young man's lips is different. Like when a dog is taken down by a car.

The life trying to escape, not yet ready to go.

Luke scrambles back as the monster towers over him. He reaches down trying to rip the ax back, but the stranger tosses his hand away.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
(choking)  
Leave us alone!

But the man barely looks down at him.

Suddenly the ax is back inside the man's hands.

The young boy turns, trying to crawl. We can hear him trying to breathe, but the sound is more like drowning.

He turns towards Kinsey, his eyes searching the darkness.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
Run! Run!

But there is no more air to escape his lips.

The boy looks up as the fires burn beside him. He sees the dead face before him. The brown cloth bag, the black eyes.

We hear Luke's last BREATHS. The fear in his voice.

The man lifts the ax in the darkness.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Just stop...Just st...

The blade flies down into his chest.

The boy is dead.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

Kinsey's face crumbles as she watches her brother's body flip over. She watches the ax pulled from his chest.

The Man in the Mask turns back staring into the darkness towards her. Tears fall down Kinsey's face as she watches the stranger staring back at the trailer where she is hidden.

For a moment the two remain locked together.

For a moment she cannot break away from the evil stare. The flames beside him, behind her brother are fading, the strange mask drifts deeper and deeper into the shadows.

*Then it is gone.*

Kinsey slides across the dirty floor like a snake, her body frantically moving side to side in the filth. She looks back at the small crack where the light had been. There are no stars on the walls anymore.

We hear her tiny GASPS as she tries to breathe. There is nothing but silence outside as she listens, trying to hear something, anything.

SUDDENLY BEHIND THE CRACK, A BODY PASSES.

The child slams back in the darkness.

All at once, each wall seems to vibrate as the blade of a knife slides across the trailer's walls.

The dirt and cobwebs cover her tiny face. Her eyes swirl back and forth in the shadows.

She watches as the cracks of the trailer fill with the dim moonlight and then disappear once again.

VOICE (O.S.)

(whispers)

We know where you are.

Suddenly all is still. Kinsey's silent whimper rings inside her ears as she stare at the walls.

SLAM. A hand slams against the metal. We see the tears dripping down the little girl's face as she holds her breath.

For a moment. There is nothing. Stillness. Silence.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAWN

It is not yet morning, but the night is over. The sun has not yet touched the walls of the trailers. We see the house where Mike and Cindy brought their family.

We see the boxes across the lawn.

Luke's clothes, Kinsey's toys.

Another day will soon begin.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER - DAWN

Kinsey opens her eyes and looks out at the tiny cracks in the wall. She can see the light blue sunlight filling the space.

She can see the wall that Luke had made to hide her.

*It still stands.*

All is silent. The little girl, turns over, the mud and dirt having dried on her face. She slowly crawls back towards the wall of the trailer.

And that is when she hears the sound.     STATIC.   A RADIO.

KINSEY  
(whispers)  
The police.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The thin piece of metal falls to the grass. We see Kinsey's tiny face peak out into the open. The morning light begins to warm, she looks across the street. She sees the trailer, the fire.

She sees where her brother had died.

The little girl slowly stands. In the middle of the road there is a police cruiser sitting, the engine running, the doors open.

In the morning shadows, the lights still swirls back and forth. Soon, it will be bright again.

Soon it will be morning.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey walks across the street, her barefeet covered in dew.

She cannot look at her brother's face as she reaches down to touch his skin. Her tears are the only sound she makes.

The park is silent. Still.

KINSEY  
Hello?

Nothing.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Is there anyone here?

The radio BURSTS once again drawing Kinsey towards it.

EXT. SQUAD CAR

Through the open passenger door she sees it.

The blood across the seats. The glass.

KINSEY

(whispers)

Oh no.

Her hands rise up to her face as she spins, searching in the stillness for any signs of the attackers.

Her small body surrounded by the maze.

She walks forward, the life from her face, from her eyes gone. It is like she is dead.

There is no fear, there is nothing left at all.

EXT. TRAILER

She sees the body of a COP laying in the doorway. The knife still deep inside his chest. She sees his partner dead as well.

Kinsey looks down at her feet, the blood seeps up from the grass onto her toes. It is everywhere.

Another STATIC EXPLOSION from the radio.

RADIO (O.S.)

Car 54? Come back.

The child jumps at the sound of the human VOICE.

RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Car 54? Gary?

Moving towards the open car, Kinsey's eyes swirl.

In the distance above the trailers, the sun is beginning to peak out in the open air. The little girl kneels by the open door, she hears man's voice on the other side of the line.

INT. SQUAD CAR

RADIO (O.S.)

Gary...

Her hand reaches out towards the radio. She leans forward, trying not to touch the blood that covers the seats before her.

RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Car 54, come back?

KINSEY  
 (whispers)  
 Wait.

Kinsey whips her hand forward, she picks up the receiver, but then suddenly realizes that the cord has been cut.

The computer screen is smashed.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
 Oh no.

SLAM. DOLLFACE GRABS HER FACE.

From behind the seat the woman had been lying there. Kinsey's scream fills the front seat. The stranger grabs her throat, her nails twisting into the young girl's skin.

We see that the woman is bleeding. That the once white porcelain mask is covered in blood. Kinsey's fists slap across the broken smile. She screams through herself, her body convulsing. The child begins to fight.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

With everything she has left Kinsey thrusts back from the car.

KINSEY  
 No!

The gravel twists beneath her as she twists and turns trying to escape. For a moment she can do nothing but crawl.

*But Dollface does not follow.*

Turning back to the car, she realizes that the stranger is not moving any longer. The blood on her face. The red on her skin.

The woman is dying.

Kinsey turns, one foot leading the other as she backpedals her eyes never leaving the squad car. She watches the window, never allowing herself to lose the place where Dollface still rests. One foot leading the other.

Then, suddenly she sprints towards the highway.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey sprints forward, her body moving through the empty trailer park one last time. She passes the house with the pink curtains, the street that Luke had crashed the truck.

She sees the playground, the tube, the merry-go-round.

The sun rises, a warm glow flashing into her eyes. Soon, she will see the highway, the cars, people.

That is when she hears the sound of the ENGINE.

That is when the trailer explodes from behind.

KINSEY

God, help me!

The truck, like a monster, roars down the road just as Kinsey sees the metal fence. She turns one way, then another. Each time as she sprints, the truck seems to grow closer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The roads no longer hold the truck, there is no one single path. The Man in the Mask slams into the sides of the buildings, mailboxes, stop signs...anything that is in the way.

Kinsey sprints forward, moving towards the road.

She passes the pool. The rec center.

Just behind her, the truck slams through an open wall moving directly towards her. At the last second she dives to the grass as the truck barely misses her.

The little girl stumbles forward. She hears the engine ROARING as the truck spins around moving towards her.

The little girl runs with all her might. She sees the chain link fence just up ahead.

The truck RUMBLES behind, faster and faster, closer and closer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - ENTRANCE

All Kinsey can do is SCREAM, there are no words. She hears the sound of the engine and the sound of her fear.

Her body flies forward through the gate as the truck barrels into it only seconds behind.

She dives down into the ditch by the sign she and Luke had read hours before. Her body rolls into the thorns and the brush as the tires shriek and the breaks scream.

The Man in the Mask cannot stop, the truck is moving too fast.

EXT. HIGHWAY

When the 18-Wheeler collides with the side, the metal EXPLODES. The truck spins once, twice. There is nothing but the metallic screams as the big rig jackknifes.

There is nothing but a sea of smoke and fire.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DITCH - MORNING

Suddenly it is silent. We hear a single BREATH.

Kinsey's tiny face peeks above the shadows of the ditch. For a moment all is still. She can see the truck resting on the side of the road. The 18-Wheeler jack lying still beside it.

She is almost too weak to stand, her broken body can barely raise itself up to the road, her tiny hands grab the earth in pieces, pulling herself up. We watch her stumble forward, then she collapses against the pavement. We watch her rise again.

Somewhere in the distance she hears a sound.

*Another pick up truck. Someone coming.*

The sun blasts off the windshield of the oncoming traffic. She is almost too frightened to move. Too frightened to raise her hand. For a moment it almost seems like she will let it pass.

But finally her mouth moves, finally we hear her wounded weak voice crying once again.

KINSEY

Help me!

Suddenly the little girl, covered in her family's blood, walks out to the road.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Help me!

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The brakes SCREECH.

KINSEY

Help me!

The woman inside the truck pulls over. Her large eyes moving from the destruction on the road to the young child standing before her. Kinsey does not let her reach out. She does not even let her open the door.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Please drive. Please go.

She flings herself into the back of the bed, her knees slamming into the metal as she turns back towards the window.

The tears pour down her face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Go!

For a moment, they both sit. The confusion on the woman's face. Kinsey can hear the truck idling.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Please...

WOMAN  
It's alright.

SLAM. The Man grabs the tailgate. Kinsey's eyes turn from the woman before her to the ax as it hits the metal wall.

KINSEY  
Help me! Go!

Suddenly the truck slams into gear. The blade slams down again as the man's hands move closer and closer. The engine revs, the woman pushing the gas down to the floor.

The Man in the Mask leaps out, grabbing the truck's edge, the ax falling into the bed. Kinsey SCREAMS as she pushes herself against the wall. She can see the Man rising.

There is only a moment. Only a few seconds until he is inside. She sees the eyes looking at her. She sees the hatred, the rage.

She reaches out and grabs the ax. Her little hands trembling.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Die!

SHE SLICES IT THROUGH THE AIR. SHE SEES HIS HAND RIPPED APART.

KINSEY (CONT'D)  
Die!

Suddenly, the man is gone. Kinsey watches him roll across the yellow lines. The suit sliding across the ground.

She turns back, in the reflection of the rearview mirror she sees the woman's face as Kinsey's screams out.

She is nothing but pain.

The ax rests in her hands as the blood drips. The wind rips across her hair as the broken girl becomes nothing but pain.

KINSEY (CONT'D)

Die! Die!

Kinsey SCREAMS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

All is still as the Man in the Mask lays in silence.

The sun is rising, the light now blinding as the sky turns blue.

We hear one single BREATH through the filthy mask.

The gravel twists as he stands. The truck carrying Kinsey moves into the distance. The dark eyes watch it disappear.

Behind him the wreckage still sits. He sees the fires burning.

We hear his BREATH as the world spins around him.

For a moment all is still. He grabs the mask in his bloody hand. The anger, the fear brewing inside him.

We hear his BREATH. All is silent.

The Man in the Mask rips it from his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

The End.