

BIOHAZARD

THE
S
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R
E

FRESH BLOOD EDITION



THIN BLUE VEINS

Written by

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EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - EVENING

Rural suburbia. The place where dreams go to die. The place where the houses are too old and too affordable to be copy-pasted clones. The place where the poor pretend to be middle class and the middle class move out as soon as they can afford to.

A homemade anti-abortion billboard preaches from a cornfield pulpit to the choir of rumbling trucks as they barrel down cracked asphalt.

Two girls walk next to the road where a sidewalk should be.

WILLOW, 15, wears oversized headphones which comically contrast her birdlike frame. She is fuchsia-clad from head to toe and carries herself with bright, carbonated steps.

FAYE, 17, is slouched black denim in human form. A safety pin sticks out the top of a recently pierced ear. Despite dressing as the teenage ideal of badassery, Faye carries herself with queasy fragility.

WILLOW

No! He'll kill me!

FAYE

Don't be so dramatic, I'm not asking you to LIE. Just say you stayed late so I wouldn't have to walk home alone from drama club.

WILLOW

Drama club?

FAYE

You have a better idea?

Faye kicks at a sign stuck in the grass, it says: Re-Elect Mayor Gene! The sign bounces back after being kicked, Faye's rebellion is futile.

WILLOW

We shouldn't lie.

FAYE

Look, I've already been punished. That's literally what detention is. I don't need him to throw a bitch-fit too.

WILLOW

Don't swear.

FAYE
I'm seventeen. I'm basically an
adult.

Faye kicks a discarded soda can into the road.

A rickety white panel van almost misses a stop sign, stops
late, and then shamefully chugs on.

It flattens the soda can.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I know you're afraid of getting in
trouble. Look at it this way, I am
ALWAYS in trouble. Always. It
doesn't matter what I do.

The girls walk in uncomfortable silence.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Worst case scenario,
he strangles us and we come back as
zombies to eat his brains.

This gets a laugh from Willow.

WILLOW
What brains?

Faye barks a surprised laugh, then bites Willow's shoulder
while moaning like a zombie.

Willow is chased by zombie-Faye past a strip mall, all stores
dark but one.

We linger on the open secondhand shop, lit up like a mosquito
trap. A hand appears in the front window and flips the OPEN
sign to CLOSED.

EXT. SECONDHAND SHOP - EVENING

The unimaginative slab of a building juts out of the massive
parking lot, it's a disappointing oasis in a sea of concrete.
As the last streaks of sunlight fade from the darkening sky,
the final shop's internal lights click off.

Two young women exit the store, ANNE and CHARLOTTE. Anne digs
around in her purse for the shop keys while Charlotte, a
permanently nervous sort, fiddles with the cross on her
necklace.

A car rolls to a stop several parking spots away from the entrance and gives a chirpy honk, headlights illuminating the shop doors. The car's windows are down and rock music lightly floats over to the pair locking up.

Anne gives the car a quick wave of recognition, JUNE and CLARA wave back from their parked-car rock concert.

CHARLOTTE

Please, I really don't want to go.
Not tonight. I'm exhausted.

Anne finds the keys and jingles them triumphantly.

ANNE

(bright but firm)
Don't do this Charlotte, not again.

Charlotte nervously takes a hit from an asthma inhaler, Anne changes her approach.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I know it's not your thing, but
it'll be low-key. Also, lady, you
look GREAT. Why wouldn't you go
out?

Anne mischievously wolf-whistles while giving the lock a final check, then turns to comfort her cold-footed friend.

ANNE (CONT'D)

We're gonna have a few drinks,
dance to a few songs. I'll be right
by your side the entire time...

Anne points to the car in the parking lot. The windows are rolled up for some reason, the interior dark.

ANNE (CONT'D)

...as will those goofballs. If
anyone tries any funny business
again, the three of us will make
him wish he'd never been born.
You're safer with friends at the
bar than you are working with me at
this dump!

Charlotte laughs nervously and Anne gives her shoulder a friendly squeeze.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Trust me on this?

Charlotte gathers her strength, blinks hard, then nods. Anne grabs her hand and playfully leads her into the parking lot towards the car.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You're gonna have a blast!!

The girls brim with excitement and nervousness as they approach the waiting vehicle, nobody gets out to greet them.

CHARLOTTE

June?

Nobody answers. Nobody can. The car is empty.

The girls take a step back in confusion, Charlotte whips out her phone. There's something moving in the darkness behind them, undetected.

ANNE

Clara? Guys, this isn't funny.

CHARLOTTE

I'm calling the cops.

ANNE

Oh, don't do that.

Charlotte's able to dial 911 and press send just before two shapes hurl themselves out of the darkness, burly arms closing around the women like bear-traps.

The women scream into strange-smelling rags before passing out.

Charlotte's phone lies where it's been dropped.

DISPATCHER

911, what is the nature of the emergency?

(silence)

Is anyone there? Hello?

(silence)

If you are in distress please make a noise or tap on your phone to let me know this isn't an accidental call.

(complete silence)

Emergency Dispatch hangs up the phone.

Darkness takes over the sky and the parking lot lights flicker on to reveal an almost empty parking lot.

A car sits alone, engine running, lights on, and music playing with nary a soul to be seen.

INT. FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN

A framed print of a bemused Caucasian Jesus stands guard over the yellow walled kitchen. Dark wooden cabinets line the ceiling like rotten teeth and the linoleum of the floor has been nearly worn through near the sink. Like the rest of the house, the kitchen has been overused and under-maintained

DICK, 40s, sits at the kitchen table. His police uniform is half untucked and his buzzed hair barely conceals his fast-balding head. His red knuckles bring a cigarette to his lips. A spotless gun sits on the table in front of him as does cleaning equipment. The gun is the only thing in the house that appears to be well maintained.

MARY, 40s, prepares dinner across the room. A dark black eye blooms across her weathered face. She wears a time tested expression of aloof detachment but her rail-thin body is tense, terrified of the blows that may come.

A door slamming open shatters the tension. Their daughters have entered the home, back from school and are kicking off their shoes.

Willow removes her headphones, unaffected by the mood.

WILLOW

We're home!

Dick stares at Faye with laser focus. The silence is deafening.

FAYE

Hi?

Dick shifts slightly, trying to determine if Faye was insulting him or greeting him.

Willow thumps her heavy backpack onto the hall floor.

WILLOW

(to her mother)

Need any help with dinner?

Mary reacts like she's been hit with violent brainfreeze. She tries to respond without turning her head, hiding her wound.

MARY

No? No. Hey, why don't you two wait
in the other room. You have
homework?

FAYE

Is your eye ok?

The world stops spinning. Willow tries to guide her older
sister out of the room, but she doesn't move.

MARY

It's...it's nothing. I must have
slipped.

FAYE

Again?

Dick stands, pushing his chair back with a mausoleum-door
creak. Faye shrinks.

DICK

What is that?

FAYE

Sorry, we didn't mean to take so
long to get home. We-

DICK

That.

Dick's finger is a laser beam.

Faye freezes, unsure as to what he's talking about. The
realization hits her a moment later.

FAYE

It's an earring.

DICK

I swear to God, I told you if you
ever came back skanked up like that
I was going to rip it right out of
your head.

Faye is working very hard to not say anything that might
escalate the situation, she takes a step back.

FAYE

(almost inaudible)
We've got homework.

Dick takes a step towards the teen who continues to step
backwards. Willow peeks out from behind her sister.

Faye keeps muttering ineffectively.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I got this pierced *last week*. I
didn't think you cared. You've seen
me **so** many times since then.

DICK
Come here.

FAYE
I think I should-

DICK
I SAID-

Mary steps between the two, finding strength from long-forgotten reserves.

MARY
Richard.

He seethes in her direction, rage diverted. Mary stands her ground.

MARY (CONT'D)
I said it was ok.

Faye's face confirms her mother's words as a lie but she masks her shock.

DICK
(growling)
You did what.

MARY
I really thought you had seen it.
I'm sorry.

The girls scurry into their bedroom as Dick stalks towards his wife, the kitchen lights scattering off his crooked badge.

INT. FAMILY HOME - FAYE'S ROOM

Faye grabs for her phone in a panic.

She flips the device into video mode and sets it on the floor, scooting it just past the barely open bedroom door. The tiny camera provides a worm's eye portal down the hall and into the kitchen.

Faye taps the record button and nervously scoots across the room as the yelling intensifies.

WILLOW
(hushed)
What are you doing?

Willow perches atop the bed, eyes weary beyond their years. One hand clutches her pillow as though strangling it, the other hand cradles her forehead.

FAYE
I'm sick of letting him get away
with this shit. We need evidence.

WILLOW
Evidence?! What for? You're just
going to make him more mad!

FAYE
Relax, I'm not going to post it
anywhere. I need some good cards in
my hand for once.

WILLOW
(mumbling)
It's not a game.

FAYE
Yeesh. Here I was, terrified we'd
get in trouble for being late.

The yelling from the kitchen ramps up. The girls stare at the floor and ceiling respectively, unsure of how to respond but not surprised by the unfolding events either.

WILLOW
Should we do something?

FAYE
You know how this works. We get in
the middle, we die.

WILLOW
We won't DIE.
(beat)
We'll just end up in the hospital
for a while.

The tiny girl's gallows humor is enough to elicit a snort of appreciation from Faye. A devilish smirk threatens to crack her frown.

Muffled yelling from outside the room escalates, killing the mood.

The sound of glass shattering spurs Faye into action, she dumps the contents of her backpack onto the floor and begins hastily throwing clothes into it.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
(hushed yet urgent)
What are you doing?

Faye tips the school books out of Willow's backpack, pulls open the bottom drawer of Willow's dresser, and starts shoving her sister's clothes into the bag.

FAYE
Where is the rest of your
medication?

Willow shrugs in the general direction of her dresser.

WILLOW
Top drawer.

Thunder claps in the form of a nearby gunshot, stunning both girls.

Nobody moves for what feels like an eternity of seconds.

An animalistic gurgle-scream from the kitchen breaks the startled silence. Faye lunges for the still-recording phone laying partly in the hallway.

INT. FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN

Dick stands over Mary, his firearm still pointed at her. His head snaps to attention as he sees Faye snatch her phone and slam the bedroom door.

He moves fast for someone with a gut, hand rattling the knob of the hurriedly locked door.

DICK
Girls? Open the door.

INT. FAMILY HOME - FAYE'S ROOM

Faye motions to Willow and the girl opens the window as Faye pushes her desk chair in front of their bedroom door.

Faye runs to Willow's dresser, grabs all the insulin needles from the top drawer, and stuffs them into her younger sister's bag.

Dick continues to impatiently jiggle the doorknob from outside the room.

DICK (O.S.)
I don't know what you think
happened, but it's not what it
sounded like.

INT. FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN

Dick paces around the room like a dog on a short leash. He stops, the weight of what he's done weighs on his expression.

Panic overtakes him.

DICK
FUCK!

He closes his eyes and breathes deeply several times before reopening them, detached, a new person.

Dick pulls out a phone and dials. He clears his throat before anyone picks up.

DICK (CONT'D)
Harry, send some boys and an
ambulance to my place.

He pauses as someone responds.

DICK (CONT'D)
The wife was screwing around with
my firearm and just shot herself.
Yeah. I'm in shock too. As soon as
possible. Thanks.

EXT. FAMILY HOME - ROOFTOP

Both girls slip out their bedroom window as Dick begins to pound on the closed door.

Faye attempts to pull the window shut from the outside but it's stuck and she has very little leverage. The harder she pushes on the frame, the more her feet slip on the steep, ill-maintained roof tile.

The window finally gives and Faye pushes with all her might. It sticks again about an inch away from shutting and the halted momentum almost takes Faye off the roof.

She manages to find her balance and duck out of sight just as Dick breaks his way into the bedroom. The cheap door hangs brokenly, swaying.

He stands in the doorway, gun out. He looks at the gun as if seeing it for the first time.

DICK
(manic absentmindedness)
What are you doing?

Dick holsters his gun and slowly enters the room.

Faye is terrified to move, her hunched position is out of balance and she's gradually sliding closer to the leaf-filled gutter.

Willow, already having made it down to the front lawn, waves her arms to catch Faye's attention. She motions for her to jump down, but Faye is terrified of the drop.

Dick moves like a snake, smoothly checking under beds and in closets. His efficiency erodes as the search yields no results. For the briefest of moments his misdeeds threaten to crush him once again, mercifully interrupted by the sound of Faye hitting the front lawn.

He snaps back to attention at the window, catching a glimpse of his daughters as they disappear into the woods bordering their suburban hell.

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

The sisters sprint through a gleaming forest, trunks lit by the neon glow of the sun's daily death.

Sides heaving, they stop to catch their breath.

FAYE
Shit.

WILLOW
(reflexively)
Don't swear.

FAYE
I think he saw us.

Faye gulps air like a fish out of water.

FAYE (CONT'D)
We have to call someone.

WILLOW
Who? Not the cops!

FAYE
(snaps)
OBVIOUSLY.
(backpedaling)
Sorry, I...I know. We need to get
as far away as we can.

WILLOW
Do you think Mom's ok?

Neither girl will look at the other's face, lest the dam
holding back their emotions begins to crack.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
(cautiously)
Did you get it on video?

Faye straightens, remembering the recording. She pulls out
her phone to check, the battery holds a two percent charge.

FAYE
Phone's almost dead.

WILLOW
Do you think he'll come after us?

FAYE
I hope not.

She looks at Willow, debating how much to tell her.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Probably.

Faye opens the media gallery on her device, navigates to the
video and hits play. Tinny shouts erupt from within plastic
and circuitry, a strange contrast to the nature around them.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Don't look. Just in case.

Willow dutifully looks away, suddenly fascinated by the
ground.

On the phone's screen, Dick unholsters a gun. Someone off
camera drops something and it breaks on the floor, spilling
shards everywhere. The man aims the gun higher and Mary runs
into view.

The gun goes off and a bright spray of crimson adorns the wall seconds before Mary falls, shrieking, clutching herself.

Faye clicks the 'share' button on the video and then the 'select all' option on her contacts. The first entry is listed as 'Mom'.

She hits 'send' and there is a brief 'sending file' progress screen.

The empty battery icon flashes before the device shuts itself down.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Shit!

(she shows the blank phone
to Willow)

Out of battery.

WILLOW

Do you have the charger?

Faye's silence answers her question. Faye pulls the tiny memory card out of her phone, absently clicks it back into place.

A police siren wails in the distance, both girls stiffen.

FAYE

We need to keep going, you good?

Willow shrugs and Faye motions for her to hop up on her back. She heads deeper into the forest, holding onto her sister's legs and running as fast as she dares.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

The duo spot a gigantic house so old and forgotten that the forest grows right up to the walls. They venture closer, trying to move silently. Despite the neglect, the dirt driveway isn't very overgrown and the house appears to not have been vandalized.

The girls creep up to the structure, unsure if it's still occupied. The windows are all boarded or covered by curtains, so it's hard to tell. Nature is threatening to swallow the building whole.

FAYE

Do you think it's haunted?

WILLOW

Better question, do you think the electricity still works?

FAYE

It's haunted for sure.

WILLOW

We need to go back home.

FAYE

What? No!

WILLOW

I need to take my night shot and I need to take it with food.

The enormity of their situation seems to fall onto Faye at once. In the far distance another police siren adds urgency.

FAYE

How long can you go between doses?

WILLOW

I don't know, I'm supposed to have two a day!

FAYE

When was your last one?

WILLOW

This morning. I take the second one right before dinner.

Faye leans against the house, lost in thought. The forest surrounds them like a blanket.

FAYE

Ok. Here's the plan. Hopefully this house is abandoned, hopefully we can get inside, and hopefully it's not too gross or weird in there. If it's safe, I'm going to leave to find food and charge my phone. I'll come right back after that. We'll spend the night. Nobody will be able to find us until we want to be found.

WILLOW

Yeah, no. You are NOT leaving me here. Where are you going to find food? We don't even know where we are!

FAYE

Calm. Down. If we don't know where we are, then Dad definitely doesn't either. I'll follow this driveway to a road then follow the road to a gas station or restaurant or store or something. I'll borrow a charger or something and send that video to everyone on the face of the earth.

WILLOW

You think you can you really do all that?

FAYE

(lying)
Absolutely.

WILLOW

Why do I have to stay in the spooky ghost house?

FAYE

I don't want to get caught and you, dearie, are slow.

(softens)

There's nothing to worry about.
We'll make sure the house is safe before I go anywhere.

WILLOW

(a little offended)

You sure I can't come? Why do you have to go?

FAYE

Someone's gotta take care of you.

Faye's eyes begin to water and she turns away from her sister to hide it.

FAYE (CONT'D)

(manufactured enthusiasm)

STEP ONE! Break into that house!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The sound of a vehicle door being opened cuts through the ambient whale-noise sounds surrounding Anne.

Anne's vision swims, everything is blurry and hard to focus on.

Two shapes make humming noises at each other before laying a third shape next to Anne.

Slowly, the new shape comes into loose focus. It's Charlotte, almost nose to nose with Anne.

Is Charlotte moving or is the world moving around Charlotte? Anne tries to move but can only manage a twitch.

The two shapes come closer, they're people shapes. Anne is being lifted, high into the air. Charlotte lays on the ground, out of focus and fading into nothingness.

Anne is placed into a vertical tunnel of darkness, balled up like a newborn. The tunnel loses it's window as something is placed over it. Something is hammering loudly on the new roof of Anne's tunnel.

She feels the walls on her cheek. They are cool, metal, and curved. Her finger absently pokes at a small circular hole in the side.

Doors being slammed shut and an engine roaring to life are but soothing background noise as Anne drifts away from reality.

Anne passes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A loose board is pried from the bottom of a window in the living room. Willow's head pops into the space, peering into the darkness.

WILLOW

I can't see anything, it's pitch
black in there.

She drops out of view. Faye's hands grip the windowsill and she pulls herself up to see into the gap herself, holding her body off the ground in a frozen pull-up.

She's not able to see anything either, but eschews caution in favor of a hiding place. Willow awkwardly tries to help, pushing on her sister's feet. Faye climbs through the slim opening at the bottom of the window and pulls Willow through as well.

They stand still in the room, afraid to move or touch anything until their eyes adjust to the darkness.

The room is sparsely decorated, the basic furnishings are all there but they are covered by drop cloths which gives the space a ghostly appearance.

Willow flips the light switch, fully expecting nothing to happen. Shockingly, the lights flicker on, momentarily blinding both girls.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
WHAT?!?

FAYE
(hissing)
Turn it off! Quick!

WILLOW
Why?

FAYE
We don't want anyone to know we're here! Someone could see!

WILLOW
Nobody knows where we are!

FAYE
Turn the lights off Willow!

Willow turns the lights back off and sulkily drops onto a cloth covered easy chair. A cloud of dust envelops her and she begins sneezing relentlessly.

FAYE (CONT'D)
You ok?

Willow gives her a sarcastic thumbs up, faking a smile through watery eyes. She settles back into her dusty throne. Her eyes glisten, then silent tears carve streams down the dirt on her cheeks. Faye hopes it's still because of the dust. It's not.

WILLOW
You think Mom's ok?

Faye doesn't know exactly how to respond. She's been so caught up in getting away that she hasn't had time to process much of anything.

FAYE
I don't know.

There's another long silence.

WILLOW
(almost too quiet to hear)
Is she dead?

Faye doesn't answer, she's too busy holding back sobs and trying to look stable. She bites her lower lip to force herself back into the moment.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
We should have stopped him.

FAYE
How? You know what he's like.

WILLOW
We should have done something.

FAYE
(small)
I know.

The girls sit in silence, the eerie surroundings compound the sorrow.

WILLOW
You didn't have to pierce your ear.

FAYE
I know.

WILLOW
Why did you?

FAYE
I...

Faye stops. Why DID she do it? Faye gathers her thoughts, head in hands. Realization forms and she looks up at Willow, eyes reflective.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I...I'm sick of it. Sick of living in his cage. Sick of not being allowed to like the things I like.

WILLOW
It's not a cage. I think he cares. Right?

FAYE
I doubt it.

Faye doesn't want to say what they're both thinking.

WILLOW

Hm.

(beat)

It's just that, I think he *wants* to be a good person; deep down. Right?

FAYE

If you say so.

The silence builds as queasy tension hangs thick in the air.

WILLOW

When I was a kid, I always felt like I had a guardian angel watching over me.

FAYE

You're *still* a kid.

WILLOW

No! I'm a teenager.

Faye gives Willow a look.

FAYE

Yeah I remember that. I also remember you wetting your bed a lot. Kids do all kinds of dumb stuff.

WILLOW

Oh please, I literally watched you jump off a roof tonight!

FAYE

I was following you!

WILLOW

My point is, I felt protected. I still do. I think everything's going to be ok.

FAYE

I hope you're right. You get that cheery bullshit from Mom.

WILLOW

(laughing)

Not Dad?

FAYE

I can't remember him saying anything nice about anyone!

WILLOW

So that's where you get it from!

The girls make faces at each other, the relief drifts slowly into melancholy as they take in their surroundings.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I wish we had done something.

FAYE

Like what?

Willow stands, stretches, and heads for the next room.

WILLOW

I'm hungry. Let's make sure this place is empty before you ditch me.

FAYE

(sarcastic)

Ha. Ha.

Willow leaves her backpack on the easy chair in the living room.

INT. KITCHEN

The girls tiptoe into the dusty kitchen.

Willow opens some cupboards, they're all empty except for a single glass. Faye tests the tap. To her surprise, water comes pouring out into the sink.

WILLOW

Whoa!!

Willow fills the glass she found with tap water. Black flakes swirl in the liquid.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Gross.

She dumps the water and sets the glass on the counter.

She checks the cabinets under the sink, empty. Faye doesn't close them all the way.

FAYE

Hmm, I don't like this. Working electricity and running water. If nobody lives here, who's paying for that?

WILLOW
We got lucky?

FAYE
There's a first time for
everything!

INT. BASEMENT

The door opens at the top of heinously steep basement steps and two heads peer into the darkness.

FAYE
Nope.

WILLOW
ANYBODY DOWN THERE?
(beat)
See? Nobody's down there.

FAYE
Try the light.

WILLOW
Won't someone see?

FAYE
It's a basement.

She flips the switch but nothing happens.

WILLOW
Okayyyy.

They close the basement door but it doesn't fully latch. It creaks back open several inches.

Something scurries deep within the darkness.

INT. ENTRY HALL

Pictures of someone's long-dead, forgotten relatives line the faded walls.

The girls stop to look at some unsmiling men, one has his hand on the head of an equally unsmiling little girl. The men wear old fashioned badges, six-shooters strapped to their hips.

Willow shivers. She hits the nearest light switch on impulse. Unlike the basement, the lights immediately spring to life.

FAYE

Really?!

WILLOW

Sorry! I wanted to see if they
still worked!

The entry hall contains an ornate staircase leading up to a second floor.

FAYE

Careful, the steps are probably
super squeaky.

The girls carefully navigate the steps without making a sound.

FAYE (CONT'D)

I stand corrected.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A silhouette moves quickly through the forest with a maglite.

Dick stops to check his phone, breathing hard.

He has a text message.

TEXT FROM HARRY

You're going to have to come into
the station and make a full
statement once you find your kids.

Dick puts his phone away with a grimace.

A splash of distant orange light illuminates a patch of trees.

Dick heads towards the light source.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY

The girls peer into the bathroom on the second floor.

WILLOW

Do you think the toilet works?

FAYE

Did you know rats can swim all the
way up from the sewer into the
toilet bowl?

WILLOW
REALLY?!?

FAYE
If you hear squeaking, you might
want to move.

WILLOW
ARE YOU SERIOUS?

FAYE
Should we have a code word you can
yell, y'know in case something
touches you?

WILLOW
You can leave now.

FAYE
Bit long for a code word but if
that works for you-

WILLOW
OUT.

Faye ducks out of the bathroom.

She checks out the rooms off the upstairs hallway one by one.

After being reasonably sure that they are all empty, she
ducks into the room opposite the bathroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

The room still sports several dressers and a long forgotten
brick fireplace. A single unburned magazine rests in the
hearth.

Faye absently checks the closets. One of the closet doors is
difficult to open and loudly creaks as she forces the old
hinges to move.

WILLOW (O.S.)
That you Faye?

FAYE
Yeah. Make any rat friends?

WILLOW (O.S.)
Shut up.

Much to Faye's astonishment, the closet contains steps which
appear to lead up to the attic.

Faye confidently starts up the stairs.

Unlike the previous staircase, every single step creaks and groans as Faye navigates them.

She shouts down the stairs to Willow.

FAYE

There's like, a closet that leads
to the attic in this room.

Willow responds with a toilet flush and sink water running.

WILLOW (O.S.)

You're right. Probably haunted.

She appears in the room, wiping her hands on her pants.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm not going up there.

FAYE

It's totally fine.

WILLOW

Spiders. Rats. No thanks.

Faye looks around then shrugs, she creaks her way back down the stairs.

FAYE

Barring any vengeful spirits, I
think we're alone.

WILLOW

I think I need to take my shot,
I'm feeling a little light-headed.

FAYE

Where's your bag?

WILLOW

Oh. Uh, downstairs?

They turn to leave the room, Willow wobbles a little and Faye catches her arm.

FAYE

Hey, you gonna be ok?

Willow takes a deep breath and leans against the wall.

WILLOW

Yes.

INT. KARAOKE BAR

Anne's eyes open groggily, her tiny world continues to swim. She peeks out the little hole in her metal womb.

She sees a table at her favorite bar, just on the other side of her container. Sitting across from her is Charlotte.

Charlotte is looking at Anne intently, trying to tell her something. The music is loud, Charlotte's mouth moves but no words can be heard.

ANNE
(slurry, drugged)
I can't hear you.

The lights around the bar begin to switch off one by one, until the world behind Charlotte has disintegrated into nothingness.

Charlotte's eyes begin to water. She keeps trying to say something that Anne can't hear.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Charlotte seems to be asking for something, begging. The final light goes out. The world outside Anne's peephole is a black void.

She's not sure why, but she's crying.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Willow unzips her backpack and rustles around in it.

WILLOW
I can't see a thing, can we please
turn on a light?

Faye considers the possibilities nervously, then relents.

FAYE
Fine. But only for a little bit.

In the glow of fresh light, Willow reveals a pile of insulin shots. She selects one and Faye shudders involuntarily.

WILLOW
I really should take this with
food, please don't be gone long.

Faye looks on, queasily.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
You don't need to watch me.

FAYE
Want me to get some water from the kitchen for you? There was a cup in there right?

WILLOW
Sure, thanks.

There's a knock at the front door, the girls freeze.

Faye grabs Willow and yanks her out of sight from the front of the house. In her haste, Willow drops the unused medication.

DICK (O.S.)
Willow? Faye? Are you girls in there?

Willow weakly begins to crawl towards the fallen shot in the middle of the room but Faye grabs her ankle. She shakes her head in silent communication.

DICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't know what you think you heard or saw but what happened was an accident. Your Mom's fault, but an accident.

FAYE
(whispering)
He's lying.

DICK (O.S.)
Your mother is gonna be just fine. It was nothing serious.

WILLOW
(whispering excitedly)
She's ok!

FAYE
He's a liar. I have the proof.

Faye pulls out her dead phone to drive the point home to Willow.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Is the front door locked?

Willow shrugs, her mind a million miles away.

DICK (O.S.)
I just want to talk. I'm coming in.

Faye stands, motions to Willow.

FAYE
Come on!

Willow just stares at her blankly. Faye pulls her younger sister to her feet.

Willow stares into the distance as Faye practically carries her out of the room towards the kitchen.

The front door unlocks, then opens.

DICK (O.S.)
Hello? I know someone's in here.

INT. KITCHEN

Faye pushes Willow into the open pantry, pulling the slatted door closed behind them.

DICK (O.S.)
Come on. Answer me!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dick walks through the large room, shining his light in every corner. He accidentally kicks a fallen insulin shot under the couch. His flashlight beam swings down, stops when it illuminated Willow's bag on a nearby chair.

INT. KITCHEN

The sisters are practically cheek to cheek in the narrow space. Willow is a blank slate but there is pure panic in Faye's eyes.

Her eyes dart around the darkened space looking for something to focus on. Several cans sit untouched on the shelf next to her. Are they food? Faye slowly reaches for them but they're too far away.

Dick enters the kitchen, Willow's bag in one hand and his flashlight in the other.

The kitchen light turns on and Dick walks into view of the girls.

He sees the partially open basement door and opens it the rest of the way, peering down the steep steps.

DICK
Anybody down there?

He takes a step and it creaks loudly. Something deep within the basement scrambles in a panic and knocks what sounds like a nearly empty paint can onto the concrete floor.

DICK (CONT'D)
Come on now.

Dick continues walking down the basement stairs.

Willow blinks.

WILLOW
(softly)
Should we do something?

Faye reacts like she's been slapped. On impulse, she opens the pantry and steps out into the kitchen.

She closes the basement door as quietly as possible and, just as she had in their bedroom, wedges the door shut with a kitchen chair.

Once again, she stands before Willow, hand outstretched.

FAYE
(quiet but firm)
Get up, we're going home.

Willow eases free from her stupor.

WILLOW
We're doing what?

The basement door rattles. Willow yelps, startled.

DICK (O.S.)
What the hell?

Dick is trying to force the door open, but the stairs are too steep to allow for much leverage.

Faye drags the heavy kitchen table over to the door.

The lip of it pins the chair against the basement door just under the knob.

DICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the door right now! This is
all a big misunderstanding.

FAYE
LIAR.

DICK (O.S.)
What the fuck? Faye?

WILLOW
(weakly)
Should we let him out?

FAYE
I got the whole thing on video. The
whole thing!

Dick begins slamming into the door, his desperation
increasing.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Never threaten us again! You're
DONE!!

Willow looks positively frail.

FAYE (CONT'D)
You NEED to eat something. I think
there's some food in the pantry,
take a look and I'll get you
something to drink. Then take your
shot and we're out of here before
the asshole gets loose.

WILLOW
(trying to hold it
together)
Please don't swear.

Faye grabs the lone glass on the counter, overfills it, and
accidentally slops some water onto the kitchen floor.

Willow holds up a can.

Faye takes a step towards her to see the label and slips on
the spilled water, nearly falling.

The can contains cat food.

Dick's hands continue to hammer at the other side of the
basement door. Faye turns from disappointed to devilish as
her shoes squeak on the water.

The teen marches to the basement door and chucks the remaining water from the glass at the floor. As it was aimed for the empty space at the bottom of the basement door, a good amount spills down the stairs, making the first several steps slippery.

Willow grabs Faye's hand and tries to pull her out of the room.

Faye resists mockingly.

FAYE
What do you have against cat food?
I thought you loved tuna and
cheese!

INT. LIVING ROOM

The pounding on the basement door echoes through the house, a sinister heartbeat.

WILLOW
We need to go home.

FAYE
Slow down, hey. Take your shot
before we-

Willow's bag isn't where they left it.

FAYE (CONT'D)
(seething)
He didn't.

Willow peers through the entry hole they made in the front window.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Ok. Don't panic, but I think Dad
took your bag.

WILLOW
We have a problem.

FAYE
Another problem?

Light from distant headlights swing through the room. The soft crunch of tires on packed dirt and gravel punctures the silence.

Both girls are frozen, rabbits ready to bolt.

Faye shakes herself free from indecision. She motions for Willow to duck down then peeks out a nearby window.

A beat up white panel van chugs its way up the drive.

The girls crawl deeper into the residence, as terrified of who might be outside the walls of the house as they are of who is trapped in the basement.

A lone insulin shot lays under the couch just out of sight, abandoned.

INT. DINING ROOM

The girls crouch-run through the dining room, they hadn't gotten around to seeing it on their initial exploration.

Willow stops confused.

All the furniture is pushed against one wall, stacked high. A row of fist sized metal circles are screwed into the wood floor. Chains hang from the ceiling and the floor is scattered with long-dried flower petals. Phrases in Latin and obscure medieval symbols paint the walls and floor.

Faye interrupts Willow's gawking by pulling her along by the arm.

The pounding on the basement door grows weaker. Dick is starting to think that this approach may not pan out for him.

INT. BASEMENT

Ever persistent, Dick winds up for one last slam on the basement door. His foot loses it's grip on the wet step and he tumbles backwards down the stairs.

The officer lands hard on the concrete floor and Willow's bag flops into the surrounding darkness.

Dick doesn't move.

Something else moves slowly, deep within the basement.

INT. ENTRY HALL

The sound of ill-maintained brakes from the vehicle outside add an additional note of panic to the room.

Faye looks around wildly for some place to hide while Willow stares blankly, her mind elsewhere.

Faye pushes the girl towards the stairs to the second floor as we hear a junky sliding door rattle outside.

FAYE
(hissing at Willow)
Come on. Move.

They attempt to speedily navigate the stairs but Willow is moving in slow motion.

They reach the top of the stairs just as the windchime sound of keys rattling towards a lock signals the new arrivals.

INT. KITCHEN

The sound of the kitchen door opening practically reverberates through the house. Heavy work boots stomp into the room.

Two men, TYLER (40s) and BROCK (30s), stand in the dim kitchen light. Tyler wears years of hard living on his scraggly face. Brock is a baby-faced wannabe-bodybuilder.

Brock tosses a greasy paper bag of half-eaten fast food onto the counter.

TYLER
The unlocked door, the lights, and now this? Do you remember leaving the table pushed over like that?

BROCK
We really need to fix the brakes on the van.

Tyler snaps his fingers at Brock like he's a disobedient puppy.

TYLER
Pay attention. The table. Has it moved?

BROCK
I dunno man, I might have bumped it during a tussle last time we were here.

TYLER
That was your own fault. You know the rules: bigger subject, larger dose.

BROCK
Yeah yeah. Whatever.

Brock pulls the table and chair away from the basement door.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Happy now?

TYLER
(deadpan)
Thrilled.

Brock rummages around in the cupboard for a glass.

He finally spots it where Faye tossed it and cleans it off with his shirt. After running the tap to clear junk from the pipes, Brock fills his cup.

Tyler stretches. His fingers, elbows, shoulders, and spine crack.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Alright. Let's unload.

BROCK
How much time do we have?

TYLER
Couple of hours, he'll call first.
He always calls first.

INT. ATTIC

The girls are hastily huddled in a closet, behind them are the stairs leading up into the dark attic.

Faye tries to close the closet door but the hinges haven't been oiled in decades, it gives a ridiculously loud creak.

INT. KITCHEN

TYLER
You heard that right?

BROCK
It's probably just a raccoon or something.

Several more loud creaks are heard from upstairs.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Or a meth-head.

Both men wait in silence for a noise that never comes.

TYLER
Go take a look, I'll start
prepping.

BROCK
Why me?

TYLER
Because I'm in charge.

BROCK
Why are you in charge?

TYLER
Because I'm the one that Gene
fucking trusts.

BROCK
Why doesn't Gene trust me?

TYLER
(snaps)
Because you're a scared fucking
child. Now hop fucking to it ya
fucking bunny-rabbit. Fuck. You're
a fucking toddler.

BROCK
You may not be aware, but there ARE
other swear words just in case
you're interested.

TYLER
GO!

BROCK
Rude.

Brock unholsters a pistol and clicks the safety off as he cautiously stalks out of the room.

Tyler almost slips on Faye's puddle of water on the kitchen floor, but catches himself.

TYLER
(muttering)
Can't even clean up after himself.

INT. ATTIC

The girls are hiding deep within the attic, nestled in shadows behind some dust-coated boxes.

Distant footsteps creak ever closer and the girls are doing all they can to control their breathing.

Willow's face is devoid of color and her lips are strangely ashen.

BROCK (O.S.)
Anybody up here?

Faye moves to peer around the boxes but Willow grabs her shoulder and holds her in place, shaking her head in fear.

Their eyes adjust to the darkness and both girls see their footprints in the dust covered ground at the same time.

Willow points at a stack of nearby magazines and Faye quietly spreads them across their tracks as if they naturally fell on their own.

As soon as the dust settles we hear the closet door creak open and Brock's flashlight beam shoots up the stairs. The top of his head peeks into the room from the opening in the floor.

He peers around the attic, flashlight beam playing over the numerous shrouded forms.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Goddamn raccoons. I knew I
shouldn't have been feedin'em.

Brock clomps back down the stairs, slamming the creaky door behind him.

Faye visibly relaxes, while Willow is stock-still with terror.

FAYE
(whispers)
You okay?

Willow shakes her head slowly, eyes wide.

WILLOW
(softly)
Do they live here?

The realization punches Faye's expression.

FAYE

For all we know, they're squatters like us. They might not mind that we're here.

WILLOW

They might let Dad out or call the cops.

FAYE

Shit.

WILLOW

Don't swear.

Faye carefully unfastens her backpack and silently sets it down. Willow's eyes go wide, it reminds her of something.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

My bag! We've got to go home, I have extra shots in the bathroom.

FAYE

Ok, lets think this through.

There are several loud thumps from the lower floor. Faint unintelligible conversation winds its way through the house.

FAYE (CONT'D)

I think there's more than one person. You know, *other* than Dad.

WILLOW

Nice people?

FAYE

I don't know. People aren't nice by default.

WILLOW

Cynic.

FAYE

Realist.

The girls sit in silence as doors slam and the thumps continue downstairs.

Willow closes her eyes and regulates her breathing. Faye notices, visibly perturbed.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Stay here until I come back.

Faye attempts to sneak towards the stairs before Willow can protest, Willow protests regardless.

WILLOW

What? No!

FAYE

I'm gonna get your medicine.

Willow looks at Faye, her pity threatening to implode into tears.

WILLOW

From Dad? How?!

FAYE

Save it. I'm bringing that cat food back too and I'm gonna make you eat it.

Willow makes a face, Faye holds up a hand.

FAYE (CONT'D)

You'll eat it and you'll LOVE it.
Shut up and sit tight.

Faye blows Willow a sarcastic kiss, then begins the slow sneak down the creaky attic steps, shifting her weight to minimize noise.

She succeeds until she reaches the door, which she attempts to open very slowly.

It emits a noise loud enough to wake the dead.

INT. KITCHEN

Four large metal drums sit on the kitchen floor. Tyler and Brock are breathing hard, red-faced. The entry door is wide open and the first saturated beams of a rising sun peek into the dimly lit room.

A loud creak is heard from upstairs.

TYLER

You said there was nothing upstairs.

BROCK

No. I said I didn't SEE anything upstairs. I said it was PROBABLY a raccoon.

TYLER
Old house. It's probably nothing.

BROCK
Or a meth-head.

TYLER
Or nothing.

BROCK
Or a meth-head raccoon.

TYLER
You can stop talking anytime.

BROCK
My brother's dog snorted coke once.
(Long pause)
It's heart exploded.

TYLER
Goddamnit

Tyler moves to hit Brock who flinches out of the way.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Make yourself useful and get the
shit for tonight. We've gotta clean
up the merch before Gene gets here.

Brock stomps away, making as much noise as possible so as to scare away any unwanted guests.

INT. KITCHEN

Faye peeks into the room from the shadows of a doorway, all her earlier confidence gone. There's no way to get to the basement door without Tyler seeing her.

Tyler has a large pocket knife out, he's prying at the top of a barrel.

He stops, searches his pockets, and comes up empty. With a sigh, Tyler tosses the knife onto the kitchen counter next to his cell phone and heads towards the Dining Room to get something.

Faye is about to move past the room when a finger lazily pokes out of a hole in the side of one of the barrels.

Faye can't believe what she's seeing.

As soon as Tyler is out of sight she darts into the kitchen, composed entirely of tiptoes and tense muscles.

She spots the greasy paper bag of food on the counter next to Tyler's knife and phone on the counter.

For a brief moment Faye can't seem to decide whether to grab the knife, the food, or the phone. The sound of approaching footsteps expedites Faye's choice.

She grabs the phone and ducks into the under-sink cabinets.

The cabinet door is open an inch and Faye peers out from the darkness, her eye a coin at the bottom of a well.

Tyler re-enters the kitchen, yanking on a large bag of zip ties with his teeth as he fails to open them. He grabs his knife from the counter-top and tears into the packaging. Several zip-ties in hand, Tyler resumes prying open the barrel's top with his knife.

Anne groggily peeks out the air hole in her barrel, squinting to see. She's right on level with Faye's hiding spot. The two make eye contact.

Faye slowly puts a single finger over her lips in a silent bid to not be outed.

Anne stares in a stupor.

A metal lid clatters to the floor.

TYLER

Hey!

His knife edge taps repeatedly on the rim of the metal barrel as if to wake something up.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Come on now.

He pulls a flashlight out of his pocket and shines it into the barrel, what he sees deflates him.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Well fuck.

He reaches into the barrel, feeling for something.

TYLER (CONT'D)

FUCK!

BROCK (O.S.)

Everything ok?

TYLER

No...I think we lost one.

BROCK (O.S.)

WHAT?!

(a beat)

Fuck.

Faye peers out from her hiding spot, unsure of what exactly she's witnessing. She knows she doesn't like it.

Brock stomps his way into the room, sets a full cardboard box onto the kitchen table, and reaches into the open barrel.

His hand comes up holding a limp human arm. He checks for a pulse.

Faye gasps silently and scoots backwards. She pulls out the freshly stolen phone, the screen light briefly blinding her. The screen is locked with a password.

The sounds of a body being pulled out of a barrel and deposited onto the floor becomes deafening in the stuffy cabinet.

Faye allows panic to overtake her for a moment before pulling herself back to earth. She sees a small emergency services button on the password screen and taps it without hesitation. The sudden realization that she's going to need to talk to whoever picks up hits her.

The kitchen goes quiet.

A panicked Faye peeks her head out the cabinet door and looks around the room. The two men are carrying Charlotte's body down the hall.

Before she can hesitate, Faye darts out of the cupboard and into the nearest open doorway, the basement.

Arms flailing wildly, Faye nearly slips down the steep basement steps but is able to catch herself and pull the door nearly closed behind her.

Realizing where she is, she looks around for her father. He's nowhere to be seen.

Faye attempts to navigate the foreign basement stairs as silently as possible.

INT. BASEMENT

DISPATCHER
911, what is the nature of the
emergency?

Faye doesn't say a word as she desperately tries to maneuver in the near-darkness of the cluttered basement.

A dark shape slowly moves towards the back of the basement.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
Is anyone there? Hello?

FAYE
(whispers as loud as she
dares)
I need help, please. My dad shot my
mom so my sister and I ran away.
Now we're trapped in a house with
strangers and I think they have
bodies in barrels. Please help us,
I don't know what to do.

DISPATCHER
You're calling from a blocked
number, can you give me the phone
number?

FAYE
(panicking)
I don't know it. It's not my phone.

DISPATCHER
OK Ma'am, can you give me your
current address? Is it a residence?

Faye begins to hyperventilate, her breathing coming in short bursts.

A dark shape knocks into a shelf.

The terrified raccoon skitters off into the darkness.

FAYE
I don't know the address, I don't
know where I am. It's an old
abandoned house in the woods. Can't
you track the phone?

DISPATCHER
You're calling from a cell phone,
not a landline.
(MORE)

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)

Without a number we can make a request to the carrier, but it'll take some time. Do you know what city you're in?

TYLER (O.S.)

WHERE THE FUCK IS MY PHONE??

Faye jerks the phone away from her cheek as if stung.

A human silhouette moves in the shadows behind Faye. Faye is unaware.

BROCK (O.S.)

Calm down, I'll call it. I'm sure it's around here somewhere.

Faye looks at the phone in her hand in terror, she jabs the end call button and severs her connection to the Dispatcher.

She uses the phone's screen as a flashlight in the darkness. Willow's bag sits on a stack of boxes, just out of reach. Faye stretches for it.

Dick's hand shoots out of the shadows and snatches Tyler's phone from Faye's hands. She jumps back, dodging his other hand's attempt to grab her shirt.

Tyler's phone rings once.

Dick drops it onto the concrete and stomps on it with the heel of his boot. The face cracks but it keeps ringing.

Faye runs back through the dark, maze-like basement towards the stairs.

Dick keeps stomping on the phone until it finally stops ringing. He lunges into the darkness after Faye, Willow's bag in tow.

The two crash into foreign objects and topple misshapen junk during the pursuit.

Dick pulls out his maglite, switches it on. Faye has vanished.

DICK

Who'd you send the video to? Answer me.

Faye hides in a metal barrel which sits in a pile of barrels. Flies buzz all over and Faye claps both hands over her mouth and nose.

The bottom of her barrel is a jumble of small black plastic bags. She pokes one, it squishes.

She recoils in horror while trying to stay perfectly silent. Dick continues to stalk around the basement.

DICK (CONT'D)

I know you're scared. If you ever want our family to go back to normal you're going to have to work with me here. We're gonna get your sister, sit down, and have a chat. The three of us.

Faye awkwardly digs her dead phone out of her pocket and removes it's memory chip, which she stashes back in the pocket.

Dick returns to the phone he destroyed, examines it.

DICK (CONT'D)

Faye? Whose phone is this?

Faye pops out of her barrel and hurls her phone at him. It glances off his shoulder, he almost catches it reflexively but misses and it skitters into the darkness.

Faye bolts, reaches the bottom of the basement stairs and stomps with alternating feet on the last step to simulate the sound of someone running up the stairs. She then dives back into the darkness of stacked junk nearby.

The basement door opens and Tyler looks down the long staircase. He's holding a revolver.

Dick finds Faye's phone and tries to turn it on. It starts to boot up before dying again almost immediately.

TYLER

All right now, I don't believe in ghosts but I do have an itchy trigger finger. I *will* blow your face off if you startle me. Who's down there? Show yourself right now and nobody gets hurt.

Dick has his handgun out, moving through the darkness towards Tyler's voice.

He reaches the stairs but stays out of the shaft of light.

DICK

Put your gun on the ground and keep
your hands where I can see them.
This is the police.

There's a long pause, Tyler lowers his gun a little.

TYLER

Is that you Dick? What the hell are
you doing in the basement?

Dick steps into view.

DICK

(casually)
Oh hey man.

TYLER

Uh, ok. You're not supposed to be
here until this afternoon. Did you
take my phone?

DICK

That was *your* phone? Hmm. Chief
wanted me to clear the house before
you showed up. Said something about
seeing squatters when he was here
last time. Hit my head chasing a
goddamn raccoon in the basement and
blacked out.

BROCK (O.S.)

I TOLD you it was a raccoon!

TYLER

Can it!

Tyler shakes his head, trying to process the new information.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Can I have my phone back?

DICK

Hmm. About that. I'll get you a new
one. We've got a bunch locked up in
evidence, what kind do you want?

TYLER

What did you do to my phone?

DICK

I may have smashed it.

The two men look at each other, sizing up the situation.

DICK (CONT'D)
On accident.

TYLER
That's great.

Dick steps up the stairs slowly.

DICK
Don't mind me, I have to check the
rest of the house before calling in
to the station so you're cleared
for Gene.

Tyler stands aside as Dick passes him. Back in the basement,
Faye slowly lets herself breathe again.

Tyler looks back down the steps, not sure what to believe. He
yells over his shoulder as Dick passes him.

TYLER
You better bring that new phone
today. We've got a delivery to make
in Chicago tomorrow morning. I need
to be reachable.

Tyler trails off as he realizes he's being ignored. He sighs.

INT. KITCHEN

Tyler follows Dick out of the room. As soon as he's gone,
Faye darts out from the basement and rushes through the room.
We can hear Brock's heavy footsteps as he comes down the
distant stairs.

TYLER (O.S.)
We heard noises earlier, thought it
was an animal or something.

Faye hides behind the barrels as Brock enters the kitchen, a
sheen of sweat on his forehead.

He whistles aimlessly as he walks through the room and
rummages through one of the boxes on the kitchen table.

A tiny slurred voice whispers from the hole in the barrel
next to Faye's head.

ANNE
Help. Please.

Faye silently bolts as soon as Brock turns his back.

INT. ENTRY HALL

Faye navigates the steps to the second floor barely making any noise. The distant sounds of Tyler and Dick arguing about something can be heard.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY

Faye rushes towards the bedroom with attic access, then stops suddenly.

Something in the bathroom has caught her eye.

Her body moves closer while her face expresses the opposite desire.

Charlotte lies in the bathtub. She's not moving. On the counter top lies a haphazard assortment of small saws and bladed tools.

INT. ENTRY HALL

As Brock stomps up the main stairs, he opens a thick black garbage bag with surgical-glove clad hands.

Once in the bathroom he puts on a plastic apron, plugs his nose, and rests the blade of his saw on Charlotte's inner thigh.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Faye is desperate to find a weapon while remaining silent, she searches the room on high alert.

There's the sound of a scuffle from the first floor, the immediacy and violence of the noise is juxtaposed by the slow auditory drone of metal scraping bone from the bathroom one room over.

The combination drives Faye to new levels of tension.

Faye leans against the brick fireplace, she hears the tinny noise of a loose brick shifting.

The model on the cover of the magazine in the fireplace grins up at Faye.

Faye begins pulling on the loose brick as though her life depends on it.

INT. BATHROOM

Brock ties the last garbage bag, the room is full of them. The bathtub is a slick, cherry mess.

A necklace with a cross on it is the sole non-liquid inhabitant of the tub.

Brock cleans his surgical tools in the sink with his back to the doorway as Faye peeks into the room.

She plants her feet, winds up, and hurls a brick.

The rock connects squarely with the back of Brock's head. It makes a loud wet thump before hitting the floor.

Disoriented, Brock turns around and stares at the toothpick of a girl standing just inside the bathroom.

Faye is frozen, she thought for sure he would drop to the floor unconscious like in a movie. There's a beat of silence and then Brock reaches for his head.

Brock's confusion drips into pained rage when he sees his blood covering his hand. He seems genuinely shocked to be hurt.

He opens his mouth to yell for help, but finds himself forcefully deepthroating a rolled up magazine.

Brock retches while pulling it out and trips over a garbage bag full of chopped parts. He hits his head on the edge of the counter and finally collapses onto the floor.

Faye relaxes a smidge; THIS was closer to how she envisioned events playing out. To her surprise, Brock still hasn't been knocked out. He's crying in pain while bloody snot runs down his lips.

Brock once again opens his mouth to cry for help, Faye kicks him in the stomach with all her strength. Only wheezy air escapes the wounded goon.

Faye isn't sure what to do, Brock squirms around on the floor holding his head and making wet gasping sounds.

INT. DINING ROOM

Tyler hears horrifying noises from upstairs but has his hands full. He's trying to sedate a flailing, albeit ziptied and gagged, June.

INT. KITCHEN

Anne hears the multiple struggles occurring in other rooms. She sounds more and more coherent as she yells.

ANNE
HEY! HEYYYY! LET HER GO!!

INT. DINING ROOM

June keeps squirming away from Tyler's knockout rag whenever he gets close to her.

ANNE (O.S.)
Let's talk about this. What do you
want from us?

TYLER
Hey Dick can you check on Brock?
Dick? You there? Anyone? Dick-head?

There's no response from the living room.

Eventually Tyler manages to grab June's face with the gas-rag and she soon slumps over twitching. Anne continues to yell from the kitchen.

Tyler gets to work tying June to one of the giant eye hooks screwed into the dining room floor.

TYLER (CONT'D)
One down, two to go.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAWN

Dick stands on the front lawn talking on his phone, Willow's backpack hangs loosely off one shoulder. His voice drips with emotion but his face is a blank mask.

DICK
No Harry I haven't found them yet.
I think I know where they might be
but I'm still looking. I'll come
into the station as soon as I find
them to give a full report. Look
partner, I'm gonna need you to do a
little favor for me.

INT. BATHROOM

Brock slowly struggles to his feet, he's trying to catch his breath.

In a panic, Faye grabs a knife from atop the counter and plunges it deep into Brock's shoulder as he stands. Brock lets out a piteous scream as he stumbles. Despite the grievous injury, he doesn't fall.

Faye grabs a scalpel and stabs it into Brock's shoulder next to the knife. Brock stumbles again, but keeps coming at her like a bull under water.

Faye doesn't give an inch, she slaps him full across the face when he's close enough. He stops.

BROCK

OW.

He stares at her dumbly.

INT. KITCHEN

Tyler pries at the top of Anne's barrel with his knife.

TYLER

Did you cut yourself again?

(a beat)

Brock? Anyone?

(another beat)

Hellooooo?

A bloodcurdling scream from Brock echoes through the house, causing Tyler to slip and almost cut himself.

INT. BATHROOM

A brutalized Brock stands across from Faye, swaying slightly. In contrast, she's practically vibrating with adrenaline.

The frozen pair are spurred into motion by two simultaneous noises. Willow loudly opens the creaky attic access door in the room across the hall and Tyler is jogging through the lower floor to see what all the commotion is.

Willow sees the bags on the bathroom floor, she walks closer.

FAYE

Willow. Stay there.

Willow takes several steps closer, sees a fraction of the mess in the bathtub.

WILLOW
(breathlessly)
What. Is. That.

INT. KITCHEN

Within one of the two yet unopened barrels, Anne is attempting an escape.

ANNE
God, my head.

She tries pushing on the lid above her but it doesn't budge.

She peers through a ventilation hole and sees a barrel on it's side, the lid on the ground next to it.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Charlotte? Clara? June?!

Anne begins pounding on the lid above her with all her might.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY

Faye propels Willow into the bedroom across from the bathroom just as Tyler rounds the hall corner.

A bloodied Brock, two knives still sticking out of his shoulder, stumbles out of the bathroom into the hallway. He weakly points at the room Faye and Willow disappeared into.

The attic access door slams shut.

INT. KITCHEN

The blows to the barrel's metal lid seem to be working, one side is slowly rising in sync with the rhythmic drumbeat of Anne's desperate struggle.

She screams, a muffled yell of futility.

INT. ATTIC

Tyler charges up the attic stairs and looks around.

A window on the far side of the room is wide open, just enough space for his prey to have climbed through.

As Tyler walks to the window, the girls sneak down the stairs behind him.

The creaky steps give them away and they bolt as Tyler whips around.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

The girls slam the attic access door shut and push a dresser in front it.

Tyler tries to force the door but it's solid.

The dresser scoots a little bit every time Tyler slams the door into it.

Willow flops onto the ground, all the vitality of a wet leaf.

FAYE

Don't you dare give up.

She hoists her sister up to her feet.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Come on, you can do this.

INT. KITCHEN

The lid to Anne's barrel pops off and clatters to the floor dramatically.

INT. ENTRY HALL

Brock is attempting to get downstairs, he's leaning hard on the railing as he shakily navigates the steps. The girls appear at the top of the steps.

FAYE

Willow, don't look.

Willow covers her eyes, leaning hard on the bannister.

Faye runs to Brock and pushes him hard. Brock tumbles down the rest of the stairs so hard that one of the knives in his shoulder flies out and sticks into a wall, the other remains deeply attached to him.

Willow peeks through her fingers.

Brock slowly struggles to his knees at the bottom of the stairs, moaning like a dying animal.

Faye grabs Willow's hand and guides her down the stairs.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Almost there, come on.

As they run past Brock he snaps out of his daze and grabs Willow's ankle. She face-plants, blood drips from her nose as she struggles limply. Faye whirls around.

Brock stands, a tower of pain.

He grabs Faye by her throat and slams her into the wall so hard that all but one of the creepy photographs fall to ground with a crash.

Faye gasps for air, she grabs the knife in Brock's shoulder and pulls it out. As Brock shrieks, drops her.

Faye plunges the blade back into his shoulder. Eyes rolling up into his skull, Brock staggers away from her.

FAYE (CONT'D)
STOP

Faye kicks Brock hard in the knee, he stumbles.

FAYE (CONT'D)
GETTING

Faye kicks Brock in the groin, he falls over.

FAYE (CONT'D)
UP

Faye kicks Brock in the back of the head.

He grapples with the floor, can't seem to find his footing.

Faye grabs the one remaining picture off the wall and breaks it over his head, he flattens.

INT. KITCHEN

Anne stands frozen in the kitchen entryway, gaping as some punk kid she doesn't know beats the tar out of a man she doesn't know as a little girl she doesn't know tries to stop the blood flowing from her nose with the top of her shirt.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Willow crawls into the living room, her bag isn't where she left it. Darkness begins to close in on her.

Just before she passes out, Willow spots an unused insulin injection under the couch. She loses consciousness, arm outstretched just short of it.

INT. KITCHEN

Anne, at the doorway, tries to get the attention of Faye who is kicking a bloodied Brock.

Anne takes a wobbly step forward. Anne is full-body tackled by a flying Dick.

EXT. GENE'S HOME - MORNING

GENE, dumpy middle aged man wearing khaki pants and a polo shirt, stands on his front porch. He dons a bright red baseball cap before jogging down the steps to a police car waiting in his driveway.

TILLY (Gene's wife) and two daughters stand smiling and waving, framed in the open front door. They look as though they've all been cut out of the 1995 summer edition Lands' End catalogue.

HARRY, late 30s, opens the passenger door of a police cruiser for him. Gene salutes him with a shit-eating grin.

GENE

Thanks officer! Say, you're the new transfer aren't you? What's your name?

HARRY

Harold.

GENE

Nice to meet you! Where's Officer Slager?

Harry doesn't respond right away, he closes the door after the man gets into the car and heads groggily over to the driver's seat.

Harry starts the car and sips from his steaming thermos.

HARRY

Dick had a family emergency.

GENE

I am *so* sorry to hear that!

HARRY

Don't be.

Gene turns around to give a last wave at the trio, still robotically smiling and waving in the doorway.

GENE

Women. What would we do without them?

HARRY

Plenty.

A long, uncomfortable silence fills the car.

Gene drums his fingers on the hand rest as they roll down the driveway.

GENE

Now I *know* most my officers, but I don't think I've seen you around. This is the first time you're accompanying me on one of my little errands isn't it?

HARRY

Dick briefed me. Seems unusual.

GENE

There's nothing unusual about it but I'm glad you were filled in. I'm sure we both understand how important it is for your future that today's venture is a success.

HARRY

I've been made aware.

GENE

Wonderful. Wonderful. You'll fit in soon enough!

Gene's stomach growls.

A shadow passes over his face as he fiddles with his wedding ring.

The undercover police car flies down the rural highway.

Tilly and daughters continue to stand in the doorway of their home, saccharine smiles and royalty waves ongoing.

Suddenly their hands drop to their sides in unison as their expressions go completely blank.

The trio stands staring out the open doorway into the world beyond, three fish gaping at what lays beyond their tank.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

After ramming the attic door into the back of the heavy furniture several hundred times, Tyler has finally scooted the dresser far enough away from the door to just barely squeeze out of his attic prison.

The sound of someone knocking hard on the front door stops Tyler in his tracks.

TYLER
(muttering)
Are they early?

Tyler hears sounds of a struggle downstairs in concert with the knocking.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATE MORNING

Gene and Harry stand uncomfortably on the front porch of a clearly abandoned house, a mismatched pair in a strange setting.

The front door is open a crack and Tyler is peeking out at the two men.

GENE
This has never been a problem
before, what in the world is going
on in there?

TYLER
Look, I'm really sorry but we need
more time to finish setting up.

Tyler opens the door to step out onto the porch.

The awkwardness ratchets up a notch when Anne sprints past the house and down the driveway; Gene and Harry watch her wordlessly.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Officer?

Harry looks at Tyler in a stupor.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You want to stop the merchandise
before it clears the driveway?

HARRY

What?

Dick runs into view from the side of the house, a fresh black eye forming.

He unholsters his gun and shoots Anne, emotionless.

She collapses into the dirty gravel, legs still churning.

Gene flinches and Tyler closes his eyes. Harry can't seem to process the events surrounding him.

Gene's eyes sink back into their sockets, a deep rage threatens to expose itself but he swallows it before speaking.

GENE

I'm going to wait in the car. Call me when you get your act together. Dick. I am not impressed. It's no good to me dead. Harold, secure the area.

He steps off the porch towards the parked police car.

Before he can make it onto the front walk Dick grabs his shoulder, moving so fast that Gene doesn't even see it coming.

DICK

Hold it right there. Us boys in blue have gone through a lot of trouble on your behalf time and time again. I get it, no need to give a speech and thank us. Just like we don't need to give a public speech thanking you for your many years of...

(thick sarcasm)

...now what exactly *is* going on here?

Dick releases his hold on Gene and nods in Harry's general direction.

DICK (CONT'D)

Hey newbie.

Harry still hasn't moved.

Gene shakes his head, simmering.

DICK (CONT'D)
That's great. We're all such good
friends here aren't we?

Harry blinks, he moves as though he's underwater.

HARRY
What are you doing here? Didn't
your wife just-

Dick holds up a finger as if to shush Harry, he turns to the
mayor.

DICK
Gene. Go inside. Do your thing, pay
the nice man, and let me get back
to my grieving family. They need me
right now.

Gene is focusing on his breathing, there's something
happening deep within his head.

HARRY
Can anyone fully explain to me what
the hell is going on here?

TYLER
Really? Do you talk to *anybody* you
work with? Like, you *really* have no
idea what this is, do you?

HARRY
Look man I'm fine with bending the
rules here and there, showing the
locals who's boss, but this...this
is a whole different-

TYLER
Clutch your pearls on your own
time. I'm gonna go scrape the broad
off the driveway.
(to Gene)
For what it's worth, I'm sorry
about all this. Please wait in the
living room while I try to salvage
this mess.
(gestures at Harry)
You too ass-hat.

Tyler heads down the driveway.

HARRY
What did I do?

DICK
Don't take it personally, he just
thinks that you're a complete
fucking rat.

GENE
Officer Slager.

Dick turns away from Harry. Gene's fists are clenched.

GENE (CONT'D)
Dick. Here.

He snaps his fingers and points at the ground next to him.

Dick blinks

EXT. ENDLESS FOG

Dick is alone, surrounded by fog over an endless stretch of
pavement.

The stillness is interrupted only by the hum of flickering
neon light. A distant cross glows crimson through the fog,
scattering red beams through the air.

He steps towards the neon crucifix, the luminous angles
reflecting in his eyes.

Black tears slide down Dick's emotionless cheeks.

DICK
Forgive me.

Dick blinks.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Dick is standing next to Gene, cheeks dry.

GENE
You are forgiven. Now behave
yourself.

Harry stands, arms slack, dumbfounded. Gene gives him a look.

GENE (CONT'D)
No more trouble Harold.

Gene walks towards the house with a dazed Dick in tow. Harry
scratches his head.

HARRY
What just happened?

INT. DINING ROOM

Faye, carrying Willow, stands planted in the room's entrance. She's unsure if what she's seeing is real. Two bound and gagged women, June and Clara, are zip tied to the giant eye hooks in the floor.

The sound of new people entering the house snaps Faye out of her stupor and she carries Willow off as fast as she can.

Tyler enters the room with Anne slumped over his shoulder and slides her onto the floor. He shouts to the men in the other room.

TYLER
Good news, she's not dead yet!

He zip ties her hands behind her back.

DICK (O.S.)
Should we, I don't know, pull the knife out of Brock? What the hell happened?

Tyler opens a tin on the bookshelf and pulls long rosaries out of it. He begins placing the beads around the neck of each captive.

TYLER
He had a rough morning. I'll deal with that later.

He lowers his voice so Gene won't hear, scattering more flower petals around the room. Harry gawks in the doorway, Tyler sees him.

TYLER (CONT'D)
There's a squatter in the house somewhere. Keep your eyes open, I think it's a kid. Probably armed.

Harry nods sharply and leaves awkwardly, he has no idea what is going on.

Tyler lights incense and candles around the room.

Anne's eyes open slightly, she looks around sluggishly.

EXT. SIDE YARD

The girls crouch in the woods next to the driveway. Willow has regained consciousness, though she's pretty weak. Faye is hurriedly feeding her cold fries from the greasy fast food paper bag she saw in the kitchen.

FAYE

I need you to do exactly what I tell you. Stay hidden and finish the food. Only come out when I call you, nobody else.

WILLOW

Who were those women?

FAYE

I don't know. Wait here, I'll come back.

WILLOW

You didn't come back last time.

FAYE

Remember when you said you felt protected? Still feel like something's watching out for you? What about those women? What do they feel?

WILLOW

(quietly)
I don't.

FAYE

Sorry, what?

WILLOW

I said that for you. You're always taking care of me.

(beat)
Please don't leave.

FAYE

I can't always protect you. I don't always protect you. We protect each other. But right now, NOBODY is protecting those women. Nobody.

WILLOW

What are you going to do?

FAYE

I don't know.

WILLOW
You ALWAYS know.

FAYE
I NEVER know. Ever. But all I know
is that you're right, I have to do
something. That *something* means
getting your meds. That *something*
means helping those ladies.

WILLOW
There's a shot under the couch. I
don't know where the rest is.

Faye nods then kisses Willow on the forehead.

FAYE
I mean it this time. I'll be right
back.

Faye selects a rock from the driveway.

She throws it hard at the second story of the house. It hits
the siding and falls to the ground. Faye picks up another
rock and throws it as hard as she can.

INT. LIVING ROOM

An annoyed Gene, a belligerent Dick, and a baffled Harry sit
across from a barely conscious, bloodied Brock. The sound of
glass breaking from upstairs echoes through the house.

Tyler appears and gently grabs Brock's face, smooshing his
cheeks and forcing him to look up.

TYLER
Sit here. Keep everybody happy. I'm
gonna go shoot a kid.

Tyler stalks towards the stairs, handgun at the ready.

Brock smiles at the two men sitting across from him, blood
oozes between his teeth.

TYLER (CONT'D)
(something occurs to him)
The sedatives should wear off soon,
give them all another dose if you
feel like doing something other
than bleeding on the furniture.

Tyler leaves them.

INT. DINING ROOM

Anne's eyes are open, she's looking around wildly. She's bleeding from her leg. She struggles to sit up but instead groans in pain and flops over.

ANNE

June! Clara? Where's Charlotte?

She looks around the room, shock starting to wear off.

June watches, awake but not mentally present. She smiles dopily. Clara snorts.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Brock hears Anne's commotion from the other room and attempts to get out of his chair but he's unable to struggle to his feet. He sighs with a chest rattle and sits back down hard.

HARRY

Is he going to be ok? Should we call someone?

GENE

No.

DICK

Want me to go check that out for you bud?

GENE

(his voice shockingly low)
You stay. Brock, on your feet.

Gene snaps his fingers. As if on strings, Brock painfully rises and stumbles out of the room.

Gene's stomach grumbles loud enough for everyone to hear. He's looking unusually pale. Both officers pretend not to notice.

INT. DINING ROOM

Brock, walking like a toddler with a full diaper, slowly makes his way into the room.

He sees Anne struggling to get up and sighs heavily.

A slender hand appears from behind Brock and yanks the knife out of his shoulder.

He opens his mouth to scream but the blade is quickly thrust inside his mouth against the flesh of his cheek. Brock whimpers like a dog.

FAYE
Keys for the van, where are they?
Whisper.

BROCK
(under great strain)
I don't know. Tyler had them.

FAYE
Fine. Say one more word and I'm
stabbing you again. Sit on the
floor. Quietly.

Brock sits, his lids heavy.

Faye turns to the girls on the floor, she cuts Anne's bonds. June smiles and nods. Clara dribbles.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Do you think you can free the
others?

Anne nods hard. She takes the knife.

ANNE
Have you seen my friend, Charlotte?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gene's stomach growls again but, this time, it doesn't stop. The dark gurgle transitions into a low growl, like a cornered animal. Bulges on either side of his neck make it look like it's being gripped by a giant, invisible hand.

Harry's expression changes from confusion to concern. Dick is bored, he's seen this before.

Eyes sunk back into his skull, cheeks suddenly gaunt, and gums retreating from the teeth in his open mouth, Gene glares back at Harry. There's something under his skin, orbs just under the surface rise and fall. Harry is frozen in fear.

GENE
You're a praying man Dick. I know
this. What about you Harold?

HARRY
You ok Gene?

GENE

I can tell you're not a holy man,
could tell as soon as I met you.

A shadow passes over the room.

Gene closes his eyes, he senses something. He points a shaky
claw-like hand at Harry's body cam.

GENE (CONT'D)

You've been recording the entire
time.

DICK

Come on man. You KNOW to turn that
shit off before anything goes down.

Harry holds up his hands like he's fending off wolves.

HARRY

You're paranoid. I'm pretty sure I
turned my camera off. If not, no
sweat I'll delete the footage when
we get back.

The orbs under Gene's skin push closer to the surface, milky
boils threatening to burst autonomously.

As a reflex, Harry nervously moves his hand closer to his
holstered handgun.

DICK

Hands away from your sidearm.
Buddy.

HARRY

Sorry. Old habit. I'm a little
stressed out. What exactly is going
on?

GENE

Harold. I need you to think very
carefully. One more mistake and you
will forever disappear.

HARRY

Hold up, you're threatening me?

GENE

Are you feeling threatened? I only
speak the truth.

Dick slowly moves his hand towards his gun.

INT. DINING ROOM

A gunshot erupts, Faye's newly pierced ear explodes into crimson pulp. She falls to the ground clutching her head, screaming as blood runs through her fingers.

Tyler stands in the doorway, gun pointed at Faye.

Anne throws the knife she'd been using to cut zip ties, it buries itself deep into Tyler's eye socket.

Tyler remains standing, he absently touches the handle of the blade sticking out of his head.

TYLER

Oh.

Brock sits up straight as Tyler collapses to the ground, seemingly dead.

BROCK

(hyperventilating)

What. What. What.

A blood-slicked Faye launches herself at Brock. One tiny fist battering his face anew with every spoken word; the other hand pressed tightly over the space where she once had a fully formed human ear.

FAYE

NO MORE TALKING

HARRY

Who the hell?

Harry stands outside the room with Dick right behind him, craning to see past. The officers face the unfolding chaos in disbelief. Faye is so disheveled, hair everywhere and face slick with blood, that even Dick doesn't immediately recognise her.

Tyler quickly stands up straight as a board. The knife handle still protrudes from his dripping eye socket.

The group holds their breath in shock.

Tyler opens his mouth to say something but no sound comes out.

His good eye rolls back into his head and he pitches forwards, landing plank-like face first. The blade of the knife jams out the other side of his skull when the handle hits the floor.

Dick's gun is already drawn, he pushes past Harry and storms into the room just as Brock struggles to his feet.

Brock inadvertently blocking Dick's path and the officer pushes him hard. Brock stumbles into Harry who catches him, both men almost collapse completely in the process.

Faye is nowhere to be found, she's disappeared in the chaos.

DICK
What the fuck is going on?

GENE
Move.

Gene's voice is deep and booming, it seems to echo from the depths of his chest rather than being pushed out his mouth.

His body is covered in eyes, sobbing tears of blood and oily pus after their journey through the surface of his skin. Gene's neck is ridged, ragged on either side.

GENE (CONT'D)
(to Dick)
MOVE CHILD.

Dick steps out of Gene's way, aghast.

The man's flesh has shriveled against his bone, rippled like a wet human raisin.

Gene breathes in deeply, the smoke from the incense around the room streams into his nostrils as if pulled with great force. The scented vapor exits through gash-like gills that seem to have sprouted on his neck.

HARRY
This can't be real. This isn't happening.

DICK
(shaken)
Just stay back if you know what's good for you.

The bright red baseball cap on Gene's head shifts as mucus and a layer of scalp drips down his now inhuman face.

Gene bites words out of the air with his increasingly jagged teeth.

GENE
Bring this one to me.

He points to June; his fingernails long, brittle, and yellow.

Brock responds by dribbling blood.

Dick snaps out of his stupor and grabs June from the floor, hoisting her onto her feet.

Harry whips out his gun.

HARRY

NOBODY MOVE. This has gone far enough.

Gene's frustration creates barely visible heat distortion in the air around him.

DICK

Put it away Harry, it's not the time for "good cop" bullshit.

HARRY

Let her go. Put your hands above your head.

DICK

(snide)

Whatever happened to professional courtesy?

Gene takes a step towards Harry.

DICK (CONT'D)

(serious)

Come on Harry, don't ruin a good thing for everyone else.

Harry's finger moves to the trigger of his gun.

Gene takes another step towards the trembling officer.

A lightning crack of gunfire rips through Gene's chest and into the wall on the other side of the room. The act of violence doesn't seem to phase the creature Gene has become in the slightest.

Gene's bony hand cinches Harry's wrist like a vice.

GENE

Your duty is to protect my interests "officer". You have failed. I hereby order you, decommissioned.

He tightens his grip and is rewarded by the sharp crack of a breaking wrist.

Harry's gun clatters to the floor.

Gene twists the broken wrist ninety degrees. Harry opens his mouth to scream, nothing but fright and air rushes out.

He drops like a sack of potatoes, clutching the appendage, finally able to shriek.

Brock looks on like a sleepy toddler.

June's eyes are open wide.

Clara drools a little more.

Dick has his gun out.

Gene, voice raggedly inhuman, hums "Taps" while he rips Harry's badge off his uniform.

It hits the ground, litter.

GENE (CONT'D)

Some heroes.

DICK

Come on man, he was just a bad apple.

GENE

His misguided conscience is of no use to anyone.

Dick casually shoots Harry in the head. The bullet takes a chunk of his skull on exit and the resulting mess spills onto the ground like a ripped bag of soaked trash.

Gene gestures for Dick to bring June to him.

Dick grabs June from Brock and pushes her towards Gene.

Gene leans towards the awakening woman, the slits in his nose working the air. His pupils expand so large that they cover his visible eye in darkness.

GENE (CONT'D)

Her faith is weak. Bring me the next one.

Dick drags Anne over, she resists until his gun rests on her temple.

Gene inhales, then recoils. He retches.

GENE (CONT'D)
Her faith is a lie. Bring me the
next one.

Dick hoists Clara to her feet. She mumbles groggily.

GENE (CONT'D)
Her faith is weak. Where is the
forth?

Brock giggles from the corner.

BROCK
In little bags.

Anne begins to hyperventilate. Gene is growing increasingly
gaunt, Dick fiddles with his badge.

Gene motions towards June and Clara.

GENE
Fine. I'll take these two, pathetic
as they are.

He points a damning finger at Anne.

GENE (CONT'D)
Do what you will with the defective
one. BUT, no loose ends this time
Officer Slager.

June and Clara are laid out on the floor, Gene kneels between
them.

He raises both hands above his head towards the heavens.
Fresh wounds in his palms tear themselves into tiny sucking
mouths.

All eyes are on Gene as he places his hands over June and
Clara's faces.

He closes his eyes and begins humming, the ladies begin to
twitch uncontrollably.

The room's light flickers then dims while the candles burn
extra hot, throwing saturated light farther than before.

Smoke from the incense winds around the three figures in a
vortex.

Faye sneaks up to the room's entrance and begins checking
Tyler's pockets.

Brock sees her and is about to say something when she waves the dead man's gun in his general direction.

Brock shrugs, barely conscious anyway. Faye finds Tyler's knife and pockets it.

Gene begins glowing ever so slightly, a rosy gold from deep within him that slowly begins to smooth his skin and restore his normal human form.

It's nearly impossible to tell if it's the flickering light playing tricks or if Gene has a subtle halo, growing in strength.

The girls beneath his hands are becoming downright skeletal.

From the doorway, Faye aims the gun at Gene's head with one hand and clicks off the flickering room light with her other.

A gunshot rips through the horrifying tableau and chaos breaks loose.

Dick manages to find the light switch, both Faye and Anne are gone.

Burning candles are strewn across the room, spilling wax in expanding pools.

June and Clara lie still, yet are visibly returning back to health.

Gene lies on his side moaning. Thick black blood pumps from where Gene's lower jaw used to be, disturbed only by the frantic slapping of his twitching tongue on the wooden floor.

Gene tries to talk, gurgle-bubbles pop from the mess where words should be. His body is quickly returning to its previous animalistic state.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Faye helps Anne into the van and anxiously looks around for Willow. She's nowhere to be found.

Anne keeps motioning for Faye to join her in the vehicle.

FAYE

Look, I don't know what's going on here but my sister is out there somewhere. I have to find her.

Faye pushes the keys into the woman's hand.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Please wait. I need to find my
sister.

ANNE
I'm not staying here, I have
friends in there!

FAYE
You're hurt. Badly. Don't move.

Faye darts towards the forest-line where she last saw Willow,
calling her name as loudly as she dares.

ANNE
You're hurt too.

Faye isn't coming back. With hesitation, Anne pulls the van
door shut.

After some frantic searching in the brush, Faye finds Willow
passed out on the ground. Faye shakes her awake.

FAYE
Hey, hey hey hey. You ok?

WILLOW
A little light-headed. I think the
food helped.

FAYE
How long ago was your last shot, it
can't have been that long ago.

WILLOW
I don't know, yesterday morning?

FAYE
I don't know where your bag went
but I'm gonna get you home.

Willow shrugs.

INT. DINING ROOM

Gene's fallen red ballcap sits dangerously close to a
sputtering ceremonial candle.

Dick tears into the barely conscious Brock.

DICK

We let you use this place because
it's off the radar, how the fuck
could you let them just run off?
How fucking stupid are you?

BROCK

I think Tyler's dead.

Brock tries to sit up and fails. He looks around.

BROCK (CONT'D)

We still have two of 'em.

DICK

I'm not about to go running through
the woods looking for some
adrenaline-fueled psycho bitch.

BROCK

She didn't just run off.

DICK

Excuse me?

BROCK

Some teenager came outta nowhere
and tried to set 'em all free.

Dick stares at Brock, he's not sure how to play this.

The silence is uncomfortable.

DICK

You saw her? What did she look
like?

BROCK

Tiny, punk-ish, and stabby. You saw
her too right?

Dick toys with his gun, lost in thought.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I got a good look. If
you catch her I'll be able to
identify her no prob-

A gunshot paints the wall with Brock's pureed brain matter.
Clumps peel off the wallpaper and plop to the ground. Dick
holsters his weapon and looks around him at the disaster of a
room.

DICK

Gross.

He holsters his weapon and adjusts the strap on Willow's backpack. Faye's voice cuts through the darkness, startling him.

FAYE

Willow needs her insulin.

DICK

Jesus. Willow's here too?

FAYE

I need the insulin now, front pocket.

Dick fishes the syringes out of the bag and stands. Faye is frozen in place, eyes wide.

DICK

Here's what's gonna happen. I'll let you give Willow her shot. I'm gonna burn this place to the ground then we all go to the hospital.

FAYE

Why burn evidence?

DICK

You don't know what a judge will make of all this. Look. I'm not mad. This is the first time you've shown some spine in your entire life. I thought you two just ran off to mope like spoiled brats and here you are, the eye of a carnage fuckin' hurricane! You were always too much like your mom, but who knows, you might end up being interesting after all.

He pockets the insulin and drops the bag.

DICK (CONT'D)

Go get your sister. I've got a gas can in the car, we'll clean up some loose ends and get the hell out. Life goes back to normal.

The morphine is wearing off June and Clara, they begin looking around at the bizarre scene in shock.

FAYE

These aren't loose ends. They're people.

DICK

Drop it. Where's Willow?

Faye bolts, she almost makes it out of the room when a crack of gunfire sends her tumbling head over heels.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Faye stumbles into the living room and looks around wildly for a place to hide.

Her leg has been grazed but it doesn't look nearly as bad as her ear.

She ducks behind the couch just before Dick enters the room with military precision, checking his corners and walking almost silently.

An inhuman roar builds from the other room, it sounds like Gene has regained consciousness.

Faye scrambles under the couch to find the forgotten insulin shot.

A small silhouette appears in the direction of the front door. It picks up the dropped backpack.

WILLOW

Dad?

Dick whirls around and raises his gun.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

If Faye promises to delete the video she took, will you stop trying to hurt her?

Dick pauses, smug. The nightmare shape of Gene struggles to walk, behind Willow.

DICK

Of course you knew about that.

He looks around at the carnage, it's too much to contain if everyone survives. Gene reaches for Willow, shambling ever closer.

DICK (CONT'D)

About that video. Faye doesn't have-

Dick grimaces in pain and looks down.

Tyler's pocket knife is sticking out of his achilles tendon. Faye's lithe arm darts out from beneath the couch and, before Dick has time to process what is happening, a used insulin needle joins the pocket knife in his flesh.

Willow runs at her screaming father just as Gene makes a grab at her from behind. The girl pushes her father just as his gun, previously pointed at the couch, goes off.

It puts a neat hole in the ceiling.

He whirls on her. Gene screams, his voice a chorus of pain and hunger. Dick takes a step backwards.

Faye rolls out from under the couch and kicks straight up, catching her father right in the testicles. He erupts, a primal bellow, and doubles over.

FAYE
(to Willow)
Get to the van, run!

Gene stands between Willow and the room's exit.

Willow sprints directly at Gene as Faye kicks Dick's gun hand. Another bullet goes wide. The tiny memory card from Faye's phone flies out of her pocket, she scrambles after the chip.

FAYE (CONT'D)
No!!

Gene grabs at Willow as she dives past, his claws come up with only her backpack.

Dick throws Faye into a bookshelf and grabs at the tiny memory card on the ground.

Faye spots a long-forgotten can just outside the room and runs towards it.

Dick holds the chip up, a wicked grin on his face. He pulls Faye's phone out of his pocket and sees the empty slot. A bark of a laugh erupts from him, the situation is now under his control.

He looks around for Faye and is concerned that she isn't in his immediate view. He holds up the memory card.

DICK
Here's that video you're so worked
up about.

Dick snaps the card in half. He looks up just in time to catch a flying can of cat food with his face.

Faye flies out of the shadows screaming bloody murder. She tackles her father like a football player, he hits his head on the wall while falling.

His gun slides across the floor, he reaches for it instinctively.

Faye grabs his thumb and yanks hard, Dick screams and grabs her wrist with his other hand. Faye screams and, using HER other hand, grabs his pinky finger and pulls hard.

There's an audible crack.

Both father and daughter scream, release their holds, and scramble away from each other.

Dick holds his hand, pinky finger sticking out at an odd angle.

Faye is holding two guns, both pointed at Dick's head.

FAYE

I need you to leave. Forever.

Gene is directly behind Faye, moving closer and closer. Dick finds this amusing.

DICK

(relishing the moment)

What are you going to do? Shoot me like you shot the fucking mayor? You on the rag? You're batshit!

FAYE

That thing was Mayor Gene?

DICK

You have no idea how goddamn twisted the world is. You exist because people like me allow you to.

Dick takes a step towards her and she fires a bullet into the floor right in front of him.

FAYE

You taught me bitch.

Gene grabs her arms from behind, lifting her off the floor before she has a chance to register what's happening.

He presses his face against the side of her head and breathes in deeply.

He retches, his stomach pumping visibly. Faye is dropped on her ass while Gene empties his stomach directly behind her.

Faye keeps one gun on Gene and one gun on Dick.

Dick stands, swaying slightly, unsure of his options.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Here's how this works. Walk into the woods and don't stop. Become a mountain man, I don't care. You are not welcome in MY family.

DICK

You're nothing without me, I brought you into this world-

FAYE

-AND I WILL FUCKING TAKE YOU OUT OF IT SO HELP ME.

Faye plants her feet and exhales. Gene sways as if he might pass out again.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Leave. While you still can.

Dick takes a deep breath. He holds up his broken hand so Faye can see it and then, in one fast move, snaps the finger back into place.

He howls in pain and curls up, squatted in a ball.

FAYE (CONT'D)

(in spite of herself)

You ok?

Dick erupts upwards out of his ball and catches Faye's face with the back of his hand. She stumbles backwards but he pushes her hard.

Brock's gun tumbles into the shadows and the police pistol hits the ground.

Dick pounces after the gun, brings it up, and shoots. Faye is already gone, rolling like she's on fire. Gene takes the bullet with a gurgle.

Faye scrambles to her feet and crawl-runs out of the room.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK

Faye tumbles out the open front door.

She trips down the steps onto the lawn. Her grazed leg now has a twisted ankle to add to it's list of injuries. Faye attempts to put weight on it and falls immediately.

We hear a van door slam in the darkness.

In a desperate attempt to get away, Faye begins dragging herself across the grass.

Dick stands in the doorway, gun matching her every move.

DICK

This is your own fault, stop moving.

FAYE

Or what? You'll shoot me again?
Just like you shot Mom? I already
sent the video to every news site I
could think of. Your life is OVER.

Dick stalks down the steps, his methodical walk matching Faye's struggle away from him in speed.

DICK

You're lying.

FAYE

You wish.

Dick moves closer like a robot, Faye is just another loose end.

DICK

You know what? It doesn't even
matter. Here's the thing...

His gun dips slightly.

DICK (CONT'D)

I'm an officer of the law. The
people who matter, they fucking
love people like me. This whole
thing, it's all gonna disappear.

Dick raises the gun.

DICK (CONT'D)

You were a broken condom.

The mechanical roar of a nearby vehicle starting breaks his focus for a crucial second. He has just enough time to swing his gun towards the noise and plant his feet when headlights blind him.

Dick slaps his aviators over his eyes a half second before a panel van sends him flying across the lawn.

The spinning body ragdolls off a tree and comes to a graceless rest. Dick's arms are broken at radically geometric angles and one leg seems disconnected from his body, held loosely in place by an empty sleeve of stretched skin. A broken insulin shot sticks out of his cheek.

He's not dead, not yet. The only evidence being the occasional muscle spasm and the clicking noise his neck makes as he attempts to take a breath.

Faye hobbles up to him.

FAYE

Well fuck.

Dick tries to speak but only clicks and rasps loosely.

FAYE (CONT'D)

You're right, I wasn't going to shoot you. Guess I didn't need to.

She grabs several undamaged insulin shots from his pocket.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Nobody's going to miss you.

Faye turns back towards the van.

June and Clara appear in the open doorway of the house.

Anne waves at them from inside the van and taps the horn.

INT. DINING ROOM

Gene's fallen red ballcap catches fire on the dining room floor.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK

Willow hops out of the van and runs to Faye.

The ladies help Willow get Faye into the van.

Faye hands Willow the insulin shots.

FAYE
Take one. Now.

Once inside the van, one of the ladies makes a tourniquet for her leg. Faye grits her teeth in pain.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Shit.

WILLOW
Don't swear.

Faye snorts in laughter as Willow takes her medication.

ANNE
Was it true? What they said about
Charlotte?

An uncomfortable silence fills the van.

FAYE
Oh.

ANNE
Is she still inside? We can't just
leave her.

Faye finds herself unable to look Anne in the face.

FAYE
Was she a little bigger? Wearing a
cross necklace?

ANNE
(not liking where this
might be going)
That sounds like her.

There's a pause, just a hair too long.

FAYE
I'm sorry.

ANNE
No. Please no.

Anne begins to ugly-cry.

For the first time, Faye breaks down completely. Her barbed edges crumble, Willow looks on in shock. She's never seen this before.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(slowly)

She wanted to go home. She just wanted to go home. I told her it would be fine. I told her she was safe.

WILLOW

It's not your fault. It can't be.

ANNE

She has a dog. She lives with her parents. They...they don't know.

FAYE

You didn't cause this. To those monsters, we're not even people. We're things.

ANNE

I told her she would be ok.

An uncomfortable pause.

FAYE

I'm sorry, I really am, but I'm in a lot of pain. You don't look so great either.

ANNE

Oh my god don't die. I'm so sorry.

FAYE

No, no. It was a really heavy moment and I ruined it but I'm starting to feel like I've lost a lot of blood. I'm so sorry.

ANNE

I'm so so sorry.

CLARA

Everyone's sorry. We get it.

FAYE

Where the hell are we, can any of you drive?

ANNE

(pulling herself together)

Your sister did a good job across the front lawn just now.

Faye looks at Willow in shock, she assumed it was Anne driving.

WILLOW
Fucker had it coming.

FAYE
You swore!

WILLOW
All I know, I learned from you!

FAYE
Terrifying.

June slides into the drivers seat and the engine roars to life.

CLARA
Get us out of here.

The van peels out on gravel before rumbling off into the night.

The scattered candles from the aborted ceremony have done their job, the faint glow of fire creeps through the house as it warms the front yard.

Illuminated by firelight, Dick lies on the lawn while shock-fueled adrenaline pumps through his veins.

He sees a silhouette moving inside the lit house, his vision begins to swim.

The thing is inhuman, reminiscent of an insect and moving like a broken puppet. It's Gene, he steps out the open front door of the house and lurches towards where Dick lays, following his bloody trail across the grass.

The continuous ooze of a highly viscous black fluid pumps from where Gene's jaw used to be.

His tongue dangles, a visual profanity.

Gene is impossibly thin, his bones far too pointed and his skin almost too transparent to be human. He grabs Dick's face with his talons and inhales hard, neck gills flapping.

The color drains from Dick's face as Gene begins to glow.

With the very last of his strength, Dick begins to scream. Streams of his faith, his corrupt soul, float into the gaping maw of what Gene has become.

Gene's flesh returns.

His jaw grows back, looking like fleshy insect mandibles before reconnecting in the middle.

His feet lift off the ground. Shining, transparent wings briefly radiate light before fading away so fast it feels like they were never there.

Gene gently floats back down to the grass, landing like a feather.

His hands are clasped in prayer and he sighs contentedly.

Dick's corpse is devoid of fluid, his skin pressed hard against his mangled bones. There's something moving beneath the dehydrated leather attempting to pass for skin.

Gene touches the corpse's forehead with his thumb while making holy signs with his other hand.

GENE

Peace be with you.

The skin flakes off the bones. The bones start to lose their shape, they are not the hard material they once seemed to be.

The mess settles into a pulsing family of writhing maggots atop a stained police uniform. His bloodstained badge, a monument to his memory atop an orgy of filth.

INT. MOTHER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Faye and Willow's mother, Mary, lies in her hospital bed. A NURSE and DOCTOR enter the room.

DOCTOR

Sorry to bother you there have been some...updates. Last night we admitted a group of women, among them were your daughters.

Mary looks relieved, then immediately worried. The Doctor raises his hands to reassure her.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(comforting)

They're recovering well, both of them.

MARY

Recovering from what? Did Richard-

DOCTOR

We don't really know what happened. Your daughters and the three women they were admitted with won't talk to us or the police about it.

MARY

Well. My husband is a police officer. You know, you saw the video my daughter sent me.

NURSE

(butts in)

It's all over the news! It's going viral on social media too!!

Doctor gives Nurse a "tone it down" gesture. Mary is on the verge of tears.

DOCTOR

I wanted to talk to you first, before you see them. Something big must have happened yesterday. Heck, I've got the mayor and the chief of police in my office. They both want to know what happened. I told them that you were going to see the girls before I let anyone else talk to them, but I can only hold them off for so long. They showed up with some heavy-duty paperwork.

NURSE

It is so sweet that the mayor himself showed up. Now that's dedication to his community!

(switches to consolation mode)

I know you're probably worried that your husband is going to come after you, but you don't need to be afraid anymore. There's a warrant out for his arrest, he shows his face and he's going away for a long, long time. That's probably why there are so many officers here today!

DOCTOR

(comforting)

I'm on your side here Mrs. Slager. You wouldn't believe how many police-related domestic abuse cases I see in a week.

MARY

(terrified)

How do you know he won't find us?
His chief always has his back. The
"thin blue line"? It's a club. They
do whatever they want with no
consequences.

NURSE

I can completely understand where
you're coming from given your
experience, but have a little faith
in our government. You'll find that
justice is alive and well.

The doctor turns back to his phone and flips through his
bookmarked web pages until he finds what he's looking for.

DOCTOR

He made a public statement this
morning, ah, here we are.

It's a video of a public statement from the mayor, Gene. He's
flanked by police officers on both sides and has an American
flag behind him.

GENE

-our manhunt for ex-officers Dick
Slager and Harold Grey is just the
beginning. My administration is
going to be launching a full
investigation into these two police
officers with the full cooperation
of the heroes in our police force.
I advise the public, no matter what
we find, to not let the conduct of
these two bad apples taint your
perception of our noble public
servants as a whole.

DOCTOR

See? The mayor himself has your
back! Have a little faith in the
system.

INT. FAYE AND WILLOW'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Faye lies in a hospital bed, unmoving. The side of her face
is covered in bandages and her leg has been patched in
several places.

Willow sits up on her bed, bright and cheery, flipping through the tv channels. She stops on coverage of the supposed manhunt then turns it off.

A light tap directs their attention to the doorway. Her mother and the Doctor stand in the entry.

WILLOW
MOM!!!

She jumps out of bed and bear hugs the frail woman, dodging the doctor's attempts to slow her down.

MARY
Oh my girls!

Faye tries to get out of bed but the Doctor quickly stops her. Mary sits on the side of her bed and hugs her eldest daughter. The tears are flowing from Faye again, this could become a habit.

FAYE
I'm so sorry Mom.

WILLOW
Are you ok?

Mary shows the girls her bandaged leg.

MARY
I'll be fine, but it's you two I'm worried about! What happened?

FAYE
I should have done something to stop him.

MARY
You did. I got your video.

Mary gently runs her hands over Faye's heavily bandaged face.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'm supposed to keep you safe and I...I failed.

FAYE
He'll never hurt you again. I promise.

Before Mary can ask for clarification the Doctor cuts in.

DOCTOR

I'll be just outside if you need
me. Let me know when you're caught
up and I'll send the mayor in.

He gives a consoling half smile and leaves the women.

Faye has turned to ice.

MARY

Please. What happened yesterday,
who did this to you?

Faye looks at her mother, she has so much she needs to tell
her and no time to do so.

FAYE

I need you to trust me.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Two police officers, Gene, and the Doctor stand around
pretending to be interested in their coffee.

Mary limps out of Faye and Willow's room, closing the door
behind her.

GENE

Pardon me ma'am, you probably
recognise me, I'm Mayor Gene.

MARY

I know.

GENE

How are your poor daughters?

Mary sizes him up, he shifts nervously.

MARY

My daughters won't be talking to
anyone until they've fully
recovered.

One of the officers opens their mouth to speak but Mary cuts
them off with a hand held up authoritatively.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thank you for understanding.
However, I would be thrilled to
discuss some ways you can mandate
increased police oversight in order
to hold them accountable to the
public.

The men shrink.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Faye leans against the beat up panel van the ladies made
their escape in earlier. She's constantly checking her phone.

Willow kicks at a rock.

Anne hobbles around the corner on a crutch.

FAYE

I can't get ahold of June or Clara?
Have you heard from them?

ANNE

June is fine but she can't move
really well, all hopped up on
painkillers anyway. Clara, she's
complicated. I don't think she's up
for even talking about what
happened. She's had a LOT of trauma
in her life and right now I think
she just wants to recover.

FAYE

What about you? Do you just want to
recover too?

Anne weighs her options and Willow fidgets.

ANNE

I might be up for more trauma. What
do you have in mind?

FAYE

That thing. That monster. Remember
him?

ANNE

I've been trying to forget.

FAYE

That was the Mayor.

ANNE
(her voice becomes a
blade)
Are you sure?

FAYE
Completely.

ANNE
So it's not just the cops.

FAYE
Nope.

WILLOW
There are more?

ANNE
Monsters or cops?

WILLOW
There's a difference?

FAYE
I want to kill the mayor.

ANNE
I figured.

Willow kicks at the ground.

FAYE
Then I'm going to track down
everyone involved until I find the
next monster and the next and the
next.

ANNE
I'm guessing you can't do that
alone?

WILLOW
I get it. Evil exists, monsters are
real, yadda yadda. Where does it
end? When does all the killing turn
YOU into a monster?

FAYE
Does scrubbing mold from a toilet
turn you into mold? Killing evil
doesn't make you evil, it just
removes it.

WILLOW

Pretty sure that's what every bad guy in every comic book thinks right before they go off the rails.

FAYE

What do you suggest? Is anyone else going to do ANYTHING about it? We have to do something. Anything.

WILLOW

We could tell someone, anyone!

ANNE

That's a good idea, but who would we tell? What would we tell them? They would probably just think we're crazy.

WILLOW

Ok, ok. That's true.

Willow paces, thinking.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

We could wait until the Mayor needs to feed again, film it; then release the video!

FAYE

Wouldn't that risk the lives of more people? When does the Mayor need to feed again? Do we just stalk him and hope he doesn't notice?

WILLOW

There has to be a more peaceful solution.

Faye puts her hand on Willow's shoulder, Willow shivers.

FAYE

We could have escaped, both of us, back at the house. A wise person reminded me, I had to do *something*. If we go back into that hospital, we're going to need to talk to the police. The mayor knows who we are, I think he's scared. Why? Because we are the only people who might...

Faye pauses hoping Willow will catch on, she doesn't.

WILLOW
Might what?

FAYE
Might do something.

INT. GENE'S HOME

The room is sterile, white. A giant table fills the brunt of the large space yet it only has one chair.

A woman prays, kneeling to a giant black cross on the wall.

Behind the woman, her daughters pray to an identical cross on the opposite wall.

Their formless words quietly weave an indistinct tapestry of background noise, softening the emptiness.

Gene sits shirtless at the table in the middle of the room, gut hanging out obscenely.

He's sawing at a gigantic, bloody steak.

He chews sloppily. A rivulet of blood drips down his chins.

The intensity of the prayers increase.

Gene's chrome and white rotary phone rings.

He picks up the receiver and wipes the stream of steak blood from his chin onto what was once a blemish free white napkin.

GENE
Don! What a treat!

He pauses as the man on the other end of the line speaks inaudibly.

GENE (CONT'D)
I'm feeling SO much better. Yes.
Though I should warn you, the usual
suppliers are out of commission.

Gene pauses for a response and notices his wife and daughters have stopped praying. They look on, interested. He covers the microphone with one hand.

GENE (CONT'D)
Are you in need of further tasks?

They resume their prayers, filled with shame. Gene leans back into the phone.

GENE (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it. Really. I
know other suppliers I can
introduce you to. It's not a
problem.

The doorbell rings and everyone freezes. Clearly this isn't
something that happens frequently.

GENE (CONT'D)
Can you hang on a second?

He covers the phone receiver and grunts in the general
direction of his wife and daughters. They stare back at him.
He points at his wife.

GENE (CONT'D)
Well? Go see who it is.

Nobody moves.

Gene snaps his fingers at his daughters and they obediently
sit.

His wife doesn't move. Her expression is blank but her hands
make fists.

Gene leans back in his chair, incensed by her "big stand".

GENE (CONT'D)
We'll talk about that attitude
later.

He snaps his fingers.

EXT. ENDLESS FOG

Tilly finds herself in a world of endless fog, yet she shows
no surprise. Gene's voice booms from the heavens.

GENE
Go see who is at the door. Dear.

She moves like a puppet through the fog towards an unknown
destination.

A monolith appears in the mist, it's the front door.

Her lifeless hand is lifted to touch the knob.

INT. GENE'S HOME

Tilly peers through the front door's peephole.

Gene chatters away on the phone in the background.

Willow stands on the front porch, small and alone.

Confused, Tilly flips open a panel next to the door. It shows a view of the porch from across the street on a small screen.

Anne stands just out of sight of the front door with a shotgun and Faye has a fire axe on the other side.

For the first time, Tilly's expression changes. A genuine, lottery-winning smile slowly works across her face. Her eyes brim with tears.

TILLY
(under her breath)
Thank you.

EXT. GENE'S HOME - EVENING

A clunker of a panel van sits across the street from a tasteless yet expensive home, giallo-tinged light from a dying sun coats the world in a candy shell.

The front door of Gene's home creaks open and Tilly motions for all three women to come in.

Cut to black.

THE END.