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DARK GAMES

FADE IN:

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - PASADENA, CA - NIGHT

A 1967 MUSTANG FASTBACK sits parked on the side of a small, two lane highway just outside a residential neighborhood. A dark figure sits behind the wheel. Someone we cannot fully see.

Random CARS drive past the scene.

INT. MUSTANG

A girly pink KEYRING hangs from the ignition. A picture of a young BLONDE WOMAN and her boyfriend inside the small frame. The girl looks to be high school age.

A pair of RUBBER GLOVED HANDS flip through the radio channels, searching for music, listening to talk shows. He gives up and pulls the keys out of the ignition.

ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR

A pair of dark, menacing eyes stare into the rearview mirror. We stay on the mirror as this person steps out of the car. We hear the driver's door slam shut.

THUMP!

We watch on, from the rearview mirror, as this figure walks around the car and to the trunk. He opens the trunk. Fast enough so we can't get a good look at his face.

A few moments pass.

A YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN

appears from behind the trunk. Her mouth gagged and her hands tied. The dark figure and his hostage begin toward the woods, out of frame and out of our view of the rearview mirror.

EXT. MUSTANG - WINDSHIELD

A white piece of paper lays under the windshield wiper. It reads OUT OF GAS.

INT. WOODS

The gagged woman ruffles through the forestry. She cries out, through the cloth.

The dark figure walks some distance behind her, silent. Suddenly...he forcefully pushes the girl to the ground.

She falls into the mud.

SPLAT!

She quickly turns around, facing her captor.

The dark figure kneels down and digs through the filthy mud, searching for the perfect stick or tree branch.

He picks up a long, thick, healthy branch and snaps it in half. He throws the other half back into the dirt and pulls out a pocket knife.

The girl watches on, a bit confused.

He has a seat on a nearby tree trunk and begins using the blade to shave the branch down, sharper and sharper, making a home made weapon of some sort.

The young woman simply watches in horror. She attempts to stand, but the dark figure walks over and steps on her back, pushing her face back into the dirt.

As the girl lays, face down on the ground, the dark figure continues shaving the tree branch down into a sharp spear.

The girl watches as shavings from the branch hit the ground, all around her.

The dark figure grabs her and turns her over, facing him. He points the sharp stick directly at her eye. She instantly turns away.

He then rubs the end of the stick across her eye lids as she SCREAMS out in a panic. Afraid that he'll puncture her eye, the girl tries to lay as still as possible.

He simply rubs the stick across her eyes and cheeks, taking in her fear. Enjoying himself.

Her eyes remain shut, scared he will pop one of them out with his weapon.

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The dark figure reaches back, as if he's going to drive the stick into her face. Instead, he drives it into the ground, as hard as he can.

He reaches down and pulls the gag from her mouth. She SCREAMS out in terror.

The dark figure slowly slides his hand down the front of his pants.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDEWALK - DAY

Open on a LONG SHOT of a white sidewalk in upper, middle class suburbia. Lots of trees and bushes align the quiet streets. The outskirts of LA.

BEGIN TITLES:

THE 2ND FLOOR

From around a corner walks JAKE WINCOTT (13) a strawberry blonde with enough red in his hair and sporadic freckles to suggest trouble. He is toting a heavy bookbag, coming home from school.

EXT. WINCOTT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake opens a white, picket gate and enters the property, responsibly shutting it behind him. He continues into the home.

INT. WINCOTT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake walks in, shuts the door and drops his heavy books onto the floor, immediately running to one of the bedrooms.

JAKE (O.S.)

Matt!

Jake opens Matt's bedroom door.

JAKE

Matt! You here?

Jake walks in Matt's bedroom, kneels down and opens a drawer to pull a magazine that reads "Sexy Bikini girls"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE
(SMILES)

Bingo!

Jake runs back into to the kitchen to get a drink.

INT. KITCHEN

Jake hurries over to the fridge and opens, grabbing a large, clear jug of cherry Kool Aid.

He shuts the door and instantly notices a white, hand written letter hanging by a magnet. He rests the jug on a counter and reads.

INSERT - LETTER

Jake

I won't be home until late. Dad says to do your homework and stay out of trouble. DON'T GO ANYWHERE!!!

Matt

BACK TO SCENE

Jake doesn't pay the note any mind and pours himself a large glass of Kool Aid. He takes a huge swig of his drink and walks over to a telephone and message machine in the corner. He plays the days messages.

MACHINE

First message...

MATT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Jake! I know you're listening to this, so now you can't pretend you didn't get my note! Just in case you forgot...you're still on restriction! Dad says we're both dead if I let you go out, so you better not even think about going to that fag's house!

Jake skips ahead, erasing the message.

MACHINE

Message erased. Next message...

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JAKE'S FATHER (O.S.)

Jake. It's your father. I take it since you're not answering the phone, you're out doing something you shouldn't instead of doing your homework like your mother and I asked. Well I just hope for your sake it's done by the time your brother gets home. Don't think because we're not there, we're not watching you, young man. We're ALWAYS WATCHING!...

Jake angrily punches the button on the machine, erasing the message.

Suddenly the phone rings.

JAKE'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Dude. Stop playing with yourself and pick up the phone. I know you're home.

Jake picks up the phone. His friend is on the other line.

JAKE'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Hello?

JAKE

What're you doing?

JAKE'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Waiting on you. I thought you were coming over.

JAKE

I said we were meeting at Chrissy's. Why would I come to your place if her house is closer?

JAKE'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Yeah, but what if I get there before you? Just come over and get me and we'll go together.

JAKE

Alright. But I gotta get back before dark.

JAKE'S FRIEND (O.S.)

You will. Just take the short cut like I showed you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Alright.

JAKE'S FRIEND (O.S.)

And you better not wimp out this time. Remember what I said. If you don't ask her to the dance, I will.

JAKE

Alright, alright! I'll ask her!
Just get off my back!

Jake hangs up and chugs the rest of his Kool Aid.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

Jake, now dressed to impress, hurries up a residential sidewalk and approaches a large, wooded area. He runs down a small, grassy slope and ventures deeper into the woods.

INT. WOODS

Jake scurries through the small forest, maneuvering around tree trunks and logs, pushing his way through the sharp branches and wet leaves, snapping and crunching twigs with his feet and tramping through the filthy mud.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - PARKING LOT

A car pulls into an almost full lot and finds an empty space. Parks.

Out of the car steps DETECTIVE DAVID REINHARDT, late 40s, graying hair, aviator shades, cheap sport coat, polo shirt and khakis.

He glances around suspiciously, as if someone is watching him. He begins into the busy park.

EXT. PARK GROUNDS

Several retirees are out for their afternoon walk, couples are walking their dogs, parents playing with their children.

Some of them sitting at various picnic tables, others grilling burgers and dogs on the barbecue pits.

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Detective Reinhardt notices an unsavory looking fellow with white hair sitting on the table top of a picnic bench in the near distance.

ARCHIE is old, fat and greasy. His white hair is spiked up, desperate to appear hip and youthful. His silk shirt, designer slacks and fancy shoes suggest money, but are a bit too flashy for the time and place. He is busy pounding away at a hot dog with all the works.

Detective Reinhardt begins toward him.

ARCHIE

You're late, cop. Thought maybe you were having second thoughts about that money.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I had some trouble going on at home with my daughter.

ARCHIE

Trouble, eh?

Archie laughs.

ARCHIE

I bet. Girl like that. Good healthy tatas. Nice culito. All those hard dicks beatin' down your front door. I know. I had a daughter myself. Never had to worry like you, though. She had the face of a chongo's culo. She was always home.

Archie laughs again.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I got the twelve hundred?

ARCHIE

You waiting on a rainy day? Let's see it.

Detective Reinhardt pulls a thick envelope from his coat and hands it to Archie, who quickly fans through it, counting.

Detective Reinhardt looks in both directions, making sure he isn't being watched.

Archie finishes counting the money.

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ARCHIE

Pretty expensive habit you got there, cop. You're starting to make me feel guilty. You should start picking your teams a little more carefully. Either that or start thinkin' about a career change.

Detective Reinhardt looks as if Archie's touched a nerve. His mouth quivering just a bit.

ARCHIE

(a growing smile)

Wait a minute. Could this be payoff money?

Archie slides the envelope under his nose, sniffing it.

ARCHIE

Hmm. Dinero sucio. Shame, shame.

Archie laughs out loud.

Detective Reinhardt turns to leave.

ARCHIE (O.S.)

See you next week, cop.

The detective stops, quickly comes back and gets in the man's face.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Listen to me. I want you to stop calling the house. I don't wanna hear from you. I don't wanna know you exist. And the next time you make threats over the phone at my daughter...I'll kill you. There's plenty of woods around these parts.

Archie loses his cocky grin, looking very intimidated. Detective Reinhardt walks off.

ARCHIE

Hey, Dave! Tell the wife I said hi!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Detective Reinhardt turns and stares at Archie, giving him a look of pure hate. He is so upset, Archie's rendered him speechless. He simply walks off.

Archie laughs.

INT. WOODS

Jake hurries through the forest a bit faster and more confident, now finding his way easier.

He stops when he looks up and notices a young BLONDE WOMAN, hands tied to a tree and gagged at the mouth.

She stares up at Jake as she cries out in despair.

The back of her shirt has been torn all the way up with a knife.

Her bare skin exposed and her bra strap showing.

Jake almost doesn't notice the NAKED MAN standing some distance behind her. He is somewhat hidden from view by the thick shrubbery, but is visibly nude.

He is a young, thin man in his twenties, long, curly black hair. So long, it curtails his face from view. He is wearing rubber gloves and holding a long blade in his hand. We'll call him THE SCARY MAN.

The scary man uses the knife to rip off the girl's bra. She SCREAMS out in a panic.

Jake slowly backs up, distancing himself from the scene before he's noticed. He trips over a thick log and falls into the mud.

SPLAT!

The scary man quickly turns his head, staring directly over at young Jake. We only see close ups of his eyes and the back of his head as he begins toward Jake.

Jake quickly stands and darts off, deeper into the woods.

The scary man charges after him. From different camera angles, we see parts of his body as he runs. He's completely naked. His every move is smooth and robotic.

Jake is now snapping through the branches hopping from log to log like he owns these woods.

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JAKE
HELP!!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!

Jake notices a grassy field in the near distance and some people sitting at a picnic table. He runs toward the light and out of the woods, into a picnicking area. THE PARK FROM BEFORE.

EXT. PARK GROUNDS

Jake trips and falls down a short hill, onto the soft grass.

JAKE
SOMEBODY HELP!!!

He quickly stands and continues running across the field.

JAKE
HELP ME!!!

Detective Reinhardt is on his cell phone when he looks up and notices Jake running out of the woods towards him.

JAKE
HELP!!! HE'S GONNA KILL ME!!!

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
I'll call you back.

He hangs up the phone and begins walking towards Jake.

Jake runs as fast as he can toward the detective. He approaches him, almost completely out of breath.

JAKE
There's a man!...A man in the woods!...He's naked and he's with this girl! He's...he's attacking her! Quick! Call the police!

Detective Reinhardt stares in the direction of the woods.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
He was attacking her?

INT. WOODS

SCARY MAN'S P.O.V.

He watches Reinhardt and Jake from a distance.

EXT. PARK GROUNDS

Detective Reinhardt and Jake.

JAKE

Look! It's not what you think! He had a knife! She was tied to a tree! You gotta do something! He's gonna kill her!

Detective Reinhardt loses his slick grin and stares off into the woods.

JAKE

What're you waiting on, man! Call the cops!

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Stay here.

INT. WOODS

Detective Reinhardt ventures into the woods, searching for any signs of foul play. He comes across the scene of the crime and stops in his tracks.

There is a large blanket rolled out on the ground. A pair of old sweat pants and a T-shirt lay on the blanket.

Detective Reinhardt smiles as he slowly figures it out.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

The little brat scared them off.

Detective Reinhardt begins back towards the park, but stops when he notices what appears to be a pair of rubber gloves tossed into the mud.

He kneels down to get a closer look. A serious look in his eyes. He cautiously stares all around him, scared.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PUBLIC PARK

Detective Reinhardt and Jake stand on a sidewalk in front of Reinhardt's car.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Alright. What's your name and where do you live?

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CONTINUED:

JAKE

Jake.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Jake what?

JAKE

Wincott. I live on Weatherby. A couple blocks away.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Wincott?

(squints a bit)

You Dale Wincott's boy?

JAKE

No. He's my uncle. He's a cop.
You a cop?

Detective Reinhardt stalls, dodges the question.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Well I'm taking you home. I wanna talk to your parents.

JAKE

My parents are in Phoenix until tomorrow.

Detective Reinhardt squints a bit, thrown off guard.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

What?

JAKE

They're out of town. At some funeral. It's just me and my brother until Friday.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Fine. Where's your brother?

JAKE

I don't know. He's not coming home until late.

Detective Reinhardt sighs, frustrated, shakes his head.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Do you have a number where I can reach your parents?

(CONTINUED)

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Jake nods.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Alright. I don't want you running around the street like this. You're coming home with me for now. We'll give your parents a call and let them decide what to do with you.

JAKE

My parents said never to go with strangers.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

How old are you? About fourteen?

JAKE

Thirteen.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Thirteen? That's old enough to start making your own bad decisions. Now get in the car.

Reinhardt gets in. Jake sighs as he halfheartedly gets in the passenger side. They pull away and begin out of the lot.

INT. CAR

Jake turns to the detective, studying his eyes. The detective appears a bit on edge.

JAKE

You saw something out there, didn't you?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

What makes you say that?

JAKE

You wouldn't be driving me home if you didn't see something? So what was it?

Detective Reinhardt stays suspiciously quiet. He simply stares at the precocious teen.

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DETECTIVE REINHARDT

It might be something, it might be nothing. I don't know.

JAKE

Oh, I get it. That's on a need to know basis and I don't need to know, right?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Yeah. Something like that.

JAKE

So you are a cop?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Not really.

JAKE

You either are or you aren't.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I was a cop.

JAKE

But not anymore?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Hence the emphasis on the word "was".

JAKE

You retired?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I guess you could say that.

Jake looks confused, but lays off the detective. He simply stares out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Detective Reinhardt's car pulls out of the lot and back onto a two lane highway.

On the way, they pass by a 1967 Mustang, sitting idle on the soft shoulder near the woods.

Jake sticks his head out the window, looking back at the Mustang as they speed off down the road.

The Mustang starts its engine and follows shortly behind.

INT. MUSTANG

An unseen man grips the steering wheel. A very girly, pink key ring dangles from the ignition. A PICTURE OF THE BLONDE WOMAN IN THE WOODS hugging her boyfriend is on the ring.

The man behind the wheel is shirtless, presumably still naked. THE SCARY MAN. His bare arms turn the wheel right as he follows behind Reinhardt and the boy at a corner stop sign.

The unseen driver continues following behind the unmarked squad car, keeping a safe distance.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Detective Reinhardt's squad car makes a right turn onto a residential street, slowly approaching a large, three story home. Reinhardt's house.

The car parks against a curb outside of the home. Out steps Detective Reinhardt and Jake.

The Mustang slowly approaches the stop sign at the end of the street and pulls a U-turn, parking against the curb.

INT. MUSTANG

SCARY MAN'S P.O.V.

The unseen driver stares down the street at Detective Reinhardt and Jake walking towards the home. They continue into the house.

The car speeds off down the street.

INT. REINHARDT HOME - CASSIE'S BEDROOM

CASSIE REINHARDT (18) short red hair, a sexy gothic punk type, lays on her bed, listening to loud, obnoxious music on her IPOD.

She angrily takes a pair of scissors to a picture of her and her ex-boyfriend MATT WINCOTT, Jake's older brother. She is completely surrounded by other torn photos of her and Matt, laying on the bed.

INT. REINHARDT HOME - DOWNSTAIRS

Detective Reinhardt and Jake wander into the living room, near the staircase.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Wait here a second.

Jake plops himself down on the living room couch, instantly turning on the television.

Detective Reinhardt begins toward the stairs. Stops.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Hey, uh...do you need me to go get your schoolbooks or anything?

JAKE
Nah. I did my homework already.

Jake grabs a jar of peanuts sitting on the table before him and pours himself a handful.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Detective Reinhardt walks in. Cassie pays him no mind.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Hey!

Cassie stares over at him, takes out her ear phones.

CASSIE
What?! Can't you see I'm busy?!

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Come downstairs!

CASSIE
What now?!

Detective Reinhardt shuts the door behind him. Cassie tosses her IPOD aside and angrily crawls out of bed.

INT. REINHARDT HOME - STAIRCASE

Cassie fumbles her way downstairs as Detective Reinhardt awaits her at the foot of the steps.

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CASSIE

What? I did all my chores.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I need you to watch somebody for a couple hours.

Detective Reinhardt motions toward the living room. Cassie turns and looks at Jake sitting on the couch, watching television and eating peanuts.

CASSIE

You gotta be kidding me?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT (O.S.)

No I'm not.

He gives Cassie a crumpled up twenty dollar bill.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

You and the kid can order a pizza. Maybe walk down to the corner and rent some movies or something. You go anywhere, you take Jake with you.

CASSIE

Who is this kid and why am I watching him?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

He was a witness to an attempted rape today. That's who. This guy chased him with a knife, naked as a jaybird. Scared the shit out of him. This might sound crazy, but I think he might have seen our guy today.

CASSIE

Our guy? As in the guy the cops been after for the last five months?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I think so. His parents are out of town until tomorrow night. His brother's God knows where. I wanna keep him here and safe until they get back.

Cassie squints, a bit confused and unsure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I gotta call this kid's parents.

Detective Reinhardt begins toward a corner office. Cassie follows behind, looking a bit angry.

INT. REINHARDT'S OFFICE

Detective Reinhardt walks around a desk and opens a drawer, pulling out a .45 AUTOMATIC. He checks the magazine for bullets, then slides the clip back in. He sets the gun down on the desk and picks up the phone. Cassie interrupts him.

CASSIE

What're you doing?

Detective Reinhardt looks up at her, waiting.

CASSIE

Why don't you just take him down to the station?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

You know I can't go down there. If I step one foot in the door, they'll have me thrown out.

CASSIE

But it's their case now, Daddy. You're not a cop anymore, remember? You have to tell them about this.

Detective Reinhardt has a seat and begins dialing.

CASSIE

You don't want anyone to know about Jake, do you? That's why you're keeping him here. You still wanna catch this guy.

Detective Reinhardt awaits an answer from the other line as he does his best to ignore Cassie.

CASSIE

Isn't it bad enough they took your badge? You want them to take your PI license too?

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DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Look. I go down there with Jake to give a statement, you think they're gonna take either of us seriously? A twelve year old skipping through the woods and the ex lead investigator, thrown off the case? They'll bury it as soon as we're out the door. I just wanna make sure this goes through the proper channels.

CASSIE

When you say the proper channels, you mean Detective Grimes?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

That's right.

CASSIE

Right. And it's gonna be you and Joe, together again. Back on the streets. Until they take his badge too for involving you in an illegal investigation.

Detective Reinhardt puts his finger to his mouth, signaling Cassie to be quiet.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

(into the phone)

Hello, this is David Reinhardt calling back.

Cassie loses her patience and storms out of the room.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

(into the phone)

Again, it's very urgent you return my call as soon as possible. You can reach me at 626-410-9020.

Detective Reinhardt hangs up. Sighs in frustration. He stares in the direction of the doorway, as if Cassie was still there.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Cassie stands hovered over Jake, arms crossed, watching him closely. He is still chomping away at the jar of peanuts.

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CONTINUED:

He is staring back and forth between the television and Cassie, feeling her eyes on him.

JAKE

What?

CASSIE

I know you, don't I?

Jake looks a bit scared.

JAKE

Maybe.

Detective Reinhardt walks in, car keys in hand.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Alright. I'm leaving. I'll be back in an hour or two.

CASSIE

If we go out, I'll need my car keys.

Holding out her hand, waiting.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Nice try.

Cassie sighs in disappointment.

CASSIE

It's been three days.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

You'll get your keys when you go back to school on Monday. And no friends over either. I mean it. I'll be back as soon as possible. You get him whatever he needs.

(to Jake)

You keep an eye on her.

JAKE

I'll see to it she stays out of trouble, Dave.

Cassie gives Jake a dirty look.

Detective Reinhardt continues out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

So what was this I heard about
pizza?

CASSIE

You tell me where I know you from
and I'll think about ordering
pizza.

Jake looks a bit unsure.

JAKE

But you'll be mad.

CASSIE

And you'll be hungry. Do you want
some pizza or not?

Jake tries to stand his ground, but quickly crumbles.

JAKE

You came over to the house for
dinner once. About a month ago.

Cassie's eyes widen as she slowly figures it out.

CASSIE

Your Matt's little brother, Jake!

JAKE

I told you you'd be mad.

CASSIE

You little shit! What did you tell
my father?! Did Matt put you up to
this?! I know him and his little
butt buddies at school are planning
something! You better tell me!

JAKE

What do you mean?

CASSIE

He knows my Dad's been after this
nutcase for months! Now, all the
sudden, some naked guy's chasing
you through the woods with a knife!

JAKE

I'm not lying! I told your dad the
truth! I swear!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CASSIE

Yeah, right! I'm calling your
brother right now!

Cassie begins for the kitchen to grab the phone.

CASSIE

And he better come pick your ass up
or I'm gonna walk you back home
myself and me and your parents are
gonna have a little chat!

Cassie grabs the phone from the kitchen counter and dials.

JAKE

Don't you think calling my
brother's gonna make you look just
a little desperate?

CASSIE

What?!

JAKE

Here you are suspended from school.
Your dad took your car keys. Most
of the school thinks you're a bitch
for lying about my brother. Now
you're gonna ask him to come over?
If you ask me, it seems like a
desperate attempt to get him back
in your life.

Cassie hangs up and hurries back into the living room,
getting in Jake's face.

CASSIE

Let me get something straight,
little man. Your brother's a no
good, cheating little bitch. If
anyone's calling anyone back,
begging to get back together, it's
him.

JAKE

You ever wonder why my brother
stepped out on you in the first
place?

CASSIE

Do tell.

(CONTINUED)

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JAKE

It's your immaturity. You always picked fights when he called you on your bullshit.

CASSIE

Oh really?

JAKE

That way it was always his fault and you were always the victim. My brother says that's what spoiled brats do. They whine and pout until they get their own way.

CASSIE

Well your brother's full of crap and so are you!

JAKE

You're right. Telling the entire school their boyfriend caught the crabs from the girl's soccer coach isn't immature at all. I stand corrected. You handled yourself like a true adult.

Cassie looks as if she's ready to slug the precocious teen.

JAKE

You think I could get a soda? I'm getting kind of thirsty.

Cassie storms back into the kitchen and grabs a twelve ounce soda from the fridge, shakes it up, struts back to Jake on the couch and opens it in his face.

SPLASH!

The soda explodes all over his face and onto the couch. Dark cola running down his hair and his cheeks.

Cassie sets the can down on a coffee table in front of them.

CASSIE

Let me know if I can get anything else for you.

Cassie struts off, headed up the stairs and out of sight.

Jake tries to shake the dark soda out of his hair.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Cassie enters and slams the door behind her. She grabs her IPOD and ear phones. Listens to some music as she angrily paces back and forth.

She looks down at one of several torn pictures of her and Matt, still on the bed.

She picks it up and places the two halves together. She walks over to a corner desk and tears off a piece of scotch tape. She desperately tapes the two halves back together.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT

The Mustang slowly cruises through the small business district, hitting a bit of traffic.

INT. MUSTANG

From the back seat, we see the back of the killer's head. He spots A HOMELESS MAN pushing a shopping cart full of various garbage down a sidewalk.

He slows the car down a bit, keeping a steady pace with the homeless man.

The man is dressed in an old, wool navy blue suit, dirty white dress shirt and dark neck tie. He's also wearing a pair of black winter gloves with the fingers purposely cut off.

A dirty hand with long, dirt infested fingernails HONKS THE CAR HORN. The scary man.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The homeless man stares over at the driver, giving him a dirty look.

The scary man drives up the street a bit, passing the homeless man.

He pulls over to the curb with the engine still running.

He waits until the homeless man approaches and rolls down the passenger window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The homeless man stops and curiously peeks into the window. He slowly stumbles over to the car.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey, man. You're not wearing no clothes.

INT. REINHARDT HOME - LIVING ROOM

Jake is absolutely bored as he flips through the hundred plus channels on television, finding nothing. He impatiently tosses the remote down on the couch. Huffing in boredom.

He looks up and spots a picture of The Reinhardt family hanging on the wall. He walks over and gets a closer look.

David and wife are standing hovered over little Cassie, age twelve.

Jake looks down at the floor and notices a large laundry basket. He spots some of Cassie's underwear sitting on top.

He looks at the stairs, then safely walks over to the basket. Picks up a silky pink thong sitting on top of the stack.

JAKE

(whispers)

Whoa!

Cassie walks in, catching the little pervert.

CASSIE

What're you doing with those?

JAKE

Now I know what my brother saw in you.

Cassie hurries over and snatches the panties from his hands.

CASSIE

Are you done?!

JAKE

I'm getting hungry. You're supposed to take me to get pizza.

CASSIE

What're you gonna do? Tell my Dad on me? Well guess what?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (cont'd)
I don't really care. Tell him what
you want.

Cassie begins into the kitchen.

JAKE
Why're you so mean?

Cassie stops and begins back to Jake, getting in his face.

CASSIE
First off, you called me immature.
Second, you're digging through my
laundry like a little pervert! You
need another reason?!

JAKE
No, I mean why are you so angry all
the time? My brother says that's
why you don't have friends.

CASSIE
And what else does he say?

JAKE
He says when people try to be nice
to you, you push them away.

CASSIE
Oh, yeah? Well if your mother
picks up and leaves without so much
as a note and sticks you with an
alcoholic father, let's see what it
does to your attitude.

Cassie storms off into the kitchen.

JAKE
I didn't know.

Cassie opens the fridge and rummages through the leftovers,
desperately searching for something to eat.

CASSIE
How were you supposed to know?
It's none of your business.

JAKE
What happened?

Cassie angrily slams some boloney and a loaf of bread onto
the counter behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE

Why do you wanna know? You gonna have some smart comment for that too?

JAKE

No. I'm just asking.

Jake slowly shuffles toward the kitchen, closer to Cassie.

Cassie grabs a can of beer from the fridge and cracks it open, takes a long, rebellious swig.

CASSIE

Long story short. My dad's a no good, degenerate gambler who's blown my entire college tuition on football. Around the tenth time he couldn't pay his debt, they gave up on threatening his life, so they called the house and threatened me and my mother instead.

JAKE

No kidding? You must've been real scared.

CASSIE

So after a couple years of non stop begging and pleading with my father, my mother finally freaks out and splits. She said she'll be back when my father straightens his life out. But she never did come back. That was a little over a year ago. What can I say? Things have been just dandy since then.

Cassie takes another huge swig of her beer.

JAKE

Your dad lost his job, didn't he?

CASSIE

How did you know?

JAKE

My uncle Dale told me. He said something about him taking some money once. He said that's the only way he could ever afford this nice big house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CASSIE

My mother was a lawyer. One of the best defense lawyers in town actually. I guess that's where I get my big mouth from, huh?

Cassie smiles. Nice memories of her mother are coming back.

Jack returns her smile.

CASSIE

Anyways. She won this pretty big case a few years back. Some malfeasance case for this major corporation. There was a lot of money involved. When they won, she walked away with a big chunk of it. To pay her back, they made her partner at her firm and helped her buy this place. Of course, my Dad used the rest of the money to bet on football and pay off his other debts.

Cassie slams her beer down and continues digging through the fridge.

JAKE

I'm sorry about your mom.

CASSIE

Yeah, right.

JAKE

No really. I mean it. And I'm sorry if I upset you.

Cassie slams the refrigerator door shut.

CASSIE

You know, there's nothing to eat in this damn house!

JAKE

We could get pizza?

Cassie turns and gives Jake the evil eye. She slowly cracks a smile, chuckles a bit.

CASSIE

What do you want on it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jake returns her smile.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CRIME SCENE

The bum from before is now laying face down on the sidewalk, covered in a white sheet, nude and dead.

It appears his nose had been broken as blood from his face seems to have stained the sidewalk. His neck has also been snapped.

His shopping cart sits some few feet away, still on the sidewalk where he left it.

Yellow crime scene tape is wrapped around the surrounding trees, blocking off the perimeter.

Detective Reinhardt and DETECTIVE JOE GRIMES, black, early fifties, stand hovered over the corpse.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

When I heard about your naked perp
runnin' through the woods, I
thought you'd wanna take a look at
this.

Detective Grimes pulls back the sheet, exposing the deceased's bare chest. He is nude.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

No clothes.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Looks like he busted his nose open
first with some sort of blunt
object. Notice the deep thumb
bruises on the neck? He literally
squeezed the life out of this guy.
And he did it quickly. He was in
and out of here in a matter of
seconds.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Who was he?

Detective Grimes stands and grabs Reinhardt's arm. He pulls him away from the scene as the two men take a short stroll up the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Our witness in the sandwich shop across the street says he was one of the local homeless. His name was Lucas. John Lucas. This very same witness spotted a grey mid sixties Mustang pull to the curb around the same time Lucas was killed.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

So what about the Mustang...?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

I checked DMV to see if any of our ladies drove an old Mustang...

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Any luck?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

No dice.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Missing persons?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

I checked recent case files. It just so happens that a Gretchen Morehouse reported her eighteen year old daughter Linda missing some thirty four hours ago. Any guess on the car she was driving?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

A mid sixties Mustang?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Bingo. I checked a photo of this Morehouse girl. She's definitely our guy's type. Blonde, beautiful, popular. The Prom Queen killer strikes again. Only this time, Dave, it was right in your own back yard.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

So where are you at on this thing?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Well. Our guy's killed one victim every month.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE GRIMES (cont'd)

Each one going missing, then turning up dead one to two weeks later. All of them found nude and face down in the trunk of their own cars. Literally hours after their death. All asphyxiated. None of the bodies sustaining any kind of visible, physical damage. That means he's holding them for long periods of time without actually touching them. When he DOES finally finish the job, he keeps it clean. Painless. He also makes sure we find them fast by parking their cars in public places and leaving the trunks open.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

So if he's not interested in sex, why is he leaving them nude?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

We have a couple theories. One is he can't get it up. And maybe he gets himself off by watching. The other is he gets off by humiliating the victim. That he's undressing them post-mortem.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

And what do you think?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

I think our guy's trying to tell us something.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Like...?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Like how strong he is. That these prom queen types aren't worth his time. Think about it. You're this lonely kid. You can't get laid. You've been turned down by every chick in school. So you go pick out the hottest girl in class, stick a knife to her throat and drag her out into the woods for some alone time. Then you make her take her clothes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Only you don't touch her cos you're better than she is. And you want her to know it.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Exactly. You just watch her beg. You wanna embarrass her and humiliate her, just like she did to you. But he doesn't do it quickly. He prolongs it. It's like the longer he goes without touching these girls, the stronger he gets.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

And what better place than the woods? She could scream her lungs out for hours and nobody would hear.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

And he can't let her go after what he's done. So he finds the most humane way of completing the act. He holds them down until they simply run out of air.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

When that becomes boring to him...

DETECTIVE GRIMES

...He'll start hurting them for real. I figure it's only a matter of time before this kid gets knife happy.

A woman in her forties cautiously approaches the men. A real shut in, quiet house mother type. Her clothes are old and worn. They almost look to have been sewn together with her own hands. This is JANIS ROOKER. Her face is old, tired before her time.

JANIS

(to Grimes)

Excuse me, Detective?

The two men turn.

JANIS

Are you Detective Joe Grimes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Yes, mam. What can I do for you?

JANIS

My name's Janis Rooker. I live just down the street. I saw the commotion from the supermarket. I couldn't help but recognize the shopping cart on the sidewalk.

Janis stares down the sidewalk at the body under the sheet.

JANIS (O.S.)

I knew this man. Sort of. His name was John, right?

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Yes, mam. I'm very sorry.

JANIS

My son told me about him once. He would give him money from time to time. After awhile they became sort of...strange friends you could say.

Janis tears up, as if she's going to lose it any second.

Detective Reinhardt and Grimes share a confused look.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Mam, is there something you wanna tell us?

JANIS

This might sound a bit crazy, but...I think I might know who you're looking for.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

THE SCARY MAN, now dressed in the wool, navy blue suit, dress shirt and tie, stands under a corner stop sign, staring down the street at THE REINHARDT HOME.

We still cannot see his face, just parts of him, one piece at a time.

-- The back of his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- His black gloved hands, with the finger tips cut off. His long, dirty, unkempt fingernails stick out.

-- A pair of dark, menacing eyes, open wide, gazing at the house in an almost trance-like state.

The Mustang is parked against the curb across the street, out of sight.

A woman walking her dog comes up the sidewalk. As she comes closer, she gets a better look at the scary figure and is instantly frightened. She quickly scoops up her dog, curled in her arms like a newborn baby, and begins across the street.

INT. REINHARDT HOME - BEDROOM

Cassie finishes tying her shoe laces, grabs a twenty dollar bill from her dresser and shoves it down her pocket. She leaves.

STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie hurries down the steps. As she steps into the living room, she hears the sound of a toilet flushing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake walks out of a nearby bathroom, the toilet still flushing. He runs into Cassie.

CASSIE

I don't even wanna know what you were doing in there.

JAKE

Using the toilet.

CASSIE

Yeah, I bet. As soon as my back is turned. God. You little whackers are like machines.

JAKE

You're disgusting. Besides. You don't keep any good magazines under the sink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE
Sorry we can't be more
accommodating.

Cassie grabs Jake and walks him toward the door.

CASSIE
Let's go.

JAKE
Hey. How come we're not doing
delivery?

CASSIE
Because we're gonna use the change
to rent some movies, dumb bell.

Cassie and Jake walk out the front door, going to get the
pizza.

JAKE
Can we rent a porno?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

From the stop sign at the end of the street, we watch CASSIE
AND JAKE walk out the front door and begin down the street.
Only this time, the scary man is nowhere to be seen.

We DOLLY RIGHT, moving further down the connecting street.
We keep dollying right until Cassie and Jake are no longer in
sight.

We move slowly along the curb until we reach the 1967
Mustang, parked out of sight. The windows are dark, tinted.
We cannot see inside.

INT. MUSTANG

SCARY MAN'S P.O.V.

He watches as Cassie and Jake reach the stop sign at the
corner and begin down the opposite end of the street.

He starts the engine and begins down the street toward them.
The two are oblivious, ignoring the oncoming car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instead of following them, he makes a right turn and begins toward The Reinhardt home. He slowly approaches the front of the house and parks.

Out steps the scary man.

SCARY MAN'S P.O.V.

The killer walks across the driveway and around the side of the house, toward the back yard.

He approaches a small chain link gate, opens and walks into the back yard.

There is a somewhat unkempt swimming pool area. A lawn chair is opened up where Cassie was presumably laying out the day before. He continues to the back of the house and spots the back door. He opens and walks inside.

INT. REINHARDT HOME - CONTINUOUS

The scary man moves further into the home, into the TV room. He stares down at the coffee table and notices only a jar of half-eaten roasted peanuts.

He moves away from the living room and continues checking the immediate area. He stares into the kitchen and notices THE TELEPHONE sitting on a charger. He walks toward it, snatches it up.

INT. APARTMENT OF JANIS ROOKER

Detective Reinhardt and Grimes have a seat at the dinner table as Janis brings them coffee.

JANIS (O.S.)

I've been following your case very closely around the time the third girl went missing.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Courtney Harris?

JANIS

Yes. I was surprised when the news kept calling him a sexual deviant, since none of the girls were reported to have been harmed sexually.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANIS (cont'd)
(to both cops)
They weren't, were they?

Detective Grimes and Reinhardt share a look.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
Besides removing their clothes,
they were never sexually assaulted.
Just asphyxiated.

Janis fades off into a deep trance, thinking it all over.
Detective Grimes takes notice of her strange behavior.

Janis breaks her silence.

JANIS
When my Alex was fifteen, he was
expelled from school. He followed
this girl into the shower room
after class let out. He kept her
there for nearly three hours before
someone found them.

Detective Reinhardt and Grimes share another look.

JANIS
First, he barricaded the room so
she couldn't get out. Then he
stuck a knife to her throat and
dared her to scream out. But never
touched her. Not once. Just
watched her beg for her life.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
What happened to the girl?

JANIS
The janitor found them before he
was able to...do anything. Because
the girl wasn't hurt physically and
Alex had no prior record, the court
ordered him to a psychiatric hold
for thirty days.

Detective Reinhardt listens carefully. He's getting his old
mind set back.

JANIS
A lot of good that did. When he
was released, the doctors couldn't
find anything wrong with him. They
said he was a completely sane,
healthy fifteen year old boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Detective Grimes rolls his eyes a bit, shakes his head in disbelief.

JANIS (O.S.)

They couldn't explain what happened. Neither could Alex. He told me he couldn't remember any of it.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Did you believe him?

JANIS

Yes I did. It seemed like he was growing more and more angry every day. This went on for weeks. Until one day, something inside him snapped. He just took off with no warning.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

How long has he been gone?

JANIS

It was almost six months ago. He packed some clothes and his camp gear and left. I haven't heard from him since.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Camp gear?

JANIS

Alex had a tent. He used to like to go camping with his father before he died. To tell you the truth, it was the last time I remember him ever being happy. When he left, he took it with him.

Detective Reinhardt stares off into the distance, looking over Janis.

FLASHBACK

Detective Reinhardt spots a Mustang sitting on the soft shoulder near the woods. Him and Jake continue past the car, headed for the house.

END FLASHBACK

Detective Reinhardt snaps out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Son of a bitch.

Detective Grimes stares up at his ex partner, confused.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
What is it?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
(to Janis)
This tent. What color was it?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDEWALK - DUSK

Cassie and Jake strut up the sidewalk, headed back to the house, carrying a large pizza and a bag of some rented DVD movies.

JAKE
Why couldn't we get any scary movies?

CASSIE
Because scary movies are stupid and senseless.

JAKE
What're you talking about? Horror movies have it all. You got your humor, romance, suspense, tits and ass.

CASSIE
I knew it. You just wanna see a bunch of naked girls.

JAKE
You say that like it's a bad thing.

CASSIE
You have a lot of your brother in you. You know that?

JAKE
I think every movie should have naked girls.

CASSIE
Oh, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

That way it wouldn't be so hard to pick out a movie at the video store. You just walk in and grab one. That way if you get stuck watching a chick flick, at least there's naked babes.

Cassie laughs.

CASSIE

You are Matt's brother, aren't you?

Jake looks up and spots the 1967 Mustang sitting at a curb. He stops in his tracks.

Jake doesn't flinch. He simply stands in shock, staring at the pink car.

Cassie stops, stares back at him, waiting.

CASSIE

What?

JAKE

(whispers)
Come here.

CASSIE

What's your problem?

JAKE

That's the car I saw. At the park.

Cassie turns and stares down the street.

JAKE

Don't look!

CASSIE

You mean that car on the curb?

JAKE

That's him. It's the man from the woods. I know it is.

Cassie stares down at the license tag. The word "HOTTIE" on the front. She laughs a bit.

CASSIE

Hottie? How tough can this guy be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

It was near the woods. Close to
where your Dad picked me up.

Cassie turns and looks at the car again.

JAKE

I said don't look!

Cassie recognizes the license tag on the front of the car.

CASSIE

Wait a minute. That's Linda
Morehouses's car.

JAKE

Who?

CASSIE

Linda Morehouse. She's head
cheerleader. Her plate says
"hottie" just like that one.

JAKE

She live around here?

CASSIE

No. She lives across town.
(squints, confused)
Nowhere near here, actually.

JAKE

Does she have short blonde hair?
Kind of curly?

CASSIE

Yeah.

JAKE

You seen her at school lately?

Cassie stops. Ponders a bit.

CASSIE

No. Actually, I heard she missed
the pep rally today.

Cassie stares up at the Mustang, now a bit scared.

CASSIE

Let's just keep walking. But stay
behind me, out of sight. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jake nods. The two begin up the sidewalk, a bit faster this time.

Cassie checks the Mustang car and notices the HEADLIGHTS come on.

CASSIE
Shit! Walk faster!

Cassie and Jake are now hurrying, almost trotting up the sidewalk.

The car pulls away from the curb, inching along the side of the street, keeping a steady pace with Cassie and Jake.

JAKE
He's following us.

CASSIE
I said stay out of sight.

Cassie spots the stop sign ahead. Their street.

CASSIE
We're almost there. When we get to the stop sign, I want you to run like hell to the house. You got it?

JAKE
I got it.

Cassie and Jake are almost to the stop sign as the pink car slows to a halt, waiting for them. They finally reach the corner.

CASSIE
RUN!!!

Cassie and Jake drop the pizza and movies and make a run for it, down the street, headed back to the house.

The car speeds around the corner, pursuing them.

Cassie turns and spots the car barreling towards them.

CASSIE
Get on the sidewalk!

Cassie and Jake run onto the sidewalk, off the street and out of harm's way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The car speeds toward them, could easily kill them both, but tries not to outrun them. He's simply toying with them.

They quickly approach the house and hurry towards the front door. They run inside and lock the door.

INT. REINHARDT HOME

Cassie and Jake are out of breath, hiding behind the door. They peek out the window and spot the pink car sitting outside with the lights on and the engine running.

CASSIE
Come with me!

Cassie grabs Jake by the arm as they run into the kitchen. A phone charger sits empty.

CASSIE
The phone's gone! Where the hell
is it?

Cassie and Jake both notice that the back door is wide open. Someone has broken in. They look at each other.

JAKE
What about your cell?

CASSIE
Shit! My Dad took it! Along with
my keys!
(beat)
My Dad!

Cassie grabs Jake by the arm and pulls him towards the stairs.

CASSIE
Come on!

They hurry up the steps.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Cassie and Jake run into a nearby bedroom. Her fathers.

She immediately goes to a corner closet and reaches up as far as she can, grabbing a small, leather zipper bag from the top shelf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She unzips it and pulls out a chrome-plated snub nose .38 caliber. She checks the chamber for bullets.

JAKE

Are you gonna shoot him?

CASSIE

No. I'm gonna scare him. Come on.

Cassie grabs Jake and pulls him with her.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Jake hurry down the steps and approach the front window. Cassie stares outside at the pink car, lights still on.

JAKE

So what's the plan?

CASSIE

I don't know! Shut up and let me think!

Cassie and Jake stand in silence, neither of them coming up with any ideas.

CASSIE

Okay. I know what to do. Just stay here by the door. Be ready to open it. Okay?

Jake nods.

CASSIE

Okay. Here I go.

Cassie steps out the front door.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME

Cassie slowly and clumsily begins toward the parked car by the curb, pointing her gun towards it, looking very nervous and unsure of herself.

CASSIE

Alright! The cops are on their way! So you better leave!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car doesn't budge one inch.

CASSIE

Right now!

(beat)

If you don't...I'm gonna shoot!

The car simply sits with the engine running. Not moving.

CASSIE

I mean it! I'm gonna count to three! If you're still here...I'm gonna start shooting! Do you hear me?!...

The car still sitting by the curb.

CASSIE

One!...Two!...Three!...

The car doesn't budge.

CASSIE

Alright! That's it! I'm coming over there! If you're still here by the time I get over there...I'll blow your head off!

Cassie slowly stumbles over to the parked car, her arms fully extended, gun pointed at the windshield.

CASSIE

Here I come!

(to herself)

Oh God, please don't let me die.

Cassie moves closer and closer, walking around the car to the driver's side.

She stares into the open window and sees LINDA MOREHOUSE (18) sitting behind the wheel, dead, deep thumb bruises on her neck. Choked to death.

Cassie backs up a bit, in shock.

An ARM reaches from under the car and grabs her ankle.

Cassie trips and falls to the ground, dropping the gun. The gun is tossed a good two feet onto the pavement.

The long knife-like fingers of the killer tear at her legs, slicing them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She struggles to stand as the scary man steps from under the car. He hovers over her.

Cassie finally manages to stand and darts back toward the house.

The scary man slowly strides toward her, slow enough to give her a head start.

Before Cassie has a chance to beat on the door, Jake opens it, letting her in.

INT. REINHARDT HOME

Cassie and Jake by the door.

CASSIE
He's got the gun! Get upstairs!
Now!

Jake runs up the steps, out of sight. Cassie begins for the garage. She opens a door and runs inside.

INT. GARAGE

Cassie pulls out a large five iron from an old golf bag sitting in a dark corner. She runs back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassie heads for the back door to lock it. As she passes through, she looks out the kitchen window and spots THE SCARY MAN passing by.

She runs for the back door, trying to beat the killer to it. She's too late.

THE SCARY MAN enters, holding the .38 snub nose in his hands. He slowly begins toward her. He holds out the gun, ready to fire.

All the color drops from Cassie's face. She's a sitting duck.

The scary man twirls the gun around on his finger, with the handle now pointing up and out. Pointed at Cassie.

Cassie is completely confused by this. She simply stands with the golf club in hand, ready to swing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The scary man walks over to the kitchen counter and sets the gun down, with the handle pointed at Cassie, daring her to grab it.

He steps a good distance away from it. About as far away from the gun as Cassie is from the gun.

Cassie looks back and forth between him and the pistol, contemplating her next move. She makes a run for the stairs.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie darts up the steps with her golf club, not looking back. On a wall downstairs, we notice the shadow of a man walking towards the staircase, taking his time.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie runs down the hall, searching for a place to hide.

CASSIE
JAKE!!!

Cassie opens one of the side doors, checking inside the room.

CASSIE
Where are you???

Jake opens a door at the end of the hall.

JAKE
Cassie! Over here!

Cassie peeks her head around the door frame, noticing Jake at the end of the hall. She runs toward him. She runs inside and shuts the door.

INT. STAIRWAY

The scary man struts up the steps, taking his time.

He steps off and continues down the hall, checking each of the doors. They are all unlocked. In the other hand he is carrying the .38 revolver.

He continues checking the doors until he's reached the end of the hall. He grabs the knob and tries to open. It's locked.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Cassie and Jake huddle together on the floor, holding each other tight as they watch the door knob move back and forth.

CASSIE
 (whispers)
 When he comes in, you hide under
 the bed.

JAKE
 What're you gonna do?

CASSIE
 Shhh!

The door knob shaking continues a few seconds. Then...stops altogether.

JAKE
 What's he doing?

EXT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

The scary man steps away from the door and opens the chamber on the revolver.

INSERT - GUN

There are six shots left. He empties the bullets into his palm. All six shots.

BACK TO SCENE

He begins tossing them at the door, one by one.

TAP!

Then another...

TAP!

Another...

TAP!

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Cassie and Jake listen at the tapping on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE
What is that?

EXT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

The bullets bounce off the door and hit the carpet below.

TAP!

Then another...

TAP!

The scary man quietly begins back down the hallway, away from the bedroom.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Cassie and Jake sitting in complete silence. Waiting.

JAKE
What's he waiting on?

CASSIE
I don't know.

EXT. WOODS - NEAR THE PARK

Detective Reinhardt and Detective Grimes rustle their way through the dirty wooded area, back at the scene of the crime. They come across the blanket spread out on the ground.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Here's where the kid found them.

Detective Reinhardt looks all around him, staring into the trees.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
What're we doing here again?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
It's gotta be around here
somewhere.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
What has to be around here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

He had to have been camped here for the night. It's the woods. He's out of sight. It only makes sense.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Don't you think he would've picked up his stuff and covered his tracks by now? The kid saw him. He's a witness.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Exactly. Between me and the kid, I think we scared him off. I don't think he had time to come back and collect his things. Just keep looking.

The two men venture deeper into the woods.

Detective Reinhardt hurries faster and faster through the trees. Detective Grimes trying to keep up.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME - NIGHT

The 1967 Mustang is still parked out front.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Cassie and Jake are still holding each other tight. They've barely budged in hours. Day has now fell to night and they are still waiting in terror.

JAKE

I think he might be gone.

CASSIE

Maybe. Probably. I haven't heard anything.

Jake slowly stares up at Cassie, watching her closely.

JAKE

Cassie?

CASSIE

Yeah. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

There's something I should probably tell you.

CASSIE

What?

JAKE

My brother never cheated on you. He just told you that so you'd break up with him.

Cassie doesn't quite care at this point. She is scared stiff. Almost frozen with fear. She simply rolls her eyes at the young boy.

CASSIE

Is that so?

JAKE

He wanted to start seeing this other girl, but wasn't real sure how to break things off. He figured if he told you he cheated, you'd never wanna talk to him again. I just thought you should know.

CASSIE

(sarcastic)

Oh. Okay. I feel a lot better knowing that now, Jake. Thanks.

JAKE

I know it sounds crazy. But my brother didn't wanna hurt you. He just didn't want you to think it was you. It was him. He just wants to see other girls. That's all.

Cassie grows angrier with every word from Jake's mouth.

JAKE

He doesn't even believe in cheating. My Dad cheated once. Almost broke up our family. I guess in a way...he lied for you. To spare you.

Cassie squints in confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE

I see. Let me see if I can get this straight. So instead of simply breaking up with me...or being honest and telling me he wanted to see other people...he decided to kick my heart in and embarrass me in front of my friends. All because he wanted to...spare my feelings? Is that what you're telling me?

Jake stares at the wall, pondering it all.

JAKE

Doesn't make much sense, does it?

CASSIE

Not much. No.

JAKE

Well. I just thought you should know.

Jake stares over at Cassie to see if she's paying attention. He wants to tell her something. It's on the tip of his tongue, but can't seem to spit it out. Something personal.

JAKE

Sometimes I miss my Dad. He's always working. I'm usually in bed by the time he gets home.

Cassie isn't paying much attention. She simply stares at the floor, exhausted.

When we do talk, all he ever does is yell at me. I get in trouble a lot at school.

This catches Cassie's attention. She can relate.

JAKE

My guidance counselor thinks it's because of my father. He says I get myself in trouble for attention. He says I like it when my Dad has to leave work to come talk with the principal. Like I'm getting back at him for not paying enough attention to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CASSIE

Are you?

JAKE

I don't know. I guess in a way. I guess I've got a lot of anger issues. Kind of like you. Maybe that's why you said what you did about my brother and Mrs. Clark. Because you want attention. You want people to feel sorry for you.

CASSIE

Oh yeah? Or maybe your brother's just a creep.

JAKE

So what about you?

CASSIE

What about me?

JAKE

Studies have proven that when people go through near death experiences together, they form an unlikely bond. They share their inner most secrets with one another. I told you about my brother and my Dad. So what about you? You have anything to tell me?

Cassie looks away from Jake, a bit embarrassed. She slowly comes around.

CASSIE

I miss my mother. Sometimes it's hard not having a woman around to talk to. It's because of my Dad that I...well...I haven't been too good with relationships. You know? Boys? It's like I have this unconscious hatred for men. It's like deep down I know they're all gonna grow up to be irresponsible ass holes like my Dad that drink and gamble and screw around on their wives.

JAKE

He can't be that bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CASSIE

My Dad? You don't know the half of it.

JAKE

You shouldn't be so hard on him.

CASSIE

Oh, yeah? Why not?

JAKE

It's gotta be hard enough on your Dad, being that your Mom's gone. I think you two should make the best of things and try to get along. Sure would make things a lot nicer around the house. Instead of biting each other's heads off. But what do I know? I'm just a kid.

Cassie turns to Jake, smiles. He's made a great point and seems to have touched a nerve with Cassie.

CASSIE

I wasn't completely honest with you about my mother.

JAKE

What do you mean?

CASSIE

I mean she's dead.

Jake is shocked by Cassie's secret. He simply stares at the floor.

CASSIE

About four months after she split, she was diagnosed with leukemia. A little under a year later, she died. It's like she just couldn't take it anymore and her body just gave out.

Cassie huffs in pure disgust.

CASSIE

Can you believe that? My own mother was dying and I couldn't even be there for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Cassie shakes her head in bitter disgust. Bad memories of her mother's illness are hitting her like a sack of bricks.

CASSIE

She was always healthy as a horse. Worked out, ran three miles a day. She'd never even been to the doctor. Not once. They told me cancer killed my mother, but I know better. That bastard made her sick. All she did was worry about me. She worried so much, it killed her.

JAKE

My grandmother had cancer. She died. Her and my grandfather were married forty five years. They loved each other. Whatever you think your Dad did to your Mom, you shouldn't think that. I'm sure he misses her as much as you.

CASSIE

When that gun was pointed at me. I thought that was it. That I was never gonna see my Dad again. I remembered what it was like to lose my mother. I got so scared. I guess I have been too hard on him lately.

JAKE

You guys should have a talk.

CASSIE

Yeah. You're right. Maybe you and your Dad should talk too.

JAKE

Only if you do.

Cassie smiles.

CASSIE

I promise.

Jake turns his attention to the door. He watches it carefully.

JAKE

Why do you think he didn't kill us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CASSIE

How am I supposed to know?

JAKE

We should check to see if his car
is still here.

CASSIE

It is. I just checked a minute
ago. We would have heard it.

JAKE

Maybe he ran away.

All of the sudden there is the sound of FOOTSTEPS coming down
the hall. The floor creaks a bit.

CASSIE

Oh my God.

JAKE

He's coming.

THE FOOTSTEPS STOP AT THE DOOR

Cassie spots a YELLOW NOTE being slid under the door.
Something written on notebook paper. She carefully walks
over and picks it up. It says...

LOOK IN THE HALL

Cassie shows it to Jake.

CASSIE

I'm gonna check it out.

JAKE

Are you crazy? Don't open the
door.

CASSIE

Just stay back.

Jake hands her the golf club.

Cassie slowly opens the door and stares down the hall.

CASSIE'S P.O.V.

She spots the .38 snub nose laying on the floor in front of
the bathroom. The gun is all the way at the end of the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Cassie stares down at the floor and spots the six bullets scattered all over the place.

BACK TO SCENE

Cassie steps into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

Cassie quickly bends down and begins picking up the shells, one by one. She stuffs them in her pocket and shuts the door.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

CASSIE

Stay here. Whatever happens, stay put and keep the door locked.

JAKE

Where are you going?

CASSIE

To check something.

JAKE

Forget that. You're not leaving me here. I'm going with you.

CASSIE

No you're not.

JAKE

Yes I am! I'm not staying in here!

Cassie is red with anger. She quickly kneels in front of Jake, grabbing him by both arms and jerking him toward her. Her eyes wide and focused.

CASSIE

Look. My Dad gave me real simple instructions. And that's to keep an eye on you until he gets back. If you get killed, I'm never gonna see my cell phone or my car keys again. We don't have a car...a phone...or a weapon. I think our situation is bad enough without you complicating it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (cont'd)
So just sit down and be quiet until
I can figure things out. Got it?

Jake senses the seriousness in Cassie's eyes. He backs off.

JAKE
I got it.

CASSIE
Good. Now lock the door behind me.

Cassie leaves. Jake quickly locks the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY

Cassie holds up the five iron, ready to strike as she slowly shuffles down the hallway.

CASSIE'S P.O.V.

She watches each door carefully as she makes her way closer to the gun.

She comes into view of the staircase. She looks down the steps and spots the scary man, a.k.a. ALEX ROOKER standing near the top. Now brandishing a steak knife from the kitchen.

BACK TO SCENE

Cassie stares back and forth between him and the gun on the ground. A few moments pass and she forcefully tosses the golf club at his head. He ducks, barely dodging it.

Cassie charges after the gun, grabbing it from the floor, but is eventually grabbed from behind by Alex.

He pushes her against a wall, pulling her arm behind her back, listening to her SCREAM out in pain. He pushes her face into the wall so hard she can barely catch a breath.

He slides the tip of the knife up and down her back as she struggles to breath. He pulls her away from the wall and pushes her into the bathroom.

Cassie stumbles to the cold, hard floor. She quickly shuts the door on him.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassie locks the door on Alex. She looks over at the mirror and notices in bright red letters...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOW WHAT?

Cassie frantically begins searching for weapons. She rummages through the cabinets under the sink and spots a first aide kit.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- She grabs a small pair of sueres and stuffs them in her pants.

-- Spots a candle sitting on the counter.

-- Searching the drawers. Finds an ignitor, the kind used for lighting barbecues.

-- She stuffs the lighter in her belt loop as if she was a cowboy carrying a gun.

-- Spots a can of AIR FRESHENER sitting on the sink. She stuffs that in her pants along with the small scissors.

-- Takes off one of her socks. Drops a bar of soap into it. Slaps the homemade weapon into her palm, trying it out.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME - NIGHT

A CAR slowly pulls to the curb, just a couple houses down from the Reinhardt's. Out steps

ARCHIE

The slovenly loan shark from the park. He is branding a small caliber weapon in his belt. He quietly begins toward the Reinhardt house, suspiciously watching his surroundings. Checking for witnesses and such.

Archie begins around the house, to the back yard.

INT. BACK DOOR - LIVING ROOM

Archie approaches the back door, staring inside. He quietly opens the door and enters. He pulls the weapon from his belt and slowly moves through the house, searching for any signs of life.

He spots Dave's office in the corner and begins toward it.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE

Archie enters. He begins toward Dave's desk, searching all the drawers. One of the drawers is locked. He uses a knife to jimmy the drawer open. Inside is a small, manila envelope filled with loose bills. He gives the cash another good sniff.

ARCHIE

Mmmm. Second best smell in the world.

Archie looks up, notices the shadow of a man walking past the office. He drops the envelope and points his gun in the direction of the doorway. He slowly begins out of the office.

EXT. DAVE'S OFFICE

Archie walks out. He turns to the right and begins toward a corner bedroom. The door is wide open.

INT. BEDROOM

He steps inside and notices...

A BODY OF A PERSON UNDER THE SHEETS

He slowly begins toward the bed with his gun pointed at the body.

ARCHIE

Nap time's over, David.

He pulls the sheet back. It's a bunch of pillows.

ALEX appears behind Archie. His face curtailed by his long hair.

Archie senses someone behind him and spins around, pointing his gun at Alex.

ARCHIE

Who the hell are you?

Alex simply stands...silent.

ARCHIE

Okay. You don't wanna talk to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archie pulls the hammer back on his gun.

ARCHIE
Talk to this.

In a blink of an eye, Alex TWISTS ARCHIE'S WRIST AROUND so that the gun is pointed at Archie. Before the gun goes off...

WE QUICKLY CUT:

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Jake is still waiting patiently. Very still. Then...

BANG!

The sound of Archie's weapon going off causes him to jump.

JAKE
Cassie?

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Cassie is visibly startled by the gunshot.

CASSIE
(to herself)
Daddy?

INT. BEDROOM

Archie's dead body on the carpet. Alex places the gun in his pants and begins out, simply leaving Archie on the floor.

INT. WOODS - NEAR THE PARK - NIGHT

Detective Reinhardt and Grimes are now branding flashlights, still searching the woods.

Detective Reinhardt thinks he spots something in the distance. A green tent. A campsite.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
Will you wait up? I can't even see
where I'm going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Detective Reinhardt walks into the private campsite. Alex's tent.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

This is it.

Detective Reinhardt inspects the surroundings.

-- A small radio.

-- An oil lamp.

-- A bunch of empty food cans. Soup, beans and weiners, tuna fish, beef stew. Anything he could've easily stolen from the local store.

He steps into the tent and spots a stack of recent SCHOOL YEARBOOKS.

He flips through one of them, checking a few of the school photos.

Some of the girls have a red circle around their pictures. All beautiful, popular. Some of them with a strike through the center.

He sets the book down and picks up another. The same thing. Photos of beautiful young girls with red strikes through their pictures.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Take a look at these.

Detective Reinhardt hands Grimes a couple of the yearbooks.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

They're from different high schools. All over LA. Where the hell did he get these?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Public records, maybe. Local library. He was camped here for at least a couple nights. He probably relocated for each of the girls.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

But the Morehouse girl doesn't live anywhere near here.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Did you check the boyfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Yeah. I think her mother said he stayed out this direction. The last she heard, Linda was on her way to her boyfriends the night she disappeared.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

He could've followed her here. Set up camp for a couple nights. Enough time to get what he wants from her.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

Where is this kid?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

We've got all his next victims right here. We just gotta figure out who's next.

Detective Reinhardt opens up a Glendale High School yearbook and spots a photo of his daughter, circled with a red marker.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I gotta get home, right now.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

What is it?

Detective Reinhardt passes him the yearbook as he darts off, back into the woods.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

I gotta call this in!

Detective Grimes takes a look in the yearbook. Spots Cassie's photo. He hurries after his ex partner.

EXT. BATHROOM DOOR - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Cassie carefully opens the bathroom door and steps out. She looks in both directions.

She heads toward the staircase and begins down, quietly.

As she reaches the halfway mark, she notices that Alex has barricaded the bottom of the steps with large furniture. The front door too. He's trapped them in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE
 (whispers)
 Shit!

Cassie walks down a few more steps and tries to get a better look into the living room. She hears someone rummaging around in the kitchen.

CASSIE'S P.O.V.

She spots the shadow of someone walking around in the kitchen. The LIGHT is on.

BACK TO SCENE

Cassie continues watching on. Trying hard to stay out of sight.

INT. KITCHEN

Alex frantically searches the pantry for canned goods. Anything for the road.

There are kitchen drawers spilled out onto the ground. Various household needs all over the kitchen floor.

He quickly fills large garbage bags full of food, can openers, flashlights, batteries. Anything he can find in the house.

INT. STAIRWAY

Cassie quietly hurries back up the steps.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Jake is curled up in the corner, still scared to death. Cassie knocks on the door.

CASSIE (O.S.)
 Jake? It's me.

Jake runs over and opens.

JAKE
 Where were you?

CASSIE
 He's in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie immediately shuts the door behind her.

JAKE

Then let's make a run for it. We can go out the front and run to the neighbors or something.

CASSIE

We can't. He's got the staircase blocked. The front door too. Even if we make it off the stairs, we still have to get past the door.

JAKE

What're we supposed to do? We can't just sit here and wait for him to kill us.

CASSIE

If he wanted to kill us, he would've done it by now.

JAKE

So what does he want? What is he doing?

Cassie's eyes frantically wander around the room, going over ideas in her head. She stops when she spots a photo of her and her father hanging on the wall.

CASSIE

Dad.

JAKE

What?

CASSIE

Of course. It's my Dad he wants. Not us.

JAKE

I don't get it. I'm the one who saw him. Why would he want your Dad?

Cassie grabs Jake by the hand and walks him over to her bed. They have a seat on the edge.

CASSIE

My Dad was investigating this murder just before he was kicked off the force. A high school girl.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE (cont'd)
Strangled to death and found in the
trunk of her car. She was naked.

Jake stares off into the distance, piecing it all together.

CASSIE
There was this kid who the police
department liked for it. An ex
boyfriend of the victim. A rich
kid named Danny Myers. The media
hated this kid. He was really
arrogant and cocky. He even
bragged about how he wished he was
the one who killed her. The TV and
newspapers made him out to be the
killer before all the evidence was
in.

JAKE
I remember. It was all over TV.
Your dad was the head detective
back then, wasn't he?

Cassie nods.

CASSIE
They were putting a lot of pressure
on my Dad to put him away. When he
couldn't get any evidence against
Myers to stick, they did an
investigation. They found out he
took money from this kid's parents.
Twenty thousand dollars.

JAKE
They paid your Dad off?

CASSIE
My Dad had all these outstanding
football debts. He bet a lot back
then. Until these men came to the
house one night and told him if he
didn't come up with twenty grand by
the end of the week, my mother and
I would disappear. So he told the
Myers, for the right price, he'd
bury any evidence connecting their
son to the murder. He was
desperate. He didn't have a
choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

But what about Myers? Did he do it?

CASSIE

My Dad never liked Myers for the killer. He always thought the real guy was more of a loner. Not popular like this other kid. Someone who wasn't good with girls. Someone who had either killed before or was gonna kill again. Myers had a clean record. He didn't fit the profile.

JAKE

So what happened to him?

CASSIE

To Myers? Nothing. This same killer murdered five other girls since my Dad was thrown off the force. Danny Myers had a solid alibi for all of them. It couldn't have been him.

JAKE

So the guy I saw in the woods today was the real killer?

CASSIE

He must've seen you with my Dad and decided to follow you home.

JAKE

But why doesn't he just kill us and get it over with?

CASSIE

I don't know. Maybe we're like his hostages or something. Maybe he's planning on using us as bait for my father. One thing's for sure. We just can't sit here and wait for him to kill us.

JAKE

So what are we gonna do?

CASSIE

If I can make it to the computer, I can myspace some people for help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CASSIE (cont'd)
They can call the police. It's our
best option.

JAKE
Where's the computer?

CASSIE
It's in my dad's office, near the
steps.

JAKE
But you said...

CASSIE
I know. I'll have to crawl over
and hope he doesn't hear me.

JAKE
But you're too big.

Cassie gives him a dirty stare.

JAKE
I mean...I'm smaller. I won't make
as much noise.

CASSIE
You think you can make it?

JAKE
I can make it. A lot easier than
you.

CASSIE
Okay. Here's the plan. You email
for help. I don't care if it's
everyone you know. Just get
someone to call the cops. You're
gonna be quiet, sit and wait. And
you're not gonna make a sound.
Make sure as soon as you get there
to lock the door.

JAKE
Then what?

CASSIE
Then we wait to see if the cops
show.

JAKE
And if they don't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Cassie looks away, thinking it over. She figures it out.

CASSIE
I'm gonna distract him.

JAKE
Whatta you mean?

CASSIE
I'm gonna go for the garage. He'll hear the door opening and come after me. That's when you make a run for the back door. You keep running to the neighbors and you call for help.

JAKE
What about you?

CASSIE
I can probably make it.

JAKE
And if you don't?

CASSIE
I can't think about that now.
(beat)
Okay. So is this the plan?

Jake stares at the floor, a bit unsure. He takes a huge breath, nervously exhales.

JAKE
Alright. Let's do it. I'm ready.

CASSIE
Okay. Real quiet. Let's go.

Cassie and Jake quietly begin out the door.

INT. STAIRWAY

Cassie and Jake slowly begin back down the steps.

Cassie peeks over the railing, checking for Alex.

CASSIE'S P.O.V.

She spots him eating something in the kitchen, with his back turned to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

CASSIE

Okay. He's not looking. You're gonna have to go now.

JAKE

I'm scared.

CASSIE

I know, but you have to go now. It'll be okay, just be quiet.

Jake begins crawling over the side of the railing. He knocks over a potted plant, sitting on a small end table. It crashes to the floor.

CRASH!

CASSIE

GO!!!

Jake panics, drops to the ground and runs for the office.

Alex reaches his hand through the railing and grabs Cassie's leg, pulling at her. She kicks his hand away.

Cassie spots the five iron club, still sitting on the steps, and grabs it. She holds it like a baseball bat, ready to swing, but Alex is gone. Nowhere in sight.

CASSIE

JAKE!!!

Jake shuts the office door behind him.

INT. OFFICE

Jake locks the door and runs over to the computer at the desk, has a seat. A bright screen saver glows on the monitor, the system already booted up.

Jake grabs the mouse and stares down at the desk. Notices a message written on yellow note pad. It says...

NICE TRY. NEXT TIME, YOU DIE!

It's sitting in the same spot where the keyboard used to be. A look of complete panic on Jake's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Alex breaks open the door and walks in, branding the large steak knife.

Jake jumps off his seat, attempts to hid behind the desk, but Alex is quick to snatch him up. He holds Jake as his hostage, putting the knife to his neck and walking him out of the office.

INT./EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Jake continue back into the living room. The tip of the sharp knife at Jake's jugular.

JAKE
CASSIE!!!

INT. STAIRWAY

Cassie spots Alex and Jake walking across the living room and lays low. She waits until they pass by, out of view of the stairway.

Cassie then quietly crawls over the railing. She drops to the floor and crawls across it like a soldier in combat, holding the golf club in her arms like a rifle.

Cassie peeks around a corner wall, searching for Alex and Jake.

She looks into the living room and kitchen. They are nowhere to be found.

She slowly stands up, keeping her back firmly on the wall, takes another look. Still nothing.

In the open background, we wait for Alex to pop up behind her. We keep waiting, but he never shows.

Cassie moves back toward the staircase, being very slow and very quiet.

She walks around the bottom of the steps and back toward the kitchen, golf club in hand, ready to take a huge swing. It is strangely quiet, no sign of Jake or Alex.

Hiding behind a nearby wall, waiting, is Alex and Jake. The problem is, we don't know where this wall is. Jake's mouth has been duct taped shut. He can't make a sound. The knife still to his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie moves into the kitchen area. She notices the pantry door is wide open. The look on her face suggests Alex is waiting for her in there.

She jumps in front of the door with the golf club. A real threatening stance, ready to take someone's head off.

There is no one inside.

Suddenly, Jake is violently tossed to the kitchen floor. His body flying from around a corner, out of nowhere.

Cassie is so stunned that she drops the club to the floor. She hurries over to Jake, checking on him. She rolls him over and notices his mouth taped up.

CASSIE

Jake?

Alex hovers behind her, knife in hand.

Jake looks past Cassie, over her shoulder, giving her the signal.

Cassie turns around and spots Alex hovered over her.

Alex grabs her by the shirt, pulling her from the floor. He holds the knife to her throat for a few seconds, fueling Cassie's fear even more.

Cassie is trembling all over, her mouth quivering.

Alex grabs her by the hair and forces her into the living room. He pushes her toward the couch, bending her over the side.

Cassie SCREAMS out in a panic as Alex uses a steak knife to rip her shirt up the back. He rubs the tip of the blade up her skin as she SCREAMS out even harder.

Jake watches in horror from the kitchen. He looks to his left and spots the set of steak knives on the counter top, minus one knife.

He runs over and grabs one of them. He then hurries over to Alex and forcefully drives the blade into his back.

Alex drops his knife and stumbles away from Cassie. He looks down at Jake and strikes him across the face.

Jake falls to the floor, grabbing his face in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie pulls herself off the couch and turns around with her lighter in one hand and the can of air freshener in the other.

CASSIE
Hey, ass hole!

Alex turns around, facing Cassie.

Cassie lights the small flame and sprays the toxic liquid onto it, creating a kind of home made blow torch.

The large flame strikes Alex in the face. He grabs his face and turns away, disoriented.

Cassie spots the steak knife on the ground and bends over to grab it.

Alex is too fast for her. He grabs her by the hair and forces her into the living room.

Alex violently tosses her to the floor, grabbing her arm and pulling it behind her back. He forces her onto her knees as Cassie SCREAMS out.

CASSIE
JAKE!!! RUN!!! RUN!!!

Jake stares at the back door, contemplates making a run for it, but doesn't want to leave Cassie.

CASSIE
RUN!!! GET OUTTA HERE!!!

Alex runs his long, knife-like fingernails across Cassie's cheek, tearing her skin in little bloody streaks.

Jake heads for the stairs.

JAKE
Hey! Alex! Come on! It's me you want! Remember! I saw what you did! Come on! Come and get me!

Alex stops with Cassie and stares over at Jake.

JAKE
That's right! Come on! Come get me!

Jake crawls over the railing and heads back upstairs, running as fast as he can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Alex pulls Cassie from the floor and walks her toward the garage with her arms behind her back.

INT. GARAGE

The dirty garage is cluttered with tools and other house hold goods.

Laying in the middle of the oily floor, with her mouth duct taped and her arms tied behind her back is Cassie.

Alex hovers over her, finishes tying up her feet with some rope he found in the debris.

Cassie wiggles on the ground like a worm and grunts out loud as Alex slides the blade across her bare arm.

Alex leaves her, headed out of the garage and upstairs. He shuts the door behind him.

Cassie grunts even louder, knowing that Jake is done for.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alex passes through the living room on his way to the staircase.

He approaches the bottom of the steps and angrily pushes the furniture out of his way. He begins up.

STAIRWAY

He pulls the steak knife out of his pants and grips it in his hand.

ALEX'S P.O.V.

Alex stares up the steps toward the second floor.

BACK TO SCENE

Alex's legs as he slowly continues up the steps. He taps the tip of the blade on the railing.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Over and over.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jake is hiding behind a wall. He hears the tapping of the knife on the railing. We notice an out of focus Alex coming up the steps in the background. He almost reaches the top when...

Jake turns the corner, gripping an iron. Not a golf club, but an actual iron for ironing clothes. He smashes the smooth, flat metal surface into Alex's face.

Alex stumbles down the steps, all the way to the bottom. He is disoriented, but not unconscious. He grabs his face in pain as he struggles to stand.

Jake hurries down the steps toward him, still holding the iron. He attempts to hit him again, but...

Alex starts coming around. He holds his knife out in a threatening pose, ready to defend himself.

Jake drops the iron and makes a run for it.

Alex once again drops the knife on the stairs and grabs his face in excruciating pain.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Jake runs from room to room, closet to closet, opening doors and searching for Cassie.

JAKE
CASSIE!!! WHERE ARE YOU???

Then, a guest bedroom.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Jake runs inside. A spare bed is made up. The room is immaculately clean.

JAKE
(whispers)
Cassie? You in here?

Jake checks under the bed to see if she's hiding. In the background, we see ALEX walking across the floor by the staircase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake turns his head, notices him walking by the stairs and then out of sight. He quickly hides under the bed.

UNDER THE BED

He stares out into the hallway, waits.

JAKE'S P.O.V.

He listens as various doors in the house are opened and shut.

KERPLUNK!...KERPLUNK!...KERPLUNK!...

Then silence...

BACK TO SCENE

Jake squints a bit. Wondering where Alex is.

Alex then walks into the room, coming from the opposite end of the hall.

Jake didn't even see him coming. He holds his breath, trying to lay as still and quiet as possible.

Alex's legs stay dormant. He simply stands, surveying the room, then...after a few moments...finally steps out.

Jake shuts his eyes, sighing in relief. He keeps his eyes shut, scared beyond belief. He finally composes himself and opens his eyes. He stares out in the hallway, searching for Alex.

JAKE'S P.O.V.

Nothing. No Alex, not even a sound.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex stands hovered over the other side of the bed, knife in hand, waiting for Jake to make a run for it.

UNDER THE BED

Jake still waits, staring into the hallway.

INT. GARAGE

Cassie is now crying. Tears running down her face. She wiggles on the ground even stronger, trying to break free of her ties. She desperately stares up at the garage opener on the wall.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM

Alex still hovered over the bed, standing as still as can be.

UNDER THE BED

Jake slowly and quietly crawls from under the bed and hides behind the wall, near the door, staring into the hall.

Alex moves out of sight, to the side of the bed as Jake continues to stare into the hall.

Alex grabs a porcelain lamp from a night stand and throws it at the wall over Jake. It SHATTERS, pieces flying everywhere.

Jake SCREAMS out in a panic and looks up, spots Alex on the other side of the bed. He runs back into the hall.

Alex follows behind, taking his time.

INT. HALLWAY

Jake darts down the hall, makes a run for the garage. He opens the door and steps inside, shutting the door behind him.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake instantly notices Cassie tied up on the floor. She stares up at him. Crying out.

Jake runs over and rips the tape from her mouth.

CASSIE

(whispers)

Open the garage and run! Get outta here! Get help!

Jake tries to untie the rope, but can't. It's too tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE
I'm gonna have to cut it off.

CASSIE
Just get out of here! Go!

Jake cracks open the door, peeks inside the house.

JAKE'S P.O.V.

He spots Alex walking toward the kitchen, staring in a completely different direction.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake begins crawling on the floor, staying out of sight. He looks up and spots the house STEREO in the living room, near the TV.

Jake smiles a bit. He's got a plan.

INT. KITCHEN

Alex sets down his knife on the counter and begins rummaging through the appliances.

-- under the sink.

-- opening the kitchen drawers.

He finds a battery operated turkey slicer in one of the drawers. He cranks it up.

ZZZZZZZZZ!

The slicer makes a rugged, high pitched sound.

Alex and his turkey slicer slowly begin out of the kitchen and toward a corner closet across the room. He opens it. No Jake. He slowly moves on to the next room.

Jake peeks his head around a corner and watches as Alex disappears from the kitchen and enters another room.

Jake quickly, but quietly runs into the kitchen and grabs the knife from the counter.

He runs back into the living room and grabs a stereo remote from the coffee table. He points it at the stereo and turns it on.

The music is loud, but not quite loud enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jake runs back behind the wall by the staircase. He points the remote at the stereo, turning the volume all the way up.

The loud ROCK MUSIC blares through the house at an excruciating level. Jake drops the remote on the floor and covers his ears. He runs back toward the garage.

FROM ANOTHER ROOM

Alex grows annoyed by the music. He hurries back toward the living room.

INT. GARAGE

Jake walks in. Cassie is still crying. Her eyes completely welled up with tears.

Jake runs over and presses the button on the wall, opens the garage door. He quickly begins cutting the rope from Cassie's feet and hands.

CASSIE

Hurry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alex hurries in, staring over at the stereo in the corner. He rushes over, mashing buttons, trying to turn it off.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

Jake still cutting the rope from Cassie's hands. The rope tears off. Now, he begins cutting the rope from her feet.

CASSIE

Come on!

The garage door is almost completely open.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Alex finally finds the POWER BUTTON on the stereo and shuts it off. He hears the faint sound of the garage door opening.

INT. GARAGE

Jake finally cuts off the rope as he helps Cassie back on her feet. They turn and notice...

ALEX

Standing in the open doorway.

They make a run for it, out of the garage.

EXT. GARAGE - OUTSIDE DRIVEWAY

Jake and Cassie take off running. Jake is much quicker, darting off in the direction of the neighbors house.

Cassie trips and falls, face first onto the concrete driveway. She struggles to stand.

CASSIE

JAKE!!!

Alex begins after her. He turns her over, back on the ground. He rubs the tip of the turkey slicer across her chest and listens to hear SCREAM out in a panic.

He holds the blade back, as if he's going to stab her, but he stops himself. He sets the blade down and begins choking her with his bare hands.

Jake stops in his tracks and looks back, watches on as Alex chokes the life out of Cassie. He runs back toward them.

Alex sticks his thumbs into Cassie's neck, harder and harder. Her face turns red.

Jake walks up behind Alex and drives his steak knife into the back of his neck area.

Alex spits up blood onto Cassie's face and falls over, onto the driveway, dead.

Cassie tries to catch her breath.

Jake stares down at Alex, taking in what he's done. He drops the knife on the ground and helps Cassie up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two stare down at the killer, laying dead and limp on the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE

Cassie and Jake walk up to the front door of a nearby neighbor. They ring the doorbell. A few moments pass before the door opens.

TOM DOYLE (50s) answers. He's sporting a silk robe, a hairy chest and a three day beard. His hair pointing in every direction. A bit drunk.

DOYLE

Do you know what the hell time it is?

Cassie steps back a bit. Taken back by the angry neighbor. Jake checks his watch.

JAKE

It's 12:45.

Doyle gives Jake the evil eye.

DOYLE

I know what time it is.

JAKE

Oh.

CASSIE

We really hate to disturb you, Mister Doyle...

Doyle squints in confusion, staring the two kids up and down. A "who are these people" look on his face.

CASSIE

It's me...? Remember? Cassie Reinhardt from down the street...?

DOYLE

Yeah, right, okay. Cassie Reinhardt from down the street. What the fuck do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

I know it's late, sir, but we really need to use your phone? It's an emergency.

DOYLE

What kind of emergency?

JAKE

We killed someone.

Cassie quickly grabs Jake and covers up his mouth with her hand.

CASSIE

He means it's a life or death situation and we need to use the phone right away.

Doyle gives the two kids an unsure look.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME

Detective Reinhardt's car pulls up to the front of the home. The 1967 Mustang car still parked out front.

In the driveway, we notice that Alex is nowhere in sight.

Out of the car steps Reinhardt and Grimes.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

He's here.

Detective Reinhardt pulls his gun.

Detective Grimes also pulls his weapon. He walks over to the 1967 Mustang two door and looks inside. Spots LINDA MOREHOUSE behind the wheel, dead.

DETECTIVE GRIMES

It's Morehouse. She's dead.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Check the back. I'll take the inside.

Detective Grimes begins toward the back yard, looking very cautious.

Detective Reinhardt begins into the house.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jake stands near the living room with his hands in his pockets, looking completely exhausted.

Doyle and his girlfriend LUCY (20s) a dark vixen dressed in a short black skirt, black fishnets, a revealing top and black leather boots, stare at the television in a stupor.

Doyle's feet are kicked up on a coffee table. Lucy's legs are sprawled out over Doyle's lap.

Doyle pays her no mind.

Lucy keeps herself busy by rubbing her hands through Doyle's chest hair. She glances over at Jake, giving him a seductive wink.

Jake sports a fake smile for the accommodating neighbors. He looks away in embarrassment.

INT. KITCHEN

Cassie calls her father from the neighbors phone. She lets it ring, over and over.

CASSIE
Come on, Dad.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME

We slowly move over from The Reinhardt home to the Detective's car. We hear a CELL PHONE RINGING. We slowly move in through the driver's side window.

INT. REINHARDT'S CAR

Detective Reinhardt's cell phone sits rested on his dashboard. It LIGHTS UP as Cassie's call goes through, unanswered.

INT. REINHARDT HOME

Detective Reinhardt discovers all of the furniture blocking the staircase and the front door. A look of pure fear on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
CASSIE!!! JAKE!!!

He moves further into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Detective Reinhardt quickly does a sweep of the first floor, going room to room. He then moves back toward the staircase.

STAIRWAY

Detective Reinhardt moves his way past the furniture and up the stairs.

INT. REINHARDT'S CAR

Detective Reinhardt's CELL PHONE CONTINUES TO RING. The driver's side door opens and a hand reaches in to grab it. It's ALEX.

EXT. REINHARDT'S CAR

Alex answers the phone, not speaking, but listening.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE

Cassie listens on the other line.

CASSIE
Daddy?!

No answer.

CASSIE
It's Cassie. Are you there?

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. REINHARDT'S CAR

Alex hangs up the phone.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE

Cassie on the other line. Her father's phone hangs up.

CASSIE
Daddy? Hello?

Cassie quickly re-dials.

CASSIE
(whispers)
Shit.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME - BACKYARD

Detective Grimes passes by the backyard swimming pool, searching all around him.

He notices the back door is open. His CELL PHONE RINGS. The caller ID says DAVE REINHARDT

DETECTIVE GRIMES
Hey, partner. How you doin' in there?

No answer.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
Hey, You there?

Alex hangs up.

Detective Grimes calls back. He hears the sound of Reinhardt's CELL PHONE RINGING behind him. He immediately turns.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
Hey, man, I found...

He stops mid sentence when he notices his ex partner is nowhere to be found.

GRIMES P.O.V.

He looks down and spots Detective Reinhardt's cell phone laying on the cement, near the deep end of the pool. It's still ringing.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Detective Grimes drops his phone and grips his gun with both hands. He begins toward the phone and picks it up. The caller ID says JOE GRIMES.

DETECTIVE GRIMES
What the hell?...

He turns back around and...

ALEX

Is waiting. He drives a knife into Grimes stomach.

BLOOD literally gushes from his stomach and onto the pavement.

Alex tosses the bleeding cop into the deep end of the pool.

SPLASH!

Grimes body floats like a buoy on the water.

Alex continues into the house through the back door.

INT. BATHROOM

Detective Reinhardt discovers Alex's message on the bathroom mirror.

NOW WHAT?

He quickly walks out, moving on to the next room.

Detective Reinhardt spots Cassie's bedroom door open and walks toward it.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT
Cassie, honey! It's your father!

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Detective Reinhardt spots the yellow notebook paper on the ground. He picks it up. It reads...

LOOK IN THE HALL

He suspiciously looks behind him, a bit scared.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE

Jake sits on the couch watching television with Doyle and Lucy. He stares into the kitchen at

CASSIE

who is desperately still trying to reach her father. She hangs up and quickly dials 911.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
911 operator? What's your
emergency?

CASSIE
I need you to send someone to 1014
Perkins Drive. A man's broken into
our house.

Lucy slowly turns around on the couch, staring over at Cassie and looking very concerned.

LUCY
(to Doyle)
Oh my God, Tommy. Did you hear
that? Somebody busted into their
house.

Doyle's eyes are shut. He's drifting off into a deep sleep and couldn't care less.

DOYLE
Mmm-hmmm. That's nice.

Cassie on the phone.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Is this man still in your home?

CASSIE
No. He's in the driveway. We
stabbed him. I'm pretty sure he's
dead.

Doyle turns around, facing Cassie.

DOYLE
(to Cassie)
What the hell's going on over
there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie hangs up. Approaches Jake in the living room.

CASSIE

Do me a favor and stay here for a minute. I wanna check something.

JAKE

You're not going back out there!

CASSIE

I'm not going far. Just stay here, okay? Promise me you won't move.

Cassie continues out. Jake is visibly scared for her.

EXT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE

Cassie begins down the street, slowly and cautiously.

CASSIE'S P.O.V.

Cassie looks to her left, then right. Paranoid that Alex will pop out at any second. She spots her father's car in the near distance.

BACK TO SCENE

Cassie smiles and begins running toward her house.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME

Cassie approaches her house. Her father's car parked out front. A look of pure relief on her face. She moves closer to the house and into the driveway. She is completely shocked to see that ALEX is now gone.

CASSIE

Daddy!

Cassie runs over to her father's car and reaches inside. She begins HONKING THE HORN.

CASSIE

DADDY!!!

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Detective Reinhardt hears the honking of the horn and walks over to Cassie's window, stares down at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Cassie.

EXT. REINHARDT HOME

Cassie notices her father standing at her window.

CASSIE

Down here, Daddy!

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Detective Reinhardt smiles, knowing she's safe.

In the background, a bit out of focus, is Alex. He stands, waiting for the cop to turn around.

Detective Reinhardt opens up Cassie's window and yells out...

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Up here, baby!

EXT. REINHARDT'S CAR

Cassie stares up at her father.

CASSIE

Get outta there! He's in the house!

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM

Alex still stands, waiting.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Take Jake and the truck and get outta here! Get as far away from here as possible!

Alex slowly begins toward him. He holds back his knife hand, ready to drive it into Reinhardt.

JANIS (O.S.)

Alex!!! Stop!!!

Detective Reinhardt pulls his gun and spins around, before Alex can even react.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex simply stands frozen, branding the knife in his hand. He pays his mother no mind, but refrains from making a move on Reinhardt.

JANIS

stands some two feet into the hallway. She is holding a gun on her son. A small caliber, .38 snub. She slowly and cautiously walks into the bedroom.

Alex slowly lowers his knife, still staring at Reinhardt -- who is holding his weapon on him, ready to fire.

JANIS

Just look at what you're doing!
You broke into these nice people's
home! You've frightened their
children! For what? They haven't
done anything to you, have they?!
What do you want from them?!

Alex once again raises his knife, ready to attack Reinhardt.

JANIS

ALEX!!! LOOK AT ME!! Your mother
is speaking to you!!! I know
you're in there! I know you can
hear me! What have you done?!

Alex once again lowers his weapon and stares over at Janis.

JANIS

I know you hurt all those girls,
Alex. But I stayed quiet. I
stayed quiet a long time. Thinking
that I could somehow...bring you
back to me. I stayed up every
night praying, on my knees, you'd
come back. But it's too late now,
Alex. You've gone too far and I
can't protect you anymore. But I
can make it right. This ends right
now.

Alex completely lowers his knife. He slowly releases it as it hits the carpet.

JANIS

That's it, Alex. Come to mother.

Detective Reinhardt slowly begins toward his suspect. Ready to throw him to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alex quickly grabs Janis's gun hand and twists her wrist around so that the gun is now pointing at her face. He then grabs her by the throat and pushes her back into the hallway.

Detective Reinhardt charges after them.

HALLWAY

Alex throws his mother against a wall and puts the gun under her chin. She SCREAMS out in a panic.

Detective Reinhardt charges around the corner and puts his gun to Alex's temple. He squeezes off a shot.

BAM!

Alex's BLOOD covers Reinhardt and Janis's face as Alex's dead, limp body drops to the floor.

Janis SCREAMS out in horror. Blood curdling screams! Her only son is dead.

JANIS

NO! OH GOD! NO!!!! NO!!!!

ALEX!!!

Detective Reinhardt stares down at the young boy in complete shock. His jaw completely dropped to the ground. He is absolutely sickened by what he's done.

Janis continues screaming out uncontrollably.

JANIS

NO!!! ALEX!!!

Detective Reinhardt's body almost goes limp as he falls against the wall and slowly drags to the floor. His gun falling out of his shaking hand. He huffs away in complete exhaustion. The sound of POLICE SIRENS is heard in the b.g. Patrol cars are pulling into the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Detective Reinhardt builds him, Cassie and Jake a boloney sandwich. He finishes spreading a bit of mayo on his bread and licks his finger.

Cassie walks in, looking a bit refreshed from the night before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I made some lunch for you and the squirt.

CASSIE

Where is he?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

He's been in the bathroom for damn near twenty minutes.

Cassie stares over at the bathroom door across the room, closed. She smiles. Laughs a bit.

CASSIE

He must've found a magazine he liked.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

What?

CASSIE

Nothing. Never mind.

Detective Reinhardt hands Cassie her plate. A boloney sandwich and some potato salad on the side. She takes a bite.

CASSIE

So. Why don't you let me drive him home?

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

I should probably talk to his parents, face to face. Don't you think they're gonna have some questions?

CASSIE

Yeah, but. The kid's still grounded. I figured his parents are gonna be pissed he left the house. I thought after what we've been through last night, he could use the break. I thought maybe we could go hang out somewhere.

Detective Reinhardt smiles. Takes a chomp out of his sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Yeah, I bet. You wanna talk to him about Matt.

CASSIE

So? I just wanna know if I still have a chance. That's all.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

And this is the same Matt who ran around on you with some other girl from school? You know how I feel about this kid.

CASSIE

He didn't cheat on me, Dad. He just told me he did so I'd break up with him.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

You sure you two should even be together?

CASSIE

I don't know. Maybe. I think it might be worth another shot.

Detective Reinhardt shakes his head, gives up and takes another bite of his boloney.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Don't make it too easy for him.

CASSIE

I'll try not to.

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

What the hell. I guess you could use some time out of the house.

Cassie smiles.

A toilet flushes in the background. Out steps Jake.

Detective Reinhardt and Cassie both turn, staring at him.

Jake stops in his tracks.

JAKE

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DETECTIVE REINHARDT

Did you wash your hands?

Detective Reinhardt winks at Cassie.

Cassie bursts out laughing.

JAKE

Why is everyone laughing at me?

EXT. REINHARDT HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Cassie and Jake walk out of the garage and over to Cassie's car, sitting in the driveway.

JAKE

So since you're driving me home,
you thinking about going to see my
brother?

CASSIE

Now why would I do that?

JAKE

Because after last night, you've
learned life is too short and too
precious to hold stupid grudges
against people. And sometimes it's
just easier to admit when you're
wrong.

Cassie smiles.

CASSIE

I bet you think you're pretty
smart, don't you?

JAKE

No. This is just common sense
stuff.

CASSIE

So how about you? You think I
deserve a second chance?

JAKE

Not really. But you're hot. Hot
goes a long way.

Cassie smiles, runs her hands through his hair and smacks him
on the butt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Okay, smart guy. Get in.

Jake continues around the car.

JAKE
You know what, Cassie?

CASSIE
What?

JAKE
I don't think I'll be watching any
scary movies for awhile.

Jake crawls in the car.

CASSIE
Yeah. Me either.

Cassie gets in the driver's side. They pull away from the house and down the street. We watch as the car slowly disappears around the corner stop sign.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

CAST

Dave Reinhardt MARTIN KOVE
Cassie Reinhardt HEATHER TOCQUIGNY
Jake Wincott BOO BOO STEWART
Joe Grimes BRIAN THOMPSON
Tom Doyle JEFF CONAWAY
Archie "The Bookie" DANNY TREJO
Doyle's girl VIKKI LIZZI

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)