

**EXTREME MALICE**

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**OVER BLACK**

"Home Again" by Oingo Boingo STARTS UP.

**SUPERIMPOSE:** June 20th, 1993. Kentucky.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OLD HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A sedan cruises down the lonely road, which slices through vast cornfields. The MUSIC BLASTS from the vehicle.

Far off in the background, a long-abandoned barn and its silo are eerily silhouetted against the star-filled horizon.

A grassy median separates the two opposite direction lanes.

The speeding vehicle rapidly approaches a massive pothole in the road, swerves at the last moment to avoid it.

**INT. SEDAN - TRAVELING**

BRAKES SQUEAL as the driver, KELLY GIBBONS, (21), jerks the wheel back, regains control of the vehicle.

KELLY

Whoa!

In the passenger seat, CHRISTY GIBBONS, (18), grabs hold of the dashboard to steady herself. She twists the radio dial, turns the MUSIC DOWN.

CHRISTY

Damn! What the hell, Kelly!?

Both ladies are blonde, slender, and tan. In the right light they could pass as twins.

Kelly gives her sister the side eye, sneers.

KELLY

(sarcastic)

I'm sorry. Would you rather I had hit that crater back there? I can turn around and --

Annoyed, Christy rolls her eyes.

CHRISTY

Shut up. Brat.

Kelly smirks, happy she irritated her little sister.

KELLY

You're the one who wanted to take  
the scenic route.

Christy shrugs, uninterested in shouldering any of the blame.

CHRISTY

You know I hate traffic. Other  
drivers just...  
(makes a fist)  
Infuriate me.

KELLY

Everything infuriates you.

CHRISTY

Okay, Mom.

Kelly laughs.

KELLY

Whatever. Slut.

CHRISTY

Bitch.

KELLY

Abortion survivor.

Christy turns to her sister, wide-eyed.

CHRISTY

Kelly!

Kelly lets out a genuine cackle and snort.

Christy can't help but laugh a little herself.

CHRISTY

So dark!

Kelly shrugs, cranks the MUSIC BACK UP and bounces along to the beat. Her head hits the roof, multiple times. This chick is just a ball of energy.

KELLY

(purposefully off-cue)  
*Where're we going, where're we  
going? Home again, we're home  
again, we're home!*

Christy turns to her window, glances out at the passing countryside, a big goofy grin plastered across her face.

CHRISTY

Weirdo.

**EXT. OLD HIGHWAY**

As the sedan zooms off into the distance, the MUSIC FADES and gives way to an ominous silence.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. WHITE VAN - PARKED - NIGHT**

Shadows fill the tight space. Behind the wheel sits a FIGURE, (48). A man, or at least the shell of one.

He lifts his arms up, stretches out as much as he's able to in the cramped space.

Through the windshield, a neglected brick building is just visible in the dark. An old rest stop. Just then --

Headlights flood the area as Kelly's sedan pulls into the gravel lot and parks right in front of the old building.

Excited, the Figure leans forward in his seat. His breathing intensifies as he stares out his windshield.

Outside, the sedan's ENGINE SHUTS OFF, then Kelly and Christy exit the vehicle.

The Figure's breathing grows louder as he watches Christy move to the back of the sedan. She leans against the trunk, while Kelly hurries into the women's restroom.

KELLY

I'm gonna piss myself!

The van's windshield fogs up with each increasingly excited breath the Figure lets out.

**EXT. REST STOP - PARKING LOT**

Christy lights up a cigarette, takes a long drag, closes her eyes and savors the taste.

From the women's restroom, Kelly lets out a disgusted SHRIEK.

KELLY (O.S.)

Ew! This is the grossest rest stop ever! There's not even toilet paper in here! What the fuck!? ...

(to Christy)

Reminds me of your bedroom.

Christy frowns, then opens her eyes and exhales a thick cloud of smoke.

CHRISTY

(to Kelly)

Would have been better off just pulling over and pissing in the bushes. We're already so late --

KELLY (O.S.)

Oh, whatever! It's not gonna kill Mom to wait a little longer.

CHRISTY

You know Mom... If you're not early, you're late.

KELLY (O.S.)

We're not gonna miss the reunion. That's all that matters. Just... Grab me some tissues out of the glovebox, would ya?

Aggravated, Christy moves back to her open passenger side door. Something catches her eye, causes her to come to a sudden stop. Across the parking lot --

A white panel van. Parked all by itself in the far corner of the lot. The details are hard to make out in the dark, but it appears to be very clean. Almost pristine. Brand new.

Christy can't help but stand and stare at the creepy van. She squints, can just barely make out the shape of the Figure behind the wheel.

KELLY (O.S.)

Hey! Christy!?

Startled, Christy finally pries her eyes from the van. She flicks her cigarette away, steps back to her open passenger side door, leans in and grabs some tissues from the glovebox.

KELLY (O.S.)

What's the hold up? I've got a leaky clam in here!

CHRISTY  
 (to Kelly)  
 Ah, gross! I'm comin'! Just, shut  
 up... Geez!  
 (under her breath)  
 Who says things like that!?

Christy hurries over to the women's restroom.

**INT. REST STOP - WOMEN'S RESTROOM**

The small room is dark and dingy. Looks like no one's cleaned up in years. The mirror above the grimy sink is broken.

Flies BUZZ as they fly around the cramped space.

Christy enters, scrunches her nose as she moves to the single rickety stall at the back of the room.

CHRISTY  
 Jesus, Kelly. You couldn't have  
 picked a more disgusting place to  
 stop at.

She bends down, holds the tissues under the stall.

KELLY (O.S.)  
 Shit. You think it's bad out there?

Kelly's hand reaches into view, grabs the tissues.

KELLY (O.S.)  
 Thank you!

Christy steps over to the sink, looks at her broken reflection in the shattered mirror.

A look of worry is spread across her multiple faces.

CHRISTY  
 Hurry up, would ya? There's a  
 creepy van out there.

KELLY (O.S.)  
 Where? In the parking lot?

CHRISTY  
 No, floating in the sky.

KELLY (O.S.)  
 Smartass. I'll be out in a sec.

Christy goes to say something else, but stops herself. She turns and exits the restroom.

**EXT. REST STOP - PARKING LOT**

Slowly, Christy walks back to the sedan. Her eyes focused on the gravel lot.

She frowns, steps closer and peers into the dark.

The van is gone.

Kelly's sedan is the only vehicle in the lot.

Christy looks around in all directions. No sign of the van. She looks back to where it was parked. Then --

A hand slaps down on her shoulder. She screams, spins around, only to see --

Her sister, with a massive shit-eating grin on her face.

CHRISTY

Oh, you bitch! Don't do that! You know I hate it when you do that! God! Argh!

Kelly laughs.

KELLY

You're such a spaz.

Christy gives Kelly a playful slap in the arm.

CHRISTY

You're gonna make my heart explode.

KELLY

So dramatic.  
(glances around the lot)  
So... Where's this creeper van you're so scared of?

CHRISTY

I'm not scared! It was just... Creepy..., But, whatever. Let's just get moving.

She gets in the passenger side seat.

Kelly glances around the lot, unimpressed. She scoffs, then goes back to her sedan and gets behind the wheel.

The sedan starts up, pulls off the lot and drives away.

**INT. SEDAN - TRAVELING - MOMENTS LATER**

With one eye on the road and one hand on the wheel, Kelly cycles through the radio stations. Mostly just STATIC.

KELLY

Well, damn. Really wishing I had more than just one cassette right about now.

Christy leans back in her seat, closes her eyes.

CHRISTY

Let's just... Enjoy the silence.

KELLY

I'd prefer to not fall asleep behind the wheel.

Frustrated, Kelly gives up on the radio. She glances over at her sister.

KELLY

Why've you been such a sour-puss today? I thought we had a great time this weekend.

Christy turns to her sister, gives a warm smile.

CHRISTY

I did! Honestly, I didn't want to leave. I...

Her smile fades.

KELLY

What is it?

CHRISTY

Mom's just been... A lot, lately. If that makes sense?

Kelly nods, forces a smile.

KELLY

Yeah. It does, actually.

An awkward silence. Then, Christy snorts a laugh.



CHRISTY

I can't believe you called me a failed abortion! You're so warped.

KELLY

I didn't call you a failed abortion. I called you an abortion survivor.

Christy frowns, shrugs.

CHRISTY

Same thing!

KELLY

Nu uh.

CHRISTY

How's a failed abortion different than an abortion survivor!?

KELLY

It's not as dignified.

Dumbfounded, Christy scoffs.

CHRISTY

You're ridiculous.

Kelly shoots her sister a sly smirk.

KELLY

You know you love --

BOOM!

The vehicle violently jerks to the side. Tires SQUEAL as Kelly slams on the BRAKES and desperately fights for control of the wheel. It's no use.

KELLY

Hold on!

Both sisters brace themselves as --

**EXT. OLD HIGHWAY**

The sedan veers right, BRAKES SCREAM.

The vehicle turns as it rapidly slows, suddenly ROLLS OVER. Again and again, before finally landing upright just off to the side of the road.

Debris scatters across the narrow two-lane highway. Metal shards, chunks of plastic, shattered glass.

Smoke billows up from under the hood of the wrecked sedan.

An unnerving silence fills the air.

**INT. SEDAN - WRECKED**

Both airbags have deployed.

Kelly groans in pain as she pushes her airbag out of her way. Her nose is broken and bloody.

KELLY

Shit. Christy, are you okay?  
Christy!?

She looks over, sees that --

Christy is unconscious, blood drips from a nasty contusion on her forehead.

Kelly grimaces as she stretches out, gently shakes her sister, tries to wake her.

KELLY

Hey! Christy! Yo!

Christy's eyes flutter open. She whips her head around, freaks out.

CHRISTY

(scared, confused)  
What happened!? Oh my God! My  
head... My head hurts really bad!

Kelly flashes a smile, places her hand on Christy's shoulder.

KELLY

Yeah, you're a unicorn right now.  
But you're alive.

She turns, fights with her door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You stay put and breathe, okay. I'm  
gonna come around and help you get  
out. You hear me?

Christy nods, does her best to slow her breathing and calm herself down.

CHRISTY  
Yeah. I hear ya.

KELLY  
Good.

**EXT. OLD HIGHWAY**

Kelly shoves her door open, grunts as she pulls herself out of the wrecked sedan. She has multiple cuts and bruises all over, but nothing too serious.

She steps back from the vehicle, looks it over, spots something concerning.

KELLY  
(under her breath)  
What the fuck?

Kelly limps forward, reaches out for the driver's side front wheel, carefully grabs a strand of barbwire, pulls it taut.

It's stuck, wrapped around both the axel and the blown tire.

A worried look spreads across Kelly's face.

CHRISTY (O.S.)  
What's wrong? Kelly? What is it?

Kelly lets go of the barbwire, turns to Christy, who still sits in the wreck.

KELLY  
Nothing. It's nothing. Hold on, I'm coming around.

She starts to limp around the front of the sedan when suddenly light falls over her.

Headlights. Someone is approaching from the other lane.

Kelly pushes herself away from the sedan, moves across the grassy median, into the road. She waves her arms as the headlights grow closer.

KELLY  
(calls back to Christy)  
Hold on, Christy... Help's coming!

**INT. SEDAN - WRECKED**

Christy struggles with her seat belt, strains to see out through the shattered windshield.

KELLY (O.S.)  
I'll be right back!

**EXT. OLD HIGHWAY**

The approaching headlights slow down and stop about fifty feet away from Kelly.

She frowns, limps down the road, approaches the headlights.

KELLY  
(calls out)  
Hey! We had an accident! We need help! Hello!?

No response.

Kelly presses forward, slowly approaches the bright, stationary headlights.

She uses her hand to shield her eyes as she steps closer.

CHRISTY (O.S.)  
(distressed)  
Shit! I'm stuck! Kelly, help me out of here!

Kelly ignores her sister, steps off to the side of the road, back into the grassy median. She finally sees that --

The headlights belong to the white van.

It's parked in the middle of the road. The driver's door hangs wide open. The ENGINE IDLES. No driver.

CHRISTY (O.S.)  
Kelly!? What's going on!?

Kelly stares at the empty vehicle, wide-eyed and speechless.

**INT. SEDAN - WRECKED**

Christy still fights to free herself.

It's no use. She's stuck.

CHRISTY  
 Dammit, Kelly! Just, please, get me  
 out of this fuckin' car!

No response.

Tears roll down Christy's cheeks. She whimpers, afraid.

**EXT. OLD HIGHWAY**

Still facing the van, Kelly slowly backs toward her wrecked sedan. Her eyes remain locked on the idling vehicle in the middle of the road.

CHRISTY (O.S.)  
 (desperate)  
 Kelly!?

Kelly finally pulls her eyes away from the van.

KELLY  
 (calls to Christy)  
 I'm com --

She turns around, nearly bumps into the Figure, who stands quietly in the dark with a serrated hunting blade.

He wears a black ski mask, a leather jacket, and dark jeans. Intense eyes stare out from under the mask.

Before Kelly can react, the Figure swings hard, CRACKS the hilt of his blade across her skull. She crumples like a sack of potatoes at his feet.

**CLOSE ON** the Figure's masked face. He closes his eyes, opens his mouth wide, sucks in a deep breath. Takes it all in.

CHRISTY (O.S.)  
 Kelly!? What's happening!? Kelly!?

The Figure opens his eyes, turns his head in the direction of Christy's voice. His eyes narrow.

**INT. SEDAN - WRECKED**

Christy desperately pushes against her door, but it won't budge. Frustrated, she punches the partially caved-in roof.

CHRISTY  
 Fuck! Kelly!? What are you doing  
 out there!? ... Answer me!?

She buries her face into her hands and sobs.

A long beat. Then --

FOOTSTEPS crunch in the darkness. They're near.

Christy lifts her head, stops crying. She cranes her neck in an attempt to see out of the wreckage.

CHRISTY

Kelly?

The FOOTSTEPS stop.

A horrible silence fills the air.

As Christy's eyes dart back and forth, her bottom lip trembles with fear.

CHRISTY

(terrified)

K-Kelly... Please...

Just then, the Figure emerges from the shadows at her shattered car door window.

Terrified, Christy jolts in her seat, lets out a shriek.

The Figure stands motionless, just out of reach. Doesn't say a word, just stares back at the terrified young woman.

CHRISTY

Who the fuck... !? Where's my sister!?

(calls out)

Kelly! Kelly!?

Casually, the Figure pulls out a small tactical pistol. He aims it at her face.

Wide eyed, Christy stares down the barrel. All the color flushes from her face.

CHRISTY

Wait...

The Figure waits for a moment, tilts his head as he observes his helpless prey.

A long beat. Then --

He squeezes the trigger. BANG!

**SMASH TO BLACK.**

Silence, for what seems like an eternity.

**INT. WHITE VAN - PARKED - NIGHT**

**ANGLE ON** Kelly, who is gagged and handcuffed to the side paneling behind the driver's seat. She's unconscious. Blood cakes the side of her head.

Outside, FOOTSTEPS approach.

Kelly's eyes flutter as the van's back doors pop open. She looks over as the Figure crawls into the back of the van.

He moves over to Kelly, kneels in front of her.

Kelly grunts through her gag.

The Figure reaches out, removes the gag from Kelly's mouth.

Kelly groans, sucks in air for a moment. Afraid, she looks up at the Figure.

KELLY

Why?

The Figure says nothing, just blankly stares back at her.

Kelly squeezes her eyes shut, fights the urge to cry.

KELLY

(under her breath)

This isn't real. Wake up, Kelly.  
Wake up.

The Figure tilts his head to the side, curiously watches as the terrified woman mutters to herself. He turns, reaches around and grabs something from the front seat.

KELLY

(under her breath)

Please wake up.

**CLOSE ON** Kelly, eyes still shut tight. She trembles with fear as she whimpers. **HOLD HERE** for a long, uncomfortable beat.

Then, she slowly starts to open her eyes. They immediately go wide with horror as she lets out a chilling scream.

**ANGLE ON** Kelly to reveal the Figure holding out Christy's decapitated head a few inches from her face. Her face is a gory mess, riddled with bullets, but enough is still there to recognize Christy.

KELLY  
 (distraught)  
 CHRISTY!? Oh my God! This can't be  
 real! This can't be real! This  
 can't be --

The Figure tosses Christy's decapitated head to the side,  
 grabs Kelly by her hair and forces her head back. He pulls  
 out a serrated blade and presses it against her throat.

Tears stream down the horrified woman's cheeks as she stares  
 into the Figure's dark eyes. She lets out a pathetic whimper.

KELLY  
 Please, God --

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ROAD**

The van is parked off to the side of an old dirt road. Dark,  
 thick woods surround the road on either side.

Kelly SCREAMS from inside the van as the vehicle violently  
 jerks back and forth. Again and again.

KELLY (O.S.)  
 (terrified, in agony)  
 Stop it! No! No, no, no! Stop,  
 please stop! Stop! God, please!?

**SLOW ZOOM** on the van as it continues to rock back and forth.

Kelly SCREAMS her heart out as we --

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. BACK ROAD - LATER**

The crescent moon sits high in the sky. An ominous silence  
 fills the air.

**PAN DOWN** to the van.

The vehicle is still parked off to the side of the road.

The Figure steps around to the back of the van, leans against  
 the back doors.

He looks up at the crescent moon in the night sky, watches as  
 fast-moving clouds roll over it.



THUNDER RUMBLES from far off.

The Figure looks to the ground, takes a deep breath, turns around and pulls open the van's back doors.

In one swift motion, the Figure reaches into the back of the van and drags a nearly unconscious Kelly out by her feet.

She drops to the ground with a pained grunt, weakly rolls over on her side, curls into the fetal position.

Deep cuts and dark bruises cover her face and arms. The poor woman's been through hell.

The Figure casually reaches back into the van and retrieves a long, thick chain.

He bends down, puts the chain through Kelly's cuffed hands, then connects the chain to the van's rear bumper.

Kelly struggles to lift her head, sees that she's been secured to the vehicle.

The Figure stands up tall, steps back and watches as the scared woman processes her situation.

As Kelly weakly pulls on her handcuffs, the Figure walks to the drivers side of the van. He hops in behind the wheel, shuts his door behind him.

**INT. WHITE VAN - PARKED**

The Figure turns the key, STARTS the engine.

KELLY (O.S.)  
(weak, desperate)  
Wait! PLEASE!?

**EXT. BACK ROAD**

Kelly winces in pain as she attempts to sit up, but her injuries are too severe.

KELLY  
(weak, scared)  
PLEASE!... I can't die like this...  
Not like this...

The van's engine REVS up. The tires roll forward.

Kelly cries out in pain as the vehicle slowly begins to drag her behind it.

KELLY  
(horrified)  
STOP! PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!

The van's engine REVS up again, then the tires spin rapidly, kick up gravel and dirt directly in Kelly's face.

The poor woman SCREAMS as loud as she can as she's dragged off behind the speeding vehicle.

**INT. WHITE VAN - TRAVELING**

The Figure stomps down on the gas.

Kelly's SCREAMS quickly turn to sickening WET THUDS.

Behind his mask, the Figure's lips curl into a grin.

**EXT. BACK ROAD**

Chunks of flesh fly off Kelly's brutalized carcass as it bounces back and forth on the road. A trail of blood, guts, and other gory bits, are left behind the speeding vehicle.

The van drives off into the distance.

**PAN UP** to the crescent moon as it peeks out from behind the dark clouds.

**FADE OUT.**