

FADE IN:

INT. SHED - DAY

Light streams through holes in the ceiling. A wooden door opens. STEVE, 30, tall and thin backs into the shed.

He is followed by CHARLIE, 42, fat, wearing a suit and tie. They carry a gagged and writhing AMANDA, 19 blonde and average build. She is suddenly dropped on the wooden floor by the two men.

Charlie grimaces, as he wipes his hands on his pants.

CHARLIE

What now?

STEVE

Now, we shoot.

Steve takes a handgun from his belt. He points it at Amanda. Charlie grabs hold of the gun.

CHARLIE

Wait!

(beat)

Can I do it?

Steve smiles. He hands the gun to Charlie. He points it at Amanda. She writhes on the ground.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This ends here. Goodbye Amanda.

Charlie keeps the gun on Amanda. Pause. Charlie breathes heavily - brings the gun down to his side.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I can't do it.

Steve grabs the gun from Charlie. Tears mixed with dirt fall down Amanda's cheek. Steve looks to Charlie.

Pause.

Charlie nods, and walks out the door. Steve walks over to the door, then closes it.

Steve stands above Amanda. He shakes his head at her. He points the gun at her face, and pulls the trigger.

INT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A dirty car makes its way down a dusty road. Steve sits in the drivers seat.

He presses a button on the radio, and country music comes on. He starts to nod his head along with the beat, half mouthing the words.

STEVE

You like this kinda stuff?

Charlie glances at Steve. Pauses, staring, waiting to see if Steve's question was a joke. Pause. It wasn't.

CHARLIE

No. No I don't.

The car continues down the road.

It passes a farmhouse.

STEVE

How is it?

Steve motions to Charlie's chin.

CHARLIE

Fucking hurts. What do you expect.

STEVE

It was a pretty hard hit, I'll give you that.

The car approaches a wooden shed. Steve turns off the ignition.

CHARLIE

This it?

Steve nods, as he opens his door.

Charlie glances in the back seat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We have reached our destination pretty lady.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The door to a house violently swings open.

Amanda runs out, panting.

Steve follows Amanda around the side of the house.

Charlie runs out the door - sweat runs down his face as he catches his breath. He slows to a stop as he stands in the yard.

Charlie holds his hand to the side of his head - blood seeps through his fingers. He kicks some play equipment.

CHARLIE
Fucking bitch!

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

Amanda sprints past an open window - she jumps over an overturned wheelbarrow as she dodges an overhanging tree branch.

Steve follows closely after her.

Amanda bursts out onto the footpath.

She turns left and sprints down the road.

Steve comes out from the side of the house.

Amanda pushes down a rubbish bin - that Steve neatly jumps over.

Amanda runs into the front yard of a house.

She runs up to the front door then frantically attempts to open it. It's locked.

Amanda runs to a window besides the door - she climbs through it, but struggles.

Steve runs across the front yard, quickly approaching Amanda.

Amanda struggles to fit in the window. Steve is nearly upon her... just as Amanda manages to squeeze through. She slams the window shut, locking it.

She disappears inside the house.

Steve catches his breath as he peers through the windows of the house.

No movement.

He quickly moves around the side of the house.

He glances in all the windows.

STEVE
(taunting)
Come out Amanda. Come out and play.

Steve picks up a stick from the ground. He taps on the windows as he passes them.

Charlie walks from the footpath, onto the front yard, he still puffs slightly.

He closes the gate behind him.

CHARLIE
(to Steve)
You got her?

Steve motions for Charlie to go around the other side of the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Amanda crouches in the corner of a room - she breaths heavily. She brings out a mobile phone. Her hand shakes as she presses the buttons.

Suddenly she looks up at the sound of glass smashing. Amanda freezes, her phone forgotten. The creak of a door opening.

Amanda springs to action - she runs down the hallway towards the front door.

Amanda sprints out the door.

Steve comes out from the side of the house - he runs after her.

Amanda bolts to the gate - she frantically tries to open it.

Steve catches up to her, and tackles her to the ground. The wooden gate breaks under them.

Steve grabs Amanda's hands and pulls them together behind her back.

Charlie walks up to Steve's side. Steve turns to him.

STEVE
I got her.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Newspaper clippings line the walls. Headlines jump out, "High school Cheerleader Murdered ... Twins Brutally killed ... Girl Killed on School Grounds ... Double Murder of Two Young Girls ..."

A photo is stapled to the wall titled, "The Class of 10 B". A class of all female students pose for a photo. A number of the heads have been crossed with a marker.

Charlie sits in a chair, he chews on a pen. Steve paces up and down the room.

Suddenly, a noise from another room. Steve and Charlie jump to attention, as they slowly and silently move towards the door. Steve has a gun in his hand.

Charlie slowly opens the door.

A frying pan suddenly comes through the doorway.

It hits him on the side of the head. He shouts, and falls over.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Steve and Charlie walk down a footpath, past suburban homes. A MAN on a push bike rides past. Charlie stops. He looks at some words written on the back of his hand.

CHARLIE

159. This is it.

Charlie points to the house.

STEVE

No car in the driveway.

He looks up and down the street.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Let's go in.

Steve walks towards the house. Charlie follows.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie stands in his bedroom. He puts on a suit. He picks up a tie when his phone rings.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Hello?

(beat)

Shit.

(beat)

It's gone on too long. Yeah, yeah

I understand. Thanks mate,
appreciate it.

(beat)

Okay. Bye.

Charlie hangs up the phone. He writes something on his hand in pen. He punches the cupboard with his fist.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Charlie picks up his phone, dials a number.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey.

(beat)

I could use your help. Amanda is killing again. It's eight this year.

(beat)

And my daughter is next on the list.

(beat)

A friend told me, a good friend.

(beat)

Look she has to be stopped, okay?

Charlie looks down at the writing on his hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah 159 Baker Street.

(beat)

Thanks mate. Come to mine and we will go from there.

(beat)

Bye.

FADE OUT.