

INFLECTOR

Written by

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INT. FISCHER HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MRS. FISCHER, a woman in her late 40's, slowly opens her eyes. She gazes ahead as she lays on her side in bed, slowly coming to it from a deep sleep.

She rubs her hand across her eyes, and squints ahead toward the window, as if trying to find the source of something out of the ordinary that awakened her. There's nothing outside that can be seen in the darkness except the leaves blowing on a tree nearby.

Mrs. Fischer looks over to the other side of the bed and sees her husband, MR. FISCHER, a man in his late 40's/early 50's, sleeping beside her on his back.

She looks over to the digital clock beside the bed and sees it is 2:33 AM. Beside the clock, there is a framed picture of a family of three -- Mr. & Mrs. Fischer with their teenaged son, ALEX FISHER, red-headed 16-year-old covered with freckles.

With dreary eyes, she tilts her head up to take one final scan of the dark room, but doesn't see or hear anything. She sighs, rests the side of her head back down onto the pillow, and closes her eyes.

The room is silent and peaceful as Mrs. Fischer quickly falls back asleep...

CRACK!

Mrs. Fischer's eyes spring open as the mattress bounces and we hear what sounds like two stones colliding.

CRACK!

Mrs. Fischer turns over and sees Mr. Fischer motionless with streams of blood running down his face. She sees the figure of a MASKED KILLER, dressed in all black clothing including gloves and a jacket. The hard-plastic mask is white with a faded green glow-in-the-dark tint and a combination of green and orange opaque eyes. The mask is a ghoulish face that one would come across a Halloween themed store, with a resemblance to a wolf but without a snout.

The Masked Killer has their arms raised in the air, and when Mrs. Fischer sees what's happening, it's too late. The Masked Killer swings down and hits her over the head with a sledge hammer. The Masked Killer hits her again a second and third time.

INT. FISCHER HOUSEHOLD - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

A trail of blood leads down the wooden stairway and continues to the front door of the house.

EXT. FISCHER HOUSEHOLD - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Mr. Fischer is laying on his stomach at the end of the driveway. There's some smears of blood leading down the driveway to him, which shows he was dragged there by The Masked Killer.

The Masked Killer drops Mrs. Fischer's corpse next to Mr. Fischer, and walks away.

Mr. Fischer painfully opens his eyes and sees his dead wife next to him. He looks into her lifeless eyes and begins to cry. His fingers wiggle as he tries to move his arm. He's able to slowly reach out with his shaking right hand and touch her face.

The Masked Killer's footsteps approach him. He looks up at the killer and tries to speak, but can only let out a weak whimper.

The Masked Killer raises the sledge hammer.

CRACK!

EXT. FISCHER HOUSEHOLD - COURT - NIGHT

Our view expands to not just the Fischer household, but all four houses that make up the isolated neighborhood court. Bloody corpses are laying at the end of each driveway.

The driveway next to the Fischer's has a family of four -- mother and father in their late 30's with an 8-year-old daughter and 10-year-old son.

The next driveway has a mother and father in their early 40's with a 13-year-old daughter.

The last driveway has an elderly couple.

SIX YEARS LATER...

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MATT HARRIS, a 23 year-old male with an athletic build, looks down at a small jewelry box he's holding in his right hand. He opens it, revealing an engagement ring.

MATT
Damn, bro, this is nice. The
diamond really pops.

He gently runs his index finger along the side of the ring as he examines it. After taking a deep breath, he drops to one knee and extends the ring.

MATT (CONT'D)
With this ring, I thee wed.

BRAD GOLDSON, a soft-spoken and very handsome 22 year-old male with blonde hair and blue eyes that could be mistaken for a model, is caught off-guard and snickers.

MATT (CONT'D)
What?

BRAD
And we're off to a bad start.

Matt looks confused and shifts his eyes side-to-side, trying to figure out what Brad means.

BRAD (CONT'D)
That's what they say at the
wedding.

MATT
Oh my God, you're right. Look, I
might not be a fuckin' wordsman --

BRAD
Wordsmith?

MATT
Whatever! But bet your ass
Shakespeare couldn't deadlift six
hundred pounds! Ha!

BRAD
(jokingly)
Neither can you, pal.

MATT

Bro!

BRAD

Here, let me take that.

Brad carefully grabs the box with the ring and places it on his dresser.

MATT

A little help?

Matt reaches his hand out. Brad helps pull him up from his knee, but instead of letting go, Matt keeps a firm grip and puts his elbow on the dresser, positioning them for an arm wrestling match.

Brad laughs but tries to shake out of it.

BRAD

No. No! Now's not the time.

MATT

Nope! Come on! Right here, right now, buddy!

Brad tries to wiggle his hand free, but can't escape the grip.

MATT (CONT'D)

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

Matt and Brad both put all their force into and have a stalemate for a few seconds. Brad's arm starts to slowly go back toward the dresser and he notices their arms are coming dangerously close to the ring.

BRAD

Watch the ring, dude! You can deadlift a thousand, I don't give a shit! I tap! I tap!

With a big smile, Matt stops and releases his grip.

MATT

I'll tell ya, you got some muscle for a pretty boy.

BRAD

Pretty boy?

Brad focuses his attention on the box and starts to rub it.

MATT
So you're really going to go
through with this tonight?

Brad taps his fingers on the box.

BRAD
Should I not?

MATT
Hey, me and you both know I'm not
the guy who should be giving any
kind of advice, pal.

BRAD
But if you were?

MATT
I guess I would say you only live
once--

BRAD
Yolo? Really? That's the best you
got?

MATT
And, ya know, if Kristen really is
someone you can't imagine going
forward without or whatever, then
yeah, go for it.

Brad looks down to the floor and nods his head.

MATT (CONT'D)
Just, you better close the deal
because if she says no it's gonna
get real fuckin' awkward tonight.

Brad's head immediately shoots up and he looks directly into
Matt's eyes with worry.

BRAD
You think she would really say no,
Matt?

MATT
(stammering)
No, I was -- God dammit, I told
you, I'm not a fuckin' man of
words! Let's just go and have a
good time and see what happens,
yeah?

Brad looks back down at the ground, the growing doubt is noticeable in his demeanor.

BRAD
Yeah. Yeah, let's go.

Brad puts the ring in his pocket and they head out the door.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

KRISTEN KLEIN, 22 years old female that is mild-mannered and pretty but down-to-earth, is brushing her hair in front of her mirror, getting ready to go out.

TIFFANY LAWRENCE, a gorgeous 22 year old female that is spoiled and fiery but someone you would want to party with, is sitting at the end of Kristen's bed, going through her phone to pass the time.

TIFFANY
Don't you find it odd that your parents invited us out for no reason? Like, when has that ever been a thing?

KRISTEN
I know this might be a foreign concept to you, Tiff, but they're only trying to be what some folks call "nice".

TIFFANY
Gross. Who has time for all that these days?

KRISTEN
Mom said they wanted to have a small get-together as another grad gift since everyone is still around. She went on about how life becomes a blur after college and worries that we're all going to be scattered in different directions over the next few months. Blah, blah...

TIFFANY
Aw, your mom's so sweet. I wish my parents showed even an ounce of care.

KRISTEN

Are you kidding? They're essentially bankrolling your entire life. You probably won't ever have to worry about money. I'd say that's a pretty good indication they care about you.

TIFFANY

Money? Fine. But I can't remember the last time they asked how I was doing. Money isn't everything, Kristen. There's the other one percent of life.

KRISTEN

How about you show your nice side and help me out with this necklace? I won't tell anyone.

TIFFANY

Promise?

They both giggle and Tiffany take a hold of the necklace around Kristen's neck and starts trying to latch it.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You don't think tonight has anything to do with Brad, do you?

KRISTEN

What do you mean?

TIFFANY

You know.

Kristen sees Tiffany wiggle her ring finger in the mirror.

KRISTEN

No! No way!

TIFFANY

Are you sure?

Kristen turns around and faces Tiffany.

KRISTEN

Do you know something that I don't?

Tiffany gently pushes Kristen's head back around.

TIFFANY

No, just asking. There!

Tiffany backs away as the necklace is now in tact. Kristen stares into the mirror at the necklace.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

We're still so young, Kristen. I know how much you like him, I do. We just got out of college though. We haven't had the chance to live yet. There's so many things we have the time to do now. We can party, we can travel the world, we can party, we can do all the things most people would dream of doing, all on my parents' dime.

KRISTEN

Tiff, I'll always be here. Of course we'll do those things. Why do you sound so concerned?

TIFFANY

You spend so much time with him. I mean, you've been with him for what, two years? I don't want to see you waste your youth rushing to the altar and regretting wasting your time on some boy.

KRISTEN

I appreciate you trying to look out for me, or yourself, or whatever this is, but everything will be fine. I'll never leave you.

TIFFANY

If you say so.

KRISTEN

And he's not just some boy.

TIFFANY

I bet I could find you a better one at the restaurant. They're a dime a dozen.

Tiffany's phone buzzes. She looks down to read the text.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Speaking of, they're here.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The crew of Kristen, Tiffany, Brad and Matt are seated at a table with MR. & MRS. KLEIN, Kristen's parents in their mid 50's. They are finishing up their meals.

MR. KLEIN

Matt, I wasn't sure if we'd ever see you again. Kristen told us you and Tiffany broke up.

MATT

Eh. When was that? Last Saturday, or a couple weeks ago?

MRS. KLEIN

Oh, last month, I thought. Right, Kristen?

KRISTEN

Hard to keep it straight, at this point.

MATT

Yep. I think I remember last month too. That adds up.

MRS. KLEIN

Tiffany, what kind of hell have you been putting this poor man through?

MATT

Thank you, Misses Klein!

TIFFANY

And why does everyone assume I'm the problem?

MR. KLEIN

Because we know you oh-so-well, darling.

Mr. Klein winks at Matt.

MATT

I fucking love you guys!

Matt looks around after realizing he swore too loudly and hides his face. Kristen and Brad laugh.

TIFFANY

We're just having some fun. Nothing serious. It's just a fling.

MATT

Yes, a six month fling, and counting.

KRISTEN

With, how many, sixteen breakups in between?

BRAD

A match made in heaven, wouldn't you say, Mr. Klein?

MR. KLEIN

Brad, you could show these kids a thing or two about stability.

Tiffany sees a WAITER walking a FAMILY OF FOUR to their table. One of the four is a handsome young man around their same age range.

Tiffany looks over at Kristen and catches her attention. She nods her head in the direction of the young man. Kristen looks over in that direction and spots him.

Meanwhile, Brad notices Tiffany nodding her head and also looks in that direction. He sees the young man, then looks down to the ground in shame.

Kristen locks eyes again with Tiffany then rolls her eyes with irritation.

MATT

You should feel very lucky that Brad is with your daughter, sir. Honestly, he's a swell guy.

Brad urgently kicks Matt's feet under the table.

MR. KLEIN

(looking away)

Well, would you look at that?

Kristen, Brad and Mrs. Klein all look over to see what has caught Mr. Klein's attention, while Tiffany gives Matt an angry glare.

NICK KLEIN, 27, Kristen's older brother and successful businessman, walks over to the table along with EVA, 25, a stunning woman wearing a very expensive dress.

While this is an upscale restaurant and everyone is in nice clothing, Nick and Eva stand out.

NICK

I'm so sorry we're late. I had this function at work that ran past.

Mr. Klein stands up and shakes Nick's hand with a proud smile.

MR. KLEIN

Oh, don't be sorry, son.

Nick gives Mrs. Klein a quick hug, then pulls out a seat for his date.

NICK

Dad, everyone, this is Eva.

Eva shyly gives a warm smile and a quick wave to the table. Eva and Nick take a seat.

MATT

Lookin' good, bro. That watch is fire.

NICK

Matt, you're still around? I thought Little Miss Thing over there had you dead and buried weeks ago.

TIFFANY

Oh, how cute? Like father, like son. I hope that's not the case for everything, Mr. Klein. Ya know, with your son being Itty Bitty Dicky Nicky, over there.

NICK

Did I mention this is our first date?

KRISTEN

Now Tiff, let's not spoil the surprise for Eva.

MRS. KLEIN

Girls!

NICK

Et tu, sis?

MR. KLEIN

Kristen, play nice with your brother.

(MORE)

MR. KLEIN (CONT'D)

He's going to be a valuable resource for you going forward. Nick, remind your sister what happened after you graduated.

NICK

Dad basically said that I was on my own and wished me good luck.

MR. KLEIN

And?

NICK

And I've been thriving ever since.

Nick puts his arm on the back of Eva's chair, as if showing her off as some kind of trophy.

MR. KLEIN

(to Kristen)

Your day is a-comin'. It's for the best. We don't want to see you kids turn into entitled leeches, we want to see you make something of yourselves. Isn't that right, honey?

MRS. KLEIN

We raised you right. Look at your brother. I know you'll be just fine, but we'll always be there for you.

MR. KLEIN

And with all that being said, who wants some dessert? Any takers?

Mr. Klein takes a quick look around the table, and then looks at Brad, who subtly shakes his head while rubbing his neck. Matt sees Brad shake his head, then looks over at Mr. Klein.

MATT

No thanks, Mr. Klein. I've had enough carbs already.

Matt eyes Mr. Klein and nods his head toward the direction of the restroom.

MR. KLEIN

Well, you all take a moment to decide and I'll be back in a jiffy.

Mr. Klein stands up and starts to make his way toward the restroom.

BRAD
(to Kristen)
Be right back.

MATT
(to Tiffany)
Me too, babe.

Brad and Matt both get up and quickly walk toward the restroom as well.

KRISTEN
Uh...

Matt gives Nick a little nudge on the back while walking past him. Nick looks around with some confusion while the girls all stare him down.

NICK
Eva, why don't you introduce
yourself to the girls, huh?

Nick stands up and rushes toward the restroom to catch up with the rest of the guys. The girls look around at each other suspiciously and burst into laughter.

KRISTEN
What the hell was that?

TIFFANY
Bunch of fucking tools.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mr. Klein, Nick, Matt and Brad are all huddled together in the Men's restroom in front of the sinks.

MR. KLEIN
Brad, talk to me.

BRAD
I don't know. Something's up.
Something ain't right.

MR. KLEIN
Can you elaborate for me, please?
Nothing seemed out of the ordinary
to me? Fellas?

NICK
What did I miss?

BRAD

There was a guy that walked by, and it looked like she was checking him out. Nobody else saw that?

MATT

What guy?

BRAD

I don't know, it doesn't matter. Tiff was like giving her a sign or something and she definitely looked his way.

NICK

Oh, don't let that bitch try to get between you two. No offense, Matt.

MATT

None taken.

MR. KLEIN

Nick, relax!

BRAD

And this guy kind of got in my head a little earlier.

MATT

Oh dude, come on! Forget what I said.

NICK

(to Matt)

What did you say?

MATT

I don't know, but whatever it was you need to fucking forget it, okay? I'm not the guy you should be taking advice from. I sure as shit remember telling you that.

Brad backs away and runs his fingers through his hair as he takes a moment to think.

Mr. Klein approaches Brad and puts his hands on his shoulders to stop him from pacing.

MR. KLEIN

Brad, I can assure you, my daughter is very happy with you, but if you don't want to go through with this tonight, then it's fine. Don't force it, it should feel right.

BRAD

I had thought it was the right time all up until a little bit ago. Maybe it's just nerves.

MR. KLEIN

I know I was nervous when I proposed. Close your eyes and take a deep breath.

Brad closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

MR. KLEIN (CONT'D)

Now, what's your gut telling you?

They all look to Brad for an answer.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The group exits out of the restaurant.

MR. KLEIN

Say Matt, you're a car guy, right? Why don't you two hitch a ride with us? I'll let you take the Rolls-Royce for a spin out on the country roads.

TIFFANY

(suspicious)

What?

MATT

Ow! Say no more, Daddy-o!

TIFFANY

Wait, Matt's car is at Kristen's. No need for you to go out of your way when we can just go back with them.

MATT

Tiff, the man is offering me a chance to drive that beauty. Ain't no way we're turning that down.

MR. KLEIN
Yeah, Tiff, lighten up!

Matt takes Tiffany by the hand and starts to walk with Mr. and Mrs. Klein, but Tiffany resists.

TIFFANY
(lowering her voice)
What are you doing?

MATT
We're going for a ride, baby doll.

Tiffany takes a quick look back at Kristen and Brad.

TIFFANY
You'll be going for a ride,
alright.

MATT
Glad we agree!

Matt yanks Tiffany toward him and they make their way to Mr. and Mrs. Klein's car.

MATT (CONT'D)
Can I wear your Rolex too, Mr. K?

MR. KLEIN
Maybe later, if you're good.

TIFFANY
Lord, help me.

Mr. Klein notices Nick opening the passenger door for Eva halfway across the parking lot.

MR. KLEIN
(shouting)
Hey, Son, cute starter car!

Mr. Klein and Matt both boisterously laugh. Nick slams shut the passenger door of his Porsche and walks around to the driver side.

NICK
Funny! Dicks.

MRS. KLEIN
(to Kristen and Brad)
Be safe, you two!

INT. BRAD'S CAR - ROAD - NIGHT

Music softly plays as Brad focuses on the road ahead, and Kristen gazes through the passenger window, seeing nothing but trees pass by on the quiet country road.

Brad takes a few moments to watch her, studying her body language. He then looks out his window to the sky, seeing bright beams of moonlight shine through the gaps between trees.

Brad pulls the car over to the side of the road.

Kristen alertly straightens up with worry.

KRISTEN
What's going on?

BRAD
I want to show you something.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Brad opens the passenger door and takes Kristen's hand to help her out of the car. He looks in all directions to make sure no cars are coming.

Kristen steps out of the car, and they hold hands as Brad guides her towards the trees.

KRISTEN
Brad, my heels.

BRAD
Don't worry, we're not going far.

Kristen slowly walks in the grass, carefully taking each step.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Allow me.

Brad scoops her up in his arms and she lets out a playful squeal, followed by laughter. He cradles her and walks through the trees.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Brad emerges through the trees with Kristen in his arms. They're in an open field with the full moon shining down upon them from the clear sky.

Brad let's Kristen back down onto her feet. He wraps his right arm around her shoulders and looks up at the sky. She looks around but doesn't see anything around.

KRISTEN

What's this?

BRAD

Look around. Look at this view. It's like a sea of dark empty space, but the moon looks like a giant spotlight, you know? Look at that.

Brad points toward the ground a little further ahead of them away from the shadows of the trees, where the grass is brightly lit by the moon.

They slowly walk to the moonlit section of the field. Brad stops Kristen and faces her.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Was something wrong tonight? You didn't seem quite like yourself.

KRISTEN

No, nothing was wrong.

BRAD

Maybe it was just me, then. I was little nervous, but I'm not anymore.

KRISTEN

Nervous? Why?

BRAD

Well, I wasn't sure if this was the right time, but looking at you now, I've never been so sure.

Kristen puts her hands over her mouth and begins to tear up as she realizes what's coming.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I have a small confession. I came across your diary a while back, I don't know how old it was, but I know that you dreamed of this being a little bit more of a spectacle. I tried earlier, but it didn't feel quite right. It feels right now.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Like the moon here tonight, you've filled all the void in my life with light, and I want you to for the rest of my life.

Brad kneels and pulls out the ring. He opens the box and extends it forward. The ring sparkles from the moonlight.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Kristen Marie Klein, I love you.
Will you marry me?

Kristen cries tears of joys. Brad smiles as he sees it means as much to her as it does him.

KRISTEN

Yes!

Kristen embraces Brad and kisses him. They close their eyes and Kristen begins to kiss him more passionately. His eyes pop open and he tries to say something, but it just comes out as mumbled noises. Kristen releases with a smile.

BRAD

Your parents are here.

Kristen gasps and looks over to the trees by the road. She can see the road lit up by headlights, with her parents, Matt, Tiffany, Nick and Eva watching them and waving.

Kristen screams in excitement, kicks her heels off and runs toward them.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

Everyone is on the side of the road by the parked cars, split up into two groups: Kristen, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Tiffany and Eva are bunched and a little further down the road are Brad, Matt and Nick.

Mrs. Klein finishes hugging Kristen.

MRS. KLEIN

I'm so happy for you.

KRISTEN

Thanks, Mom.

Tiffany approaches and forces a smile. She hugs Kristen and talks gently into her ear so only the two of them can hear.

TIFFANY

If you're happy, then I'm happy.

KRISTEN
I am happy, Tiff.

TIFFANY
Good.

Tiffany releases her hug and backs away. She forces another smile.

Kristen smiles back and then looks over and sees Eva.

Eva reaches her arms out with a playful shrug, then gives Kristen a hug.

Tiffany turns away and rolls her eyes.

EVA
Congratulations!

Meanwhile, Nick, Matt and Brad are huddled together.

NICK
Let's all go down to the track one day. I have a small stake in a horse. We can go down there for the next race and make some money. It's fun, you'll love it.

MATT
I'm game. Brad?

BRAD
Why not?

NICK
Get some drinks, make some bets, no girls around -- it'll be a blast. We'll need to get you out more before you lose all your freedom. You guys have some kind of taste in women.

Mr. Klein walks up to the group and shakes Brad's hand.

MR. KLEIN
Congratulations, young man.

BRAD
Thank you, sir. Thank you all. Couldn't have done it tonight without you, boys.

MR. KLEIN

I talked to the girls about it already, but wanted to invite you all over to the house this weekend. We just got it a few months back after I sold my shares of the company. Beautiful spot out in the peace and quiet. Plenty of room for everyone. Nick's the only one that's been over since, so what better time than now? What do you say?

BRAD

That sounds perfect.

NICK

It really is something else. You know I'll be there.

MR. KLEIN

Matt?

MATT

Me?

Mr. Klein slaps Matt's shoulder.

MR. KLEIN

Of course!

MATT

Oh, I think I'm scheduled to work on Saturday.

BRAD

Matt...

MATT

Fuck it! That's what sick time's for, right?

Mr. Klein slaps Matt's shoulder again.

MR. KLEIN

Ha! Great! Wouldn't be the same without you. You're one of us now, kid. Cherish these days, boys. Before you know it, you'll be in my shoes, watching your kids get married. Just remember to stick together through it all and take the time to step back and enjoy the moments.

(MORE)

MR. KLEIN (CONT'D)

(To Brad)

Now, let's get you two back together.

Mr. Klein puts his arm around Brad, turns him around and walks him toward Kristen.

Nick and Matt remain together away from the larger group.

NICK

Bro, I can help with that work situation you got.

MATT

What do you mean?

Nick pulls out his business card and hands it to Matt.

MR. KLEIN (O.S.)

Come on, boys!

NICK

Let's talk later.

Nick and Matt join the rest of the group.

Kristen pulls out her cell phone.

KRISTEN

Everyone smile!

Kristen positions her phone to take a selfie along with the others. They all quickly squeeze together to get into frame. She raises her ring finger to emphasize the engagement, and snaps a picture with everyone included.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A WOMAN ON LIFE SUPPORT, mid 50's, is laying on a bed in a dimly lit hospital room.

Brad walks into the room, holding Kristen's hand as he leads her into the room. Kristen checks out the surroundings as it looks like she's never been there before.

Brad releases Kristen's hand and stands next to the woman on the bed.

BRAD

Keep fighting, Mom. I want you at our wedding.

Brad puts his hand over the woman's and gently squeezes it.

Kristen comes over and puts one hand on top of Brad's and the other under the woman's hand.

Brad leans in and kisses the woman on the forehead.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

We see a pair of hands on a cell phone, the rest of the room around is pitch black. We are able to make out that the two hands on the phone are covered in black leather gloves. The time on the corner of the phone shows 3AM.

The hands stop scrolling the screen when Kristen's selfie appears. The person's breathing through their nose becomes audible...

The hands touch the screen and zoom in closer on the picture. Their thumb slowly moves right-to-left across the screen, as they examine each person.

They stop once they reach Kristen, and zooms closer in on her ring finger. The breathing intensifies and becomes shaky. The hands center the image of Kristen's face, then zoom in so that her face takes up the whole screen.

The two hands press both of their thumbs on her neck, and the phone begins to shake as they apply more pressure.

A loud puff of air blasts through their nose, and the phone stops shaking. The breathing starts to slow down and become quieter, still with some shakiness, until it finally becomes silent.

They click the home button on the social media site. On the top left corner, there's a profile picture of a red-haired young man, in his 20's, with a red beard.

CLICK.

The phone is turned off. There is complete silence in the pitch black room. We hear the leather from the gloves wiggle around, followed by an echo of knuckles cracking.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Kristen is sleeping on one side of the bed, with the other side empty. The clock next to her bed shows it is 9:00 AM.

Brad quietly opens the door to the bedroom and kneels down beside her. He gently nudges her.

BRAD

Morning.

Kristen opens her eyes and smiles.

KRISTEN

Morning.

Brad brushes her hair to the side of her face.

BRAD

Feel any different waking up as the future Misses Goldson?

KRISTEN

Feels nice.

BRAD

Ever been happier?

KRISTEN

Never.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Kristen is sitting at a small kitchen table still in her pajamas. She is scrolling through her phone while Brad is plating breakfast by the stove.

Brad places a plate of scrambled eggs with toast on the table, and gives her a peck on the cheek.

KRISTEN

Thanks, hun.

Brad goes back to the stove to start making a plate for himself.

BRAD

Looking through all the likes and comments, I take it?

KRISTEN

Yeah.

BRAD

How's everyone taking the news that you're officially off the market?

KRISTEN

It's pretty overwhelming. So many people that I haven't even talked to in years took a minute out of their day to spread some cheer - so kind.

Brad takes a seat at the table with a plate of breakfast. Kristen smells the bacon and looks up from her phone. Brad doesn't notice her looking his way. He picks up a piece of bacon and is interrupted right before taking a bite.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Um, what's that?

Brad freezes.

BRAD

It's just bacon.

KRISTEN

Just bacon?

Kristen looks down at her plate and circles her finger around it.

BRAD

You never want bacon.

KRISTEN

I do on special occasions.

Kristen snatches the bacon from Brad's hand and takes a bite, with a playful smile.

BRAD

Noted.

Kristen starts scrolling through her phone again. She takes another bite of the crispy bacon, but halfway through the crunch she abruptly stops. Her eyes widen and she puts the bacon down.

Brad sees her take a hold of her phone with both hands and moves her face closer to the screen.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

KRISTEN

Alex...

Kristen shakes her head in disbelief while still reading what's on her phone.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

He died.

BRAD

Who's Alex?

Kristen is motionless, shocked by the news.

KRISTEN

We grew up together. He was a friend -- a close friend.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brad is sitting upright on the couch, and Kristen is laying down with the back of her head rested on Brad's thigh. She is looking through photos on her phone.

KRISTEN

Here's one from middle school -- eighth grade, I want to say.

Kristen shows Brad a selfie that she took of Alex and herself by a locker in school. Alex has a very similar appearance as we saw in the family photo -- red hair, covered in freckles, and in this photo he is wearing glasses.

BRAD

Aw.

KRISTEN

We were friends since preschool. Our moms would take turns babysitting us in the summer. We were close all the way up until high school, then things kind of changed.

BRAD

What changed?

KRISTEN

We grew up. I started to hang out with other people. He wasn't the most popular or social kid. I met Tiff, and she brought me into her little clique. We started to grow into different people.

Kristen sits up and has a look of panic on her face.

BRAD

What?

KRISTEN

(stuttering)

It's been so long since I've thought about it.

BRAD

Relax. It happens. That's life.

KRISTEN

No, it's something else. Did you ever hear about Cedar Court?

BRAD

Cedar Court? I remember that, yeah. It was all over the news for a couple weeks.

KRISTEN

His parents were two of the victims.

BRAD

Really?

KRISTEN

It happened sophomore year. We didn't talk much at that point anymore. He was at Doctor Andrews' house that night, a few blocks away. He was friends with her son Kevin. You read about horrible things happening all the time, but you never really expect it to happen to you. I spent so much time in that house, they were such good people.

Kristen begins to cry. Brad goes to console but she waves him off and tries to calm down.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

I spent that summer with him. I couldn't let him go through that alone. It was the last time I saw him. He moved in with his aunt and uncle, and then I heard he moved out to the west coast after graduation. A couple years ago, I got a friend request from him. Everything seemed great. He had gotten married.

BRAD

And it doesn't say what happened?

KRISTEN

No, his wife just posted a small note from his account.

BRAD

Can I see?

Kristen hands over her phone to Brad and he peruses the message.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Huh.

KRISTEN

That summer I spent with him -- he started to become more and more paranoid that the killer would come back for him.

BRAD

Didn't they catch the guy a few years ago?

KRISTEN

They caught a guy with plans on doing something similar to another neighborhood. He said he did it, but a lot of people think he was too dumb to pull off what happened. Something isn't adding up with him.

BRAD

Try reaching out to his wife. If nothing else, it could help provide some sort of closure.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

A large wooden house sits at the top of a small hill. The house is in the middle of a forest. There's a long and winding driveway that leads to a gate. Beyond the gate is an isolated road hidden in leaves dangling from the large surrounding trees.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room looks like a modern take on a hunter's lodge. The walls are decorated with trophy heads of deer. In the middle of a wall is a gun rack with a shotgun.

The house itself is much larger than a hunter's lodge, not quite the size of a mansion. It has a design that makes it feel like it was recently built.

Mr. Klein is relaxing on a sofa chair with his legs propped up on an ottoman, watching the wall-sized television. Mrs. Klein is laying on the couch reading a book.

A beeping noise starts echoing through the house. It's coming from another room. Mr. Klein looks over to Mrs. Klein, who is already looking his way.

MR. KLEIN

You have something cooking?

Mrs. Klein shakes her head.

MRS. KLEIN

That's strange. Sounds like the oven timer.

MR. KLEIN

Weren't you baking some cookies for this weekend?

MRS. KLEIN

I was planning on it.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Klein rushes into the kitchen. The buzzing is coming from the timer on top of their stove. She stops it.

Mr. Klein walks in.

MR. KLEIN

Did you check the oven?

MRS. KLEIN

I don't smell anything.

MR. KLEIN

Well, I don't know. You're getting old. Maybe you started the timer but forgot to turn the oven on.

MRS. KLEIN

(emphasis on We)

We are getting old, dear.

Mrs. Klein opens the oven door and looks inside. Mr. Klein squints from a distance. It's empty.

Mrs. Klein looks back at Mr. Klein. She sees The Masked Killer standing behind him holding a sledgehammer, at the beginning of their swing.

MRS. KLEIN (CONT'D)

Gerald!

CRACK!

The Masked Killer strikes Mr. Klein on the top of the head with the sledgehammer. Mr. Klein drops to the floor. His eyes remain open, but his body is involuntarily shaking.

Mrs. Klein screams.

The Masked Killer smashes the sledgehammer down onto Mr. Klein's skull again, cracking it open. Mr. Klein's body stops shaking.

Mrs. Klein watches in horror. She looks over at her purse on the kitchen table. Her cell phone is on the table next to her purse.

The Masked Killer looks at Mrs. Klein.

MRS. KLEIN (CONT'D)

Please don't do this!

The Masked Killer starts walking towards her. She sprints to the table but the Masked Killer slams the sledgehammer on the table as she tries reaching for the phone.

She looks around and runs toward the staircase, making her way upstairs.

The Masked Killer walks back to Mr. Klein's body and rubs the end of the sledgehammer along the crack on the side of his head. They push the crack open and more blood oozes out.

The Masked Killer drops the sledgehammer and looks around. They are wearing a black jacket, black pants, black leather gloves and the same mask from six years ago.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Klein opens the top drawer on the nightstand next to a bed. She pulls out a pistol. She looks back at the door but nobody is there.

Mrs. Klein makes her way over to the window and opens it. She looks down -- it's a long way down.

She keeps the window open and quietly makes her way to the door with the gun aimed out in front of her.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mrs. Klein turns out of the room with the gun held steady in front of her. There's nobody else in sight. She slowly creeps toward a door, and then gently opens it.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Klein enters a partial bathroom. The sink and mirror are in front of the door, and a shower with a clear glass window on the end, next to the toilet.

Mrs. Klein sees the shower is empty, so carefully closes the bathroom door to not make a noise, and then locks it. She quietly goes to the end of the bathroom, and kneels down in front of the shower. She aims her gun at the door and waits.

After moments of nothing but silence, there are small creaks coming up the stairs. She can faintly hear each step The Masked Killer takes, as they try to make their way upstairs in stealth.

The footsteps reach the top of the stairs and hallway. They go past the bathroom toward the bedroom that Mrs. Klein came from. They stop in the bedroom, likely after the The Masked Killer noticed the open window.

The footsteps rush down the hallway toward the staircase, then down the stairs.

Mrs. Klein closes her eyes and drops her head in relief, but then there's another quiet creak near the stairs. Mrs. Klein crawls closer to the door.

There's another quiet creak near the top of the stairs.

Mrs. Klein makes it to the door and looks through the crack below the door. She sees the front of motionless boots, standing in front of the bathroom door.

Mrs. Klein slowly stands up, arms and hands trembling. Tears start to come out of her eyes. She leans back against the sink and aims the gun toward the door.

She puts her finger on the trigger...

BANG!

There's a thunderous gun shot and a hole is blown through the door.

Mrs. Klein flings back against the sink and her head crashes against the mirror. Her chest is covered in blood.

The Masked Killer reaches their arm through the hole in the door and unlocks it. The door opens, and The Masked Killer is holding a shotgun.

The Masked Killer walks into the bathroom, grabs Mrs. Klein by the neck, and looks directly into her lifeless eyes.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Kristen and Tiffany are walking along a paved path in a cemetery, looking at the names as they pass. Tiffany is carrying a bouquet of purple tulips.

TIFFANY

Couldn't this have waited until tomorrow?

KRISTEN

I told you, I couldn't sleep.

TIFFANY

Well, that makes two of us, now. Your fiancé should be here instead of me. For better or worse? He gets the better, I get the worst.

KRISTEN

He's back at his place. I didn't want to bring his vibes down. I felt bad.

Kristen shines her cell phone light at the grave beside her.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

I think it's one of these coming up.

They stop at a pair of a tombstones reading Gregory Fischer and Bethany Fischer.

There are no flowers or decorations to indicate any remaining relatives visit, unlike the graves they passed.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Here.

Kristen kneels down on the grass and reaches her hand out to Tiffany. Tiffany gives Kristen the bouquet of flowers.

Kristen carefully positions the flowers in front of Bethany Fischer's grave.

Tiffany looks around with paranoia, but doesn't see anyone else around. She joins Kristen and rubs her back.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

These were the first flowers I ever planted when I was younger. Every summer I would help her with her garden.

Kristen tries to fight back the tears.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Why them? It's not fair.

Tiffany hugs Kristen.

TIFFANY

I know.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen is sleeping on the couch.

A beeping notification sound awakens Kristen. She rolls over on the couch and takes her phone from the table. It's a message from Alex Fischer's account.

Hi, Kristen. This is Alex's wife, Stacy. Mind sending me your number? It's probably easier to talk over the phone.

Kristen quickly types back on her phone, and eagerly awaits.

The phone rings but the number calling says "Unavailable".

Kristen disregards and immediately answers.

KRISTEN

Hello?

A timid and somber female voice answers on the other line.

STACY (V.O.)

Hi. Is this Kristen?

KRISTEN

Yeah, this is Kristen. Stacy, right?

STACY (V.O.)
Hi, Kristen. Sorry it took so long
to get back to you.

KRISTEN
No, please don't be sorry. I can
only imagine what you're going
through right now.

There's a pause between the two.

STACY (V.O.)
Alex told me a lot of stories. He
was quite fond of you, Kristen.

KRISTEN
He was a good friend. I wish we
hadn't drifted so far apart over
the last few years.

STACY (V.O.)
It's easy to take things for
granted, people especially.

KRISTEN
What did he tell you about me?

STACY (V.O.)
Enough to make me feel like I
already know you. Enough to make me
a little jealous, too.

KRISTEN
Jealous? What do you mean?

STACY (V.O.)
The way he talked about you, he
knew everything about you. I never
quite had something like that. With
everyone else, I was always on the
outside looking in. You had
something special.

INT. MR. & MRS. KLEIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Masked Killer is sitting on the ground, hunched over next to the dead body of Mr. Klein. They're holding the phone up to their ear with one hand, and with the other they are slowly smearing the blood into swirls on Mr. Klein's face.

KRISTEN (V.O.)
 If I knew Alex the way I think I
 did, he must have truly cherished
 you, Stacy.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

STACY (V.O.)
 You know how much you meant to him,
 don't you?

KRISTEN
 I do.

STACY (V.O.)
 Your voice -- that sounded more
 like an admission than
 acknowledgment.

KRISTEN
 I wish things had went a little
 differently, that's all.

STACY (V.O.)
 Do you feel guilty?

INT. MR. & MRS. KLEIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Masked Killer wraps their gloved fingers around the
 opening in Mr. Klein's cracked skull and starts to tug on the
 dangling flesh.

KRISTEN (V.O.)
 Guilty? For what?

The Masked Killer's hand shakes as they start to peel the
 loose flesh.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There is a long period of silence as Kristen waits for an
 answer, but it doesn't come.

KRISTEN
 Stacy?

STACY (V.O.)
 (whispering)
 I'm here.

KRISTEN

I have to know, Stacy, and I get it how hard it must be, so please forgive me if I'm being too forward. What happened to Alex?

STACY (V.O.)

I'm sorry...

The call disconnects.

Kristen looks down at her phone with confusion.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - DAY

Brad's car slowly drives through a neighborhood.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - DAY

Brad is driving with a smile on his face, and Kristen is looking out the window trying to figure out where they are.

BRAD

Relax, we're almost there.

KRISTEN

Give it up already!

BRAD

It's just around the corner.

EXT. NEWLY CONSTRUCTED HOUSE - DAY

Brad's car pulls into the driveway of an almost finished house.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - DAY

Brad parks the car. Kristen's jaw drops as she looks at the house.

BRAD

(chuckling)

Before you get too excited, I thought it would be fun to check out some houses. Dip our toes in the market a little, that's all.

KRISTEN
You had my heart racing for a
second.

INT. NEWLY CONSTRUCTED HOUSE - DAY

Brad and Kristen walk around the empty house.

BRAD
What do you think?

KRISTEN
It's beautiful.

BRAD
It's exciting to think about all
the possibilities, isn't it? Trying
to find the right spot where we can
spend the rest of our lives.

Brad wraps his arms around Kristen's waist and looks into her eyes.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Wherever you want to go, as long as
it's with me.

Kristen kisses Brad, but they are interrupted by Brad's phone ringing.

Brad looks down at his phone and appears confused.

BRAD (CONT'D)
It's Matt.

Brad answers his phone, and Kristen walks around the empty space.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hey, what's up? Really? That's
awesome, man. Um, yeah, I think I
could do that. Let me get back to
you a little later, alright? Cool,
sounds good. See ya.

Brad puts his phone away and walks over to Kristen.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I guess he took a job with your
brother.

KRISTEN
Get out of here! Matt?

BRAD

Yeah. Sounds like they're gonna be hanging out at Nick's place tonight. He asked me to stop by later to celebrate.

KRISTEN

Oh.

BRAD

I don't have to go if-

KRISTEN

No, go ahead. Have some fun. Sounds like a good opportunity for him. I'll see what Tiff is up to tonight.

Brad holds Kristen close and gives a peck on the cheek.

BRAD

Now about the house? Think we should make an offer? I mean, so what if we have no careers or money, right?

KRISTEN

One day.

EXT. DR. ANDREWS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Kristen steps onto the front porch of a large house. She looks around, takes a deep breath, and rings the doorbell.

Kristen waits a while but nobody answers the door. She rings it one more time.

The curtain of the front window slides back and KEVIN ANDREWS, 22 years-old, skinny with thick glasses, can be seen peeking through the window, but Kristen doesn't notice.

The curtain slides back in place.

Kristen turns around and takes a step off of the porch, but stops when she hears the door open. She turns around to see Kevin at the door.

KEVIN

Long time, no see.

KRISTEN

Kevin!

Kristen steps back onto the porch.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
You look good.

KEVIN
What brings you back to these parts?

KRISTEN
I was hoping you might know more about Alex?

KEVIN
Alex? Haven't talked to him since he moved. How's he holding up?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Kristen and Kevin walk along the sidewalk of a quiet neighborhood.

KEVIN
It's wild to me that he was married. I hadn't seen him hold a conversation with a girl other than you without piss running down his leg. Time can do wonders, though. I mean, look at me, I used to be a dork too.

KRISTEN
You still are.

KEVIN
Yeah, you're right.

Kevin stops and points.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Take a look.

Kristen stops and sees the entrance to Cedar Court.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Goosebumps, even now.

KRISTEN
How do you still live here?

KEVIN

The memories will never leave no matter where I go, so what's the point of running from it? As strange as it might sound, I also feel safer here. The 'lightning won't strike twice' theory, you know? As messed up as this world is, what are the chances something like that would happen here again?

KRISTEN

That's a warped kind of way to cope with it, I guess.

KEVIN

Did you notice the sign?

The street sign now shows "PLEASANT MEADOWS COURT"

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Doth protest too much, wouldn't you say? Property values tanked. Everyone was afraid the killer would come back or the houses were haunted. The town's been trying to erase it from history.

KRISTEN

But in doing that, aren't they erasing the memory of the victims?

KEVIN

They don't give a shit. People have moved on, and housing prices have doubled. Wanna hear something cool, though? I have the Cedar Court street sign.

KRISTEN

What?

KEVIN

Genius, right? Historical piece, hanging on my bedroom wall. They didn't realize what they had, all they cared about was a reset. There's gotta be some true crime nut out there willing to shell out six figures or more.

Kristen shakes her head and takes a final look back at the court.

INT. DR. ANDREWS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Kristen stops at the stairs and watches Kevin walk up the porch to the front door.

KRISTEN

Good luck with med school, Kev.
Your mom must be proud. Carrying on
the family tradition.

KEVIN

I'm not going to make her proud,
I'm going to make things right. Mom
got her license taken away a couple
years ago -- prescription abuse.

KRISTEN

That's awful. I had no idea. I
didn't realize she was struggling
so much with what happened.

KEVIN

I'd like to be able to use that as
an excuse, but unfortunately it was
a problem long before then. Listen,
try not to let this Alex thing
weigh on you too much. What's done
is done, and remember, he left
without even a goodbye. He moved
on.

KRISTEN

I spent almost my whole life with
him. I can't help it.

KEVIN

Maybe give it some time then before
doing too much digging. Play it
safe.

KRISTEN

What do you mean?

KEVIN

In case lightning struck twice.

Kristen nods and walks away.

INT. DR. ANDREWS' HOUSE - KEVIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kevin saunters into his bedroom and sits down on the edge of his bed. He takes off his shoes and tosses them toward the wall on the side of the room.

As the shoes knock against the wall, Kevin notices the Cedar Court street sign is missing from the wall.

There's a couple of small holes in the wall where the screws used to be, and a rectangular area on the wall that's slightly brighter than the rest of the wall.

Kevin walks over and examines the wall.

KEVIN

What?

Kevin looks side to side and down at the floor.

Kevin turns around and The Masked Killer shoves the edge of the Cedar Court street sign into Kevin's throat.

The Masked Killer has Kevin pinned against the wall, pushing both ends of the sign forward, slowly moving deeper into Kevin's throat.

Kevin chokes and struggles to breathe, with blood dripping down his neck and spraying from his mouth as he gasps for air. He has both of his hands along the edge of the sign, trying to push it away, but is failing to make ground.

The Masked Killer begins to forcefully saw the street sign, from left to right, slicing further and further through Kevin's neck, until Kevin's head is finally separated from the body.

Kevin's body falls limp to the floor, blood flowing everywhere.

The Masked Killer holds the sign in place, the edge pressed against the wall, with Kevin's head resting on top. They pull the bloody sign back, and Kevin's head falls to the floor.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - MAN CAVE - NIGHT

Brad, Matt and Nick are at Nick's house. The walls consist of multiple big screen televisions and sports memorabilia. In the back of the room there's a large poker table.

On the poker table, there's a toy race track with three toy horses, each a different color: red, blue and brown.

Brad, Matt and Nick are hunched over close to the table, their eyes focused on the horses.

NICK

On your marks, get set, go!

Nick pushes down on a button on a remote control and the horses start gliding around the track. The horses make their round to the last stretch of the race.

The blue horse falls over.

MATT

No! Blue, get your ass up, you little bitch!

NICK

Blue's about to be glue.

Nick and Brad laugh and then start to root for their horses as they near the finish line. Brad's brown horse has a slight lead on Nick's red horse.

BRAD

Finish it, Brown! Finish it!

MATT

This is bullshit!

Nick leans in and blows over the brown horse, and the red horse finishes in first.

BRAD

Hey, now, that can't be legal!

NICK

House always wins, boys!

Nick laughs maniacally and motions with his hand for Matt to join in, who then follows suit. The two of them then chug down their beers together.

BRAD

I want a rematch after the game. I didn't realize I had to train my horse for course hazards.

NICK

Gentlemen, I always come out on top. I only did that to prove a point. I'll do whatever it takes to succeed, Brad. Now, you said earlier you were looking at some houses with my sister?

BRAD

For fun, that's all.

NICK

I can help you get that house.
Matt's on board, we want you too.
We have the chemistry, we have the
ability, I'm not quite sure about
the brains --

Nick nods his head to the side toward Matt.

MATT

Bro.

NICK

Regardless, together we have what
it takes to achieve anything we
want. What do you think, big guy?

Brad looks down and rubs his chin.

BRAD

I should probably see how Kristen
feels about it.

Nick and Matt both loudly groan.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What?

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen and Tiffany are sitting on the couch. Kristen has a
laptop on her thighs.

KRISTEN

Nothing. There's still nothing.

Tiffany leans closer to the monitor and reads. The Google
search bar reads "Alex Fischer obituary".

TIFFANY

Are you sure you tried all these?

KRISTEN

Tiff, there's nothing. Look at the
years, they're all from like the
fifties and sixties. Like,
seriously, what the fuck?

TIFFANY

Try messaging his wife or whatever.

KRISTEN

I did.

TIFFANY

You did?

KRISTEN

Yeah, I talked to her.

TIFFANY

And?

Kristen shrugs.

KRISTEN

She's going through it.

TIFFANY

So what? What did she say?

KRISTEN

Not much. It felt awkward.

TIFFANY

Christ, Kristen, have some fortitude. How hard is it to ask a simple question? I don't want to hear you bitching and moaning all day when you had your chance.

KRISTEN

I did! I asked! She hung up. It sounded like she was going to cry or something, so I left it alone. Is that okay with you? Fucking hell.

TIFFANY

I always felt something was a little off with him.

KRISTEN

Who? Alex?

TIFFANY

He never felt genuine to me.

KRISTEN

You don't like Brad either.

TIFFANY

Remember when we met in high school and started hanging out? You'd just started coming into your own. The boys started paying more attention to you, it was all new to you, but it wasn't new to me.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

I knew what they were all like --
fucking pigs. They didn't actually
care about you, they didn't care
about me. I always wanted to
protect you. I didn't want to see
you get used, like me. I've only
wanted to protect you.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

It's raining. The sound of footsteps splashing in puddles and mud is getting closer.

A pair of black boots step in front of the graves of Gregory and Bethany Fischer.

Gloved hands reach down toward the grave of Bethany Fischer. The left hand softly rubs across the lettering of Bethany.

The hand violently snatches the bouquet of purple tulips.

A boot is lifted and pressed against Bethany Fischer's tombstone. It slides across, smearing and covering Bethany Fischer's name in mud.

EXT. CEDAR COURT - DAY - DREAM

A 16-year-old Kristen is amongst a CROWD OF PEOPLE gathered around the entrance of Cedar Court.

POLICE, police cars, and ambulances are scattered around the court.

Kristen looks over to the side and sees 16-year-old Alex & Kevin walking along the sidewalk toward the crowd.

KRISTEN

Alex!

Kristen sprints toward Alex and Kevin and hugs him. Alex seems caught off-guard.

ALEX

What's going on?

KRISTEN

I'm so sorry, Alex.

Kevin looks in ahead, trying to see what is happening as Kristen begins to cry.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings.

Kristen wakes up. She wipes the tears away from her eyes. She looks around and sees nobody else is there.

Kristen picks up the phone. The number shows unavailable again. She answers.

KRISTEN

Hello?

STACY (V.O.)

Hi, Kristen. It's Stacy. About the other night --

KRISTEN

Stacy, it's okay. No need to explain, really. I don't want you to feel any kind of obligation.

STACY (V.O.)

You deserve to know, Kristen. Alex wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

KRISTEN

It can wait, Stacy. Seriously, I can hear the hurt in your voice.

STACY (V.O.)

I'm afraid that will never go away.

EXT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see the back of a HOODED PERSON standing behind a tree, looking into Kristen's window from a distance. They are wearing black clothing and gloves, with a hoodie over their head, and holding a phone up to their ear.

KRISTEN (V.O.)

I know it might feel that way right now. Time heals all, right? Alex wouldn't want you to go on carrying that pain inside you.

The Hooded Person begins to slowly walk closer toward the apartment.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

STACY (V.O.)

How much? How much time?

KRISTEN

I wish I had an answer for you.
Please, take some time, I can check
in with you later to see how you're
doing.

STACY (V.O.)

No, you can help me.

KRISTEN

What can I do to help?

STACY (V.O.)

I've been reliving all the memories
today. The more I remember, the
better I feel knowing that part of
him will always be there within me.
I want you to tell me a memory you
have of him.

KRISTEN

Man, lots of memories. Where to
begin?

STACY (V.O.)

How about the last time you saw
him?

KRISTEN

I'm not so sure about that one.

STACY (V.O.)

You don't remember?

KRISTEN

No, I remember.

STACY (V.O.)

Good. Go on.

KRISTEN

Now might not be the best time.

STACY (V.O.)

Don't you want to help me?

KRISTEN

Of course I do.

STACY (V.O.)
Then tell me. Please?

KRISTEN
It was at the end of summer, after -
you know. He asked me to marry him.
I said no. That's the last I saw
him. He left town the next day to
go stay with his aunt and uncle,
and never came back. We were like
sixteen. I think after losing his
family, he had some kind of
instinctual panic to start a new
one or something, I'm not really
sure. I never wanted to hurt him.

STACY (V.O.)
Have you ever thought that maybe he
was always in love with you?

EXT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - DOOR - NIGHT

The Hooded Person is standing in front of Kristen's door.
They gently rub the door.

KRISTEN (V.O.)
Maybe, but to propose? We were in
high school, his parents were just
killed, it was all kind of crazy.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy's voice is much quieter, close to a whisper.

STACY (V.O.)
Love can make you do crazy things.

KRISTEN
I hope you see why I was a little
hesitant. I have better memories to
share.

STACY (V.O.)
Do you regret it?

KRISTEN
I wish things went differently. I
really do.

STACY (V.O.)
But you don't regret it?

KRISTEN

I don't regret not marrying him, if that's what you mean. I loved him, but I wasn't in love with him.

STACY (V.O.)

Not your type, huh?

KRISTEN

You could say that.

STACY (V.O.)

You didn't deserve him anyways, shallow bitch.

KRISTEN

What did you say?

STACY (V.O.)

You chose that blonde Ken doll. I saw the pictures. You chose poorly.

The call disconnects.

Kristen is startled by a loud noise around the corner.

INT. KRISTEN'S APARTMENT - DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen cautiously approaches the door to her apartment, where the sound seemed to come from.

Kristen looks around and then checks to make sure the door is locked. She looks down and sees a ripped up purple tulip under the door.

Kristen bends down to pick up the flower, and we see The Masked Killer looking through the window behind her.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick and Eva look out the passenger window as they approach the gates and driveway of the Klein house.

NICK

Welcome to paradise.

They pull into the long driveway through the trees and make their way up the winding pavement. Eva's eyes widen with awe as she takes a look at the property.

EVA
Que bonito!

NICK
That's what I think every time I
look at you.

EVA
You're such a cornball! Hurry up
and park. Look at the trees,
they're so pretty.

NICK
Yeah, yeah, the trees, the trees.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACKDOOR - DAY

Nick drops a couple of luggage suitcases in front of the door and looks down at a rug. He pulls up the top left corner of the rug and takes the key that was underneath it.

NICK
Mom left the key for us. I told her
we would get here a little early.

EVA
Nobody else is here?

NICK
Probably not for a few hours, or
so. We'll have plenty of time to
ourselves, my lady.

EVA
Plenty of time for you is anything
more than three minutes.

NICK
Muy picante!

EVA
Just open the door.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS GUEST ROOM - DAY

Nick throws the suitcases on top of the bed.

NICK
Perk of being the first ones here --
we get the best room.

EVA

How can they afford such a nice place like this? All this land, it had to cost a fortune.

NICK

Dad started a small tech company a long time ago. They were able to create a more updated firewall system. All the big boys wanted it, and he finally got an offer he couldn't turn down. You could say he was a market disruptor, like yours truly.

Eva looks out the window. The house is in the middle of acres of trees and beautiful untainted nature.

EVA

I could spend the rest of my life here, away from everyone and everything.

NICK

Except me, right?

EVA

I guess so.

Nick closes in on Eva and goes for a kiss.

EVA (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk!

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACKYARD - DAY

Nick leads Eva toward the trees deep into the open land.

NICK

Come on, I think you'll dig this.

EVA

It's like a forest back here.

NICK

Yeah, it sure is something to behold.

Nick and Eva start making their way through the trees.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - POND - DAY

Nick and Eva appear through the trees and come upon a large round pond.

NICK
Check this out.

EVA
Wow... It's like something out of a painting.

Eva runs up to the edge of the pond and Nick slowly walks her way.

NICK
Maybe later we can set up a picnic. The last time I was out here, I saw a couple of deer wandering around.

EVA
I have a better idea.

Nick is shocked when he sees Eva take off her shirt.

NICK
What are you doing?

EVA
What does it look like I'm doing?

Eva slides off her pants and tosses them aside.

EVA (CONT'D)
I'm going for a swim!

NICK
I'm not sure if--

Eva, still in her bra and panties, leaps into the pond.

NICK (CONT'D)
--that's such a great idea.

Eva looks back at Nick.

EVA
Stop watching and hop in!

NICK
The ducks shit in there, Eva!

EVA
Oh my God, Nick, don't be a little
pussy.

NICK
Me? A pussy?

Eva laughs.

Nick quickly starts to undress while quietly muttering to himself.

NICK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Okay, let's swim in the duck shit
then. Apparently I'm a pussy
because I don't want to swim in
duck shit. Fuck me.

Eva splashes water at Nick as he carefully folds his clothes.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hey! This shit's expensive!

Eva laughs and she floats in place, watching Nick undress.

EVA
Hurry up, sourpuss!

Nick places his folded pants on the ground beside the rest of his clothes.

NICK
You better not let me catch you!

Eva starts backstroking further away in the pond.

Down to just his underwear, Nick starts running toward the pond. Eva is near the middle of the pond, now floating in place, watching Nick about to leap into the pond.

An arrow flings toward and into the side of Eva's neck.

Nick skids across the grass as he tries to come to an abrupt stop. He squints as he looks Eva's way, and sees an arrowhead sticking out of one side of her neck and the fletching sticking out of the other side.

NICK (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

A wide-eyed Eva starts to flap her arms in the pond to try to stay afloat, as blood spills from her neck.

Nick is frozen in shock.

NICK (CONT'D)

Eva?

Nick looks to the right, where the arrow came from, and sees The Masked Killer standing about 50 feet away, with a crossbow aimed directly at him.

The Masked Killer shoots the arrow, and it sticks into Nick's right thigh.

NICK (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Nick grimaces as he looks down at his leg, and sees the arrow stuck in his thigh.

The Masked Killer picks up a sledge hammer that was leaning against a tree, and begins to march toward Nick.

Nick tries to break the end of the arrow, but it's too painful. He begins to run but it quickly turns into just a limp and he falls down, screaming in pain. He looks over to the pond and sees Eva struggling to stay above water.

Nick stands up and faces the Masked Killer, who has caught up. He begins to cry.

NICK (CONT'D)

Please stop! Please!

The Masked Killer swings the sledge hammer down. Nick raises his hands to try to block it, but the sledge hammer comes down onto his foot. Nick screams and falls to one knee. The Masked Killer follows up with another swing, this time crushing Nick's head. Nick falls to the ground, and The Masked Killer finishes him with another couple of swings to the head.

The Masked Killer looks over to the pond, which is now red with Eva's blood. Eva's body is floating lifelessly, with her face down in the water.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - DUSK

Brad is driving, Kristen is gazing down at the GPS app on her phone in her lap without blinking.

Brad takes a quick couple of looks over at her.

BRAD

Something wrong?

Kristen snaps out of her gaze.

KRISTEN

Hm? No, it's nothing. Sorry, it should be up here on the right.

The car approaches the gated driveway entrance.

BRAD

Here?

KRISTEN

This must be it.

Brad slowly turns into the driveway. Both of them observe their surroundings in awe.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACKDOOR - DUSK

Kristen jogs up to the back door with Brad slowly following behind, carrying multiple suitcases and a bag dangling from his neck. She looks down at the rug and peels it back to find the key underneath.

Kristen unlocks the door and looks back to Brad, who is struggling to catch up.

KRISTEN

Come on, slowpoke!

BRAD

I thought this was just a weekend thing -- i.e. a couple pairs of pants, a couple shirts, etcetera.

Brad stumbles to the door and catches his breath.

KRISTEN

All necessities, babe. Need some help?

BRAD

Sure, now you ask.

Kristen grabs the strap of the bag dangling from Brad's neck and it pulls it off of him. Once she takes a hold of it, it immediately sinks to the ground like an anchor.

CLANK!

Brad looks up with sweat pouring from his face.

BRAD (CONT'D)
That is not what necessities sound
like.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS GUEST ROOM - DUSK

Brad enters the room which already has Nick and Eva's luggage on the bed. He drops the suitcases from his hands and flops on the bed.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

The thumping noise gets closer and closer, and then comes to a stop.

Kristen enters the room, now dragging her bag across the floor.

BRAD
Have some trouble getting up those
stairs?

KRISTEN
Gee, I wonder.

Kristen grunts as she puts all her might into picking up the bag. She heaves it towards the bed and it slams onto Brad's stomach.

BRAD
(in pain)
Oh!

KRISTEN
(sarcastically)
Oops! Didn't see you there.

Brad rolls to his side, grasping for air, and Kristen casually takes a seat at the side of the bed. She pats his leg and smiles deviously as she watches him squirm.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
How unfortunate. Looks like Nick
and his play-thing already claimed
this room. I guess you'll just have
to move our stuff again. We can
wait until later tonight, once you
catch your breath.

Brad takes a couple of deep breaths and lays on his back again.

BRAD
As you wish, my darling.

KRISTEN
Having any regrets yet?

BRAD
Never.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DUSK

Brad and Kristen walk out of the guest room toward the stairs. Kristen abruptly stops and looks at the bathroom. There's no door and the mirror behind the sink is missing, instead just a bare shelf.

BRAD
Remodeling?

KRISTEN
Must be.

BRAD
I hope they come back with a door. Imagine the stench after Matt uses this? We'll need hazmat suits to make it through the hall.

KRISTEN
No, no. Matt goes outside. Got it?

BRAD
Got it. ETA on their arrival?

KRISTEN
Any time now.

The doorbell rings.

BRAD
Spooky.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - FRONT DOOR - DUSK

Kristen and Brad open the front door. Tiffany, alone, embraces Kristen with a hug.

KRISTEN
I'm so glad you made it. We're going to have so much fun!

TIFFANY
This place is wild!

KRISTEN
I know, right?

After the warm embrace, Tiffany looks at Brad and her demeanor becomes more neutral.

TIFFANY
Brad.

BRAD
Tiff.

There's an awkward silence for a few seconds where all three look at each other without saying anything.

KRISTEN
Well, come on in!

BRAD
Where's Matt?

Tiffany looks to the side.

TIFFANY
(shouting)
Babe, I'll see ya inside!

Brad pokes his head out the door and sees Matt stumbling, trying to carry around ten suitcases and bags.

BRAD
It's just a weekend!

TIFFANY
Right, a weekend.

Kristen smiles at Brad and shrugs. Tiffany steps inside.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
He might need some help. He looks a little winded.

Kristen giggles and leads Tiffany away.

BRAD
Sure thing.

Matt makes it to the doorway and drops a few suitcases to the ground. He hunches over and takes deep breaths.

BRAD (CONT'D)
My, oh my. You too, huh?

MATT
Did I miss the memo that we're
fuckin' moving in or something?

Matt reaches down to pick up the luggage he dropped.

BRAD
Here, I'll give you a hand, bud.

Matt straightens up and has a look of relief.

MATT
Thanks, man. I appreciate --

Brad flicks his hand into Matt's groin. Matt hunches back over.

MATT (CONT'D)
(in pain)
You little bitch!

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristen and Tiffany are leaning against the kitchen counter. There's an open bottle of wine and two wine glasses about halfway full. Tiffany takes a sip as she watches Kristen texting away on her phone.

KRISTEN
Mom said they're still out and
about in the city.

TIFFANY
That's actually absurd.

KRISTEN
Definitely unlike my parents, but
they must be having fun, so it is
what it is.

TIFFANY
I can guarantee you that the only
one enjoying themselves is that
little call-girl following your
brother around. You know she's
racking up the hours right now.

Kristen puts her phone down on the counter, looking a little irritated.

KRISTEN

I think we're on our own for dinner tonight.

TIFFANY

You are so lucky I'm here.

KRISTEN

Oh? Did you stuff your parents' chef in your suitcase too?

TIFFANY

Hilarious.

Tiffany walks to the refrigerator and opens the door.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Do you know what compliments red wine?

KRISTEN

You tell me.

Tiffany pulls out another bottle of wine from the refrigerator.

TIFFANY

White wine.

KRISTEN

You are so right. I sure can rely on you.

Tiffany brings the bottle of wine over to the counter and begins to pop it open.

MATT

(O.S.)

Babe!

TIFFANY

Oh, for fuck's sake.

Matt walks into the kitchen and tosses his keys onto the kitchen counter. He heads directly to the refrigerator. Brad slowly enter the kitchen as well and sits next to Kristen, after giving her a peck on the cheek.

MATT

So what's the plan tonight, ladies? I'm hungry and I'm sober, and I need that fixed ASAP.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We see the same dimly lit hospital room that Brad and Kristen visited before. Brad's mother is on the bed, unconscious, with the heartbeat sensor ticking at a normal pace.

Our view slowly zooms in on her closed eyes.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The group of Brad, Matt, Kristen and Tiffany are in the living room munching on pizza while watching a baseball game on the television.

TIFFANY

Can we please watch something else?

MATT

Babe, we made dinner, so we get the remote. Fair is fair.

KRISTEN

Oh, please. You turned the oven on and put a frozen pizza in.

MATT

At least I know how to work an oven. What did they teach you in college?

BRAD

Maybe we can find some middle ground here.

MATT

Brad, if you give an inch, they'll take a mile. Don't turn on me now.

TIFFANY

We're going to need more wine.

KRISTEN

Slow down, girl. We're almost two bottles down, already.

TIFFANY

So what? We didn't come here just to get a little buzz.

MATT

Amen.

KRISTEN

Let's wait a little bit for them to come home. I don't want their first impression of us this weekend to be seeing us passed out with empty bottles everywhere, treating their place like a frat house.

MATT

Again, in fairness, they kind of ditched us tonight.

TIFFANY

They can't blame us if they miss out on all the fun.

MATT

Speaking of fun, where's the bathroom?

BRAD

Plumbing's broke, gotta go outside.

MATT

Ha ha. Seriously, though.

BRAD

Serious, bro, outside.

Tiffany and Kristen are trying to conceal their laughter. Brad looks over and they both straighten their smiles and try to look serious.

TIFFANY

We're not kidding.

MATT

(to Brad)

You realize there's probably fuckin' bears out there, guy?

TIFFANY

Maybe just some little cubbies. They're probably adorable.

BRAD

You're not afraid of some little baby bears, are you?

MATT

If there's baby bears, that means there's a momma bear around here somewhere.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't get it twisted, I'd knock that bitch out if I had to, but I'm not looking for a fight right now.

KRISTEN

You wouldn't last ten seconds against a momma bear.

MATT

Are you fucking serious right now?

Brad's phone rings as Matt starts to go off on a rant.

MATT (CONT'D)

First of all, she would know not to even beef with me because she would sense that I'm the alpha. Me and animals have a mutual kind of respect because we both tap into our primal instincts.

Brad answers his phone.

BRAD

(simultaneous as Matt is talking)

Hello?

Brad covers his open ear with his finger to block out the noise.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sorry, can you say that again?

Kristen stops paying attention to Matt and observes Brad.

MATT

Also, bears are fat so they have slow reactions. I could pop in a quick couple of jabs and have plenty of time to dodge a counter.

Brad looks distraught as he listens to the phone.

KRISTEN

Matt, shut up for a minute.

Kristen points at Brad, and Matt looks over to see Brad on the phone.

MATT

My bad.

BRAD
Okay, yeah I'll be there soon.
Thanks.

Brad ends the call and stares down at his phone.

KRISTEN
Who was it?

BRAD
One of the nurses.

Brad continues to look at his phone in a trance. Everyone else silently watches him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I have to go.

KRISTEN
Why? What happened?

BRAD
I'm not really sure.

Brad stands up to leave, and Kristen rushes over to stop him.

KRISTEN
Wait, I'll go with you.

BRAD
No! Please, stay here. It might be nothing.

MATT
You sure, man?

Brad nods, then kisses Kristen on the cheek.

BRAD
(whispering to Kristen)
Don't worry, I'll be back soon.

KRISTEN
Okay, call me when you get there.

BRAD
I will.

Brad leaves the room, and Kristen follows.

MATT
(whispering to Tiffany)
Any idea what he was talking about?

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Brad opens the front door, with Kristen behind him.

KRISTEN
What did they say?

Brad looks back and his mouth begins to move, but nothing comes out. He gives a quick smirk, turns back toward the door, and leaves.

Kristen watches him walk down the driveway to his car, and then slowly closes the door.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen enters the living room with Matt and Tiffany waiting for her to come back in silence.

TIFFANY
Well?

Kristen shrugs and drops onto the sofa.

MATT
Hand up. I didn't know his mom is in a coma.

Tiffany looks peeved.

KRISTEN
She's been in a coma for years, well before we met. Hit by a drunk driver.

MATT
So I take it she croaked or what?

TIFFANY
Matt!

KRISTEN
Your guess is as good as mine. I've never seen him act like that before.

MATT
Damn. That reminds me, you think your parents have a stash of some hard stuff around here? What? It's out of our hands. No reason to let it ruin our night.

Kristen and Tiffany look at each other.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristen is rummaging through cabinets, while Matt and Tiffany eagerly wait. Tiffany is drinking wine straight from the bottle, while Matt is behind her with his arms wrapped around her, playfully pecking at her neck and rocking her back and forth.

KRISTEN

Ta da!

Kristen pulls a bottle of whiskey and shows it off. Matt releases his hold on Tiffany and takes the bottle to examine it.

MATT

Classy. Your dad has great taste.
Have I mentioned I want to be him
when I grow up?

Matt begins filling up three glasses.

KRISTEN

Better keep that to yourself. My
brother has quite the ego.

TIFFANY

Who gives a shit what your brother
thinks?

KRISTEN

Just a heads up now that he's
Matt's boss.

TIFFANY

Boss?

MATT

Shit, Kristen, you blew up my spot.

TIFFANY

Ew! You took a job with Nick out of
all people?

Matt is caught off guard by her reaction.

MATT

Well, not just me, Brad did too.

TIFFANY
(in unison with Kristen)
Oh my God.

KRISTEN
(in unison with Tiffany)
Wait, what?

MATT
Guys, relax! What's there to be mad about? It's a good opportunity for all of us. Think about the money.

KRISTEN
I can't believe he didn't ask me.

TIFFANY
(to Matt)
I can't believe YOU didn't ask me.

MATT
Babe, I was planning on telling you about it this weekend. Chill.

Matt slowly slides a glass of whiskey across the counter toward Tiffany as a peace offering, looking directly at her with puppy eyes. He does the same with Kristen.

Kristen and Tiffany look at each other and then take the glasses. Matt smiles.

TIFFANY
I'm not sure how I feel about it. I need some time to process this.

MATT
Sure, whatever you need.

Matt starts to move closer to Tiffany.

TIFFANY
Alone.

Tiffany walks toward a door with both the glass of whiskey and bottle of wine. She opens the door.

KRISTEN
I think that's the basement.

TIFFANY
Is Matt down there?

Kristen giggles and looks at Matt.

KRISTEN
No, he's right here.

TIFFANY
Perfect. You two can go back to watching basketball, for all I care.

MATT
For the record, it's baseball.

TIFFANY
For the record, I don't give a shit.

Tiffany walks through the door and slams it shut.

MATT
Way to go, Kristen.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We see Brad's mother in the same state in the hospital room. A NURSE walks into the room and takes a quick look at the monitor.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hours have passed. The television is on, but Matt is passed out on the sofa. Kristen is asleep on a recliner.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement has a similar setup to the living room -- a large and spacious area with some comfy furniture and a television.

Tiffany is sleeping on a couch, with the almost empty bottle of wine resting between her chest and left arm, and her phone in her right hand.

We see a black leather glove gently slide the phone out of Tiffany's hand. It doesn't wake her.

The gloved hand quietly places the phone onto the floor.

CRACK! A sledge hammer drives into the phone and destroys the phone.

Tiffany's head jerks up, but she quickly lowers her head back down and squeezes her eyes shut.

She groans and rubs her eyes with her left hand, and the wine bottle falls to the floor beside her.

She suddenly stops rubbing her eyes when she hears the wooden floor beside her slowly creak, as if someone is approaching her.

MASKED KILLER

Shhhh.

The voice coming from behind the mask is a soft whisper and distorted by the heavy plastic.

TIFFANY

I thought I locked the door.

Tiffany rolls over on her side, facing the back of the couch. The black gloves softly grab her by the shoulder and rolls her back over.

Tiffany's eyelids slightly open to the ceiling.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Go away. We can talk in the morning.

The Masked Killer rubs the steel head of the sledge hammer across Tiffany's cheek. Tiffany's face scrunches in confusion and she fully opens her eyes to see who is beside her. She sees the Masked Killer kneeling beside her holding the hammer in their right hand, stroking it across the side of her face as if to soothe her.

Fear has fully awakened her. Her wide-open eyes begin to water.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(trembling)

Matt?

The Masked Killer presses their other hand against Tiffany's mouth.

MASKED KILLER

Shhh.

Tiffany keeps her eyes open, looking directly at the Masked Killer. Her body starts to shake as she begins to cry.

The Masked Killer slowly moves the head of the hammer to the middle of Tiffany's forehead. Her eyes follow it.

The Masked Killer slowly releases their hand from Tiffany's mouth and puts their index finger against the mouth of the mask, signaling to Tiffany to remain quiet.

The Masked Killer closes Tiffany's eyelids with their index and middle finger, and slowly pulls their fingers off.

Tiffany keeps her eyes squeezed shut, and the Masked Killer slowly pulls the sledge hammer away from her face. Her eyelids shake, but she keeps them closed.

MASKED KILLER (CONT'D)

Shhh.

Tiffany takes deep breaths and her body continues to shake as she quietly weeps.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The faint sound of a door quietly shutting can be heard. Kristen slowly awakens and looks around. All there is to see is Matt sprawled out on the couch asleep.

Kristen checks her phone and looks at the time. It's a little past midnight. She looks back again where the noise came from. She gets up and makes her way out of the room.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristen steps in and looks around inside the kitchen and around the corner.

KRISTEN

Mom? Dad?

As she starts to explore the house, she tries to open the door to the basement, but it's locked.

INT. MR. & MRS. KLEIN'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristen quietly takes the last few steps up the staircase and stops to listen, but it's completely silent upstairs. There aren't any lights on in any of the rooms.

KRISTEN

Anyone up here?

There's no answer. She goes down the hallway and pushes open some doors, but they are empty. She opens up the door to the master bedroom. The bed is perfectly made.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen walks into the room and sits down on the bed beside the luggage they left earlier. She opens her phone and pulls up her contact list. She calls her mom, but it goes straight to voicemail.

She pulls up with text group chat titled "FAM". She texts:

Where are you? It's past your bedtimes.

A message from Nick quickly replies back:

On our way. See you shortly.

Kristen shakes her head and releases a sigh of relief, but is startled by the sound of her phone ringing. She sees that Brad is calling her.

KRISTEN

Hey, is everything okay?

BRAD (V.O.)

Sorry I didn't call you earlier. I've been trying to get some answers from these nurses.

KRISTEN

Answers? What's going on?

Brad's voice is very somber. He releases a long deep breath before continuing.

BRAD (V.O.)

I don't really know what's going on. Nobody around here seems to either. They said they didn't call me. I've talked to at least a dozen nurses, they're clueless.

KRISTEN

And your mom?

BRAD (V.O.)

Nothing's changed. It's so bizarre. I showed them the call log, it was the hospital's number. The lady who called made it seem -- it doesn't make sense. I don't know, false alarm, I guess. Did your parents make it back yet?

KRISTEN

No, Nick said they're on their way now.

BRAD (V.O.)

Your parents didn't strike me as night owls.

KRISTEN

Usually they're not.

BRAD (V.O.)

Okay, well, I've done just about as much as I can here. I'm going to get back with this one nurse real quick to see if she found out anything, but I'm not counting on it. I'll be there in a little bit.

KRISTEN

See you then. Love you.

The call ends. Kristen lays down on the bed and puts the phone beside her. She closes her eyes.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt is sleeping on the couch. His phone beeps and he jumps awake. He looks around to see where the noise is coming from, then starts feeling around his pants. He pulls out the phone from his pants and looks down to see Nick has sent him a text.

Hey Matt, can you let us in the back door please?

Matt, still groggy, rubs his eyes and shakes his head. He quietly reads the text message again out loud with confusion.

MATT

Can you let us in the back door?
Back door?

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Matt makes it to the back door and looks out the window but doesn't see anything.

He opens the door. There's nobody there. He steps outside in front of the door.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Matt is standing in front of the open door. He looks to his left, which is an open field that leads into a deep forest.

MATT

Nick!

Matt takes a few seconds for a response, but there's no answer.

MATT (CONT'D)

God dammit, dude.

Matt takes his phone out of his pocket and calls Nick. We hear what sounds like hastened footsteps in grass.

A phone rings behind Matt. The Masked Killer quickly marches toward Matt with the sledge hammer half-raised in the air.

Matt turns around just in time to see the Masked Killer swinging the sledge hammer down. Matt grabs the handle of the sledge hammer and stops it from coming all the way down.

They struggle for control, but Matt is able to rip the sledge hammer out of The Masked Killer's hands. The Masked Killer backs away a little and looks around.

MATT (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you? Speak up quick or I'll bash your fucking brains in, motherfucker!

The Masked Killer sprints toward the trees.

MATT (CONT'D)

You better run, bitch!

Matt chases after The Masked Killer. Matt continues to make up ground and get closer to The Masked Killer the more they run.

They approach the trees. The Masked Killer takes a look behind them and sees Matt close to within striking distance. As the Masked Killer enters the forest, they leap forward over some leaves and twigs and fall to the ground face-first.

Matt rushes in angrily.

MATT (CONT'D)

Come here!

Matt starts to raise the sledge hammer with one hand, while running toward the downed Masked Killer.

He steps into the leaves and twigs, and is immediately lifted into the air by a rope.

Matt hangs onto the sledge hammer, but is dangling upside down with a rope tied around his ankle.

MATT (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

The Masked Killer slowly makes their way to their feet and stands in front of Matt. They laugh.

Matt is able to keep his composure and swings the sledge hammer toward the Masked Killer. The Masked Killer quickly moves back to avoid it.

MATT (CONT'D)
Come on, pussy!

The Masked Killer tries to quickly snag the sledge hammer, but Matt makes a hard swing which forces them back again.

MATT (CONT'D)
That's what I thought, bitch!
That's what I fuckin' thought!

The Masked Killer slowly backs away into the trees and fades into the darkness. Matt starts trying to reach up to his ankle to get out of the trap.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen is still lying on the bed with her eyes closed. Her phone rings. She looks over and sees the number is unavailable, and contemplates before picking up.

KRISTEN
Hello?

STACY (V.O.)
Hi, Kristen.

KRISTEN
What do you want?

STACY (V.O.)
What do I want?

KRISTEN
I'll be more specific. Why do you want to talk to a shallow bitch like me?

STACY (V.O.)
Sounds like I struck a nerve.

KRISTEN
What happened to Alex, Stacy?

STACY (V.O.)
Why do you care so much about Alex,
now? You had years. You took him
for granted.

KRISTEN
Tell me what happened or fuck off.

A feminine laugh is heard on the other end.

EXT. MR. & MRS. KLEIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The Masked Killer pushes down on their phone screen, moving a
meter down on an app.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The voice on the phone is now a deep and distorted masculine
voice.

STACY (V.O.)
How about I show you instead?

Kristen sits up, startled by the voice.

KRISTEN
Who is this?

STACY (V.O.)
It's awfully quiet in that big
house, isn't it? Where could
everyone be?

KRISTEN
Who the fuck is this?

Kristen stands up and looks out the window.

STACY (V.O.)
Why don't you come down and find
out?

KRISTEN
If this is some kind of sick joke --

STACY (V.O.)
Am I fucking laughing? Am I?

KRISTEN
No...

STACY (V.O.)
I've been chasing you my whole
life. It's your turn now.

KRISTEN
What the fuck are you talking
about? Who the fuck are you?

STACY (V.O.)
I want you to find me, Kristen. I
want you find us.

KRISTEN
Us?

STACY (V.O.)
I'm with your friend Matt, and it's
very important that you find us
soon. That is, if you want him to
live. I'm afraid I might hurt him.

KRISTEN
I'm calling the police!

STACY (V.O.)
I wouldn't waste the time, Kristen.
You have two minutes to find us.
Check your messages, doll. I sent
you a hint.

KRISTEN
Why are you doing this?

STACY (V.O.)
Closure.

The call ends.

Kristen sees that she has an unread message from Alex.

There's a hyperlink in the message. Kristen opens the link.
It's a picture of Matt hanging upside down from a tree with a
caption:

Find us in the backyard. Don't let him die.

A timer starts counting down from two minutes.

2.00... 1.59... 1.58...

Kristen springs up on the bed in a panic. She tries to press buttons on her phone, but nothing takes her off the screen. The phone is frozen on the picture.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Kristen speeds down the stairs, screaming for Matt.

KRISTEN
Matt? Matt!

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen slides against the floor as she tries to slow down entering the living room. Matt is not on the couch.

KRISTEN
Matt?

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen sees that the back door is wide open. She covers her mouth and starts to cry.

KRISTEN
No, please!

She looks back down at her phone at the picture.

1.15... 1.14... 1.13...

She tries all other buttons again, hoping she can call for help, but her phone is stuck on the screen.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Come on! Come on!

She holds down the power button to try to reset the phone, but the phone remains on the image of Matt hanging upside down.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Shit!

Kristen sprints out of the house toward the trees in the back.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Matt is breathing heavily, as he's exhausting himself trying to undo the knot around his ankle.

Matt hears footsteps running towards him, so he stops working on the rope and grabs the sledge hammer with both hands, ready to swing. Kristen appears from around the trees.

KRISTEN

Matt!

MATT

Kristen! What are you doing here?
Get the fuck out of here!

KRISTEN

What the hell is going on?

MATT

Go call the police! You and Tiffany
need to get the fuck out of here
now, understand?

Kristen looks down at her phone. The timer shows 0.00.

KRISTEN

Are you crazy? I'm not leaving you!

Kristen sees the rope and goes to the tree to try to help free Matt.

MATT

It's not safe here. I'm telling
you, fucking leave now!

A hatchet zips through the air and sticks into Matt's stomach. Matt screams in pain, and Kristen shrieks in terror.

MATT (CONT'D)

Go!

KRISTEN

I can't leave you!

The Masked Killer walks toward them.

MATT

Go! Go!

Kristen catches a quick glimpse of the killer and then sprints away. Matt grabs the sledge hammer with both hands, preparing to defend himself.

The Masked Killer watches Kristen run away, back to the house.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen staggers into the house and quickly shuts and locks the door behind her. She flips up a light switch that turns on some lights outside near the back door. She looks out the window to see if she was being chased, but doesn't see the killer anywhere.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen tries to open the basement door, but it's locked. She starts banging on the door with her fists.

KRISTEN
Tiffany! Tiff, open the door! We
have to get out of here! Tiff!

Kristen starts rabidly punching at the door until her knuckles start to bleed, staining the door. She leans against the door and weeps.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Tiff, say something!

All the lights in the house suddenly go out.

Kristen quiets down and looks around.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristen sneaks over to the kitchen counter and takes Matt's keys.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen quietly unlocks and opens the front door. She looks at her surroundings but doesn't see anyone around. She eyes Matt's car that is parked on the driveway.

KRISTEN
Please, God.

Kristen makes a run for it out of the front door.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kristen races to the car, looking in all directions on the way. She is all alone. She unlocks the car and checks the backseat to make sure it's clear before getting in.

INT. MATT'S CAR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kristen starts the car and turns on the headlights. She reverses the car sideways, going into the grass, then switches to drive and turns the car so that she's facing straight ahead when going down the driveway.

She starts accelerating down the long driveway but as she starts to reach the end of the driveway near the road, she notices something blocking the path. As she gets closer, she slows down and comes to a stop.

Her jaw drops as she sees what appears to be four bodies lying side-by-side at the end of the driveway.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kristen steps out of the car and walks toward the end of the driveway. The car's headlights are lighting up the four bodies ahead. As she gets closer, we can now see that the four bodies of Mr. Klein, Mrs. Klein, Nick, and Eva are laying at the end of the driveway. The four bodies are each on their backs, with their faces looking up to the sky, and holding each others' hands.

A pole on the side of the entrance gate has the bloody Cedar Court street sign attached, with Kevin's head sitting on top of the pole, and his body sitting against it.

Kristen slowly walks to the corpses, and begins to cry as she realizes the bodies in front of her are her family.

She kneels down in front of them and breaks down.

Kristen crawls in between the bodies her parents and examines their faces, hoping there's a chance they're still alive. She rubs Mrs. Klein's face while looking directly into her open and still eyes.

KRISTEN

Mom, wake up!

She moves over to Mr. Klein, lays her head on his chest, and hugs him.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Dad, please don't leave me!

She cries even harder and buries her face into his chest, which muffles the sound.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Please, God, don't do this.

She continues to cry, but the sound of muffled breathing freezes her. She slowly looks up in front of her and sees the Masked Killer squatted down a few feet away from her, watching with one hand gripping the sledge hammer.

They look directly into each other's eyes and don't break eye contact. Kristen slowly gets to her knees.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Why?

Kristen slowly starts to rise from her knees. The Masked Killer mirrors her and also slowly starts to stand up straight while maintaining eye contact the whole time.

They both stand up completely straight and remain motionless, as they stare each other down.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this?

The Masked Killer uses their right index finger and middle finger to imitate legs running. Kristen doesn't budge.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Alex?

The Masked Killer pulls up the sledge hammer with one hand and grips it with their other hand as well. They start a swinging motion and Kristen starts running back to the car.

Kristen makes it to the driver seat door of the car. She stops and grabs the handle, but she looks back and sees the Masked Killer running up to her. She lets go as the Masked Killer drives the sledge hammer into the door. She sprints back up to the house.

The Masked Killer doesn't follow, but instead makes their way to the front of the car and hammers the driver-side front tire, then smashes a headlight.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen looks back at the car and sees the Masked Killer swing the sledge hammer in front of the car. The sound of glass shattering echoes as the last headlight goes out, and the Masked Killer disappears into the darkness.

Kristen enters the front door and slams it shut.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen locks the door, then runs to the kitchen.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kristen clumsily searches through drawers. She finds a large knife and puts it in her back pocket.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen tries opening the door, but it's still locked. She desperately bangs on the door.

KRISTEN

Tiff! Tiff! Open the fucking door!

Kristen starts ramming her shoulder into the door, trying to bust it down. She holds her shoulder in pain but sees a small keyhole at the bottom of the door handle.

Kristen pulls the knife out of her back pocket, and tries to fit the blade into the hole and jiggle the handle, but the knife barely fits inside. She puts the knife back into her back pocket and scurries around the corner.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - GARAGE - NIGHT

Kristen opens the door that leads into the garage. She looks around and sees an area that has tools. She rummages through them and finds a hammer.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Kristen rushes back to the door, winds back the hammer, and swings as hard as she can. The hammer slams against the door, and leaves a small dent. She swings again, and the dent gets bigger. She goes to swing a third time, but her hand is grabbed from behind, and her mouth is covered with another hand.

BRAD

Shhh. Relax, it's me! Relax, relax.

Kristen releases the hammer, and Brad takes it.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(whispering)

We have to stay quiet, okay?

Kristen nods. Brad removes his hand from Kristen's mouth. She turns around and hugs him while quietly crying.

KRISTEN

Brad, he's trying to kill us. He killed my parents and Nick. They're all dead.

BRAD

Shhh. I know, I saw them outside. I know, I know.

Brad rubs her back to try to calm her down.

BRAD (CONT'D)

The police are on their way, alright? We just need to wait it out a little more. Look.

Brad picks up a shotgun that was leaning against the wall.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I found this in the other room. It's loaded. If he comes anywhere near us --

KRISTEN

I think it's Alex.

BRAD

Alex?

Kristen starts to weep again.

KRISTEN

The mask, he was wearing a mask. Alex used to wear that same mask to jump out and scare me when we were kids. His dad got it for him on Halloween.

BRAD

I'm not going to let anything happen to you, okay? Where's Matt?

Kristen looks down and shakes her head. Brad looks up and releases a deep and shaky breath.

BRAD (CONT'D)
And Tiff?

KRISTEN
I think she's downstairs, but it's
locked.

Brad presses his finger against his lips to tell Kristen to be quiet. He looks around.

BRAD
Take this.

Brad extends the shotgun to Kristen.

KRISTEN
What are you doing?

BRAD
Take it. It's already prepped. All
you have to do is pull the trigger.

KRISTEN
I've never used one of these
before.

BRAD
Doesn't matter. The hard part's
done, all you need to do now is aim
and shoot. Now stay alert.

Brad swings the hammer a couple of times into the already dented door, and busts through some of the wood. He reaches his arm through the other side and unlocks it.

Brad looks around again to see if he hears anything, but no signs of anybody else around. He motions for Kristen to follow him.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brad and Kristen noiselessly creep down the stairs. The television is off, and the couch is empty.

BRAD
Where is she?

KRISTEN

I don't know. The last time I saw her, she went down here and locked the door behind her. Tiff?

Brad and Kristen slowly walk through the room. They see a door at the end of the room. Brad put his back against the wall to the side of the door, and grabs the handle. He counts down with his fingers to Kristen: three... two... one...

Brad swings open the door. Kristen looks from a distance but doesn't see anyone. The room is very spacious and has a washer and dryer.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Brad and Kristen cautiously walk into the room.

KRISTEN

Tiff?

BRAD

Did you know about this door here?

Kristen looks over and sees a door with a window. She gets close to the door and through the window sees it leads to a concrete staircase outside.

KRISTEN

No, I didn't.

Brad comes over and tilts his head, looking outside the window.

BRAD

Looks like it might lead to the side yard.

A rattling sound spooks them. They turn around and see a closet door in the corner. The door starts to rattle like someone is trying to escape.

KRISTEN

Tiff!

Brad goes to the door.

BRAD

Tiff?

The door continues to rattle but there's no answer. Brad speaks louder.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Tiff, is that you?

No answer. Brad turns around and looks back at Kristen.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Get that thing ready.

The door flings open and The Masked Killer wraps their left arm around Brad and plunges a knife into the front of Brad's right shoulder.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Fuck!

KRISTEN
Brad!

Kristen lifts the shotgun and aims toward the both of them. The Masked Killer pulls the blade out of Brad and swings down again, stabbing him around the top of his chest on the right side.

Brad grabs a hold of The Masked Killer's arm holding the blade. The Masked Killer tries to pull away, but can't get out of Brad's grip.

BRAD
Fucking shoot 'em!

KRISTEN
I can't!

Brad and The Masked Killer struggle. Brad is able to the knife out of the top of his chest and control The Masked Killer's right arm.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
You're too close!

Kristen keeps the shotgun aimed, but The Masked Killer is still right behind Brad. They continue to struggle, and stumble closer to the door to the other basement room.

The Masked Killer hops onto Brad's back and digs their left hand fingers into the stab wounds.

BRAD
Ahhh! You fucking bitch!

Brad stumbles to the open door leading out of the laundry room into the other basement room.

KRISTEN

Brad, please! Alex, fucking stop
this right now! Do you hear me,
Alex?

Suddenly, a pair of arms wrap around The Masked Killers neck and pulls them off of Brad. The Masked Killer drops the knife and tries to squirm out of the chokehold.

Matt turns The Masked Killer's head to the side then forcefully turns their head the other way. The Masked Killer continues to struggle, so Matt does the same thing, and rips their head from left to right.

SNAP! After what sounds like a twig snapping in half, The Masked Killer's body goes limp.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Matt!

Kristen lays the shotgun down and runs to Matt to give him a hug. He doesn't have his shirt on, but instead it's wrapped around his stomach, drenched in blood. Kristen looks down at the wound.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

I thought you were dead.

MATT

So did I.

Brad comes over, still catching his breath, and shakes Matt's hand.

BRAD

Thanks, buddy.

MATT

Anything for you, boss.

Matt leans against the wall and sinks to the ground, with a smile on his face.

Kristen kisses Brad.

KRISTEN

I'm sorry, I didn't have a clear
shot.

BRAD

I know, it's okay.

Brad picks up the shotgun.

BRAD (CONT'D)
You're a good man, Matt.

Matt looks at Brad with a smile.

BRAD (CONT'D)
But you should have played dead.

Brad aims the shotgun at Matt and fires, blowing a hole through Matt's chest.

Kristen gasps and stares at the carnage in shock.

Brad drops the shotgun and rotates his right shoulder in pain.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Can I tell you a secret? I didn't actually call the police.

Brad waits for a reaction from Kristen, but she's still staring at Matt with her hands holding her head.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Well then, let's see who's behind the mask, shall we?

Brad goes over to The Masked Killer's body. He positions himself above their head and gets a good grip on the mask. He squeezes and pulls hard, but the mask doesn't come off.

Brad struggles again and starts to rip it off. Pieces of flesh peel off the face of the killer and stick to the bottom of the mask as he makes one last swipe that completely tears off the mask.

The face under the mask is revealed to be Tiffany. Her mouth is completely glazed over with glue, and there are red patches on her face from where the skin tore off with the mask.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Look at that, what a shame. It was supposed to be you that shot her. I can't believe the little bitch was able to break through the door. Spoiled my whole setup.

Kristen falls to her knees crying.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Oh, don't you dare try to play the fucking victim now.

Brad walks over to her, grabs her by the hair and pulls her up, pressing her against the wall.

BRAD (CONT'D)
It didn't have to be this way. You can only blame yourself, Kristen. What's the matter? Don't you recognize me, babe? You were right, what you said earlier. It was Alex, it was me.

Brad takes out his contact lenses to reveal his natural brown eyes.

BRAD (CONT'D)
How's that?

KRISTEN
I don't understand.

BRAD
I thought we were meant to be, Kristen, I really did. We grew up together, we were best friends, we spent our summers together. And then what? You grow some tits and suddenly I'm not good enough for you? You acted like you were fucking Barbie. It was like I didn't even exist anymore, you ugly duckling cunt! You were so quick to toss me aside. I would have done anything for you! I did everything for you! I butchered my own parents for you.

Kristen tearfully shakes her head in disbelief and disgust.

KRISTEN
No...

BRAD
I needed to do something, Kristen. You were quickly fading out of my life. I needed to find a way to pull you back in. What better way to get you back than sympathy? I didn't want to do it, but you put me in a tough position. I had to look my father in the eyes in his last moments. And those poor kids... I had to make it look random. It almost worked.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

You spent the whole summer with me, it was the best part of my life, until that day. You still remember that day, right? I confessed my love for you and asked you to marry me, and what did you say? What did you say? What did you fucking say?

KRISTEN

I said I loved you.

BRAD

You loved me as?

KRISTEN

As a friend.

BRAD

(simultaneously)

-- As a friend. I wasn't quite your type, was I? Was it the red hair? The glasses? The freckles? Well, look at me now! For just the low cost of an inheritance, they were able to turn me into a fucking Ken doll. You were so quick to drop your panties for me then, weren't you? Let me tell you something. The only thing that got me off when fucking you was knowing this day was coming. I've been waiting years for this. It's taken a lot of effort to try to make you as happy as possible, just so I could crush you. So I could inflict as much pain on you as possible. I wanted to bring you from the highest of highs to the very bottom, exactly like you did to me, you oppressive bitch!

KRISTEN

Alex!

Brad grabs her by the throat.

BRAD

I don't want to hear it! This is all your fault, Kristen. My parents died because of you. My neighbors died because of you. Your friends died because of you. Your family died because of you. Shit, you even had to drag Kevin back into this.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

He was a great alibi, him and his pill-popping mother. She was too drugged up to notice anything and all she could tell the police was that she knew I was there all night. She certainly couldn't tell the truth that she passed out early. I snuck a couple of her pills into little Kevin's beer and he was a goner. You think he was going to tell them he blacked out drinking beer? Pieces of fucking trash.

Kristen drops her head forward and continues to weep. Brad lowers his head to try to look into her eyes.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Hey, now, don't hide those tears from me. I don't know if anything can beat the look on your face when you saw them all dead on the driveway. It was perfect. Look at you. You look like you're giving up. No fight. It must run in the family. Your wimpy brother begged, and your dad -- he was a lightweight. Went down like a sack of potatoes. Your sweet little mom on the other hand, she actually had some fight, but ultimately suffered the same fate as our dear friend Matt over here. Pow!

Brad imitates pulling the trigger of a gun with his hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)

It took a lot of work to clean up that mess. She bled all over the bathroom walls, but at least it gave me something to do instead of spending all my time with you. My God, you are unbearable. I hated every fucking second I was with you. It turned out to be a blessing in disguise when you kept nagging me about meeting my parents. Finding that old vegetable gave me an excuse to get some distance every once in a while. Are you starting to get just how much I hate you, babe?

Kristen has stopped crying and has a look of defeat.

KRISTEN

Kill me.

BRAD

Babe, if I wanted you dead, you'd be dead, burning in the sulfur with the rest of your family.

KRISTEN

Please, just end this.

BRAD

Oh my God, I really did break you.

Brad rubs his hands across Kristen's face and begins grunting. He leans forward and presses his open mouth against Kirsten's forehead. His orgasmic grunts become more intense and his eyes roll up into the back of his head. Drool spills from mouth down the top of Kristen's face.

Kristen's eyes shoot up with rage. She pulls the knife out of her back pocket and forces it deep into Brad's chest. Brad gasps and his eyes roll back down to see the blade sticking out of his chest.

Kristen grabs the handle with both hands and pushes it forward, causing Brad to stumble backwards until hitting the wall behind him. He slides down against the wall into a seated position, with Kristen still controlling the knife.

Brad chuckles.

BRAD (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do, kill me? I've already won, Kristen. I ruined you. What are you going to do with yourself now? I'll be the first thing you think about when you wake up, the last thing you think about when you go to sleep, I'll be what you dream about. You're all I ever wanted, and now that I've taken everything from you, I'm all you have left. Your mind will be my legacy. Let me ask you again, now that everyone you love is dead. Do you feel guilty, Kristen?

KRISTEN

It's not my fault that you're a fucking monster!

Brad's demeanor on his face changes to anger.

BRAD

If you're going to do this, you better finish me. I promise you won't like what comes next.

KRISTEN

There won't be a next for you, Alex.

BRAD

How about a kiss goodbye then?

Brad lunges his head forward and bites into Kristen's neck. Blood trickles down her mouth as she screams. She starts twisting the knife in Brad's chest. He stops biting and screams in pain. She continues to slowly rotate the knife with all of her strength.

Brad starts spitting out blood from his mouth as the flesh and muscles in his chest audibly rip.

Kristen stops the blade after doing a full rotation. Brad is leaning against the wall, his eyes are open but motionless, and his body is limp.

Kristen puts her hand against her throat to stop the bleeding and stumbles out of the room.

As we hear the sound of footsteps running up the stairs, a smile widens across his face with blood continuing to flow out of his mouth. He puts his hand on the handle of the knife, and starts to rub it up and down, very slowly.

EXT. CEDAR COURT - DAY - DREAM

We see the same dream-like sequence from before, but this time from Alex's perspective.

Kristen is hugging Alex.

ALEX

What's going on?

KRISTEN

I'm so sorry, Alex.

Kevin looks in ahead, trying to see what is happening as Kristen begins to cry.

Alex smiles.

EXT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - DAWN

POLICE and Police cars are scattered all over the property.

A POLICE OFFICER takes a picture of Kevin's body sitting against the gate post, with his head still on top, however the Cedar Court street sign is missing.

INT. KLEIN HOUSEHOLD - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - DAWN

POLICE are searching the room and taking photographs.

DETECTIVE STYNES, a male in his late 40's, kneels down in front of the wall where Brad was stabbed, but Brad isn't there. Instead, there's a Ken doll lying on the floor in a pool of his blood, along with a note.

Detective Stynes leans closer and squints his eyes to read the note.

DETECTIVE STYNES (V.O.)
I hope you know this isn't goodbye,
I'll be with you until the day you
die.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Kristen is lying on the bed in a hospital room, with her throat wrapped in bandages.

Detective Stynes is seated beside her reading the note off of a photocopy of the original.

Kristen starts to breathe heavily and begins to cry.

DETECTIVE STYNES
Easy, there. You're safe now.

Kristen's voice is now much softer and raspy.

KRISTEN
I'll never be safe.

Kristen cries hysterically.

Detective Stynes stands up and gently puts his hand on her arm to try to comfort her.

Kristen snatches the gun out of Detective Stynes' holster and tries to aim it under her chin, but Detective Stynes grabs her arm and tries to pin her arms down.

DETECTIVE STYNES
Kristen, stop! Drop the gun!

KRISTEN
Let me go!

TWO POLICE OFFICERS rush into the room and help wrestle the gun out of Kristen's hand.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
You don't understand! It's the only way. Please, just let me die so no one else has to.

Kristen curls up and continues to cry.

THE END