

MUK

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEAD FOREST (DREAM SEQUENCE #1) - DAY

A scorched, ash-ridden landscape, thick with trees dead and black, the air chocked with dark churning smoke rising from the ground and speckled with falling flakes of gray.

A MAN, naked and powerfully built, moves up ahead, lumbering over desolate terrain, appearing close one moment then far the next through the ever-shifting smoke.

The smokescreen suddenly clears as the Man reaches the forest's edge...

A Dark Mountain of jagged rock towers before him.

The Man turns sharply around, revealing his face for the first time...

Thick lips, protruding snout, pointy ears and menacing black eyes set deep within a bald, slope-backed head...

The face of a pig.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

The brightly lit store feels deserted despite the Employees stocking shelves and a few late night Shoppers.

SUPER: Skokie, Illinois - 1993.

MORRIS, 22, tall, broad-shouldered, 30 pounds overweight, black rectangular eyeglasses on a round shiny face, hair unstyled and greasy, quickly and efficiently restocks the canned goods, making sure all the labels are properly aligned.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Morris clocks out. His name printed neatly on the timecard reads:

"Keebler, Morris U."

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Several Employees quietly eat their meals, chat idly or stare blankly at the TV mounted high up in the corner.

Morris sits alone, drawing in an old notebook. A giant half-eaten sandwich, big bag of chips and a near-empty two liter bottle of soda litter his table.

AMADO, 19, a short, thin and habitually high Mexican American shuffles in and crashes down on the seat next to Morris.

AMADO  
What's up, man?

Morris continues to draw:

MORRIS  
What's up.

Amado eyes his sandwich:

AMADO  
You gonna eat that?

MORRIS  
Yes.

Amado helps himself to some chips, glances at Morris's drawing, does a double take.

AMADO  
Hey man, that's pretty good. I didn't know you could draw. What the hell is it?

Morris sketches a decent-looking likeness of the Pig Man.

MORRIS  
Just something I dreamt up.

EXT. KEEBLER'S HOUSE - DAY

A small, well maintained two story home in a blue collar neighborhood.

Morris, his hair neatly combed, washes a 1985 Mercury Capri in the driveway.

He pulls a cheap digital watch from his jeans pocket, checks the time, looks down the street, continues washing, glances down the street again...

A beat-up 1970s Buick Station Wagon pulls into the driveway of the dilapidated house directly across the street.

DONNA WINGER, 22, an attractive young woman with shoulder length blonde hair and a maturity that belies her age, climbs out of the Wagon, waves.

DONNA  
Hey, Morris.

MORRIS  
Hey, Donna!

Morris kicks over the water bucket as he hurries to her.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Donna opens the Wagon's rear hatch as Morris jogs over.

MORRIS  
Need some help?

DONNA  
Sure.

He wraps his arms around three grocery bags and follows Donna into the house.

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Morris sets the bags on the counter:

MORRIS  
(whispers)  
How's your mom doing?

Donna puts the groceries away.

DONNA  
She's alright. And you don't have to whisper. She's practically deaf.

MORRIS  
I'll, uh, get the rest of the bags.

DONNA  
Thanks.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Morris grabs two more bags, closes the hatch, takes a deep breath.

MORRIS  
(to himself)  
You can do this.

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Morris sets the bags on the counter.

DONNA  
You still working at the grocery  
store?

MORRIS  
Yeah.

DONNA  
Why?

MORRIS  
What do you mean?

DONNA  
You're a college graduate, what are  
you still stocking shelves for?

MORRIS  
You sound like my dad.

DONNA  
He still pressuring you?

Morris nods.

DONNA  
I'm just saying, you could be doing  
a lot better.

MORRIS  
I know, I just haven't really  
figured out what I'm going to do...

DONNA  
You will. One day when you least  
expect it, it'll come to you.

She opens a box of cookies, offers him one. He takes it.

MORRIS  
Thanks.

He's about to take a bite...

MORRIS

I, uh, haven't seen the Charger lately.

DONNA

You noticed?

MORRIS

Hard not to.

DONNA

I just couldn't deal with his shit anymore. It's like he's still in high school. And you know what he was like in high school.

MORRIS

I remember.

DONNA

Eventually you gotta grow up. Look at you, you went to college, you graduated. You're moving on with your life.

He's about to take a bite...

MORRIS

I, uh, know it's none of my business but I always thought he kind of took you for granted. You could do a lot better too. You deserve better.

She smiles.

DONNA

Thank you, Morris. That's very sweet of you.

MORRIS

Would you like to go out with me Friday, this Friday, night?

DONNA

Uh, I don't know...

MORRIS

We'd just go get something to eat, maybe a movie, you know, no big deal.

She grabs a cookie.

DONNA  
Uh... okay. Sure.

MORRIS  
Yeah?

DONNA  
Yeah.

MORRIS  
Awesome.

They both take a bite.

INT. KEEBLER'S HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Morris enters with a smile on his face, a spring in his step, breezes through the immaculately kept family room.

He passes a framed photo of Morris in his college cap and gown, flanked by MOM and DAD.

Mom, a pleasant looking woman in her early 40s, has her loving arm around her son, a big smile on her face.

Dad, a tough, stern-looking man, late 40s, wears the uniform and insignia of a sergeant in the Chicago P.D.

INT. KEEBLER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Morris grabs a soda can from the fridge, POPS the top, GULPS half of it down.

Mom takes a tray of chocolate chip cookies out of the oven.

MOM  
I'll start dinner as soon as your  
father gets home, it won't take  
long to make.

She sets the tray on the counter, spatulas cookies onto a plate.

MORRIS  
I'm taking Donna out Friday night.

Morris stuffs a cookie in his mouth.

MOM  
What about Mr. Muscle Car?

MORRIS  
(chews)  
They broke up.

MOM  
Well I'm glad I won't have to  
listen to him rev his engines  
anymore.

MORRIS  
Cool car though.

Morris notices a Fly BUZZING around the Kitchen and tracks it  
with his eyes.

MOM  
I know you've had a thing for this  
girl, for awhile, but are you sure  
it's a good fit, the two of you?

MORRIS  
Yeah. Why?

MOM  
I don't know if a girl like that  
can appreciate how special you are.

MORRIS  
You always say that.

MOM  
And you always get so embarrassed,  
but you are special. And I just  
don't want you to get your hopes up  
and be... disappointed. But the  
heart wants what the heart wants, I  
suppose.

The Fly lands on the counter.

MORRIS  
Trust me, Ma.

Morris SLAMS his hand on the counter and looks with  
satisfaction at the splattered fly stuck to his palm.

MORRIS  
Everything's gonna work out just  
fine.



INT. MORRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is small, tidy and Spartan-like. Ozzy Osbourne posters (*Blizzard of Ozz*, *Bark at the Moon*) and yellowed Chicago White Sox pennant adorn the drab-colored walls.

The time on the GE Flip Number Alarm Clock from the 1970s changes to 2:25 a.m.

CLASSIC ROCK PLAYS LOW ON AN OLD STEREO (also from the '70s).

Morris sits at his desk, flipping through his senior class yearbook from Nile West High School, Class of 1989.

He turns the page and finds Donna's photo: an attractive 18 year old girl smiling seductively at the camera. Right above her picture, a note in girly script:

"I hope all your dreams come true," signed "Donna."

Morris turns back a few pages and finds his own photo: a heavy-set 18 year old boy with light acne squinting into the camera. (He took off his glasses for the picture.)

His photo has been circled in red Magic Marker, and scrawled across the entire page, a single word:

"MUK."

THE MUSIC ON THE OLD STEREO TURNS TO STATIC.

Morris looks up and stares intently at the stereo, listening to the noise as if it were speaking to him. Seconds pass by...

THE STATIC CEASES. MUSIC RESUMES.

The time advances to 2:26 a.m.

Morris blinks, takes off his glasses and rubs the center of his forehead as if suffering from an acute headache.

He puts his glasses back on and tentatively approaches the stereo, examines it from every angle, sits back down at his desk.

Morris closes the yearbook, pushes it aside, picks up his old notebook and flips to...

The Pig Man, standing amongst the fiery pits of Hell, barbed whip in one clawed hand, big black knife in the other.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Sunlight gleams brightly off of skyscrapers of glass, steel and stone, shadowing the bustling streets below.

EXT. ROZELL'S RARE BOOKS - DAY

Morris parks his Mercury along a trash-strewn street in a rundown section of town.

He exits the car, walks past a boarded-up storefront, enters the shop.

INT. ROZELL'S RARE BOOKS - DAY

The long narrow store bursts at the seams with old books. Morris stands at the cluttered counter.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE, a big bearded biker in his 40s with beefy tatted arms, exits the back room, hands Morris a thin plain bound volume.

Morris opens it to the title page:

*"The Demon Book by Istvan Blasko."*

He flips through the book, finds an illustration: The Pig Man standing amongst the fiery pits of Hell, barbed whip in one clawed hand, big black knife in the other...

The drawing is almost identical to his own.

He turns the page and reads:

*"The Gorick [gore-ick]: a race of lesser demon created by The Fallen to be workers, harvesters of human suffering, and foot soldiers for the Final War to come."*

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Morris, all spruced-up, dressed in slacks, a sweater and holding a bouquet of flowers, RINGS the doorbell and waits. And waits...

Donna opens the door wearing old sweat pants and a Depeche Mode T-shirt, her hair in a ponytail.

DONNA  
Hey, Morris.

MORRIS  
Hey, uh, you ready?

DONNA  
I'm not feeling so hot. I think I  
better stay home.

MORRIS  
Oh, okay.

DONNA  
I should've called you earlier, but  
I kept hoping I'd feel better. I'm  
really sorry.

MORRIS  
That's cool. Uh, these are for  
you.

He hands her the flowers.

DONNA  
Thanks, they're nice.

MORRIS  
Do you need anything?

DONNA  
Do I need anything? No, thanks, I  
just better get some rest. I'm  
really sorry about this.

Morris points to her Depeche Mode T-shirt.

MORRIS  
They're playing at the Rosemont on  
the 29th.

DONNA  
I know. My friend Kristy was  
supposed to get tickets but she  
totally flaked.

MORRIS  
You wanna go with me? I've got  
great seats.

DONNA  
You like Depeche Mode?

MORRIS  
Yeah. They're awesome.

DONNA

Okay, yeah, I'd love to go.

MORRIS

Cool. Okay, well, I'll let you get some rest. I hope you feel better.

DONNA

Thanks.

MORRIS

Good night.

She closes the door. Morris turns around and heads back home.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN (DREAM SEQUENCE #2) - DAY

The GORICK (Pig Man) emerges from the Dead Forest, hurries towards the Dark Mountain and stops at the mouth of a large cave, looks back over its shoulder...

The demon stands roughly six feet tall, broad-backed, powerfully built and sans sex organs; its white/pinkish skin glistens with a murky, oily sheen.

The Gorick turns back to the mountain, dashes into the cave and disappears. A moment later...

Morris steps out from the Dead Forest and slowly walks towards the Dark Mountain.

He stops at the cave's entrance, stares curiously into the impenetrable darkness...

THE SOUND OF A MUSCLE CAR REVVING ITS ENGINE.

INT. MORRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morris opens his eyes. He lies on top of the bed covers still dressed for his date, looks at the alarm clock which reads: 2:36 a.m.

THE MUSCLE CAR REVS ITS ENGINE AGAIN.

EXT. KEEBLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Morris steps quietly out onto the darkened front porch, gazes across the street.

EXT. DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parked in front of the house, gleaming under a street lamp, engine TICKING, a mint condition 1973 Dodge Charger Rallye.

Morris walks past the car towards the side gate, reaches over, gently lifts up the latch.

He slowly pulls open the gate, winces when the hinges SQUEAK, then slips inside, carefully closing the gate behind him.

Morris creeps over to a side window, peeks through the narrow gap between closed curtains, sees...

Donna and a YOUNG MAN fuck wildly in bed. He takes her from behind...

DONNA  
(loud)  
Fuck me harder.

He thrusts HARDER and FASTER.

DONNA  
(louder)  
Fuck me harder!

He pulls her hair, SMACKS her ass.

DONNA  
(louder still)  
Yeah... Fuck me harder!  
(really fucking loud)  
Fuck me harder!  
Fuck me harder!  
Fuck me harder!

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Morris sits alone, slumped in his chair, eyes staring blankly into space as an old sitcom plays on TV.

An OLD COWORKER, a man in his late 50's seated a few tables away, eats his Snack Pack Pudding and CHUCKLES along with the show's ceaseless LAUGH TRACK.

THE TV IMAGE TURNS TO STATIC.

Morris sits up, his eyes now fixed on the television.

OLD COWORKER  
(mutters)  
Son of a bitch...

The Old Coworker puts down his pudding, marches over to the TV, grabs the broom in the corner and SMACKS the side of the set with it.

Morris stares at the static, oblivious to the Old Coworker WHACKING the TV...

THE STATIC CEASES AND THE PICTURE RETURNS TO NORMAL.

The Old Coworker puts down the broom, shuffles back to his seat, picks up his Snack Pack and watches a local TV spot for Red's Carpet Cleaning Service:

TV NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Red's Carpet Cleaning professionals  
 will make sure your carpets look  
 and smell like new. Act now and  
 take advantage of our ten percent  
 Oktober-Carpet-Fest discount!

Morris shuts his eyes and rubs his forehead. He opens them and gazes around the room, appraising his dim surroundings, the Old Coworker eating his pudding...

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Amado sits in a beat-down 1973 Chevy Camaro, listening to Depeche Mode, LOUD, smoking a hash pipe.

Morris RAPS on the passenger window. Amado lowers it, offers up the pipe:

AMADO  
 Want a hit?

Morris drops a pair of concert tickets on the passenger seat.

MORRIS  
 You can have these.

Amado picks up the tickets.

AMADO  
 I thought you hated Depeche Mode.  
 Shit, fourth row! Thanks, man.

Morris walks off.

AMADO  
 Where ya going?

Amado takes a hit and watches Morris walk over to his Mercury Capri, get in and drive away.

AMADO  
(exhales)  
Break's almost over.

EXT. DARK MOUNTAIN (DREAM SEQUENCE #3) - DAY

Morris stands at the cave's entrance, staring into the impenetrable darkness. He takes a deep breath and enters.

INT. DARK MOUNTAIN (DREAM SEQUENCE #3) - DAY

Morris exits the tunnel and enters a large circular-shaped cavern, ceilinged with stalactites and lit with an eerie red glow with no apparent source of illumination.

An enormous cattle pen, built of wood from the Dead Forest, stands in the center of the cavern.

THE FAINT ECHO OF HUMAN CRIES CAPTURES MORRIS'S ATTENTION.

He crosses the chard, smoking ground, steps over a three foot wide rivulet of human excrement bisecting the cavern and approaches another tunnel to his right.

THE WAILS OF HUMAN SUFFERING GROW LOUDER AS HE DRAWS CLOSER, BUT NOW MIXED WITH SOMETHING ELSE: GRUNTS, SQUEALS, THE CRACKING OF WHIPS.

A herd of terrified Humans, males and females of almost every age and ethnicity, stampede out of the tunnel flanked on both sides by a dozen Gorick carrying spiked clubs and barbed whips.

Morris leaps out of the way as the Gorick drive the Humans straight into the cattle pen.

The LEAD GORICK commands the others to pull panicked people from the pen.

A PRIEST, mid 50s, in black vestments, bolts through the open gate, WAILING:

PRIEST  
God have mercy on me! God please  
have mercy on me!

Two Gorick grab the Priest, throw him down and rip off his arms and legs as easily as pulling the drumsticks off a baked chicken; the severed limbs continue to writhe as if still attached to the body.

PRIEST

God forgive me! Oh, please Lord, I  
beg you! Forgive me! Forgive me!

One of the Gorick twists his head off, but the Priest continues to lament:

PRIEST

I've sinned, Lord! Oh, how I've  
sinned! I prayed for strength, but  
I was we--

The Gorick drop kicks the Priest's head, landing him facedown in the shallow shit stream, turning his SCREAMS into GURGLES as clumpy brown water SPURTS from the open neck.

Morris spectates as people are forced from the pen to different areas of the cavern...

A half dozen Gorick surround two Men and force them to fight each other hand-to-hand.

One man bites the other man's neck, drawing SQUEALS OF LAUGHTER from the demonic crowd.

Men and women are stripped naked and strapped into metal breeding stands (AKA: "rape stands"), similar to the ones used for dogs.

Gorick strap on vicious-looking dildos.

Men and women are shackled against a wall, their arms stretched high above their heads.

The Gorick lash them with whips, instantly shredding their clothes and flesh.

Morris watches as a Gorick is about to whip a Blonde Woman, her face pressed hard against the rock.

The Lead Gorick approaches, takes the other's whip, offers it to Morris.

He tentatively takes the whip, feels it in his hand. The SOBBING, shaking, Blonde Woman looks back over her shoulder...

It's Donna.

Morris lashes her across the back. A hard smile breaks across his face.

He lashes her again and again and again and--



INT. MORRIS' MERCURY - DAY

Morris BLARES MUSIC on the car stereo as he drives past a sign: "Village of Northbrook."

INT. MORRIS' MERCURY - DAY

Morris sits in the driver's seat, parked along the street of a quiet, middle class suburban neighborhood, reading *The Demon Book*:

"...only the most powerful of malevolent forces can manifest themselves on Earth, yet their immense power can be checked by water in the form of lakes, rivers and seas, which are protective barriers they cannot breach."

A brand new BMW cruises past and pulls into the driveway of a picturesque two story home located across the street and a couple houses down. Morris sits up, focuses on...

BRUCE MASON, late 20s, tall, handsome and physically fit, steps out of the Beamer and opens the rear passenger door for...

MARY MASON, mid 20S, pretty and petite, carefully slips out of the car carrying...

A BABY, just a few days old, wrapped in a blue blanket, slumbers soundly in his mother's arms.

Morris studies the happy young family as they enter their home.

He STARTS the car (MUSIC PLAYS LOW on the stereo), pulls away from the curb, drives past the house and down the street...

Morris stares straight ahead, determined, TURNS UP the MUSIC.

INT. KEEBLER'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Morris enters the bedroom, opens the top drawer of the night stand and pulls out a black snub nose .38 revolver. He pops open the cylinder, checks it's loaded.

MOM (V.O.)  
 (shouts)  
 Morris?

INT. KEEBLER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Morris walks into the dining room. Mom stands in front of a large china cabinet.

MOM  
I finished vacuuming. Could you  
please move it back.

He gently moves the cabinet back a couple of feet so it's flush against the wall.

MOM  
You're so strong. Thank you.

Morris turns to go...

MOM  
I noticed Mr. Muscle Car is back.

He stops, turns around:

MORRIS  
Looks that way.

MOM  
I'm sorry, honey.

Morris shrugs.

MOM  
Everything happens for a reason.  
You'll meet the right girl someday,  
I know you will. And it'll happen  
when you least expect it. You'll  
look up one day and she'll be  
standing right in front of you.

He turns to go, stops, turns back around:

MORRIS  
Mom...? I've been having these  
kinda weird dreams lately.

MOM  
Oh?

MORRIS  
And I've been hearing things.

MOM  
What kind of things?

MORRIS

Voices. A voice. I hear it coming out of the TV, the stereo. Not all the time, just once in awhile, but it tells me things... to do things.

Mom sits down at the dining room table:

MOM

Your uncle heard voices.

MORRIS

Uncle Martin?

MOM

When he was about your age.

MORRIS

Dad said he was crazy, that's why he killed himself.

MOM

He didn't kill himself. And he wasn't crazy. He was chosen. Like you.

Morris sits down next to her.

MORRIS

Chosen for what?

She takes his hands in hers:

MOM

Deep down inside you already know. Don't you?

MORRIS

Why me?

Tears of happiness well in her eyes:

MOM

Because you're special. Haven't I always told you that?

MORRIS

I didn't think this is what you meant.

MOM

This is oh-so-glorious. Glorious. I'm so proud of you, Morris.

MORRIS  
What do I do?

MOM  
Do what I always tell you to do,  
follow your heart.

She pats him lovingly on the knee:

MOM  
But whatever you do, don't tell  
your father.

INT. MORRIS' MERCURY - DAY

Morris, wearing a black windbreaker and black ball cap, drives past the Mason's house and turns right onto a cross street half a block down.

He parks behind another car, grabs a backpack and clipboard, gazes at his reflection in the rearview mirror...

Morris pulls his hat low and exits the vehicle.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Morris, backpack slung over one shoulder and carrying the clipboard, puts on black gloves as he walks briskly towards the Mason's house.

It's oddly quiet out. A single crow CAWS in the distance.

The fading daylight glows eerily as the sun sinks into the horizon.

EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Morris turns onto the walkway, reaches the front door adorned with a grinning cardboard skeleton.

Soothing CLASSICAL MUSIC emanates faintly from within.

Morris RINGS the doorbell and waits. And waits...

Bruce Mason opens the door.

BRUCE MASON  
Hi.

MORRIS

Hello sir, I represent Red's Carpet Cleaning Service. I'm going around the neighborhood offering free estimates.

BRUCE MASON

We don't need our carpets cleaned.

MORRIS

Are you sure? They may look clean, but there could be all kinds of nasty stuff living in them, molds, fungus--

BRUCE MASON

I think we're good.

MORRIS

Only two days left to take advantage of our Oktober-Carpet-Fest discount, that's ten percent off--

BRUCE MASON

No thanks.

MORRIS

Okay, let me give you our card so when you do decide it's time...

Morris reaches into his jacket, whips out the .38 revolver, jams his foot in the door.

MORRIS

Back away from the door.

Bruce Mason eyes the gun aimed at his stomach.

MORRIS

Move.

Bruce Mason backs up to the foot of the stairs. Morris enters, closes the door behind him.

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - DAY

Morris and Bruce Mason face-off:

MORRIS

Where's your wife?

BRUCE MASON

I've got cash in my wallet, some jewelry, you can have whatever you want just please don't hurt anyone.

MORRIS

Tell me where she is.

BRUCE MASON

Upstairs. What do you want?

MORRIS

Turn around.

Bruce Mason turns around, sees Morris' reflection in the mirrored wall clock.

Morris wedges the clipboard under his arm, unzips the backpack with his freehand, rummages inside...

BRUCE MASON

If you leave now I won't call the cops.

Morris yanks out a claw hammer.

The Baby CRIES. Morris looks upstairs...

Bruce Mason spins around and grabs the gun.

Morris swings the hammer down. Bruce Mason blocks most of the blow.

The telephone RINGS.

Bruce Mason gut punches Morris. Claw hammer hits the floor.

Mary Mason YELLS down:

MARY MASON (V.O.)

Honey, could you get that?

Morris clamps his hand over Bruce Mason's throat, cutting off his response.

Bruce Mason catches Morris with a quick right hand. A big left knocks off Morris' glasses and sends him reeling into...

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morris falls dazed in the middle of the room. The gun lands a few feet away.

MARY MASON (V.O.)  
(shouts)  
Bruce, answer the phone!

Bruce Mason picks up the claw hammer and charges Morris, CRUNCHING eyeglasses underfoot.

Morris lunges for the gun.

Bruce Mason strikes with the claw hammer. Morris blocks most of the blow.

Bruce Mason drops the claw hammer, wrenches the gun from Morris' grip, hurries into the den, picks up the phone:

BRUCE MASON  
Hello?

RECORDED MESSAGE (V.O.)  
Hi, this is Red's Carpet Cleaning Service, calling to remind you that there are only a few days left to take advantage of our Oktober-Carpet-fest--

Bruce Mason hangs up the phone. Morris, sweaty and out of breath, struggles to his feet.

BRUCE MASON  
Don't fucking move.

Bruce Mason picks the telephone receiver back up. Morris looks around, sees the claw hammer, walks over to it...

BRUCE MASON  
I said don't move!

Bruce Mason puts the phone down, hurries back into the living room, points the gun at Morris.

Morris picks up the claw hammer, turns and walks towards Bruce Mason.

MORRIS  
I couldn't risk it going off.

Bruce Mason pulls the trigger. CLICK. CLICK.

Morris swings the claw hammer down, CRACKS his skull.

Bruce Mason's eyes go empty as he falls backwards -- dead.

Morris, his face scraped and bloody, stares down at Bruce Mason's corpse, then hits him in the head a few more times.

He picks up the gun, trudges to the entryway, picks up his broken glasses.

The doorbell RINGS.

Morris puts on the left half of his glasses, rushes up the stairs.

MARY MASON (V.O.)  
(shouts)  
Bruce, will you answer the door.

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, NURSERY - DAY

Mary Mason stands beside the crib, holding the CRYING Baby.

MARY MASON  
(shouts)  
It's probably Abbie. She said  
she'd drop by.

She continues soothing the Baby to no affect. The doorbell RINGS again.

MARY MASON  
(shouts)  
Bruce?

Mary Mason sets the Baby in the crib, hurries out of the room.

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Mary Mason quickly heads for the stairs:

MARY MASON  
(shouts)  
Bruce!

Morris lunges out of the Hallway Bathroom, clamps a hand over Mary Mason's mouth, pins her against the wall, presses the gun to her cheek, COCKS the hammer.

MORRIS  
(whispers)  
Listen to me. Whoever's at the  
door, make them go away.



EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - DAY

ABBIE, late 50's, stylishly dressed, waits on the doorstep holding a tin-foiled serving dish. Muffled MUSIC and the Baby's CRYING are faintly audible.

Mary Mason opens the door:

MARY MASON  
Hey, Abbie.

ABBIE  
Hi... Is everything alright?

INT. MASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Morris hides behind the open door, holding up half of his eye glasses with one hand, and his gun, aimed at Mary Mason, in the other.

MARY MASON  
I'm having a hard time with the baby and I'm not feeling so hot myself.

ABBIE  
You look a little stressed.

MARY MASON  
Could we do it another time?

ABBIE  
Absolutely. Let me just give you this and I'll get out of your hair.

Abbie hands over the serving dish. Morris wipes his sweaty brow.

ABBIE  
It's a brisket. I was going to ask Bruce to help me move some things but don't worry about it, it can wait.

Abbie peers past Mary Mason into the house. Morris grows impatient.

ABBIE  
Are you sure everything's all right?

MARY MASON  
Fine. I'll call you later. Bye.

Mary Mason shuts the door.

EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - DAY

Abbie turns around and heads down the walkway.

She suddenly stops, looks back...

A crow CAWS in the distance.

Abbie keeps walking.

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - DAY

Morris watches Abbie recede through the narrow break in the curtains. He turns to Mary Mason:

MORRIS  
You're a good liar.

He drives his fist into her jaw, knocks her out cold.

EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon shines ghostly bright over the darkened house below. A dog BARKS in the distance.

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

A large unfinished space with concrete floor, exposed wood beams, bare light bulbs. Moving boxes line the walls of the otherwise empty room.

Bruce Mason's body is heaped in the corner. Morris' backpack lies open on the floor next to a cordless power drill.

Somewhere in the basement the Baby CRIES.

Mary Mason, bound and gagged with duct tape, hangs upside down from the ceiling, stirs out of unconsciousness...

Morris, his broken glasses held together with duct tape, walks down the stairs carrying a bucket, sets it under her.

Mary Mason opens her groggy eyes wide, gapes in horror at her upended reality.

Her unseen baby's WAILING sends her over the edge. The tape MUFFLES her SCREAMS.

Morris strips down to his tighty-whities, neatly folds his clothes and sets them on the floor.

He grabs a measuring tape, paint brush and a six inch Buck knife out of the backpack...

Morris SLITS Mary Mason's throat, holds her so she doesn't thrash about as the bucket quickly fills with blood.

He grabs the measuring tape and brush and carries the brimming bucket over to a spot directly under a light bulb.

Morris pulls out the measuring tape to the 6'6" mark, lays it on the floor.

He sings Iron Maiden's *Run To The Hills* while painting a pentagram on the floor in Mary Mason's blood.

Morris removes his gloves, dips a finger in the bucket and marks an "X" in the middle of his forehead with blood.

He carefully sets the SCREAMING Baby in the center of the pentagram.

Morris grabs a folded sheet of paper from the backpack, kneels down just outside the pentagram, unfolds the paper, smooths it out in front of him, READS:

MORRIS

"The shadow calls and I answer. I submit to him willingly. The shadow calls and I answer. I am his to command. The shadow calls and I answer. I sever the bonds of light.

Light bulbs FLICKER.

MORRIS

"The shadow calls and I answer. I accept the bonds of darkness. The shadow calls and I answer. I sever the bonds of life. The shadow calls and I answer. I embrace death.

LIGHTS GO OUT.

THE PENTAGRAM BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Demonic shadows dance on the walls in the flickering light. CRIES OF THE DAMNED fill the air.

MORRIS

(shouts)

"The shadow calls and I answer! I implore you, lord of darkness! The shadow calls and I answer! Take this offering of innocence! The shadow calls and I answer! And accept my eternal servitude!

A molten red mark, slightly bigger than a quarter, appears where the "X" on his forehead was...

In the shape of a horned demon with raised pointed wings.

Morris falls back on the floor writhing in agony, tears streaming down his face, urine pooling under him...

He SCREAMS through clenched teeth as the Hell Brand SEARS into him...

EXT. MORRIS' HOUSE - DAY

A large beautiful Spanish style home, immaculately landscaped, in an upper middle class neighborhood.

SUPER: Thousand Oaks, California. Twenty years later.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE, GYM - DAY

A spacious workout room with a full set of free weights, state-of-the-art treadmill and 30" flat screen mounted on the wall.

ON TV: A 30 second television spot for Happywood, a Disney-like theme park populated with colorful costumed characters.

A gray and white Cat, brown Chinchilla, and beautiful Princess in shimmering gown, frolic through the Park with smiling Boys and Girls.

TV NARRATOR (V.O.)

Come on down to Happywood Theme Park and Resort for some summertime fun, where you can meet Hap and all his frolicking Fun Time Friends! Stay at the world famous Happywood Hotel and Spa or the brand new Winsome Towers, both just a Jolly Trolley ride away from the Park! There's plenty of parking! So what are you waiting for?!

TV NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Come to Happywood, located in  
beautiful Camarillo, California!  
Happywood: "Where happiness is  
guaranteed!"

Morris rapidly bench presses 225 pounds several times as the commercial ends.

He sits up, wipes his face and body with a towel, picks the remote control off the floor and plays the commercial again.

Morris, now 42, has definitely aged well: leaner, more muscular, stylish haircut, whitened teeth, no glasses.

He looks damn good.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Morris, fresh from the shower and wearing a thick blue bathrobe, walks into a large modern kitchen while talking on his smartphone:

MORRIS  
The new spot's great.

OZZY, a four year old German Shepard, follows along.

MORRIS  
(into phone)  
I've watched it a dozen times  
already.

Morris grabs a tall glass out of the cabinet, opens the Sub-Zero fridge, pours himself some O.J.

MORRIS  
(into phone)  
Chicago for a couple of days to see  
my mom, other than that nothing  
definite.

Morris exits through the patio doors, glass in hand, Ozzy at his heels.

EXT. MORRIS' HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Morris talks on the phone and sips his O.J. as he crosses the palm shaded patio to the crystal blue swimming pool.

MORRIS

(into phone)

Everything should run smoothly  
while I'm gone. But if you need me  
for anything--

(pause)

I'll see you in two weeks.

He hangs up, pockets the cell, takes another sip of juice,  
sets down the glass, drops the robe, dives into the water.

Ozzy BARKS and jumps in after him.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Morris, in khakis and untucked blue button-down, opens a  
bottle of red wine, pours a glass and drinks.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Morris, bottle and glass in hand, and Ozzy, walk down a long  
corridor that grows darker as they reach the tall, arched  
wooden door at the end.

He opens the thick iron-bound door, enters and closes it  
behind him.

Ozzy turns his back to the door and lays down.

INT. MORRIS' HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

Morris switches on the ceiling lights. Heavy dark drapes  
blanket the windows.

He walks over to the built-in wall unit filled with books,  
expensive curios, FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS:

Morris with Mom and Dad at his graduations ceremony from the  
Chicago Police Academy;

Morris in front of the Happywood theme park gates with the  
smiling mascot, Happy "Hap" Cat;

Morris with former Vice-President Dick Cheney.

He sets down the wine bottle, shuffles through songs on his  
phone, docks it on the massive mahogany desk:

CLASSICAL MUSIC emits from the built-in surround sound system  
(a different variation of the same piece that once played at  
the Mason's house).

Morris steps up to a beautifully restored, five foot tall antique safe, enters the combination, opens it and removes forty thousand dollars from a large stash of cash.

He grabs a coaster and sets his glass on the desk, opens the center drawer, takes out a thin, flat piece of steel several inches long.

Morris moves one end of the leather sofa over a few feet and uses the steel strip to carefully pry-up one of the heavy flagstones that paves the floor, revealing...

A hidden compartment, roughly chiseled out of the concrete foundation.

Morris reaches in and lifts out a rubber pig mask sealed inside a Zip Lock plastic bag, a thick scrapbook, and...

A small custom-made black steel briefcase with dual combination locks.

He sets the items on the desk, sits down, sips his wine and casually flips through the scrapbook filled with dozens of old newspaper clippings. Headlines scream:

"Parents Killed in Home Invasion, Baby Missing."

"Dead Woman Discovered in Crestwood Forest Preserve."

"Northwestern Grad Student Reported Missing."

"Missing Wheaton Waitress Pulled from Wolf Lake."

"Woman Disappears from Hollywood Hills Home."

"CSUN Student Found Murdered in Griffith Park."

"Missing Model Last Seen After Beverly Hills Photo Shoot."

The photos of the Victims are all of attractive women in their early to mid-twenties.

And they're all blonde.

Morris' phone VIBRATES in his pants pocket. He checks the number...

"Unknown."

He answers the call.

EXT. LYN'S CAR - DAY

A 2008 Toyota Corolla drives north on Highway 99 halfway between Bakersfield and Fresno, California.

INT. LYN'S CAR - DAY

LYN (LYNDA) ROLLINS, 22, an attractive young woman with an athletic build and the bearing of a natural born leader, her blonde hair hidden under a ball cap, SHUTS OFF THE STATIC on the car stereo.

LYN  
Goddamn static.

SONIA AZEVO, 22, a sultry, self-confident young woman of Portuguese decent, rides shotgun.

SONIA  
Why are you obsessing over the radio?

LYN  
K-DIG 96.6. As soon as it comes on I know I'm almost home.

DENISE LIBA, 21, a tough city girl with a street-wise demeanor, snacks on a big bag of potato chips in the back seat.

DENISE  
I'm surprised they have radio out here in the sticks.

SONIA  
That's probably all they got.

LYN  
K-DIG 96.6 is the coolest radio station in the world. It was the soundtrack of my youth.

SONIA  
Is that what you were listening to when you lost your cherry in the back of Bubba's truck?

LYN  
This isn't the South. And it wasn't in the back of a truck.



DENISE

They probably fucked in the woods.  
I bet everybody out here does, am I  
right?

LYN

The second time was in the woods.  
The first time was in an actual  
bed.

Lynn checks the radio: STATIC.

DENISE

Do you remember the song?

LYN

Uh, it was more like one verse of  
one song.

SONIA

(laughs)  
That sucks.

LYN

It got better.

SONIA

Sex and softball, it's all about  
practice, practice, practice. What  
about you, D?

DENISE

Genie Stiles. We shared a sleeping  
bag in ninth grade.

SONIA

Mine was Carlo. Fucking huge.

She holds her hands a foot apart to illustrate the point.

LYN

So he didn't have a dong, he had a  
dang!

SONIA

I couldn't even fit my fucking hand  
around it. And afterwards I could  
barely walk. It was so fucking  
embarrassing. I told everybody I  
hurt my knee.

LYN

Yeah, they don't really cover that  
in sex ed.

SONIA  
They should.

LYN  
"Pictures of You," by the Cure,  
that was the song.

Lyn checks the radio again.

D.J. "KOZ" (V.O.)  
...This is Koz, the great and  
terrible, ready to take you down  
the rabbit hole and experience  
everything sonic, past, present and  
future. So buckle-up koz we're  
taking the musical Time Hopper all  
the way back to a time known as the  
'80s, and if time travel makes you  
sick don't fret 'cause I got the  
cure...

"PICTURES OF YOU" BY THE CURE COMES ON.

SONIA  
Oh my God, that's a sign!

DENISE  
That is kinda freaky.

EXT. KINGS CROSS - DAY

Lyn's Toyota Corolla drives past a sign welcoming one and all  
to the town of Kings Cross: "A great place to live." and  
underneath, "Population: 6867 and Counting!"

The car cruises down Main Street, past quaint old buildings,  
picturesque storefronts and smiling townsfolk happily going  
about their daily affairs.

Beyond the town, vast stretches of tall pines ringed by  
distant mountains.

INT. LYN'S CAR - DAY

Lyn TURNS DOWN the music as Sonia and Denise gaze out the car  
windows at the idyllic town and its inhabitants.

SONIA  
You never told me you grew-up in a  
Norman Rockwell painting, Lyn.

DENISE

Seriously, are these people paid to smile?

LYN

I think you guys are overdoing it a bit, but it was a pretty cool place to grow-up.

She HONKS the horn and waves to...

DEPUTY SHERIFF LON GARRET, 23, rugged good looks and a formidable frame, chats with a Man outside Kings Comics & Collectibles.

LYN

(shouts)

Hey, Lon!

Deputy Garret waves back.

DEPUTY LON GARRET

(shouts)

Hey, Lyn!

DENISE

When someone waves to a cop where I'm from they use one finger.

SONIA

He was kinda yum.

Lyn focuses on the cross street coming up.

LYN

I want to make a quick stop before we go to my house.

She turns right.

EXT. CHUCK'S AUTOWORKS - DAY

Lyn pulls into the crowded lot of a bustling auto shop.

WESLEY, 23, a young mechanic in greasy overalls, sees her and approaches, wiping his blackened hands on an oily rag.

WESLEY

What's up, Slugger!

LYN

Hey, Wes. You look busy.

WESLEY  
Always. Who are your friends?

LYN  
This is Sonia and Denise. This is  
Wes.

WESLEY  
Hello.

LYN  
The boss around?

WESLEY  
He's taking a customer for a test  
spin. Should be back any sec.

LYN  
Tell him I came by.

WESLEY  
Am I gonna see you all again before  
you leave?

LYN  
Maybe.

WESLEY  
In that case maybe I'll deliver the  
message.

LYN  
You better.

He backs up, raising his hands:

WESLEY  
Easy, Slugger.

Lyn smiles and drives off.

INT. LYN'S CAR - DAY

Lyn pulls back onto Main Street and continues driving through  
town.

SONIA  
Who were you looking for?

LYN  
Huh?

SONIA  
Who were you looking for?

LYN  
Just a friend.

Sonia and Denise glance at each other.

EXT. ROLLINS' HOUSE - DAY

Lyn pulls into the driveway of a large upscale home in the ritzier section of Kings Cross and parks behind a nearly identical 2009 Toyota Corolla.

INT. ROLLINS' HOUSE, ENTRYWAY - DAY

Lyn, Sonia and Denise, tired from the long car ride, shuffle into the elegantly appointed home.

Denise admires the polished marble floor and crystal chandelier hung from the vaulted ceiling.

DENISE  
Nice digs. Where your parents?

LYN  
Spain, I think.  
(shouts)  
Lace?

LACY (V.O.)  
(shouts)  
In the kitchen.

INT. ROLLINS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Lyn, Sonia and Denise step into a spacious custom kitchen and find...

LACY ROLLINS, 20, attractive and blonde like her older sister but smaller in stature and more of an intellectual than an athlete, stands at the kitchen island with her friend...

KORA THOMAS, 20, a pretty, stylishly dressed African American with a buoyant personality and radiant smile.

LYN  
When did you guys get here?

LACY

About an hour ago. This is Kora.  
That's my sister, Lyn, and Sonia  
and Denise.

KORA

Hello.

Lyn, Sonia and Denise all say, "Hey."

LYN

First we'll head over to Crowley's,  
stock-up, and then hit the lake.

SONIA

Actually, I was thinking that while  
you three grab the grub, Lyn and I  
will head back to the garage and  
talk to Cole.

LACY

Cole Walters?

LYN

She's kidding. Why do you say it  
like that?

DENISE

Who is this mystery meat?

LYN

He's just someone I went to high  
school with.

SONIA

Rekindling an old high school  
flame. It must have been really  
hot and heavy.

LYN

We just hooked up a few times.

LACY

A few times, you guys were like  
locked at the crotch the whole  
summer.

DENISE

Slut.

LACY

Fourth of July when you did it on  
Altar Top Hill and everybody could--

LYN

Please shut-the-fuck-up.

SONIA

What I find interesting is that the first thing you do when we get here is go see this guy.

KORA

Young lovers reunite in picturesque small town America. Sounds like a Nicholas Sparks novel.

DENISE

I prefer Stephen King.

LYN

I'm going to the bathroom so you can find something else to talk about.

Lyn exits the kitchen.

SONIA

Please, Lyn, your non-existent love life holds absolutely no interest for me whatsoever.

(to Lacy)

So is this guy hot? Show me a picture.

INT. CROWLEY'S CORNER GROCERY - DAY

Lyn, Sonia, Denise, Lacy and Kora enter the store pushing a pair of shopping carts.

LYN

We'll meet up at Produce.

LACY

Yes, sir.

Lyn and Sonia split-off in one direction and Denise, Lacy and Kora head off in another.

SONIA

This Cole's a real looker, Lacey showed me his picture.

LYN

You're really on top of this.

SONIA

The only reason I'm so interested is because you're trying so hard to act disinterested when clearly you are very interested.

INT. CROWLEY'S CORNER GROCERY, DELI COUNTER - DAY

Lacy, Kora and Denise push their shopping cart up to the busy deli counter.

LACY

Tomorrow we'll make burgers for lunch and then maybe pasta for dinner.

KORA

I'm glad somebody knows how to cook because I sure as hell don't.

DENISE

I make a bomb-ass Margarita.

DELI COUNTER WORKER #1 checks the LED number board mounted on the back wall:

DELI COUNTER WORKER #1

(shouts)

Number fifty-one.

Lacy reaches for a numbered ticket but a Man wearing khakis and a button down shirt stands in her way.

LACY

Excuse me.

Morris turns around.

He sees Lacy, her blonde hair...

Morris smiles and moves out of her way. Lacy smiles back shyly and takes a ticket.

DELI COUNTER WORKER #2

(shouts)

Fifty-two.

(beat)

Fifty-two.

Morris snaps back to reality, steps up to the counter:



MORRIS

Give me uh, a roast turkey with  
lettuce and tomatoes, no Mayo.

He glances over at Lacy.

DELI COUNTER WORKER #2

What kind of bread do you want?  
Sourdough, French roll--

MORRIS

That's fine.

DELI COUNTER WORKER #2

You want cheese?

Morris shakes his head, backs up and waits for his order,  
watching Lacy out of the corner of his eye.

INT. CROWLEY'S CORNER GROCERY, LIQUOR ISLE - DAY

Lyn and Sonia turn into the liquor aisle. Lyn scans the  
array of bottles.

SONIA

So what's this guy like?

LYN

He's really cool. Funny.

SONIA

That's great, now get to the  
important stuff.

LYN

He could paint the Sistine Chapel  
with his tongue.

LAUGHING, they both hear the WHINE OF AN ELECTRIC MOTOR and  
look up the aisle...

VIVIEN MOORLAND, 75, a withered, white-haired old woman with  
an aggressive face and menacing dark eyes, turns the corner  
and rolls towards them in her black Rascal 655 Bariatric  
Scooter.

Lyn leans in close to Sonia:

LYN

(whispers)

That's Cole's grandmother. She  
used to scare the shit out of me  
when I was a kid.

SONIA  
 (whispers)  
 She's scaring the shit out of me  
 right now.

Vivien Moorland stops several feet away and grabs a big  
 bottle of Smirnoff.

LYN  
 Hi, Miss Moorland. It's Lyn--

Vivien Moorland ignores her completely and drives straight  
 ahead, forcing Lyn and Sonia to move out of her way. They  
 watch her disappear around the corner.

SONIA  
 What a bitch.

LYN  
 Witch.

SONIA  
 What?

LYN  
 People used to say she was a witch.

INT. CROWLEY'S CORNER GROCERY - DAY

Vivien Moorland steers her scooter towards the exit then  
 suddenly stops and looks up...

Morris, holding a plastic grocery bag, finds himself blocked  
 by the old woman's Rascal.

Vivien Moorland stares up at him, focusing on the center of  
 his forehead...

She begins to CACKLE, slowly at first but it quickly gains  
 momentum...

People nearby turn and stare.

Morris lowers his head and slinks outside fast.

EXT. CROWLEY'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Morris hurries through the crowded lot and unlocks his 2011  
 Cadillac Deville.

INT. MORRIS' CADILLAC - DAY

Morris yanks open the car door, jumps inside, glares at his forehead in the rearview mirror and, seeing no visible mark, breathes a deep sigh of relief.

He looks through the windshield and spies Lacy and Kora exiting the grocery store.

Morris watches them carry their grocery bags to Lacy's car and doesn't even notice Lyn, Sonia and Denise as they head in the opposite direction towards Lyn's ride.

EXT. KINGS ROAD - DAY

Lyn and Lacy's cars travel down the main road away from Kings Cross.

INT. LYN'S CAR - DAY

Lyn, behind the wheel, HUMS along with the SONG ON THE RADIO. Denise rides shotgun, checking emails on her cell. Sonia, lounging in the backseat, reads a message on Lyn's phone:

SONIA  
"Meet up at nine?"

LYN  
Make it 9:30.

Sonia texts back:

SONIA  
What about that cute copper?

LYN  
What about him?

SONIA  
I wouldn't mind a little  
testosterone on this trip.

LYN  
Tell Cole to invite him.

INT. LACY'S CAR - DAY

Lacy drives. Kora sits beside her and gazes out the side window at the passing natural beauty.

KORA

We are a world away from Ladera Heights. It's very... Tom Sawyer.

She looks over at Lacy who looks preoccupied.

KORA

You okay?

LACY

I'm a virgin.

KORA

Uh...

LACY

But I'm hoping to change that. Tonight.

KORA

You're throwing a lot at me here.

LACY

Is it that shocking?

KORA

No. Yes. A little, I guess. I mean, you're hot.

LACY

Thanks. But high school was... Lyn was always the "hot" one, you know. The "crazy" one. The "fun" one.

KORA

And you were...?

LACEY

More focused on my academics, plus debate team, school paper, class treasurer, all that shit, I was trying to get into a good college. I wasn't going to get a softball scholarship.

KORA

Do you masturbate?

LACEY

What? Yes. Yes. And I know what goes where, I've got the internet.

KORA

Do you have someone specific in mind, or are you just gonna hit "random"?

LACY

James.

KORA

James? James is cute?

LACY

Real fucking cute.

KORA

Alright then, James doesn't know it yet but tonight's his lucky night.

LACY

And mine, hopefully.

Kora LAUGHS as Lacy beams brightly. Neither of them notice the Cadillac Deville far back in the rearview mirror.

EXT. CASTLEROCK ROAD - DAY

The two Toyota Corollas fly by the State sign: "Lake Carmen," and turn right into the dense forest.

EXT. LAKE ROAD - DAY

The Toyota Corollas turn left towards the Lake, now visible through the thinning trees.

Morris' Cadillac drives slowly past, continuing down Castlerock Road.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

The Toyota Corollas pull-up to a two story colonial complete with covered porch and old tire swing hung from a nearby oak.

The girls climb out of the cars, take-in the gorgeous setting.

The house, surrounded by cut grass, sits roughly thirty yards from the lake.

Several houses dot the shoreline, interspersed between wide stretches of dense woodlands.

A small weathered boathouse and pier extend into the still, dark water now glittering with sunset gold.

KORA

Beautiful.

DENISE

Are there a lot of people around here?

LACY

It's pretty dead until June.

LYN

Tomorrow we'll give you the guided tour.

(to Lacy)

Maybe we should take them to Parson's Mouth.

KORA

What's that?

LACY

A cave near here.

KORA

A cave?

LYN

This whole area is honeycombed with subterranean passages. We used to go exploring in them when we were kids. At least I did, Lacy was too scared of C.H.U.D.s.

DENISE

What are C.H.U.D.s?

LACY

Cannibal Humanistic Underground Dwellers. I just didn't want to crawl around a bunch of stupid caves.

LYN

You also didn't want to swim in the Lake. She almost drowned once when she was ten.

LACY

You were the one who almost drowned me.

LYN

I also saved you. You always leave that part out.

SONIA

Reminisce inside, okay, we need to get ready.

The girls grab their bags and groceries out of the cars and haul them to the Lake House.

EXT. LAKE ROAD - DAY

Morris' Cadillac quietly rolls past the Lake House headed back towards Kings Road.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Lyn and Lacy walk up the porch:

LACY

Who's coming tonight?

LYN

Wes, Eddie, Lon and uh... James Donovan.

LACY

Cool. Where we going?

Lyn unlocks and opens the front door:

LYN

Jester's

INT. THE DANCING JESTER - NIGHT

A local pub populated with a decent-sized crowd of regulars drinking and munching on bar food. ROCK MUSIC plays on the jukebox in the corner. The CRACK of pool balls sounds from the back.

The girls walk in done-up and ready to play. They spy Wesley and two other guys seated at a table...

EDDIE, 23, an easy-going-guy with a scruffy beard and numerous tattoos, and...

COLE WALTERS, 23, a handsome young man with a warm smile and kind eyes, stands as the girls approach:

COLE  
Hey.

LYN  
Hey.

They hug.

COLE  
What's up, Lace.

LACY  
Hey, Cole. James here?

COLE  
He couldn't make it.

WESLEY  
Have a seat, ladies. Let's get comfortable.

Wesley and Eddie push the two tables together and collect some more chairs for the girls.

Everyone quickly sits and the introductions begin as a WAITRESS, mid 30s, walks over.

WAITRESS  
How you all doing? What can I get ya?

KORA  
I'll have a Cosmo.

WAITRESS  
I'm going to need to see your I.D.s.

Kora happily hands over her driver's license. Lacy WHISPERS in Kora's ear:

LACY  
Nice I.D., McLovin.

KORA  
(whispers)  
I could've hooked you up, but you didn't want to get in trouble.

INT. THE DANCING JESTER - NIGHT

Everyone's chatting and LAUGHING when the drinks arrive and they raise their glasses.



SONIA  
Here's to a memorable night!

Everyone CLINKS and drinks.

INT. THE DANCING JESTER - NIGHT

The girls and guys drink, talk and LAUGH over the pub's NOISY  
DIN:

WESLEY  
...And after Lyn beats the crap  
outta Carl, his older brother--

EDDIE  
Curtis.

WESLEY  
"Big" Curtis steps to her at the  
Dairy Queen and she kicks his ass.

EDDIE  
Gave him a bloody nose, it was  
awesome.

COLE  
And the legend was born.

SONIA  
That's why you call you Slugger?

LYN  
Nobody messes with my little sis.

LACY  
Boys wouldn't even look at me after  
that. You know how hard it was to  
get a date for prom?

WESLEY  
They were afraid of facing the  
Slugger's wrath.

DENISE  
To the Slugger!

Everyone CLINKS and drinks. Deputy Sheriff Lon Garret  
strides over.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
There's a lot of drinking going on  
here, I hope someone's a designated  
driver.

LACY  
That would be me, Lon.

Lacy gets up and hugs Deputy Garret.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
The kid sister I never had.

LACY  
You say that every time.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Only 'cause I love ya.

Lyn hugs him.

LYN  
How you doing, Lonny?

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Just trying to keep the peace,  
which isn't easy with these  
reprobates running around.

He motions to Cole and the other guys.

WESLEY  
Us? You were the one always  
getting into trouble.

EDDIE  
He got kicked off the football team  
for fighting. Twice.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
I'm much more mature now.

WESLEY  
Yeah, you wreak of maturity.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
(whispers)  
It's medicinal, asshole.

COLE  
Grab a chair.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Still on duty. I just dropped by  
to say, hi.

Sonia smiles seductively:

SONIA

Hi.

DEPUTY LON GARRET

I guess I can stick around for a minute.

INT. THE DANCING JESTER - NIGHT

Kora and Wesley play darts. Lacy and Eddie shoot pool (Stripes & Solids) against Sonia and Denise.

Lyn and Cole, alone at the table, play catch-up:

LYN

I saw your grandmother at Crowley's.

COLE

How'd that go?

LYN

How do you think?

COLE

Don't take it personally.

LYN

I don't. She hates everybody. Is she still living in the cabin?

COLE

I'm trying to get her to move into town but she won't budge.

LYN

Everybody was so scared of that place.

COLE

Everybody still is. You gonna take that coaching job?

LYN

I don't know. I always planned on coaching but someday, you know, like after the Olympics.

COLE

I know how you always wanted that gold medal. You could go pro. You'd be a big draw, Lyn "The Babe" Rollins?

LYN  
I hate that.

COLE  
You prefer Slugger?

LYN  
Totally.

COLE  
I've seen the way fans react to  
you, Lyn. You've got star power.  
And you know it.

LYN  
You want me to sign your tits?

COLE  
You can do anything you set your  
mind to. You always have.

Lyn signals the Bartender. Two more shots of Jack. They  
CLINK glasses and drink.

LYN  
Remember Fourth of July?

COLE  
You mean "the" Fourth of July?  
I'll never forget it.

LYN  
Neither will anyone else.

Lyn signals the Bartender again:

LYN  
You should have told me you were a  
screamer.

COLE  
I got a cramp. What about you?

The Bartender pours two more shots of Jack and they drink.

LYN  
I couldn't help myself, Cole, you  
just made me cum so hard.

The Bartender smiles at Cole and walks away.

LYN  
(laughs)  
That's what you want to hear.

COLE  
Is it true?

LYN  
It was a lot better than the first  
time.

COLE  
It had to be, right?

LYN  
That was a really good summer.

COLE  
That was the best summer.

LYN  
Yeah, that's what I meant.

EXT. THE DANCING JESTER - NIGHT

The girls and guys exit the pub on a high. Eddie and Wesley hug the girls goodbye, shuffle to Eddie's shiny new Mustang.

WESLEY  
We'll see you ladies manana!

COLE  
(to Eddie)  
You okay to drive?

EDDIE  
I'm good.

LYN  
(to Lacy)  
We'll be back around ten. Be  
careful on the road.

LACY  
I'm not the one who's been  
drinking.

KORA  
Make sure that dude James shows up  
tomorrow.

COLE  
He'll be there.

KORA  
He better be.

LACEY  
Would you stop.

Lyn and Cole head towards his old Ford pickup truck.

DENISE  
You guys have fun.

SONIA  
Preferably multiple times!

INT. COLE'S OLD FORD PICKUP - NIGHT

Lyn and Cole get into the truck. Lyn watches her sister and friends pile into the Toyota Corolla...

COLE  
Everything good?

LYN  
Yeah, great.

Cole STARTS the engine.

INT. MORRIS' CAR - NIGHT

Morris, stationed in the shadows across the street, watches Cole's Old Ford Pickup and Eddie's Mustang make a right out of the parking lot and Lacy's Corolla make a left.

INT. LACY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lacy drives along darkened Kings Road with Kora beside her. Sonia and Denise sit in back. MUSIC BLARES on the car stereo.

Sonia receives a text on her phone:

SONIA  
Lon's coming by later.

DENISE  
Don't play so hard to get.

SONIA  
Why would I play hard to get?

A NEW SONG comes on the radio.

KORA  
I love this song.

Kora SINGS along. Lacy joins in, then Sonia and Denise.

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cole's truck pulls up the driveway of a modest well-kept house. Cole and Lyn climb out, walk to the front door, eyeing each other, smiling.

He unlocks the front door...

INT. COLE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lyn and Cole enter the darkened house. He turns on the light:

COLE  
Want something to--

Lyn drops her jacket on the floor, grabs Cole and kisses him. He quickly catches up and they're in full make-out mode.

She unbuckles his pants and drops to her knees, yanking down his jeans with amazing efficiency...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sonia, Denise and Kora burst into the house, LAUGHING, followed by Lacy.

DENISE  
Who wants a margarita?

KORA  
I do!

Sonia TURNS ON the stereo, TURNS UP the volume, moves to the MUSIC. Kora and Denise playfully bump and grind.

LACY  
I think I'm gonna take a bath.

SONIA  
What?

LACY  
(shouts)  
I'm going to take a bath!

DENISE

Is that all you're going to do?

KORA

She's gonna get clean and dirty at  
the same time.

The girls LAUGH as Lacy heads upstairs.

EXT. LAKE ROAD - NIGHT

The Cadillac slowly pulls off the road roughly fifty yards  
from the Lake House and stops.

Headlights go dark. Engine SHUTS OFF. Trunk POPS open.

Morris steps out of car, gazes at the house, his view  
obscured by the trees.

MUSIC FAINTLY AUDIBLE.

A second story window LIGHTS UP.

Morris walks to the trunk, opens it, moves aside a fishing  
rod, tackle box, opens his suitcase.

He strips naked, neatly folds his clothes, places them in the  
bag.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Sonia walks downstairs, holds up joint.

SONIA

I'm gonna smoke. Anyone want to  
join?

Denise shakes her head, SWITCHES ON THE BLENDER.

KORA

That stuff makes me paranoid.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sonia steps onto the front porch, sparks the joint, looks  
left...

A Black Cat with yellow eyes sits on the porch staring at her  
the way cats do.



SONIA

Hey, you.

The Cat just stares. Sonia smiles, leans forward, pats her thigh:

SONIA

Come here you little cutie. Come on.

The Cat stands up, hops off the porch and disappears into the dark.

SONIA

I didn't want to pet you anyway.

EXT. LAKE ROAD - NIGHT

Morris pulls on a jockstrap with a protective cup, a pair of black bikers shorts that end just above the knee, black ankle socks, black tennis shoes and black gloves.

He uses a screwdriver to remove the panel inside the trunk, pulls out a box of garbage bags, nylon rope, duct tape,

The pig mask sealed in plastic and...

The black steel briefcase.

Morris takes out the mask, sets it on top of his head, grabs the briefcase, enters the three digit combination, POPS the locks, opens it...

INT. MASON'S HOUSE, BASEMENT (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Morris falls back on the floor writhing in agony, tears streaming down his face.

He SCREAMS through clenched teeth as the Hell Brand SEARS into him...

The flaming pentagram instantly dies out.

Lights TURN ON.

Morris, drenched in sweat and urine, breathes heavily, sits up, feels his forehead...

The mark is gone.

He stares straight ahead, eyes wide with amazement...

The pentagram is gone.

The Baby is gone.

And in its place...

THE KNIFE: A menacing blade of crude black metal, formed like a right triangle, three inches wide at the base and twelve inches long, its handle half a foot of carved human femur bone.

EXT. LAKE ROAD - NIGHT

Morris grips The Knife, closes the trunk, pulls the mask over his face and gets into character...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sonia smokes her joint as she walks down the porch steps, past the tire swing towards the Lake...

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Sonia's footsteps CREAK on weathered wooden boards as she moves past the old boathouse, stops at the pier's edge.

The air is filled with CHIRPING CRICKETS, SINGING BIRDS, CROAKING FROGS and MUFFLED MUSIC from the Lake House.

Sonia glances up at the full moon and back down at its reflection in the placid black water.

She takes out her cell, sends a text:

"Hurry up."

Seconds later:

"Hurrying."

She takes another drag.

Wood CREAKS softly behind her.

She turns around, stares at the shadow strewn landscape.

SONIA  
(to herself)  
Shit makes me paranoid.

She flicks the joint into the Lake, walks back along the CREAKY boards, her eyes fixed on the boathouse.

Sonia peers around the corner...

No one there.

She relaxes, strides towards the main house, brakes ten feet from the tire swing...

It sways ever so slightly.

She looks around, glances up at the tree...

The leaves are perfectly still with no breeze to move them.

Morris steps out of the shadows, sneaks up behind her, clamps his hand over her mouth and...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Kora, eyes on her cell phone, sips her Margarita as she moves past the large bay window, failing to notice that right outside...

Morris SLITS Sonia's throat, nearly decapitating her. BLOOD SPEWS, her body crumples to the ground.

He stalks towards the house...

Denise rifles through the kitchen cabinets.

DENISE  
Where the hell is it?

KORA  
What are you looking for?

A KNOCK at the door.

KORA  
Why is she knocking?

Denise holds up a box of salt:

DENISE  
Ha! Found it.

Kora opens the door...

Morris drives The Knife into Kora's forehead; the blade PUNCHES through the back of her skull.

Kora's cell phone BOUNCES off the floorboards.

Margarita glass SHATTERS.

Denise looks up, sees...

Morris WRENCHES The Knife from Kora's cranium, shoves her aside and charges at Denise.

Denise's eyes go wide, PANTS panicked breaths:

DENISE  
(screams)  
Lacy! Lacy! Lacy!

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lacy lies contentedly in the tub, filled to the brim with bubble bath, earbuds in her ears.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Denise glances at the back door.

Morris closes in...

Denise snatches a serrated steak knife off the counter, wields it wildly in front of her.

DENISE  
(shouts)  
Stay the fuck away from me!

Morris jabs at her.

Denise slashes quickly, slicing his arm.

Morris steps back, examines the superficial cut.

DENISE  
(shouts)  
I said stay the fuck away!

Morris grabs the blender off the counter and HURLS it at her head. Denise blocks the projectile with her arms.

He dashes in and drives The Knife deep into her stomach, lifting her into the air and letting the blood run down his arm.

The bloody steak knife HITS the floor.

Morris drops Denise's dead body, grabs a dish towel and ties it around his wounded arm.

He walks past a wall of framed family photographs and heads upstairs...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lacy scrolls through her phone, selects a new song, closes her eyes.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morris reaches the second floor, looks down the hallway, sees...

LIGHT, under the bathroom door.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lacy's hand slips into the water.

The door knob slowly turns.

She arches her back.

The Door opens.

Lacy opens her eyes...

Morris stands over her, splattered in blood.

The Knife, gripped in his hand.

Lacy GASPS.

Morris grabs her by the hair, hauls her naked and SCREAMING out the tub.

Lacy's cell phone PLOPS into the water.

Morris tries to put her in a sleeper-hold but her body, slick with bubble bath, is hard to grasp.

Lacy flails wildly, strikes Morris in the groin with her hand, hurting him despite the protective cup.

She pushes away from him.

He reaches for her long wet hair.

Lacy RIPS free from his grasp.

Strands of hair, clenched in Morris' fist.

She races out of the bathroom, down the hall...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Lacy hops down the stairs, sees...

Kora's dead body, laid out in front of the open door.

Lacy SHRIEKS, looks back...

Morris labors hurriedly down the stairs.

Lacy snatches Kora's cell phone, leaps over her dead friend and dashes out the door...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lacy, naked and wet, clutches Kora's cell phone as she jumps down the front steps and flees into the dark woods.

Morris exits the house, sees Lacy disappear into the forest, gives chase...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lacy runs, stumbles through the shadowy woods in her bare feet.

Morris runs after her, the mask hampering his breathing, obscuring his vision.

Lacy TRIPS, falls hard face first, losing the cell phone. She searches frantically for it on hands and knees... Stops. Listens...

Morris approaches.

Lacy finds the cell phone, curls up behind a tree, texts hurriedly, dials a number, hits...

"Send."

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lyn straddles Cole and grinds their brains out.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyn's phone VIBRATES in her jacket pocket as she MOANS away in the next room.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lacy plants the cell phone face down in the dirt, struggles to remain quiet.

Morris Stops a few yards away, scans the forest.

Lacy SHIVERS from cold and fright.

Leaves CRUNCH behind her.

She freezes.

Morris draws closer, step by step...

Lacy holds her breath.

A hand reaches around the tree, grabs Lacy's arm.

She SCREAMS, struggles to break free.

Morris holds on tight and puts her in a sleeper-hold.

Lacy quickly loses consciousness.

Morris slings her limp body over his shoulder and carries her back to the Lake House...

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lyn and Cole lie intertwined under the covers. She reaches over to the night stand, grabs a glass of water.

She takes a sip and notes the cute Happywood cartoon cat painted on the glass.

LYN

Want some?

He takes a gulp, puts the glass back on the night stand and hugs her playfully:

COLE

You seeing anyone?

LYN

Now you ask me?

COLE  
What about that dude from the  
Dodgers?

LYN  
What about him?

COLE  
What about that other dude from  
that show?

LYN  
We were photographed together at a  
charity event, that was it. Don't  
believe everything you read on the  
Web. You know who else was there?  
(beat)  
Jamie Lee Curtis.

COLE  
Jamie Lee Curtis from *Halloween*,  
that Jamie Lee Curtis.

LYN  
I got a selfie.

Lyn hops out of bed naked and steps into the next room.

COLE  
What was she like, was she cool?

LYN (O.S.)  
She was totally...

She walks back in staring at a text she received:

"Help."

LYN  
Someone sent me a text, but I don't  
recognize the number.

She shows Cole the message.

COLE  
Call 'em back.

Lyn dials the number and waits...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Kora's cell phone RINGS on the ground where Lacy left it.



KORA'S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)  
This is Kora, please leave a  
message.

BEEP.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lyn hangs up, turns to Cole:

LYN  
It's Kora's phone. She's not  
answering.

Lyn speed dials another number...

RECORDER MESSAGE (V.O.)  
Your call has been forwarded to an  
automatic message system.

LYN  
(to Cole)  
Lacy's phone goes right to voice  
mail.

She hangs up and speed dials another number.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sonia's cell phone RING TONES beside her pale corpse.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Denise's cell phone VIBRATES on the counter above her dead  
body sprawled on the blood-puddled floor.

INT. COLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lyn hangs up the phone.

LYN  
No one's answering.

COLE  
You think it's a joke?

EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyn and Cole quickly exit the house and hop into the truck.

INT. COLE'S OLD FORD PICKUP - NIGHT

Cole places a Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum pistol with a four inch barrel into the glove box, along with a box of ammo.

He reads the look on Lyn's face:

COLE  
Just in case.

He STARTS the engine, backs out of the driveway.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lacy opens her eyes as her head clears and finds her wrists and ankles bound together with duct tape, her arms and legs stretched tight and secured to the ends of the bed with rope.

Morris stands motionless at the foot of the bed, staring down at her naked figure.

Lacy looks up at him, fighting back the panic flooding her mind.

Morris turns, moves across the room, picks The Knife off the top of the bureau, walks back to the bed.

LACY  
Please don't hurt me.

EXT. KINGS ROAD - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS, cut through dense country dark. Cole's old Ford pickup pushes 90 MPH down the empty stretch of road.

INT. COLE'S OLD FORD PICKUP - NIGHT

Lyn, eyes aimed straight ahead, fidgets in the passenger seat:

LYN  
Go faster.

COLE  
It's probably nothing.

LYN  
Please go faster.

Cole steps on the gas.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morris climbs onto the bed, straddles Lacy, The Knife in his hand.

LACY  
Why are you doing this?

He touches her blonde hair.

LACY  
Do I know you? Please just talk to  
me. Tell me why you want to hurt  
me. Say something. Anything.  
Just tell me your name!

Morris leans down until their faces almost touch...

MORRIS  
My name is MUK.

He leans back, raises his arm and slowly sinks the knife in Lacy's chest.

She SCREAMS.

Morris BREATHES HARDER AND FASTER with each motion of The Knife until...

He gently PULLS THE HEART from her chest and...

Climaxes.

Morris raises the mask, climbs off the bed and sets the heart on the night stand.

He wipes his hands on a towel, grabs the roll of duct tape off the floor, drops them in the garbage bag.

Something catches his eye.

Morris moves to the window...

Headlights in the distance, approaching fast.

He lowers the mask.

INT. COLE'S OLD FORD PICKUP - NIGHT

Cole drives down the narrow dirt road leading to the Lake House.

Lyn spies Morris' Cadillac on the side of the road:

LYN  
You recognize that car?

COLE  
No.

Cole slows down as they draw closer to the Lake House. He stops next to the two Corollas parked out front.

The lights are still on in the house. MUSIC CONTINUES TO PLAY.

LYN  
What's that?

Lyn points to something up ahead:

LYN  
There's something on the ground.

Cole slowly advances the truck until the HEADLIGHTS REVEAL...

Sonia's body.

Lyn jumps out of the truck before Cole even stops.

Cole puts the vehicle in park, leaves the ENGINE RUNNING and HEADLIGHTS ON, hops out.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyn hurries to Sonia's side, GASPS and recoils at the sight of her nearly decapitated corpse. She turns and walks away in revulsion as Cole approaches:

COLE  
Oh fuck.

Lyn leans against the passenger side of the truck as if she's going to be sick. Cole puts his hand on her shoulder.

LYN  
Lacy.

Lyn suddenly turns towards the house. Cole grabs her arm:

COLE  
Call the Sheriff. I'll get my gun.

Lyn, with trembling hands, takes out her cell phone.

Cole turns and reaches for the glove box...

Morris leaps out from behind the oak tree and...

He plunges The Knife deep into Cole's chest and pushes the blade downward almost splitting him in two, UNLEASHING A HORRIFIC TORRENT OF BLOOD AND GUTS.

Cole's eviscerated corpse crumples to the ground.

Lyn SCREAMS.

Morris turns, sees Lyn for the first time and...

He freezes.

Lyn hurls her cell phone at Morris, striking him between the eyes.

Morris drops The Knife, stumbles backwards, struggling to keep his feet.

Lyn rushes forward and picks up The Knife...

IMAGES AND SOUNDS FLASH THROUGH LYN'S MIND:

The Dark Mountain,

Lacy SCREAMING,

The Gorick.

Lyn, stunned by the images and sounds, drops The Knife, hesitates, then races into the woods.

Morris grabs The Knife and pursues her...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lyn sprints through the shadow-strewn forest, widening the distance between her and...

Morris BREATHES HEAVILY, struggles to catch-up. He trips, hitting the ground hard.

Lyn disappears into the dark.

Morris pulls off the mask, grips his right ankle, wincing in pain.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lyn races headlong through the woods, pushes herself until her legs threaten to buckle, her lungs burst. She doesn't let up until she reaches a small clearing...

EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

A simple, weathered wood cabin with covered porch stands in the center of the clearing. A detached garage sags off to the side.

A thin spire of smoke rises from the stone chimney and firelight FLICKERS faintly through the darkened window.

Lyn rushes up to the front door, BANGS on it with her fist:

LYN

(shouts)

Miss Moorland? It's Lyn Rollins, something's happened to Cole. I need to use your phone! Please let me in! Miss Moorland!

VIVIEN MOORLAND (V.O.)

Door's open.

Lyn opens the door, rushes inside.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Lyn closes the door and finds the cabin completely dark but for the fire CRACKLING on the hearth.

Vivien Moorland sits facing the flames in a rocking chair, a shawl draped over her shoulders, puffing on a long stem wooden pipe and...

The Black Cat curled up upon her lap.

Lyn steps quickly to the fire, faces the old woman:

LYN

Miss Moorland, Cole was... he's...

VIVIEN MOORLAND

He's dead. So's your sister and your friends. All dead.

LYN

How do you know that?

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Judah told me.

LYN  
Who's Judah?

Lyn looks down at JUDAH the cat, staring up at her the way cats do.

LYN  
The cat? Miss Moorland, I need to use the phone. I, I need to call the Sheriff.

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Sheriff can't do a damn thing. Can't undo what's already been done. But maybe you can. Maybe.

LYN  
Where's the phone?

Lyn searches the darkened room:

LYN  
And where's the goddamn light switch? Can your cat tell me that?

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Their lives are lost. But their souls can still be saved.

LYN  
Christ, people always said you were fucking bat shit.

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
They say a lot more than that, don't they? Well, they're half right. People--

Vivien Moorland SPITS into the fire:

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Their souls are suffering the torments of Hell, right now, this very second, while you're looking for the light switch.

Lyn rushes towards Vivien Moorland...

LYN  
(shouts)  
Where's the fucking phone?

Judah GROWLS. Vivien Moorland CACKLES:

VIVIEN MOORLAND

That's the spirit, child. You're going to need that fire when you face him, so don't waste it on me. When you held the Knife in your hand, what did you see?

Lyn's taken aback again...

LYN

I saw my sister. She was in pain, and there were these things--

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Demons. That's what they are. Satan's little helpers.

LYN

That wasn't, that was just--

VIVIEN MOORLAND

You seen the truth yourself, and still you doubt.

Lyn studies Vivien Moorland puffing on her pipe, Judah the cat, the old broom leaning against the fireplace:

LYN

Bullshit. The Devil's not real. There's no hell. And if there was Lacy wouldn't be in it. They're just fucking stories in a book.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

(laughs)

Oh, Satan's real, little girl, as real as you and me. And he's got my grandson, the last family I had. The only one worth a damn anyway. We're wasting time.

Judah hops onto the floor as Vivien Moorland stands up and casts off her shawl as she moves towards a large cabinet.

The cat creeps up the wood pile stacked beside the fireplace and leaps onto the stone mantle.

Vivien Moorland opens the cabinet crammed with jars of herbs and powders and takes out a small silver dagger.

LYN

What are you doing?



VIVIEN MOORLAND  
I'm gonna make you a believer.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Morris limps out of the woods and over to Cole's Old Ford Pickup, which continues to IDLE.

He scans the ground, finds Lyn's cell phone, and hobbles to the house.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Lyn watches as Vivien Moorland hovers close to the fireplace MUTTERING into the flames:

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Spirit of fire, spirit of flame, I  
summon thee and call upon thy  
power.

She tosses a fist-full of blue powder into the fire. The flames grow larger and turn bright blue.

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Spirit of fire, spirit of flame, I  
summon thee and call upon thy  
power.

Judah paces restlessly atop the mantle, emitting a LOW GROWL as Vivien Moorland takes the small silver dagger, slices her thumb and drips blood into the fire. She looks to Lyn:

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
(whispers)  
There's power in blood. Blood is  
the bond and blood is the key.

LYN  
(whispers)  
Key to what?

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
(whispers)  
The other side.

The flames turn blood red.

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
Spirit of fire, spirit of flame, I  
summon thee and call upon thy  
power.

She reaches into her pocket and takes out a photograph of Cole at 18.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Reveal to me the fate of my flesh  
and blood.

Vivien Moorland drops the photo into the fire, and as the picture BURNS the living image of Cole appears in the flames, his face contorted in pain and terror.

LYN

Cole...?

Lyn stares incredulously at Cole's firey image as his faint CRIES grow increasingly louder until they ECHO throughout the room. She covers her ears and turns away from the flames:

LYN

I've seen enough.  
(beat)  
I've seen enough.  
(shouts)  
Stop it!

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Spirit of fire, spirit of flame, be  
gone!

Vivien Moorland waves her hand and the flames FLASH OUT, plunging the cabin into complete darkness.

She STRIKES a match and lights a candle, sets it on a table in the center of the room.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Now you believe?

LYN

I... Yes.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

You must act quickly. Every moment  
you delay they suffer.

LYN

What do I have to do?

VIVIEN MOORLAND

You have to take that Knife, his  
Knife, and plunge it deep into his  
heart. Only then will the souls of  
his victims be set free from Hell's  
fires.

LYN

The Knife... What is it?

VIVIEN MOORLAND

It's an unnatural thing, an evil thing that doesn't belong on this earth. A conduit between this world and the one below. But the instrument of their damnation is the means of their salvation.

LYN

How am I supposed to get it away from him?

VIVIEN MOORLAND

I don't know, but I know it's the only way to save the ones we love. You think you're up for it?

LYN

I don't have a choice.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Listen to me now and listen sharp. If he dies any other way, their only hope dies with him. You understand? They'll be damned to suffer the torments of Hell until the End of Days. I wish I could help you in this fight but I'm trapped in this old woman's body. It's up to you, girl, and you alone.

EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Lyn exits the cabin holding a short plastic flashlight and turns it on. The light beam flickers then dies out. She shakes it and the light flickers back on.

Vivien Moorland appears in the open doorway, leaning on a thin cane of polished black wood.

LYN

You don't have anymore batteries?

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Afraid not.

Lyn steps off the porch, stops, turns back:

LYN

If the Devil is real then so is  
God.

(beat)

Why would God let this happen?

VIVIEN MOORLAND

You got me. Satan's easy enough to  
figure, we all know what he wants,  
but God...

Vivien Moorland glances up at the sky, reaches into her  
pocket, takes out a small leather pouch, tosses it to Lyn.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

This might help you.

Lyn examines it...

LYN

Is this some kind of magic?

Vivien Moorland CACKLES:

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Chilli powder.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

The front door's closed, the blinds drawn and the music  
TURNED OFF.

Morris, the mask atop his head, hobbles down the stairs with  
the garbage bag, his sore ankle wrapped in duct tape.

He finishes wiping the blood off his body and stuffs the red  
stained towel into the garbage bag.

He hurries towards the Kitchenette and stops suddenly at the  
wall of framed family photographs.

He scans the numerous pictures of Lyn and Lacy with their  
Parents and Grandparents and zeros in on...

A photo of Lyn, smiling into the camera, taken a year ago.

Morris hears the ENGINE OF A VEHICLE approaching and goes to  
the front window...

Headlights SHINE against the blinds.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Deputy Garret, wearing jeans, T-shirt and light jacket, hops out of his shiny new Dodge truck, strides up to the front door and...

The door's locked. He KNOCKS and waits. KNOCKS again.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
(shouts)  
Sheriff's Department, open up!

He tries peering through the blinds, TAPS on the window.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
(shouts)  
Hey, Sonia, it's Lonny boy. Lacy.  
Cole. Anybody home?

He looks over the moonlit scene: the Lake House, the two Toyota Corollas, Garret's Old Ford Pickup (its engine and headlights now turned off).

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
(shouts)  
You guys gonna let me in? Come on,  
I know you're in there!

The only sounds audible are CHIRPING CRICKETS, SINGING BIRDS and CROAKING FROGS.

Deputy Garret takes out his cell phone and dials a number...

Sonia's cell phone RINGS on the ground a dozen yards away.

He follows the sound to where Sonia's body had been and picks up the phone, looks down at the grass and sees...

A large pool of blood shining black in the moonlight.

He kneels down, touches the dark substance with his finger, reaches in his jacket and draws a 9mm handgun.

Deputy Garret turns and walks back towards the Lake House, steps onto the front porch and KICKS OPEN the front door...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Deputy Garret enters the house, gun ready, sees blood on the floor and Kora's body heaped in front of the closet door.

He walks across the room, past the wall of framed family photos and the empty space where Lyn's picture had been.

He steps into the kitchenette and looks down at Denise's pale corpse...

The bloody steak knife lies by her side.

He heads for the stairs...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Deputy Garret reaches the top of the stairs, notices the light on in the Bathroom, peers inside, moves on...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deputy Garret opens the door, TURNS ON the lights, sees Lacy's body still tied to the bed...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Deputy Garret, looking pale and sick, rushes out of the house, leans forward and PUKES.

Morris, his mask pulled down, looks around the corner of the house and spies Deputy Garret with his back to him.

Deputy Garret finishes throwing up, spits and stands upright, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Morris creeps up on the Deputy with The Knife in his hand...

Deputy Garret quickly spins around, aiming the 9mm at Morris' face:

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Don't you fucking move another  
inch!

Morris freezes a few feet from the Deputy.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Drop the knife.

Morris hesitates.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
(shouts)  
Drop it!

Morris carefully sets The Knife on the ground.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Back away.

Morris takes a step back.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Take off the mask.

Morris hesitates.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Now! You fuck!

Morris raises the mask.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Where are the others?

Morris again hesitates. Deputy Garret charges forward and levels the barrel an inch from Morris' face.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Answer me.

Morris points to the lake.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Get on your knees.

Morris slowly drops to his knees. Deputy Garret PISTOL-WHIPS him in the temple. Morris falls over on his side.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
I ought to fuckin' waste you right now.

Deputy Garret presses the barrel to Morris' forehead.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
I ought to...

LYN (O.S.)  
(shouts)  
Lon!

Lyn emerges from the dark woods.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Lyn!

Deputy Garret backs away from Morris, keeping his gun trained on him.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
Thank Christ. Where are the  
others?

LYN  
Dead.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
What?

LYN  
Is the Sheriff coming? Lon, is the  
Sheriff coming?

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
I haven't called it in yet.

LYN  
Lon, you gotta listen to me. You  
can't arrest him. You can't.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
I'm not going to arrest him.

Deputy Garret stalks back towards Morris, aims his gun...

LYN  
No!

Lyn goes for Garret's gun. They struggle.

DEPUTY LON GARRET  
What are you doing?!

The gun FIRES. BANG! A bullet strikes the ground in front  
of Morris.

Deputy Garret knocks Lyn hard to the ground, turns to...

Morris charges the Deputy and drives the Knife up through  
Garret's chin and into his brain.

LYN  
(screams)  
Lon!

Morris RIPS The Knife out of Deputy Garret's head, puts on  
the mask and turns towards Lyn...

Judah the cat leaps out of the shadows and onto Morris' back,  
digging its claws into his flesh.

Morris HOWLS in pain as he whirls about desperately trying to  
pull off the angry animal.



Lyn scrambles to her feet, glances at Deputy Garret's corpse.

Morris grabs Judah by the neck, WRENCHES him off and throws him aside.

Lyn dashes into the woods, in the opposite direction of Vivien Moorland's cabin.

Morris goes after her...

EXT. WOODS, FOOTPATH - NIGHT

Lyn pulls out the flashlight from her jacket as she runs along a narrow foot path.

Morris, struggling on his bad ankle, eyes the FLICKERING illumination up ahead.

Lyn reaches a fork in the path and stops, thinks... then chooses the one leading up to the foothills...

EXT. PARSON'S MOUTH - NIGHT

Lyn reaches the hillside and shines the light on...

A cave entrance, roughly five feet high and just as wide, gapes open like a screaming man's maw.

She hears Morris approaching and enters the cave...

INT. PARSON'S MOUTH - NIGHT

Lyn steps into a large open space, high-ceilinged, the walls slathered in decades of graffiti.

She moves deeper into the cave, directing the light at the craggy floor strewn with broken beer bottles, rusty soda cans, cigarette butts and a couple of used condoms.

Lyn stops at a small boulder near the center of the cavern, covered with wax from countless melted candles, and searches the ground around it.

The flashlight suddenly dies out, plunging everything into complete darkness:

LYN (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
Shit!

Lyn SHAKES the flashlight. The light comes on then fades out again. She SHAKES it and frantically scours the ground until the light dies.

LYN (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
Goddammit!

Lyn SHAKES it and the light falls on a book of matches before fading out...

She STRIKES a match, lights two candle stubs among the half dozen cluttered on top of the boulder, and takes one.

Lyn pockets a few more candle stubs, leaves the flashlight behind and walks towards an opening in the far wall.

EXT. PARSON'S MOUTH - NIGHT

Morris stands staring at the cave entrance, takes a deep breath, enters...

INT. PARSON'S MOUTH - NIGHT

Morris steps into the cave, sees the lit candle stub, lifts up his mask.

He walks over to the wax-covered rock, finds the flashlight, picks it up, SHAKES it. The light comes on.

Morris walks across the cavern and ducks into the wall opening.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Morris enters another chamber with a high vaulted ceiling above and below...

He looks down at a ten foot wide circular pit that plunges into utter darkness.

A short length of rope, suspended from the high ceiling, hangs directly over the pit, but was cut long ago.

Morris shines the flashlight, which begins to FLICKER, into the chasm, revealing...

A drop of about 20 feet.

On the other side of the pit a candle stub meekly burns.

Morris spies a walkway, a foot wide, along the left side of the pit.

He winces in pain as he presses his back against the wall and shuffles along it, until he's half-way there...

The flashlight goes out, plunging everything into complete darkness.

MORRIS (V.O.)

Shit!

Morris SHAKES the flashlight and the light turns back on. He quickly makes it to the other side.

He walks past the flickering candle stub and looks upon...

Two narrow tunnels open before him. Morris stands there unsure of which passage to choose:

MORRIS

(shouts)

Is this where your plan ends? Your friend was going to kill me, but you stopped him. Why?

He looks at the Knife in his hand:

MORRIS

(shouts)

You are special. You're the one I've been searching for all these years. I thought I had found her, but then I saw you, standing there in the moonlight, the way you looked, and I knew right then I knew you were it. And you know it too. That's why you stopped your friend. And because of you he suffers in Hell. Just like your sister!

LYN (V.O.)

(shouts)

Fuck you!

Morris smiles and enters the tunnel on his right...

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Morris steps slowly into the roughly five foot wide passage, the flickering flashlight lighting his way.

MORRIS

There were others. Lots of them.  
And they all meant something.

Morris sees a light up ahead...

Lyn, her back pressed against the ceiling, struggles to maintain her hold with her arms and legs as Morris draws closer.

MORRIS

But you're the One. This is Fate.  
This was meant to be. Everything's  
that's happened has brought us  
here. We're meant to be.  
Together. Forever. In Hell!

Morris stops and focuses on a lit candle stub on the ground a few feet ahead...

MORRIS

You know it's true. All you have  
to do is look into your heart.  
Just look deep into your pretty  
little heart...

(beat)

And if you don't see it, I'll cut  
it out of your fucking chest and  
show it to you!

Lyn drops down behind him.

Morris quickly wheels around.

Lyn tosses the chili powder in his face.

Morris, blinded by the powder, COUGHS and GAGS.

Lyn pummels him as she fights for The Knife.

Morris drops the flashlight. Light flickers.

They struggle and turn about in the dim passageway.

Morris, enraged, uses his powerful legs and drives Lyn  
blindly backwards through the tunnel...

Lyn stumbles and falls to the ground.

Morris trips over her and...

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Morris hits the ground hard -- drops The Knife -- tumbles towards the gaping pit...

Lyn scrambles and dives, grabbing hold of Morris' leg but momentum drags her to the edge...

They both fall in, SCREAMING.

Lyn and Morris CRASH onto the dirt floor below, her on top of him. Something SNAPS. Morris SCREAMS in agony.

She rolls off him, breathless and bloody, gathers her strength, staggers to her feet and starts climbing.

Morris clutches his broken bloody leg where the splintered white bone juts out:

MORRIS

(shouts)

Come back here you fucking cunt!  
They're all waiting for you down  
there, you bitch! All your friends  
are waiting for you! And when I  
cut your heart out you'll join  
them!

Lyn pulls herself out of the pit and sees The Knife a few feet away from the edge.

MORRIS (O.S.)

(shouts)

Your sister's getting fucked in the  
ass right now!

Lyn reaches out for The Knife, but hesitates to touch it.

MORRIS SCREAMS IN AGONY, THEN...

SILENCE.

LYN

Oh God!

Lyn looks over the edge and stares down into the dark pit.

LYN

Hey! Hey!

MORRIS SCREAMS. THE SCREAMS TURN TO GRUNTS. THE GRUNTS TURN TO SQUEALS. SOMETHING CLIMBS OUT OF THE PIT...

Lyn stares intently into the blackness, straining to see...

A clawed hand reaches for her out of the dark.

Lyn falls back on her ass.

THE GORICK RISES OUT OF THE PIT, HELL BRAND BURNING IN THE CENTER OF ITS FOREHEAD.

It grabs The Knife.

Lyn scrambles to her feet, flees across the walkway towards the opening...

INT. PARSON'S MOUTH - NIGHT

Lyn rushes through the opening.

The Gorick's hand reaches out and grabs her jacket.

Lyn slips out of the jacket, runs across the chamber and escapes through the cave entrance...

EXT. PARSON'S MOUTH - NIGHT

Lyn emerges from the cave and runs down the footpath.

The Gorick exits seconds later, SNIFFS the air and follows her scent...

EXT. FOOTPATH - NIGHT

Lyn reaches the fork in the footpath and heads back towards the Lake House.

The Gorick, only seconds behind, barrels after her...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyn races across the front yard, bounds up the porch and pushes past the busted front door...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Lyn enters the house, looks around the room, moves to the closet, pulls Kora's corpse away from the door, opens it...

The Gorick BURSTS through the front door, tearing it off its hinges, sees...

Lyn stands in the middle of the room holding a baseball bat in both hands like a broadsword:

LYN  
(shouts)  
Come on!

The Gorick charges at her wielding The Knife.

Lyn, at the last second, drops to one knee and swings the bat into the Gorick's leg.

The Gorick flies headlong, CRASHES to the floor. Before it can even get up...

Lyn runs over and unleashes a barrage of bone crunching body-blows with the bat, venting her fury.

She loses her self-control and suddenly BREAKS THE BAT IN TWO over the Gorick's head.

The Gorick lays on the ground, motionless.

LYN  
Oh, shit!

Lyn takes a step towards it...

The Gorick leaps to its feet, SQUEALS.

Lyn turns and sprints out the front door:

LYN  
Oh shit!

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyn rockets out of the house over to Cole's truck, pulls open the driver's side door, jumps inside, closes and locks the door, reaches for the ignition...

No keys.

The Gorick runs over, SMASHES through the driver's window, reaching for...

Lyn slides over to the passenger side, yanks open the glove box, pulls out Cole's .357 Magnum.

The Gorick grabs the bottom of the door and turns the truck over on its side, then pushes it over again onto its roof.

Lyn SCREAMS as she's violently tossed around inside the truck's cab.

The Gorick's arm SMASHES through the cracked passenger side window, grasping for...

Lyn crawls through the driver's side window, cutting her bare arms on shards of broken glass.

The Gorick lumbers around the truck...

Lyn aims low and FIRES. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!  
CLICK.

The Gorick collapses to the ground, four bullet holes in its legs.

Black blood pours from the wounds, BUBBLES AND SMOKES when it touches the earth.

The Gorick slowly rises to its feet.

Lyn looks to the woods, then turns to...

The lake.

Lyn sprints for the pier.

The Gorick runs after her.

Lyn stumbles on the dock.

The Gorick reaches for her.

Lyn dives into the water.

The Gorick stops at the pier's edge, backing away in panic.

Lyn swims 30 yards out then stops, looks back...

The Gorick remains on the pier.

MORRIS

(shouts)

What's the matter? Can't swim?

It SQUEALS in rage and the abhorrent sound REVERBERATES over the lake.

Lyn covers her ears and sinks down below the water to drown out the sound.

A COCK CROWS in the distance.



The Gorick stops squealing, looks eastwards with trepidation towards the rising sun.

Lyn rises up GASPING for air...

The Gorick's gone.

Lyn swims to shore and sees...

Morris stands near his car, staring back at her.

He gets in and drives away.

Lyn trudges up to the cars and see the tires have been slashed.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Lyn enters the house and heads up the stairs.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Lyn enters the room wrapped in a big white towel, sees her dead sister on the bed...

She unties Lacy's arms and legs, draws a clean sheet over her body then kneels down at the foot of the bed and looks up...

LYN

I know I've never prayed before...  
but I really need your help. I  
don't think I can do this without  
you.

Lyn lowers her head and prays in silence as best she can.

LYN

(whispers)  
Amen.

She wipes her eyes, stands up, exits the room and closes the door behind her.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING AREA - DAY

Lyn walks downstairs, heads for the door. She hears SOMETHING MOVE in the Kitchenette.

She steps with caution, peers around the counter...

A RACCOON SNIFFS around Denise's corpse. Lyn YELLS and it bolts from the Kitchenette and out the house.

Lyn looks down at Denise, then walks over, bends down and picks something up...

INT. THE CABIN - DAY

Vivien Moorland opens the front door. Lyn stumbles in, shivering, hurries over to the fireplace, collapses on her knees in front of the CRACKLING fire.

She stares into the flames... HEARS LACY AND THE OTHERS SCREAM!

Vivien lays a blanket over Lyn's shoulders:

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Nothing there, child. Nothing but flame. It's all in your mind. Now you need to sleep.

LYN

Every time I close my eyes...

She hands Lyn a steaming mug:

VIVIEN MOORLAND

Drink this.

Judah the cat walks over and stares at Lyn the way cats do. Lyn drinks the delicious tea and stares back...

LYN

Thank you.

VIVIEN MOORLAND

A man like that knows how to cover his tracks. He won't be easy to find.

LYN

Will this help?

Lyn pulls a plastic bag from her back pocket. Inside, the bloody steak knife.

LYN

It's blood. I think it might be his. Blood is the key, right?

VIVIEN MOORLAND  
That's right, child.  
(laughs)  
That's goddamn right.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Morris and his Mom, now in her early 60s, stand amidst the multitude of headstones and lay a simple bouquet of flowers upon a simple grave.

SUPER: Skokie, Illinois.

MORRIS  
Why do you bring flowers?

MOM  
A sixer of Pabst would be more apropos, I suppose.

They walk off and wind their way through the quiet cemetery.

MORRIS  
I met someone.

MOM  
You mean--

MORRIS  
Someone special.

MOM  
Really? What's her name?

MORRIS  
Lyn, Lyn Rollins. Short for Linda.

MOM  
When did all this happen?

MORRIS  
I met her on the trip. We didn't get to spend much time together, but... She's the one.

MOM  
When are you going to see her again?

MORRIS  
Soon, probably.

MOM

Well, I hope she knows how special you are.

MORRIS

She knows.

MOM

Whatever happened to that girl who lived next door?

MORRIS

Donna? She got married, has three kids, lives in Madison.

MOM

I'm happy for you, Morris. I just don't want you to get your hopes up and be... disappointed.

MORRIS

I'm following my heart like you always said. Trust me, Ma.

Morris puts his arm lovingly around his mother's shoulders and smiles:

MORRIS

Everything's gonna work out just fine.

INT. THE VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Lyn sits behind the wheel of a 1990 GMC Vandura Cargo Van.

Vivien Moorland rides beside her, Judah curled-up on her lap.

EXT. KINGS ROAD - DAY

The Cargo Van speeds down the open stretch of road,

Rascal Scooter mounted on the back.

THE END.