

BUDDY LIST

By

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CLOSE UP ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

An instant message box is maximized to fit the entire screen.

XxJeff180xX: What are you doing this weekend?

SARAHBx17: Party at my dad's lake house... u?

XxJeff180xX: Ehh, nothing much.

XxJeff180xX: So... when are we gonna do it?

SARAHBx17: Which 'it'?

XxJeff180xX: You know. Meet up. You always avoid the question.

SARAHBx17: I'm not sure... I dunno if we should.

XxJeff180xX: ??? You just said the other day we could.

SARAHBx17: Yeah, well I dunno if I'm mature enough yet.

XxJeff180xX: Not mature enough?

SARAHBx17: Yep... that's what I said...

XxJeff180xX: Well... what's that mean?

SARAHBx17: It means I'm not mature enough to go around meeting guys who I've never even seen before.

There is a pause between the messages.

SARAHBx17: Look, I gotta go now.

XxJeff180xX: Pleeeeeeeeeeease?

SARAHBx17: I already told you

SARAHBx17: I don't think we should.

SARAHBx17: Bye now!

XxJeff180xX: I love you, baby.

Then an automated message reading 'SARAHBx17 has signed off' pops up.

"XxJeff180xX's" message gets larger and larger until the screen is confined to the limits of the last message.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sitting at the computer desk, staring back at the screen, is SARAH (17). She SIGHS warily, then pushes in the keyboard stand and stands.

There is a knock at the door. Sarah turns to the door, making her way over to the bed.

SARAH

Come in...

The door is pushed open and MOM (40) stands in the doorway, smiling.

MOM

Just wanted to make sure you were up, sweetheart.

SARAH

Yep... I'm up.

MOM

You OK?

SARAH

Huh? Oh. Yeah. I'm fine. Just a little tired is all.

MOM

How long have you been up?

SARAH

An hour. I got up to study for my final exam today.

MOM

Which tests do you have today?

SARAH

Biology and... Spanish.

MOM

You don't look like you're studying.

SARAH

Yeah... ain't gonna happen. Too tired.

MOM

Well, OK... your father and I are gonna head out.

SARAH
Head out... where?

MOM
To Michigan... remember? I told you
all about it last night.

Sarah is clueless.

SARAH
No you didn't.

MOM
I could've sworn I did. Well, we're
gonna miss our flight if we don't
get going. Don't like try to skip
school or something.

Sarah smirks.

SARAH
No worries, mom.

MOM
Hakuna Matata!

SARAH
Oh, god, mom.

MOM
Come on. Lion King? That's still
cool, isn't it?

SARAH
No, it's not, mom.

MOM
I guess I need to try harder to
stay current on my pop culture
references, huh?

Sarah emits an amused chuckle.

MOM (CONT'D)
Alright, well I'm heading out.

SARAH
Have a good time in Michigan for
your --

MOM
Business trip. It's strictly
business.

SARAH
Uh-huh. Sure.

MOM
Oh please. What are we gonna do in Michigan?

SARAH
Relax. I'm kidding. Well, have fun on your business trip.

MOM
I could give you a lift to school on the way if you want.

SARAH
No, you said you were gonna be late, and besides, I can walk with Chloe.

MOM
Alright, if you say so.

SARAH
See you.

MOM
Bye, sweetie.

Mom leans forward and wraps her arms around Sarah's shoulders. Sarah does the same, awkwardly.

SARAH
Love you.

MOM
Bye bye.

Mom turns and walks off down the hallway. Sarah watches her go for a moment, then turns back to face her room.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Sarah and CHLOE (17) walk down the quiet street together, backpacks over their shoulders.

CHLOE
Did you get the key?

SARAH
Uh-huh.

CHLOE

Are you sure? Because if you forgot it, people are gonna get mad at me.

SARAH

People? I thought it was just --

CHLOE

You, me, Jason and Rob? So did I. But it kinda expanded.

SARAH

Expanded?

Sarah groans.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Chloe, you didn't --

CHLOE

I didn't. Well, Rob told his friend Mark, and Mark's kind of a blabber mouth, so -- you get it.

SARAH

Yeah, I do.

CHLOE

You're not, like, mad are you?

SARAH

No, I guess not. I just... I don't even want to go now. It was supposed to just be us three!

CHLOE

I'm sorry. But you know what they say, don't you? Three's a crowd... somewhere between five and ten is a party!

SARAH

No one says that.

CHLOE

Well, someone's said it sometime in history. I'm sure of it.

SARAH

Whatever. What...ever.

CHLOE
Well, you have to go anyways
because it's your place.

SARAH
I know. We should just... call it
off.

CHLOE
No, no, no, you are going, and
you're gonna have fun.

SARAH
Whatever.

CHLOE
Please stop saying that. I promise
you, you will have fun.

SARAH
Whatever. If we get there and
there's anyone I've never met
before --

CHLOE
Oh please -- you know them all.

SARAH
Whatever!

CHLOE
Stop saying that.

Sarah and Chloe laugh as they continue to trot off down the
sidewalk together.

JASON (O.S.)
Wait up!

The two girls are soon greeted by JASON (17). He's the
typical 'rebel teen'. Headphones are covering his ears as
music blares.

He slides the headphones down onto his shoulders as he
reaches the two girls.

JASON
Wuddup, hoes?

SARAH
You sound ridiculous when you say
that.

CHLOE
You going tonight?

JASON
Probably not. It's not really my
thing.

SARAH
You have to! You can't just ditch
me like that.

JASON
Won't it just be you and Chloe and
Rob or whatever?

SARAH
Not anymore.

Jason sighs.

JASON
(Knowing)
Who'd Rob invite?

CHLOE
Who said it was Rob?!

JASON
Well, I know him, for one.

SARAH
Yeah. Who did he invite, Chloe?

CHLOE
It'll still just be a small
gathering, I'm sure.

JASON
Avoiding the subject, perhaps?

Chloe reaches up to twist some hair around her fingertips.
Nervous habit.

CHLOE
I...

SARAH
You don't even know, do you? God
dammit, Chloe!

CHLOE
We'll find out today. But uh,
Jason, I'm pretty sure Annie's
going.

Jason is suddenly intrigued.

JASON

Annie? Well, I'm suddenly feeling a growing interest in this. Maybe I'll go after all.

CHLOE

Yeah, I bet you're feeling a growing something.

Jason shoves Chloe, nearly causing her to lose her balance. She laughs loudly. Sarah reaches a hand up and rustles up Jason's hair.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah stands at her locker. She pulls out her cell phone and flips it open, just in time for a TEACHER (50) to walk by. She hides it and waits for the teacher to pass --

And then pulls her cell phone back out, flips it open, then closed again, then slides it into her pocket.

She slams her locker door closed to find MARK (17) standing right behind it. She jumps, startled.

MARK

Got the key?

SARAH

You're not even supposed to be going tonight.

MARK

I know, I'm aware. Now do you have the key?

SARAH

Yeah, I do. Not for you.

MARK

Gimmie it.

SARAH

No, it's in my backpack. I'll get it out when it's time.

MARK

Fine, fine. Going to the cafeteria, sweetums?

SARAH

Yeah, I am. Not with you.

MARK

You seem tense.

SARAH

Really? Maybe it's the lack of asking me before inviting people to my frigging dad's lake house. That usually gets me tense.

Sarah starts down the hall. Mark follows closely behind her, hurrying to her side.

MARK

You're not gonna call this thing off, are you?

SARAH

No. Why did you think I would be the kind of person to --

MARK

Look, I didn't mean to piss you off by doing this. I just wanted to make it more fun.

SARAH

It would be more fun if it was just Chloe, Rob and me like we planned.

MARK

Ouch. That was harsh, babe.

SARAH

Please don't call me that. I'm not your 'babe'.

MARK

Have you ever even had a 'babe'? If so, how did you manage to not piss him off long enough to keep him around?

Sarah turns to Mark.

SARAH

You're an asshole, you know? You and your stupid friends don't have to come tonight.

MARK

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

SARAH

Sure you didn't.

Mark and Sarah reach the cafeteria and start inside. They are soon greeted by Chloe and Jason.

CHLOE

I have an official list of people who are going this weekend.

SARAH

Well, hello to you too.

CHLOE

This is important.

SARAH

Fine... lay it on me.

JASON

That's the thing. We don't have to tell you. We can show you.

Jason gestures towards a table at the far end of the cafeteria. The POPULAR TABLE.

SARAH

Great. Good going, Marky-Mark. You've singlehandedly invited an entire table of jocks and assholes.

CHLOE

Oh, Sarah, Sarah, Sarah. These... they are the popular kids.

SARAH

Oh please. you hang out with these people.

CHLOE

Yes, I know.

Chloe smiles, proud.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

These people are not just jocks and sluts. A few of them actually have some depth.

SARAH

They're about as deep as a puddle
in the street. That's it. I'm not
going.

JASON

Give them a chance, Sar! We could
use this to climb the social food
chain of this school.

CHLOE

Yeah, what he said. Come on!

Chloe grabs Sarah by the strap of her backpack and pulls her
toward the table.

At the POPULAR TABLE, sitting around and chowing down on
their respective meals are ROB, ANNIE, and MEGAN, all
seventeen years of age.

They look up from their meals and conversations as Sarah,
Jason and Chloe approach. They don't seem to take notice of
Jason.

Chloe, Jason, Mark and Sarah all take a seat next to each
other.

MARK

Guys, you know Sarah and Chloe...
and this kid.

Jason glares at Mark out of the corner of his eye. He
doesn't say a word.

CHLOE

Guys, say something. You don't have
to be all shy or whatever it is
you're being.

MEGAN

(re: Jason)

Who's this dude? I like, haven't
seen him before.

ANNIE

I think his name's Johnny.

JASON

It's Jason, actually.

ANNIE

Jason. Right.

Sarah fidgets uncomfortably.

MEGAN

So Sarah, there's gonna be like
booze and stuff at this place,
right?

SARAH

Actually --

ANNIE

There's not gonna be any?

MARK

You're not calling it off, are you?
Are you?

SARAH

There's not gonna be any booze, and
I'm not calling it off.

MARK

That's OK. We can improvise.

ROB

What's the supposed to mean?

Mark's hands disappear from sight. Moments later, his hands
are raised to the tabletop, now containing A BOTTLE OF
TEQUILA.

He grins proudly as he holds it up to them. Sarah doesn't
say a word, but her features speak for her -- she's pissed.

ROB (CONT'D)

Dude, put that shit away. You're
gonna get us in trouble.

MARK

Since when do you care about
getting in trouble?

SARAH

Actually... I didn't think we
needed any alcohol.

MEGAN

Awww, Sarah... look at you. You're
such a good girl.

Jason and Sarah's eyes meet. Both are extremely
uncomfortable.

CHLOE

Sarah, do you wanna invite someone else?

SARAH

No. I thought it was just gonna be us to begin with...

CHLOE

Well either stop being so moody or just invite someone and get it over with.

SARAH

I'm not a hypocrite.

ANNIE

Come on. I've seen you eying that Trevor guy in our biology class. Ask him to go.

SARAH

I really don't think --

ANNIE

You have to take risks sometimes. What's life without risks?

MEGAN

Boring. That's what it is.

ANNIE

Uh-huh.

Annie nods her head to back up her point. Sarah still looks unsure.

SARAH

I bet he doesn't even know who I am.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

The bell rings, signifying the end of the class period. Most students stand and hurry for the door. Sarah and Annie glance at each other.

Sarah turns her attention to TREVOR (17) who sits a few rows in front of her.

She hurries to pack up her stuff, and makes her way to the door before he can leave. Annie does the same. The classroom is mostly cleared by this time.

Sarah and Annie turn to each other, distracting Sarah's attention, causing her to collide with Trevor. She drops her books to the floor.

SARAH
Shit! Uh --

TREVOR
I'm sorry.

SARAH
No, it was really my fault. I
wasn't watching.

Sarah bends down to pick up her books. Trevor kneels down to help.

TREVOR
Let me help you with those.

Sarah looks up to Annie, who is watching from a few rows of desks back. An expression of dread and distress crosses Sarah's face.

Sarah and Trevor finish gathering up Sarah's books, and their eyes meet.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Well --

Trevor holds the books out for Sarah.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
-- There you go.

SARAH
Here I go... look, I'm really
sorry. That was totally my fault.

TREVOR
It's cool. You're Sarah, right?

SARAH
Huh? Oh -- yeah. Sarah. You're
Trevor?

TREVOR
Uh-huh. I, uh, I'm gonna be late if
I don't head out soon.

SARAH
Oh... OK, see ya.

Trevor turns to leave. Sarah places a hand on his shoulder, then snatches it back with embarrassment. He turns around to face her.

TREVOR

Yeah?

SARAH

I was wondering -- like -- if maybe you'd come with me and some friends to my dad's lake house this weekend.

TREVOR

I -- I don't know. I'd have to call my mom first and arrange it. Plus I don't really know you...

SARAH

I completely understand.

TREVOR

Yeah...

ANNIE

(Approaching from behind)
Come on. It's not like we're convicted killers or something. We're not gonna rape you.

Annie considers this.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Is that even possible?

TREVOR

I think so, yeah -- anyway, I figured you didn't intend to tie me up and stuff me in your trunk, but that's not the point.

ANNIE

How about I give you more details. Two nights, tonight and tomorrow night, it's in the middle of nowhere. It's nice and quiet. It'll be fun!

TREVOR

(To Sarah)

If I say I'll consider it, will you call her off?

SARAH
 (To Annie)
 Easy, Fido.

Trevor chuckles, amused.

TREVOR
 I guess I can consider it then.
 I'll call my mom after school and
 get it all squared away.

SARAH
 Works for me.

TREVOR
 I guess I'll see you after school
 then... maybe.

SARAH
 If you're going, we'll meet up at a
 white minivan labeled 'Michaelson
 Painting and Tiling'.

ANNIE
 My dad owns that place.

TREVOR
 They redid the tiles on my bathroom
 floor. Anyway, that sounds good.
 I'll see you then.

Trevor offers a final boyish smirk, then turns and starts
 into the hallway.

Annie and Sarah turn to each other, both smiling, happy with
 their newly-formed partnership.

SARAH
 Thanks for the help.

ANNIE
 No problem. You know, you're really
 not as bad as Mark says.

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS again.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Shit! Another tardy. I'm so fucked.
 Catch you later.

SARAH
 See you, Annie.

Annie turns and starts out into the hallway, which is emptying except for a few students.

Sarah lingers in the classroom doorway, looking every bit as uncomfortable and awkward as usual.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah walks down the hallway with a backpack over her shoulders. She is soon joined by Jason, who rushes to her side.

The same headphones are relaxed around Jason's shoulders. He looks extremely nervous.

SARAH

You ready?

JASON

Uh-huh. Well, I mean, I think so. I don't usually associate with these people, so --

SARAH

Jase, take a chill pill, OK? They're people just like us.

Sarah considers what she's just said.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I totally sounded like my mom just then!

JASON

They're not just like us. They're way more popular and better looking.

Sarah turns to Jason, offended.

JASON (CONT'D)

Well, I mean, better looking than me. Not --

SARAH

I get it.

Sarah and Jason reach a pair of DOUBLE DOORS and push their way through them.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sarah and Jason emerge to the outside of the school and start down a small pathway, which snakes its way through grass, eventually reaching the parking lot.

SARAH

Do you see the van?

JASON

Huh-uh.

Jason and Sarah look around, placing a hand on their forehead to shield their eyes from the bright sun.

A VAN turns the corner of the parking lot and makes its way up to them. It's the van that Sarah described - a white van with the words "MICHAELSON PAINTING AND TILING" on the side, accompanied by an emblem of a short man with thick eyebrows holding a paintbrush with red paint on the tip.

SARAH

There they are.

The van comes to a screeching halt in front of Sarah and Jason, and the passenger side window rolls down, revealing Chloe on the inside.

CHLOE

You guys ready?

Annie leans forward, becoming visible in the driver's seat, next to Chloe.

ANNIE

You guys? Who's 'you guys'? Oh, that kid's going, too?

Annie leans back in her seat. Chloe shrugs her shoulders, waiting for a reply.

SARAH

Oh, uh -- Yeah. I think we're about ready. But I have to wait for someone...

Behind Sarah, Trevor approaches and taps her on the shoulder. She whirls around to face him, startled.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hey! You're here!

Jason looks disgusted, but doesn't say a word. He shoots Chloe a glance.

TREVOR
 Yep! I'm here.

MARK (O.S.)
 (From inside the van)
 Are we gonna fucking leave or what?
 God damn!

TREVOR
 Sorry. Jesus. I didn't realize I
 held you up that much.

SARAH
 You didn't. Don't worry about it.
 Let's go before Mark shits himself
 from anticipation.

Sarah reaches out and tugs at the handle of the side door, sliding it open. Trevor and Sarah both pause, each waiting for the other to climb in.

TREVOR
 You first.

Trevor gestures with both hands. Sarah giggles as she climbs in, followed by Trevor.

The door slams closed behind him. Jason stands outside the van awkwardly.

JASON
 Hey, what the fuck man!?

Jason pulls the van door open and climbs in, slamming it harshly behind him.

Only seconds later, the car roars forward as the tires SCREECH, almost unbearably.

INT. VAN - LATER

The van is much larger on the inside than it looks from the outside. The interior features three rows of seats including the driver/passenger seats, and a large empty space behind them for hauling supplies.

The whole gang is here. Sarah, Jason, Trevor, Chloe, Rob, Megan, Annie and Mark.

Jason's 'punk/goth' look seems incredibly out of place with the preppy rich kids surrounding him.

ROB
It smells like paint and ass in here.

No answer.

ROB (CONT'D)
Can someone crack a window or something, please?

ANNIE
Huh-uh. Then it'd get too hot in here. It's like a thousand degrees outside.

MARK
Then turn on the fucking air conditioning.

ANNIE
It's busted.

Annie smacks the dashboard. Nothing happens. She spins around in her seat and shrugs her shoulders.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
See?

Rob leans back in his seat. This seems to be very upsetting to him.

TREVOR
So, Sarah, how's this place look? What's it like?

MARK
It better be good, the way she's been hyping it up.

SARAH
It's pretty big. I don't really know how else to describe it. I haven't been there since I was little.

MARK
It's amazing how something that's big to a little kid can be fucking tiny to everyone else.

CHLOE
Mark, shut your ass up. You weren't even invited to begin with.

ANNIE

Yeah. You've lost your right to complain. As have all the rest of us.

Sarah smirks.

SARAH

Well, I remember it as being pretty big.

MARK

I'm sure you do.

Jason leans as far back as possible in his seat and slips his headphones up over his ears to drown out the bickering. He closes his eyes to go to sleep.

We hold on Jason's sleeping, motionless face. His headphones have begun slipping off his ears, until finally they fall to his shoulders.

ROB

Potty break!

Jason's eyes open as he is startled awake. He sits bolt upright in his seat, his face already filled with a look of sheer irritation.

Several of the group piles out of the car, including Sarah. Jason watches her for a moment, then unbuckles his seatbelt and climbs out of the van after her.

EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOT - DAY

Jason hurries to catch up with Sarah before she disappears into the girls restroom. Trevor is walking alongside her.

Jason finally reaches her side.

JASON

Hey!

TREVOR

Well look who it is, sleeping beauty.

Trevor was clearly joking. Sarah giggles. Jason doesn't see the humor in it.

JASON

Okay, sure.

The group reaches the entrance to the bathrooms.

TREVOR

See you soon.

Trevor disappears into the men's bathroom. Sarah turns toward the entrance to the women's restroom. Jason stops her.

JASON

What are you doing?

SARAH

I was about to go pee... what are you doing?

JASON

Sarah, please tell me you don't really like this guy...

SARAH

What guy? Trevor? Yeah, I kinda do... why do you care?

JASON

I thought you said you didn't like those kinda guys. Like, the typical jock, asshole --

SARAH

That's not what he's like at all, Jason.

JASON

Well he sure fooled me.

SARAH

What's your problem? Huh? He's a nice guy.

JASON

Nothing. Nothing is my problem. I'll be in the van. We can talk about this later.

SARAH

Fine...

Sarah turns around, confused, and starts into the bathroom just as Trevor comes out.

TREVOR
(To Jason)
What's going on?

Jason turns and starts back toward the van and the rest of the group without offering an answer.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The van is still on the road. Rob, Mark, Annie, Megan and Sarah are asleep. Jason is still staring out the window as a light rain thuds against the glass.

He turns to Trevor, who is driving, and his eyes linger on him for a moment, fixed in a cold glare.

Trevor reaches down to the cup holder and picks up a small bottle of Coca-Cola. He twists off the cap and takes a long drink.

Jason turns his head to the side, now drawing his attention to the sleeping face of Sarah, who is on the opposite side of the van from him.

He draws in a heavy, deep breath, then lets it out quietly, trying not to draw Trevor's attention.

Trevor turns back to him, spotting him.

TREVOR
Hey, I didn't know anyone else was awake.

JASON
Yup.

Jason turns away from Trevor, once again facing the wet glass of the window.

TREVOR
You been to this place before?

JASON
Nope.

TREVOR
Hey, look dude. I think we got off on the wrong foot --

JASON
What gave you that idea?

Trevor nods his head, understanding. His point has been validated.

TREVOR
OK. Never mind.

Trevor reaches down to his lap and picks up a folded-up piece of paper. He unfolds it and stares at it for a moment. It's a MAP of the area.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
This map's confusing as shit.

Jason doesn't respond.

SARAH
We there yet?

Trevor looks in the rear-view mirror at Sarah, who is rubbing her eyes drowsily.

TREVOR
Nope... how long have you been awake?

SARAH
Ten seconds.

Sarah stretches her arms then blinks, struggling to adjust to the dim light of the car.

TREVOR
Can you help me understand this stupid thing?

SARAH
Lemme see.

Trevor reaches his hand back, map clenched in his fist. Sarah snatches it and unfolds it. She stares at it for a moment, taking it all in.

SARAH (CONT'D)
This map does suck. I think we're almost there though. If we follow this blue line right here, which I think we're on, then we could probably get there in like an hour and a half.

TREVOR
What blue line? You're looking at the map, not me.

SARAH

Just stay on this road and wake me up when we get to another road we could turn on.

TREVOR

Works for me. Have a good sleep, chief.

Sarah chuckles to herself, then reaches down to her feet, where her backpack has been placed.

She digs around in it for a moment before pulling out a sweatshirt. She adjusts it on the back of her seat and rests her head against it. She closes her eyes.

Suddenly, the picture FREEZES FRAME, emitting a clicking sound like the end of a reel of film on an old projector, and goes to BLACK AND WHITE.

IN. CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN - FLASHBACK

The screen is once again completely swallowed up by an instant message conversation box.

SARAHB17: It's your turn!!!

XxJeff180xX: Ah, so it is!

XxJeff180xX: Truth or dare?

SARAHB17: lol, Ummmmm... truth

XxJeff180xX: OK uhhhh. When do you think we'll meet up?

SARAHB17: When? Ummmm... I don't even know. We've talked about this before.

XxJeff180xX: I know we have. I'm really excited to do it.

SARAHB17: I am too...

XxJeff180xX: Why the '...'?

SARAHB17: Dunno. Well...

XxJeff180xX: Well...?

SARAHB17: Well... lol

XxJeff180xX: Come on, baby. Make a decision

SARAHB17: I'm not a baby

XxJeff180xX: I'll have to see for myself.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Guys, wake up! We're pulling in,
we're pulling in!

Once again, we hear the movie projector-like-clicking noise,
as we return to --

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Trevor tosses his now-empty Coca-Cola bottle into the back
seat. It hits Sarah in the forehead, startling her awake.

SARAH
Owww!

Sarah's exaggerated cry of pain awakens several others in
the group, who in turn awaken the others. Soon, everyone is
looking out their windows in excitement.

Even Sarah has to do a double-take when she sees this
magnificent house.

SARAH'S POV

A huge LAKE sits in front of the gigantic house. It's the
type of mansion you dream of living in. The walls are almost
completely made up of WINDOWS.

Anyone could see into this house at any time they wanted
through all these windows. It's kind of creepy, really.

ALL
This place is beautiful, it's huge,
it's amazing, etc.

MARK
How could you not tell us how
fucking awesome this place is?!

SARAH
I didn't even remember!

The entire group is in shock as they reach the end of the
long driveway -- which is actually its own street -- and the
van stops.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The entire group piles out of the van, buzzing with excitement.

TREVOR
Welcome to paradise!

ROB
Yeah, baby!

They make their way up the pathway to the front door of the house. It's quiet for a moment. Sarah pulls her backpack off her shoulders and drops it to the ground.

She kneels down on the doorstep with it and unzips the smallest pouch. Finally, she pulls out a small, gold key, and holds it up.

SARAH
Here we go, guys!

Sarah sticks the key into the lock, twists it and pushes the door open effortlessly.

The group begins to CHEER in excitement as they shove past each other, trying to be the first into the huge, beautiful house.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is the last to enter. She slams the door closed and moves to join all the others as they explore the large living room --

It consists of several couches and chairs, a huge space in-between with a throw rug and a coffee table to take up the space, as well as a huge fireplace to top it all off.

Photos of Sarah and her family are scattered around the room and on walls.

CHLOE
Who's this?

Sarah turns her attention to Chloe, and crosses the room to stand by her. She is staring at a PHOTOGRAPH of a young girl the bright blond hair, and a man, perhaps her father.

SARAH
Oh, they're just these people we share the place with.

CHLOE
You have to share this place?

SARAH
Yeah, we split the rent too.

MARK
How much is the rent for this
place? It must be a billion
dollars.

SARAH
Pretty much.

MEGAN
I gotta get me one of these places
somehow.

JASON
You'd think you could just ask your
dad and you'd get it, huh?

Sarah and Chloe turn to each other, then to Jason. He's the only one of the group that doesn't seem completely enamored with the place.

He's sitting in an armchair, stretched out across it rather than actually seated, headphones around his shoulders, blaring music.

Megan gives Sarah a look.

ANNIE
That was mean!

JASON
It's only mean because it's the
truth, right?

SARAH
Jason, please...

Jason raises his hands up, 'surrendering', then climbs up out of the chair.

JASON
I'm off to bed.

MEGAN
(Under her breath)
Good. Asshole.

JASON
Fuck you too, Megan.

Jason disappears from the room. Sarah looks around at the rest of her guests.

SARAH
I'll be right back. I gotta show him to his room anyway.

Sarah dashes from the room.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jason walks casually down the hall. Sarah hurries to catch up to him.

SARAH
What the hell is your problem?

JASON
I don't have one. I already told you.

SARAH
Well obviously, something is wrong. Can you please tell me so we can fix it?

JASON
You can't fix it. Just go out there with your stupid boyfriend --

SARAH
Is that what this is about? You're mad at me because I wanted to bring someone who's actually not a huge asshole?

JASON
What about me and Chloe? Huh?

SARAH
Chloe's friends with these other people. I couldn't be sure how much time she'd actually spend with me. And you... I don't know. You kind of seem like an asshole right now, that's for sure.

JASON
I'm not like these people, Sarah.
I'm not like them at all.

SARAH
Neither are me and Chloe --

JASON
Yes you are... look at you. You're
pretty, your rich, you're gonna be
popular now...

Jason pauses.

JASON (CONT'D)
Chloe's the same. Me... I'm not
even like you guys anymore.

SARAH
What are you trying to say?

JASON
I guess I just feel like you guys
are ditching me now. Like you've
just decided to drop me as your
friend for these people.

SARAH
Why'd you even come then?

JASON
I was forced to. You asked me to,
so of course I'm going to.

SARAH
I didn't make you.

JASON
Whatever. You don't even understand
what I'm saying.

SARAH
I'm trying to, but --

JASON
I'm going to bed.

SARAH
Fine... I guess I'll see you in the
morning then.

Jason starts up the stairs, pulling his headphones up over
his ears.

Sarah SIGHS, upset, and spins around.

Behind Sarah, just around the corner, is Chloe. Rob stands behind her with his arms around her waist.

ROB
Is he... OK?

SARAH
Not really.

CHLOE
I think we're gonna head off to bed too.

SARAH
That's fine. I'll see you in the morning.

CHLOE
OK. Night.

SARAH
Try not to have too much fun, you guys!

ROB
I cannot promise you that.

Rob keeps his arms around Chloe as the two of them walk up the stairs, grinning excitedly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The remaining members of the group are all seated around the room. Sarah trots into the room silently.

SARAH
Hey...

MEGAN
Problem solved?

SARAH
Not really.

MARK
I know he's your friend and all but he is one faggy-ass bitch.

Sarah doesn't say a word.

ANNIE
Jesus, Mark.

MARK
What did I do?

SARAH
It's fine, really, but I think I'm
gonna go to bed, if that's OK with
you guys...

ANNIE
I'm gonna hit the sack, too.

MARK
Me three. It's like fucking, four
in the morning.

MEGAN
Fine, I see how it is. Everyone
leaves me alone.

Annie rolls her eyes.

ANNIE
Please. You know I love you.

Megan grins.

MARK
I'd pay to watch you two love each
other, if you know what I mean.

MEGAN
Gross...

SARAH
Well anyways... Goodnight, guys.
I'll see you all in the morning.

MEGAN
Goodnight, Sarah. Goodnight, guys.

ALL
Goodnight, see you tomorrow, etc.

Sarah turns and walks out of the room. The others gather
their things, fairly quickly, and make their way out of the
room after Sarah.

Megan crosses the room and plops down on the couch. She lets
out a deep breath.

She sprawls herself out across the couch, taking up the entire space. After a moment, she moves again, this time reaching down into her backpack.

She digs around for a moment or two before pulling out a novel and flipping it open to a bookmarked page.

Megan starts to read. Only moments later, a loud creaking noise is heard. Megan looks up from her reading in the direction of the noise.

Then she spots something. A gigantic glass aviary can be seen from where she sits.

Suddenly distracted, Megan flips her book closed and drops it onto the couch beside her. She stands.

INT. AVIARY - NIGHT

Megan can be seen through the FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOWS enclosing the aviary, approaching from the exterior. She stops outside one of the windows and looks in, leaning casually against the glass.

She walks to the corner of the aviary, then scales the next side, then the next until she reaches the door. She pulls it open and enters, closing the door quickly behind her.

Megan looks around the room. Several different breeds of birds fly around left and right. In the center is a giant birdbath, big enough for a person to fit in.

Megan is absolutely amazed.

Suddenly, the CREAKING noise is heard once again, drawing Megan's attention back to the door of the aviary. She can't ignore it this time.

Megan crosses the aviary once again, then grabs the door handle. She pulls the door open and sticks her head out into the hallway.

Slowly, Megan steps out of the aviary and pulls the door closed near-silently.

She then makes her way down the hall, leaning slightly forward as she walks, in anticipation.

She stops in the middle of the hallway. The CREAK returns. Megan walks on slowly, confused.

Finally, she reaches the end of the hallway, and peaks around to the next corridor. A pair of double doors can be seen at the end.

They are blowing in the breeze, partially open. Megan stares at them in confusion for a moment or two before walking forward to them.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Megan reaches the door and looks out. She steps out completely onto the grass outside the door, shivering and hugging herself to stay warm.

MEGAN

Is someone out here?

Megan briefly pauses, waiting for a response, before turning and scurrying back to the house.

Suddenly, another NOISE is heard. Megan turns back around to find the source of the noise - there's something in the bushes behind her.

The noise occurs again, this time louder. The noise is of the leaves rustling together in the bush. Megan starts toward the bush.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(Worried)

Who is that? Who's there?

Megan slowly tiptoes toward the bush, trying to stay quiet. She pauses a few feet away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Please come out of there!

Still no answer. Megan proceeds toward the bush, slowly and carefully, then at the last second, lunges at it!

She snatches back a branch or two to see what's back there... and lets out a breath. A HOUSE CAT sits beneath the massive bush, chowing on a dead rat.

Megan watches for a moment before lifting the cat up off the ground, holding him in her arms.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ewww... eww, eww, eww.

She holds him above her head with caution, making sure to aim his mouth away from her. She spins around to the door and steps back toward it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 (Baby-talk)
 What are you doing out here,
 kitty-cat?

Megan disappears back into the house.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Megan trots down the hallway with the cat hugged tightly in her arms. She continues down the other corridor and to the outside of the aviary.

The cat MEOWS loudly as they pass. Megan stops and turns to the aviary.

MEGAN
 (Baby-talk)
 Do you wanna say hi to the wittle
 birdies?

Megan lifts one of the cat's paws and forces it into an up-and-down motion, like when a human waves at someone.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 (Baby-talk)
 Say 'hi birdies!'

The cat MEOWS.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Close enough.

Megan turns to leave, only to nearly collide with Sarah, who is standing in the hallway behind her, staring at her drowsily.

SARAH
 What in the world are you doing?

MEGAN
 You scared me... I found a cat,
 see?!

INT. KITCHEN

Sarah and Megan stand in the kitchen. Sarah holds a coffee pot in her hand and is standing at the counter, pouring some of the steaming-hot coffee into two coffee cups.

SARAH

I can't have a cat here, Megan. Do you know how much they shed? My dad's gonna get pissed as hell.

MEGAN

I'm thinking of naming him Douchebag.

Sarah turns to Megan.

SARAH

Did you even hear a word I just said?

MEGAN

What? Oh, no. What do you think of the name though?

SARAH

I think it's a horrible name. How would you like to go through life having someone following you going 'come here douchebag! Here, boy!'

MEGAN

Well, jeez. It's just a suggestion, you know.

Megan hugs the cat close to her, scratching his head comfortingly.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

But since your the big Cat-Name Expert here... what do you think his name should be?

SARAH

You're not keeping him, so I don't care.

Sarah turns away from the counter and brings two coffee cups to the table.

MEGAN

Oh, I'm keeping him alright. He's my baby.

SARAH

If he was your baby, I'd be very worried about just what kind of guys you have sex with.

MEGAN

You know what I mean. You have to let me keep him... we've bonded.

SARAH

Over what? The last twenty minutes?

MEGAN

Exactly. He's staying. Pleeeeeease? You just have to deal with him for the weekend, then he's all mine.

SARAH

Good.

MEGAN

Is that a yes then?

Sarah shrugs.

SARAH

I guess so. But he better be out of my sight the minute we get back into town. Yeah?

MEGAN

Yeah. Sure. Now, let's think of a name. I was thinking --

SARAH

Megan, can I ask you a question?

MEGAN

Can we do this after we think of a name? Please?

SARAH

No, this is serious. Do you think I'm kinda... boring?

MEGAN

Yes. Very. Now, let's think of a name.

SARAH

I'm being completely serious here...

MEGAN

I am too... look, Sarah. I don't
wanna hurt your feelings or
whatever, but you're like vanilla
ice cream. Angel food cake.
Tortillas. The color 'white'.

Sarah takes all this in.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(Off Sarah's expression)
Probably could've done without the
examples, huh?

Sarah nods slowly.

SARAH

Yeah. Yeah, probably.

MEGAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to piss
you off.

SARAH

No, I'm not mad. I appreciate it.
But I have one more thing to ask
you...

MEGAN

Oh, hooray.

SARAH

Do you think I was invited here
just because this is my place?

MEGAN

You? No... I really don't. Now,
that Jason kid, yeah. He's a little
fuckin' asshole. But you... you're
not like him.

SARAH

Really?

MEGAN

Uh-huh. You're different. You may
not have been my first choice as a
friend, but now that we're up here,
I've kinda grown to like you.

SARAH

But Mark --

MEGAN

Never go by Mark's opinion. He's as much of an ass as your friend.

Sarah guffaws.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

But seriously. It may have started out that way, but now we all kinda like you; and I bet little Douchebag here likes you too.

Megan holds the cat out in front of Sarah, who laughs to herself.

SARAH

You cannot name him Douchebag!

MEGAN

I can name him what I want! He's my cat!

SARAH

He's our cat.

MEGAN

Fine. But he loves me more.

Sarah and Megan laugh together -- before we hear the BROKEN PROJECTOR noise again. CLICK...CLICK...CLICK. The picture FREEZES FRAME.

INT. CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

Once again we are enclosed within another instant message conversation.

XxJeff180xX: How'd you like to see me?

SARAHB17: Jeff... we talked about this

XxJeff180xX: No... not like that. lol.

SARAHB17: Oh... what do you mean then?

XxJeff180xX: I have a picture you could see... if you want to.

SARAHB17: Of course I do. Let's see it.

XxJeff180xX: Just a second. I gotta upload.

SARAHB17: Okie dokie. :]

A pause in the messages.

XxJeff180xX: Just a couple more seconds.

XxJeff180xX: I think.

SARAHB17: Haha. Hurry up!!!

SARAHB17: The suspense is killing me!

XxJeff180xX: <http://tinypic.com/3sdfk38>

SARAHB17: Yayyyyyy! Hold on...

SARAHB17: Gonna take a look.

XxJeff180xX: Sweeeeeeeet.

Sarah CLICKS the link and a separate window pops up. The picture begins to load, slowly appearing in individual bars, from the top to the bottom.

Just as soon as we start to get a good look at Jeff's face, about halfway down the forehead --

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. The clicking is heard yet again, the picture freezes frame, and --

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

Sarah makes her way across the grassy field, some distance from the house, walking alongside Trevor. The others are close behind. Except Jason.

SARAH

So, what do you think?

TREVOR

About what?

SARAH

Well, about this place. About all these people. What do you think?

TREVOR

I'm not too fond of these people, but they aren't so bad. This place is amazing.

SARAH

What about me?

TREVOR
What about you?

SARAH
What do you think of me?

Trevor stares down at her. It's not until now that it is visible how much taller than her he is.

TREVOR
Do I gotta say?

He's embarrassed. His cheeks have turned a light shade of crimson.

SARAH
Yeah. You do.

TREVOR
To be honest... I hate you. You're the worst person I've ever met.

Sarah grins. Trevor laughs.

SARAH
I mean seriously!

TREVOR
You really wanna know?

SARAH
Uh-huh!

At this point, the huge LAKE becomes visible just ahead of them, at the bottom of a huge slope.

TREVOR
This place is beautiful!

The others have spotted it, too.

MARK
Fuck yeah! Woooooo!

Suddenly, the others stampede by excitedly. It's a wonder that they didn't start an earthquake.

TREVOR
Come on! Let's go!

Trevor takes off running. A few moments later, Sarah takes off after him. Her expression shows her slight disappointment.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jason's face is visible in the dimly-lit window, staring down at something. His eyes are sorrow-filled.

JASON'S POV

The rest of the group marches down to the lake. Their excited hollers can be heard even from back at the house.

Jason draws the curtains, leaving him in darkness. He turns and starts for the door, dragging his bare feet lazily against the ground.

He finally reaches the door and pauses in the doorway for a moment, then starts out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jason walks out into the hallway as his bare feet creak against the old wood floor.

WHAM! From inside one of the other rooms, Jason is hit by a black blur. He cries out as his attacker holds him against the wall.

JASON

What the f--

We get a good look at the attacker's 'face'. They wear a black hooded sweatshirt, hiding their face in shadow. This is KILLER.

Killer grabs onto Jason's shirt collar and pulls him away from the wall, then slams him against it again, bashing his head hard against it.

Jason continues to cry out in pain, as Killer continues to beat him against the wall.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Finally, Killer tosses Jason to the floor. He crawls frantically away like a turtle turned on its back, as Killer paces toward him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jason crawls into the living room, disoriented and barely able to move.

Blood from the back of his head is flowing down his face, leaving dark red streaks along his cheeks. He makes his way to the coffee table where the phone is resting.

He gets to his knees, wobbling back and forth. He reaches out a hand and sloppily gets the phone up to his ear -- when Killer enters the room.

Killer approaches Jason and hits him across the face with the flat, dull side of an AXE!

The phone slides across the coffee table before crashing to the ground below on the other side.

Jason falls onto his side on the floor, curled up into a ball as his body goes into convulsions, flailing uncontrollably as he lies there, helpless.

Killer approaches Jason on the floor and raises the axe high about their head, holding there for what seems to be a large amount of time.

Finally, Killer brings the blade of the axe down to Jason's skull. Jason's body goes still as blood begins to pool on the floor.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Annie and Megan are lying on towels in the sand with their feet hanging off, curling their toes up in the warmth of the sandy earth beneath them.

Their eyes are covered with over-sized sunglasses. They are dressed in skimpy, revealing bikinis.

Rob approaches, dressed in swim shorts, casting a shadow down upon the two girls.

Annie, sensing his presence, slides her sunglasses up off her eyes, squinting to see in the bright sunlight.

ROB

You coming?

ANNIE

Huh-uh. That water's like, brown.
It's sick.

MEGAN

Totally!

ROB

Pleeeeeease? For me?

Annie gives him a look, then slides her glasses down over her eyes.

MEGAN

I heard you could get AIDs from going in water like that.

ANNIE

I bet you can.

MEGAN

Probably.

Annie shrugs her shoulders.

Rob gets down on his knees, then slides down onto his stomach, lying flat in the sand. He crawls over to her and wraps an arm around her.

She shoves him away.

ANNIE

Stop! You're gonna give me tan lines!

ROB

Babe --

ANNIE

Go have a good time, Hon. Do what you want, but I'm staying here. I don't wanna get all pale and icky.

MEGAN

You're so right.

ROB

Fine. I'll be in the water.

Rob looks disappointed, rejected. He climbs back to his feet and starts to head back to the water, breaking into a slow run as he goes.

MARK (O.S.)

Catch!

Mark tosses a football to Rob, hitting him hard in the chest. He grunts, then tosses it back as hard as he can as Mark crosses into frame.

It hits Mark's left arm.

MARK

Owww! Jesus, dude!

Mark and Rob both run to the water, kicking water at each other.

EXT. LAKE DOCK - EVENING

On the edge of the dock, sitting with her feet in the water is Sarah. Next to her, Trevor is kicking his feet gently in the water.

In front of them, Chloe is in the water, waving her arms around just below the surface to keep herself afloat.

CHLOE

What's Jason's deal? Is he like, going all goth on us or something?

SARAH

I don't wanna talk about it. He's just having an issue.

CHLOE

Whatever. Why don't you two come in the water? It's warm. Feels good.

Mark floats over to them, doing a backstroke across the surface of the lake. Rob follows.

MARK

You probably peed.

CHLOE

Shut up, you ass.

TREVOR

(To Sarah)

Let's go on a walk.

SARAH

Why?

TREVOR

I dunno. To explore.

MARK
I bet you're gonna do some
exploring.

Sarah scoffs.

SARAH
Shut up, Mark. You don't know shit
about anything.

TREVOR
(To Sarah)
I just wanna take a look around, I
promise. I feel like if I'm gonna
go with anyone, it should be you,
you know?

SARAH
Uh -- Yeah. Yeah, sure. Just gimme
a second to towel off.

TREVOR
K. See you in a second.

Trevor smiles boyishly at her as she pulls her feet up to the dock. Sarah and Trevor both stand and make their way to the other end of the dock.

CHLOE
(Calling after them)
Let me know how it goes!

MARK
They're so gonna do it.

Chloe rolls her eyes in irritation.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Sarah and Trevor reach the top of the hill in the field, both carrying towels and shoes in their hands.

SARAH
So, where to?

TREVOR
I dunno. You tell me, chief.

SARAH
Umm. This way.

Without waiting for a response, Sarah starts off towards a large patch of trees, just off the side of the field.

She breaks into a slow jog as she goes. Trevor does the same, trying to keep up.

TREVOR
Wait up, speedy.

SARAH
Speed up, slowpoke.

Trevor mocks her. She laughs.

They reach the trees, and continue walking, following a trail, which is barely distinguishable from the rest of the ground.

They are silent for a few moments.

SARAH (CONT'D)
So, why'd you really want me to come out here?

TREVOR
What do you mean?

SARAH
You got a look around earlier.

TREVOR
Not out here. Just inside the house, remember?

SARAH
I guess so. But still, that doesn't seem like a likely --

TREVOR
Wait a sec.

Trevor stops walking. Sarah does the same.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
You know I'm not trying to get you into bed or anything, right?

SARAH
I guess so, but --

TREVOR
I just want you to know, I'm not that kind of guy.

SARAH
I'm glad. I like that.

TREVOR
You sure? A lot of girls don't
really like that.

SARAH
I do. I respect it. A lot of the
guys are just, kinda...

TREVOR
Abrasive?

SARAH
Yeah, sure. Abrasive.

Trevor chuckles.

TREVOR
Well, a lot of the girls are a
little, well, airheaded. To be
honest.

SARAH
I noticed. Half the girls here are
like that.

TREVOR
I noticed.

Sarah smirks.

SARAH
Whaddaya say we head back to the
house?

TREVOR
Yeah, sure. If that's what you
wanna do.

SARAH
Let's go.

Sarah and Trevor turn and start off in the opposite
direction.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - EVENING

The door to the house is thrown open. Sarah stands in the doorway, Trevor close behind. She takes a step inside, laughing about something or another.

Trevor steps in behind her and pushes the door closed lightly.

The two of them make their way from the entryway to the living room and look around.

Killer's mess has been cleaned. No sign of it whatsoever remains in the room. But the phone's cord is still strung across the table, the phone where it was left before on the floor.

SARAH

Jason, we're back! Well, some of us anyway.

No answer.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jason? You here?

(To Trevor)

Maybe he went down to meet us at the lake or something.

TREVOR

Maybe...

Suddenly, a low beeping sound gets their attention. Sarah stops in her tracks, and listens.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What is it?

SARAH

Shhhh!

Trevor listens along with her. The quiet beeping noise continues.

TREVOR

What's that noise?

Sarah spots the phone, and kneels down to pick it up. She holds it to her ear and listens.

SARAH

It's the phone.

Sarah slams it down on the base.

SARAH (CONT'D)
My dad's gonna be absolutely
thrilled when the phone bill for
this place is a thousand dollars.

TREVOR
I bet.

SARAH
Jason! Get down here! Where the
hell are you?

Sarah and Trevor exchange glances. He shrugs.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Whatever.

TREVOR
Good. More time for us to spend
alone.

Sarah smiles awkwardly. The sound of a key sliding into a
lock causes them both to look toward the door.

SARAH
Great. That's ruined.

A few moments later, the front door is pushed open lightly,
and the rest of the group trudges in, carrying towels, among
other things.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Hey guys.

ANNIE
That was like, so what I needed. I
was getting all white.

MEGAN
(Baby-talk)
Where's my kitty cat?

TREVOR
Huh?

SARAH
Oh, Megan found a cat.

MEGAN
It's my baby, and it's the cutest
thing in the world. Just wait and
see. Now, who's seen him?

SARAH
I haven't.

MEGAN
I'm gonna go find him.

Megan walks off into another room.

MEGAN (O.S.)
Douchebag? Come here, little
sweetie. Come out and find mommy!

The others glance at each other. Several snickers and chuckles echo through the large room.

ANNIE
I hate animals.

SARAH
It's a cute cat. It really is.

ANNIE
Well, I hate it.

CHLOE
Where's Jason?

SARAH
I dunno. I called him down here but
he didn't answer.

CHLOE
That's weird. He's like, your
lover. Seems like he would have
answered you.

SARAH
He is not. He doesn't even like me.

CHLOE
Oh please.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

Megan's bare feet creak along the floor as she stares down at the ground, searching for the cat.

MEGAN
Baby, please come out...

Megan claps her hands slowly and makes a clicking sound with her mouth.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Please come out...

A noise from one of the darkened rooms startles her. She turns to stare into the doorway.

The sound repeats itself. It sounds like footsteps. Megan's eyes squint in confusion.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Jason? Is that you?

No answer. The creaking stops.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
If you think you're gonna jump out
and scare me, you're wrong, because
I totally know you're there now.

The creaking starts up again. Megan is starting to look a little bit scared. She examines the darkness, trying to catch a glimpse of the person.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Whatever. Everyone is like, totally
looking for you so you better get
your ass downstairs before Sarah
has a stroke.

Megan continues down the hallway slowly, once again making the clicking noise with her mouth. She searches carefully for the cat.

She disappears down another hallway. The door to the darkened room begins to CREAK CLOSED.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sarah, Annie, Chloe, Rob, Trevor and Mark are all gathered around the living room on the floor. Apparently some sort of game is in progress.

Megan reaches the living room door and stops. She appears to still be searching.

MEGAN
I can't find little Douchebag
anywhere!

ROB
Who names their cat Douchebag?

SARAH
That's what I said!

MEGAN
Umm, me, actually. But, Sarah, I
saw your stupid friend.

SARAH
You did? Where?

MEGAN
Well, I didn't see him, but there
was someone in one of the rooms.
But he wouldn't answer me so I left
because I hate him. No offense.

SARAH
None taken. He's kind of acting
weird lately.

ANNIE
Let's do something. I thought we
were gonna play a game.

MEGAN
What 'cha playin'?

SARAH
We don't really know yet.

Megan takes a seat.

MEGAN
If we're playing something with the
word 'strip' in the title, I am so
in.

ROB
You should go get board games or
something.

SARAH
All we have is Scrabble. Or Candy
Land.

MARK
I dunno, I could go for some 'Strip
Candy Land' right now.

MEGAN
How about 'truth or dare'?

Sarah takes a drink from a soda can on the coffee table, and
shakes her head as she swallows.

SARAH

No. No way.

MEGAN

What? Why not?

SARAH

I hate that game. I always get dared to do some bullshit, nasty sexual thing and it's retarded.

MARK

Come on, Sarah. Live a little.

CHLOE

What if we agreed on a PG-thirteen rating?

Sarah contemplates.

SARAH

Fine. Whatever. Just remember, PG-thirteen!

Sarah gives Megan a look.

MEGAN

Fine. Fine! Why are you looking at me?

Sarah scoffs. There is a pause. Suddenly, there is a knock at the door. Sarah turns, slightly startled.

SARAH

Just a sec.

ANNIE

Who could that be?

SARAH

I'm not exactly sure.

Sarah climbs to her feet and trots to the door. She reaches for the knob and turns it, then pulls the door open. No one is there.

Sarah leans out to the porch, searching.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hello?

(To the others)

Jesus, it got dark fast.

Sarah continues to scan the porch. Chloe climbs to her feet behind Sarah and makes her way to the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)
No one's here.

CHLOE
I can see that.

Chloe takes a step out onto the porch, just in time to see a shadow moving under a streetlight outside. Chloe's eyes squint in confusion.

Then, her eyes move to the long driveway and the front of the garage.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Probably just someone playing a prank.

SARAH
I guess so. But we're out in the middle of nowhere.

ROB
Come sit down. Let's play. I'm dyin' over here.

ANNIE
(To Rob)
I can keep you entertained. Why don't we go take a look around?

Rob smirks.

ROB
Sure, I guess so.

Annie wraps her arms around his shoulders. He stands up from his position on the couch.

SARAH
Where are you guys gonna go?

ANNIE
What's it to you?

SARAH
It's my dad's house.

Annie shrugs.

ANNIE

Well, we don't know yet. Cool your jets.

ROB

We'll be back later. Promise.

MEGAN

Don't have too much fun, you guys.

Annie cackles exaggeratedly, then spins around to face the door. Rob and Annie walk off.

SARAH

Well, now what?

TREVOR

We gonna play, or what?

SARAH

Guess so...

MEGAN

I call dibs on first.

SARAH

I... I don't want to play.

MARK

Come on, dude. It's just one simple game.

SARAH

One simple game that I hate. I'll just sit this one out. It's cool.

CHLOE

Come on... I love you, you know that, but you have this weird way of ruining all the fun! Break out of your shell for once.

TREVOR

Come on. It'll be fun.

Sarah reconsiders.

SARAH

Fine. But don't do anything too horrible.

MEGAN

Yay!

TREVOR

We'll be nice. Don't worry.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Annie and Rob walk down one of the many darkened hallways. She reaches out blindly with both arms, searching for a light switch.

Rob is amused at her little 'dance'.

ROB

What are you doing?

ANNIE

Trying to find a light switch. What are you doing?

ROB

Come on, babe. Leave it dark. It's kinda romantic.

ANNIE

I hate the dark.

ROB

Not scared, are you?

Annie chuckles. Rob comes up behind her and squeezes her stomach lightly, startling her.

She cries out, then whirls around and slaps him on the chest playfully.

ANNIE

I am not scared!

ROB

OK, jeeze. You're gonna sprain my chest muscles.

ANNIE

Like you have any chest muscles to sprain. Wait, can you even sprain muscles?

ROB

I dunno.

Rob chuckles. A moment of silence follows.

ANNIE
Where are we even going?

ROB
Like I know.

ANNIE
Jesus, this place is as big as a
hotel.

Rob nods his head.

ROB
Come on. Follow me.

Rob walks off down another hallway. Annie follows, examining each wall carefully.

ANNIE
I am. Shut up.

ROB
This place is beautiful. We really
should ask Sarah if we can come up
here alone some time.

Annie smiles, flattered.

ANNIE
Maybe.

ROB
Maybe?

Annie giggles.

ANNIE
You know I love you, babe. Now shut
up.

Annie and Rob continue to navigate their way down another hallway as they reach the end of this one.

INT. CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

The image of Jeff seems to be frozen on his forehead for a moment, just as we'd left it.

A loud "bloop" rings out. A new instant message has been received. The cursor scrolls to the top of the window and minimizes it.

We find ourselves back in their instant message conversation.

XxJeff180xX: See it yet?

SARAHB17: Not yet. Gimme a sec.

SARAHB17: Slow computer, remember? :D

XxJeff180xX: Haha okay. :)

The cursor once again goes into use, as the other window is maximized, giving us, finally, a good look at Jeff.

He is handsome, but not overly masculine. He's just an Average Joe.

The clicking sound is heard again. The picture freezes frame, and --

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Rob and Annie make their way down another darkened hallway and reach a large plexiglass window.

Annie leans forward and peaks inside the large room in front of them.

ANNIE

Baby, come check this out.

ROB

What is it?

Rob appears from around a corner. He makes his way toward Annie, then peers through the window himself.

ROB (CONT'D)

Awesome.

Inside, they can see a POOL ROOM complete with a sauna and a hot tub.

ANNIE

Wanna take a dip?

ROB

Only if you'll actually go in the water this time.

ANNIE

Gladly.

INT. POOL ROOM - EVENING

Rob pushes the pool room door open and the two of them stand in the doorway for a moment, enjoying just the sight of the large room.

Annie wraps her arms around Rob, placing her chin on his shoulder lovingly.

ANNIE

Hold on. I gotta go get my suit real fast.

ROB

Who says we need 'em?

Annie puts a hand on her hip.

ANNIE

Don't be gross.

ROB

Fine. Hurry back, Hon.

ANNIE

No worries.

Annie turns to the door again. She walks out into the hallway. Rob lets the door close on its own behind her.

He examines the room, then kicks off his sandals and pulls his shirt off over his head, tossing it to the floor.

He spots a dial along the wall. He makes his way over to it and examines it.

ROB

(To himself)

How do you work this thing...

Rob turns the dial, then turns his attention to the hot tub. Bubbles have begun to rise up on the surface. He rubs his hands together, proud.

The room is already starting to get steamy from the hot water.

ROB (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Awesome.

He turns and makes his way to the hot tub, then takes a seat on the edge, keeping himself out of the water, for now.

He dips the tips of his fingers into the pool to test the temperature, then pulls them out. Too hot. He shakes his hand to get rid of the pain, and stands.

Rob makes his way to the dial again and twists it between his fingers in the opposite direction of before.

The door to the pool room can be heard, creaking open slowly behind him. Rob spins around.

The room is filled with steam, fogging up the place, from the hot tub. Rob squints to see.

ROB (CONT'D)
That was quick.

Rob starts toward the door. Everything from about a foot on in front of him is invisible, drenched in the fog.

ROB (CONT'D)
Babe, where are you? I can't see a
fucking thing.

No answer. Rob continues to the door, until he reaches it. He tugs the handle and pulls the door open. He leans his head into the hallway.

ROB (CONT'D)
Babe?

No answer. Footsteps can be heard in the darkness. Rob looks confused.

ROB (CONT'D)
Is this like, a game or something?
You wanna play hide and seek?

Suddenly, from the darkness, Killer lunges out with a rifle in his hands! Rob jumps back, startled, but it's too late. The butt of the rifle hits against Rob's forehead, knocking him to the floor.

Rob breathes heavily as blood begins to spill from the wound in his head.

ROB (CONT'D)

What the --

Killer swings the rifle down, once again beating Rob across the forehead. Over and over again, Killer continues this, until Rob lies motionless on the floor.

His face is bloodied and beaten, almost in unrecognizable condition.

Killer finally stops to admire his work, cocking his head to the side. Killer kneels down to the body, grabs hold of one of Rob's hands, and drags him into the pool room.

Killer allows the door to the pool room to close, leaving Rob inside.

Killer slides his hood down over his shoulders -- we find JEFF (40) underneath the hood, looking very satisfied with his doings.

He smirks slightly, then turns and walks off down the hallway, leaving his hood at his shoulders, carrying the rifle by his side.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The group is in the same positions, same places. Nothing major has happened yet.

CHLOE

Whose turn is it?

TREVOR

Megan's, remember?

MEGAN

Yeah, I called dibs on first!

MARK

Get this shit started, then! You're holding everything up.

MEGAN

Fine. Mark! Truth or dare?

Mark thinks for a moment.

MARK

Ummm. Truth.

MEGAN

God dammit, you weren't supposed to pick that.

A couple people chuckle.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Fuck you. I'm choosing someone else.

SARAH

No! Huh-uh. You can't ask someone that and then pick a different person. Ask him something.

MEGAN

Fuck, Sarah. For someone who didn't wanna play, you sure are into this an awful lot.

MARK

Just ask something!

MEGAN

I'm thinking, jeeze.

CHLOE

Think faster then.

Megan thinks for a moment.

MEGAN

Someone just take my turn. I don't have anything good. Sarah, you do it.

SARAH

Fine. I will. Mark... are you a virgin?

CHLOE

Oh, come on.

MARK

No. No, I am not.

SARAH

What do you mean, "oh, come on"?!

CHLOE

That was the gayest question ever. That doesn't even take effort to answer!

SARAH
It does if you're a virgin.

MARK
Like yo' mama?

Sarah shoves Mark into the coffee table roughly.

SARAH
Well, who's next?

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Annie pulls on short-shorts over the bikini bottoms she is now wearing.

A creaking noise from the hallway startles her. She spins around to the door.

There is no follow-up to the noise, so Annie zips her jeans, then walks out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Annie steps outside the room, pulling the door closed behind her, and makes her way into the hall.

She pulls her hair back into a ponytail using a band from her wrist as she goes.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

Annie continues down yet another hallway, then stops when she reaches the door to the pool room. She pauses and looks through the window at her reflection.

She pushes some stray hairs behind her ears, adjusts her bikini top, then pushes on the door. It appears to be jammed by something.

She shoves against it harder.

ANNIE
(Calling through the door)
Rob, what the hell? Did you lock me
out?

She shoves harder. Whatever is blocking her path moves out of the way, allowing her entry.

INT. POOL ROOM - EVENING

Annie steps into the pool room, greeted by the heavy mist inside. She squints to see.

ANNIE

How hot do you have the water? I
can't fucking see anything.

No answer.

Annie crosses the pool room to the hot tub dial, and spins it between her fingers, turning the water temperature down.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(To herself)

That's better.

(Out loud)

Rob, where are you? You better not
have ditched me, you asshole!

No answer.

Annie takes a few steps toward the pool and dives in, head first.

She lingers under the surface of the water for a few moments before popping back up. She pushes her hair out of her eyes and makes her way toward the edge of the pool.

Once there, she squints to look around the room. She rubs her eyes, hoping to see better.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Come join me!

Annie pulls herself up out of the water, adjusts her bikini top and sits on the edge.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Rob?

Still no answer.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

God dammit, stop being such a dick!
You're pissing me off!

Footsteps are heard from somewhere in the room. Annie looks around. The fog is clearing up slightly, but the visibility is still not so great.

Annie makes a splash angrily by kicking one leg, then climbs to her feet.

She crosses the pool room to the door... and TRIPS, crashing to the ground and coming face to face with Rob! She SCREAMS as she pushes herself up off the floor.

She starts for the door again, this time running. Only moments later, she collides with Jeff!

Her expression goes blank as she spots the knife in his hand.

Before she can react, Jeff jabs the knife into her stomach roughly, almost knocking her back from the shock of it all. She stares up at him.

Finally, Annie drops to her knees on the floor, still staring into Jeff's eyes.

Jeff wraps his fingers around the handle of the knife and removes it from Annie's stomach, then brings her arm back and then forward again, slashing deep into Annie's forehead.

She falls to the floor, nearly lifeless but still barely breathing. Her eyes move around the room slowly, before finally fixing in one spot.

Annie does not move.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, Megan, Chloe and Mark are sitting around the coffee table still. Trevor is absent.

MEGAN

Sarah's turn!

SARAH

Huh? Me?

MEGAN

Yes, you. Now go already. Stop being a pussy.

SARAH

I fucking hate the word!

MARK

Jesus...

Sarah reaches her arm out to Mark, extending her middle finger.

SARAH
How about that?

Trevor steps into the room, carrying several cans of soda in his arms.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Trevor! Truth or dare?

TREVOR
Huh? Oh, uh, dare I guess.

Trevor sets the cans on the table.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Everyone take one.

They do as they are told.

SARAH
Hmrrrrrr.

Sarah pauses to think. Megan twists her chewing gum between her fingers.

MEGAN
Do you want me to take your turn
for you?

SARAH
Yeah. I do...

MEGAN
Fine, I will.

Megan pauses.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
How big is it?

SARAH
Megan!

TREVOR
(Grinning)
How big is what?

CHLOE
Like you don't know.

MARK
Baaaaad idea for a question. Very
bad.

SARAH

We agreed to keep it PG-13,
remember?!

MEGAN

Have you even seen a PG-13 flick
before? This IS PG-13. Now answer
the question.

MARK

I gotta take a piss.

CHLOE

I think if you can't handle this
conversation, it shows that you are
insecure in your manhood.

MARK

Me? Insecure?

Mark grins.

CHLOE

Yeah. I think so.

Chloe smirks, challenging him.

MARK

I really gotta pee.

Mark scrunches his nose, then turns and walks to the door.
He exits.

CHLOE

What a fag. What do you wanna bet
he won't even come back?

MEGAN

Probably. Now, I think we're all
waiting for an answer.

TREVOR

I think there's only one person in
the room who's gonna find out.

Sarah smiles, avoiding eye contact. Chloe and Megan both
recite a loud "Ooooh!" in unison.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Shut up, shut up.

MEGAN

You guys totally love each other!
It's like, so cute!

SARAH

We do not love each other. We,
like, just met!

Suddenly, the LIGHTS GO OUT, cutting Sarah off mid-sentence,
ending it with a gasp.

CHLOE

Fuck me!

SARAH

What's going on?

There is a slight sense of panic in their voices and facial
expressions. Sarah stands and makes her way to the window,
pulling the blinds back.

She squints, struggling to see in the darkness.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's not even raining. Why would
the lights go out like that?

TREVOR

Maybe a short-circuit.

The lights come back to life, illuminating the room. Nervous
laughter fills the room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

See? What'd I tell you?

MEGAN

I just about crapped myself when
the lights went out.

SARAH

That's good to know.

CHLOE

What the hell happened to the game?
I was just starting to enjoy it.

SARAH

Of course you were.

Suddenly, SOMETHING MOVES OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, only a dark
blur from inside the house.

Megan spots it in her peripheral vision.

MEGAN
Jesus! Someone's out there!

SARAH
What?

Sarah, Chloe and Trevor turn to look out the window, following Megan's horrified gaze.

MEGAN
I saw someone!

TREVOR
No one's out there. We didn't even see a car within a hundred miles of this place.

MEGAN
No, I saw someone! I swear it!

CHLOE
You're on crack. Now let's get back to the game.

A loud BANG startles the group. They once again turn to the window - a large crack now sits in the center of it.

SARAH
What was that?!

MEGAN
Someone's out there!

TREVOR
Who would it be?

Megan stays silent. She backs away from the window as far as is possible, until she is pressing against the couch. Sarah climbs to her feet.

SARAH
Be right back.

TREVOR
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where are you going?

SARAH
I'm gonna go see.

TREVOR
I'm coming with you.

SARAH

Fine, come on then. We'll be back
in a sec.

MEGAN

Be careful. Uh -- get a flashlight
or something first. It's pitch
black out there.

Sarah nods her head.

TREVOR

Where do you keep 'em? I'll go get
one.

SARAH

Under the sink in the kitchen. I'll
meet you outside, 'kay?

TREVOR

Sure.

Sarah starts for the front door again. She reaches it and
pulls it open.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Sarah starts out into
the cold, dark area in front of her. Chloe walks forward and
slams the door after her.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah walks out into the darkness, shivering from the cold.
She hugs herself, struggling to get warm. She squints to see
in the darkness.

Suddenly, something catches her eye. A bright spot in the
darkness. She squints harder to get a better view.

SARAH

Who's out there?

No answer.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hello?

A rustling sound. Sarah shrugs and spins around to find
Trevor behind her! She gasps.

TREVOR

Calm down, it's me. Find anyone
yet?

SARAH

Huh-uh. Do you see that?

Sarah points toward the spot where the light was only moments ago. Trevor squints to get a good look. Nothing is there.

TREVOR

I don't see anything.

Sarah takes another look.

SARAH

There was like, a light or something a couple seconds ago.

TREVOR

Let's go get a closer look.

SARAH

I don't want to... what if someone is really out here?

TREVOR

Come on. Take a risk.

Sarah gives him a look, rolls her eyes. She lets out a heavy SIGH.

SARAH

Fine. Let's go.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe is seated on the couch casually. Megan is standing by the window, peering out worriedly.

CHLOE

What can you see?

MEGAN

I can't see shit. I hope they're OK.

CHLOE

They're fine. You're imagining things.

MEGAN

That wasn't my imagination.

Chloe sighs, then leans her head back, bored.

CHLOE

I just wanna get back to the game.
I'm bored outta my skull.

MEGAN

Shhh! Shhh!

Chloe lifts her head, listening. Megan turns back to the inside of the room, a look of worry on her face.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What's that?

A low MOANING can be heard. Chloe climbs off the couch and makes her way to the window. She pushes Megan lightly, moving her from her perch.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What is that?!

CHLOE

Shhh! Shut up.

Chloe and Megan listen intently.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevor and Sarah can hear the noise, too. It's definitely coming from out here. The light once again appears up ahead, probably still a hundred feet or so.

Sarah and Trevor break into a slow jog toward the object as the moaning continues. The light is THE SOURCE OF THE MOANING as well.

SARAH

What's that noise? Can you see?

TREVOR

Huh-uh.

Trevor and Sarah continue until they reach the light... and see the object in the center.

Illuminated by the glow is MARK'S BODY, bloodied and battered, pinned to the tree by LONG NAILS which are protruding from his wrists, ankles and throat.

Sarah stops dead in her tracks, her eyes wide with disbelief.

SARAH
Oh my god!

TREVOR
Jesus fuck!

Trevor drops the flashlight to the ground. Neither of the pair knows exactly what to do.

Mark is STILL ALIVE, and the source of the moaning. A horrible gurgling sound escapes from his lips as streams of blood drip down the sides of his mouth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Get the flashlight! Get the flashlight!

Trevor makes a run for the tree as Sarah makes her way to the flashlight.

She lifts it from the ground and makes her way toward Trevor, who is struggling with Mark.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I need light... I need light!

Sarah struggles to keep the flashlight steady, and does a poor job of it to say the least. Trevor tugs at the nails embedded in Mark's wrist.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Keep it steady...

SARAH
I can't... I can't...

TREVOR
Yes you can!

Sarah closes her eyes tight, then opens them again as if expecting to wake up from a nightmare.

Trevor manages to pry one of the nails from Mark's wrist, and half of his body sags down on the tree. Trevor goes to work on the other side.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I can't get him down! You have to help me!

SARAH
No... I can't... I can't...

TREVOR

Sarah, please! He's not gonna make it! Please!

SARAH

No...

Sarah drops to her knees on the ground, shedding Trevor and Mark in darkness as the beam of light shines to the ground.

TREVOR

Light!

Sarah shines the flashlight on the tree, but continues crying hysterically.

After an uncomfortable amount of struggling, Trevor manages to pry the nails from both of Mark's ankles, leaving him hanging barely alive by one wrist and his throat.

The shaky beam of light creates an eerie glow instead of full lighting on the ordeal.

Trevor tugs and pries at the nails before finally removing the nail from the middle of Mark's throat. Mark coughs and sputters.

SARAH

Stop it! You're killing him!

Trevor finally pries the last of the nails from Mark's wrist, getting him free.

Trevor kneels down and sprawls Mark carefully onto the ground.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Is he dead? Oh god, is he dead?!

Trevor doesn't say a word. He glances up at Sarah, then back down to Mark's lifeless, bloody corpse.

Suddenly, Sarah's eyes move away from Trevor's gaze, and up above his head. She SHRIEKS loudly.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh my god, look out!

It's too late. From behind Trevor, Jeff, hood up once again, swings an axe into Trevor's chest, knocking him back. He winces and CRIES OUT in pain.

Sarah SHRIEKS AGAIN and crab-walks away from where Jeff stands, not recognizing him with his face hidden.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 What do you want?! What do you
 want?! Please leave me alone!

Jeff pulls the axe blade from Trevor's chest and holds the
 axe with both hands in front of his chest.

He approaches Sarah, who shields her face hysterically.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Please... please...

Jeff stops in front of Sarah, staring down at the trembling
 blob sprawled out in front of him.

Then, he passes her and continues to the house, breaking
 into a jog.

Sarah moves again, looking every direction around her,
 confused. She crawls forward a couple feet, then gets to her
 feet and starts jogging away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe and Megan stand by the window, peering out. Struggling
 to see.

CHLOE
 Stay here...

MEGAN
 What?

Chloe starts off toward the kitchen doorway. Megan grabs her
 arm at the elbow, holding her in place.

CHLOE
 Let go!

MEGAN
 What are you doing? You're not
 gonna leave me here!

CHLOE
 I have to go out there. Let me go.

Chloe tugs her arm out of Megan's tight grip.

MEGAN
 I'm going with you.

CHLOE
No, stay here... I'll be back in
just a minute.

MEGAN
No, I'm going!

CHLOE
Fuck... fine. Come on then. I'm not
gonna let you slow me down.

Megan nods her head. A look of distress covers her face. She latches onto Chloe's arm again.

Chloe turns back to her, gives her a look. Megan releases her grip once again, and then the two girls are off into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chloe and Megan cross the kitchen to the sink. Megan looks frantically around the room, turning every which way, keeping close to Chloe.

Chloe ducks down on the floor and pulls open the cabinet below the sink. She digs around inside of it for a moment before producing a flashlight from the darkness.

CHLOE
We've only got one light. You can
hold it.

MEGAN
But --

Chloe presses the light against Megan's chest until she finally takes it from her.

The sound of MUSIC PLAYING, robotic-sounding almost, startles the two girls.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
What's that?

CHLOE
I don't --

Chloe's eyes widen.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
My cell phone!

Chloe jogs from the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe makes a mad dash for the table and stops when she reaches it. She flips her phone open and holds it to her ear, silencing the ring tone.

SARAH (V.O.)
Chloe? Where are you?

CHLOE
In the house. Where are you?

SARAH (V.O.)
Meet me in the back of the house.
Get out of there!

CHLOE
Sarah, what's --

SARAH (V.O.)
Just do as I say! Now!

There is a click from the other line. Chloe flips her phone closed.

The FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN, revealing Jeff standing in the doorway with the axe held with both hands across his chest, ready to strike.

CHLOE
Go, go, go!

Megan turns and darts from the room. Chloe follows close behind, as Jeff remains in the doorway. He breaks into a run after the girls.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Chloe and Megan emerge in the back of the house and look around frantically before spotting Sarah a few yards away. Sarah gestures for them to come to her.

CHLOE
Sarah, what the fuck is going on!?
Who is that guy?!

SARAH
Don't worry about it right now.
I'll explain later.

MEGAN

Sarah --

SARAH

Did he see you? Please tell me he
didn't see you...

Chloe and Megan exchange glances, then return their
attention to Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jesus. Look, guys... it's me he
wants, I'm sure of it. You two make
a run for the lake. If you can get
there, take one of the canoes
across it to the town. Got that?

CHLOE

Yeah... yeah. We can do that.

MEGAN

Sarah, I don't wanna leave you!
Don't make me leave you!

SARAH

Please! Just go now! Before he
realizes it.

CHLOE

Come on...

Chloe grabs onto Megan's arm and starts to pull her away.
Megan pulls toward Sarah.

MEGAN

Wait! Wait just a second!

Megan embraces Sarah, holding her tight in her arms. After a
few moments, she pushes away from her.

MEGAN

Please be careful...

SARAH

You guys too. Now go! I'll be just
fine, I promise!

CHLOE

Megan, come on!

Chloe tugs at Megan's arm again. This time, Megan allows
herself to be pulled away.

Sarah watches them go apprehensively, then turns back to the house and makes her way to the back door. She starts inside the house.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah enters the house, unarmed, tiptoeing naively across the hardwood floor of the hallway. The AVIARY comes into view around the corner...

...And a shadow moves from inside! Sarah jumps, startled by the sudden movement.

SARAH

Jeff!

Sarah looks ahead nervously as she progresses towards the aviary in front of her. She presses against the far wall, peering through the darkened glass.

Finally, she reaches the KITCHEN DOORWAY and makes her way through it.

Once inside, she crosses the kitchen to a drawer by the sink and withdraws a large KNIFE. She pushes the drawer closed again, then makes her way to the kitchen door once again.

Sarah makes her way back out into the hallway and to the aviary door.

She grabs the doorknob and pulls it wide open, allowing one or two of the small birds inside to flutter out into the hallway.

INT. AVIARY - NIGHT

Sarah steps the rest of the way into the aviary and allows the door to close behind her. She stays put by the door for a moment before moving forward, looking around cautiously.

SARAH

Jeff? Come and get me! I'm ready
for you...

Sarah reaches out to the wall and flips on the light switch, illuminating the room. She looks around again. Jeff is nowhere to be found.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jeff...

Still no answer.

From behind Sarah, the leaves in a plant part and Jeff stands from beneath them. He pushes through them silently, then makes his way toward her.

About a foot away, Sarah can sense his presence.

JEFF
Put that down.

Sarah whirls around.

SARAH
What are you doing?

JEFF
Sarah... put the knife down.
Please.

SARAH
No...

JEFF
I'm not gonna hurt you. I'd never
hurt you.

Jeff takes another few steps.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I'd never, ever do that.

SARAH
Please don't come any closer.

Jeff continues toward her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Jeff, please! Please, stay away
from me!

JEFF
Sarah, I love you.

Jeff's words are monotone, flat. He shows no emotion as he continues toward her.

SARAH
Jeff, please! PLEASE!

Sarah starts to back away now. She stumbles over a plastic rock on the ground, nearly loses her balance.

Emotions are flooding out of Sarah. Tears stream down her face.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What did you do?! What did you
fucking do?!

JEFF
I love you, Sarah.

SARAH
You killed them! You killed all of
them you asshole!

JEFF
I love you...

SARAH
I hate you, Jeff! I fucking hate
you! Leave me the fuck alone! I'll
fucking kill you!

Jeff stops walking. Sarah does the same. She stops,
searching his features. He is expressionless.

She speaks again. This time, her voice comes out softer,
much less harsh than previously.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Please... please, just leave us
alone, Jeff. Please...

Jeff darts forward, tackling Sarah to the floor of the
aviary! She hits her head against one of the plastic rocks
which litter the floor, and the two of them crash into the
pond.

Sarah reacts immediately, struggling to get to her feet in
the shallow water, but sliding on the slippery surface.

Jeff tugs at her pant-legs as she makes a run for it, but
she manages to get away.

Sarah makes a run for the door, then throws it open, sliding
into the hallway on her wet heels.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeff and Sarah explode into the hallway, slipping and
sliding, leaving wet footprints across the floor.

Jeff reaches an arm out, grasping through the air at Sarah
as she dashes down the hall. He barely misses her.

The two of them slip, slide and crash down the hallway,
through the KITCHEN, and into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- Living room.

Jeff tackles Sarah, bringing her down over the back of the couch.

The two of them crash to the floor next to the coffee table. Sarah straddles Jeff, sitting on his chest. She raises a fist in the air, then brings it down to Jeff's cheek.

Jeff kicks his legs violently, sending Sarah flying off onto the hardwood floor. She once again hits her head against the coffee table, resulting in a loud CRACK.

Sarah falls unconscious as Jeff climbs to his feet, towering over her lifeless body.

He gets down on one knee next to her, drawing closer and closer to her. He leans in to her face and raises a hand to her cheek.

He draws a single finger across her cheek tenderly, pushing a wet portion of her hair out of her face. In its place, a long streak of red drips down the side of her face.

He smears it away with his thumb, then draws in closer to her. Their lips meet for a moment, then he draws away.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Sarah lies against one wall, unconscious. Loud, heavy footsteps come from somewhere else in the darkened room, before Jeff comes into view.

He approaches Sarah's unmoving body and kneels down in front of her again. He holds a WASHCLOTH in his hands, and a saucer of cold water.

Jeff dips the washcloth into the water, then brings it up to Sarah's face.

He runs it along her cheek, once again smearing away a streak of blood.

Suddenly, Sarah coughs, turns her head, blinks her eyes. She sits up and her eyes go wide. She starts to speak, but Jeff silences her with a finger to her lips.

JEFF

Shhh... it's gonna be alright.

Sarah pushes his hand away.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Everything's alright.

Sarah examines his expression. No sign of anger. She sees no threat here.

SARAH
(Stuttering)
Why are you doing this?

JEFF
Shhh...

SARAH
Please leave us alone...

JEFF
Shhh... everything's OK.
Everything's alright.

Sarah plays along.

Jeff leans closer to her, startling her at first. He continues to come closer until his mouth reaches her ear.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
I love you, Sarah.

Jeff leans away. He looks her in the eyes.

SARAH
I... I love you too, Jeff.

Sarah's eyes dart around the room. She is searching for something.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I love you...

Sarah finally spots something. A knife is lying on the floor next to Jeff. Sarah looks from Jeff to the knife... from Jeff to the knife.

She leans toward him... toward the knife. Jeff doesn't realize what is happening until it's too late --

Sarah lifts the knife from the attic floor and jabs it into Jeff's shoulder, knocking him back. He howls with pain as Sarah leans forward on top of him.

She rolls off of Jeff and onto the floor, leaving Jeff behind her.

She makes a run for the attic hatch, reaches it, tugs at the handle. It doesn't budge!

Sarah looks around for the source of the jam. A PADLOCK holds it in place!

Sarah whirls around to find Jeff on his feet. He removes the knife from his wound and starts toward Sarah, growling in anger and pain.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jeff! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Jeff continues towards her, reaches her, and slaps the palm of his hand across her face, knocking her back.

Sarah sits up, holding a hand to her cheek. SCRATCH MARKS from Jeff's fingernails drag across her face.

She kicks her legs out, knocking Jeff onto his back on the floor.

Sarah crawls to the attic hatch again and tugs at it, but the padlock keeps the door firmly secured. She turns to Jeff, who is slowly recovering from the fall.

Sarah gets to her feet and runs to him, standing over him with a cold glare in her eye.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You asshole! You fucking asshole!

Sarah kicks Jeff hard in the ribs, knocking him flat on the floor once again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Give me the key...

JEFF

Fuck you!

SARAH

Give me the...

Sarah kicks him again, this time in the chest. He falls flat again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...Fucking key!

Jeff does not respond. Sarah kicks him hard again, this time in the face, then turns back to the attic hatch. She kicks the padlock with all her strength.

She kicks it again, and again, and again before it finally SNAPS OPEN!

Sarah reaches down and once again tugs at the handle, pulling the door open effortlessly. She leaps down through the hatch.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah falls from the attic to the floor, landing on her feet, hard. She nearly loses her balance, but manages to keep upright.

Close behind her, Jeff leaps down through the hatch as Sarah rushes full speed down the hallway.

Jeff starts down the hallway after her -- once again holding the axe across his chest!

Sarah reaches the stairwell and starts down it, going down three steps at a time.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah reaches the bottom step and crashes into the wall across from it. She continues on, stumbling clumsily down the hallway.

She looks around, disoriented, then starts down another one of the many corridors of the house.

Behind her, Jeff reaches the bottom of the stairs! Sarah turns back, spots him, and disappears into one of the rooms in the hallway.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah closes the door quietly, breathing heavily, exhausted. She spins around, flips on the light switch, and looks around the room -- a walk-in CLOSET.

She spins around again to face the door, walking backwards slowly until she hits something -- several jackets hanging on hooks.

She turns back to face the hooks, then pushes past them and hides, covered for the most part by the jackets.

She closes her eyes, allowing a few tears to squeeze through and run down her cheeks.

BANG! A pounding noise comes from the hallway! Sarah gasps, startled by the sudden noise.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeff swings the blade of the axe into one of the doorways, shattering it completely. He looks around at the room inside, then takes a few steps to the next doorway.

He swings the blade of the axe into this way, causing the door to completely explode. He steps in for a moment, takes a look around, and steps back into the hallway.

He takes a few steps to the next doorway -- the last one at the end of the hall -- the walk-in closet.

He starts to swing the axe when a noise breaks his concentration. He turns to find MEGAN'S CAT standing at the opposite end of the hall!

The cat YOWLS LOUDLY, then continues on its way.

Jeff cocks his head to the side slightly, then raises the axe again and swings it into the doorway of the walk-in closet.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Sarah closes her eyes tight as Jeff continues his destruction of the door.

The wood on the door finally shatters, sending pieces flying everywhere. Sarah remains silent.

Jeff takes a few steps into the closet, examines it for a moment, then steps back out. He disappears from sight. The sound of his footsteps goes away.

Sarah allows herself to take a deep breath, then pushes out through the jackets.

She takes a couple steps forward to the door, breathing heavier than ever.

Just as she reaches the doorway -- WHAM! The blade of the axe is thrust into her chest, knocking her back against the jackets!

She loses her footing and slides to the hard wood floor, as Jeff appears in the doorway. He stands over her.

Sarah stares up at him, eyes wide, as he reaches down and removes the blade from Sarah's chest.

Jeff kneels down once again in front of Sarah's face. Their eyes meet. They hold there for a few moments, as Jeff leans in closer and closer.

Finally, he leans in and their lips touch again. He doesn't say a word.

He climbs to his feet once again, axe in hand. He raises it, holds it above his head for an uncomfortable amount of time, then brings it down again.

He backs away from Sarah's lifeless body, drops the axe to the floor with a loud, hollow thud, turns and walks out of the closet.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

FOLLOW JEFF as he makes his way down the hall, walking only slightly more quickly than normal. No sense of urgency.

He reaches the end of the corridor and makes his way down another before finally emerging into the living room.

He makes his way to the open front doorway. Stops for a few moments. Spins around.

Jeff examines the silent, empty room for a moment, smiling proudly. He reaches up and grabs onto the hood of his sweatshirt. He pulls it up over his head.

Jeff spins around again, facing the exterior of the house. The only light comes from the just-rising sun.

Jeff takes a few more steps, then breaks into a quick run, allowing his hood to once again fall over his shoulders as he goes.

He disappears into the partial darkness of the sunrise, becoming merely a shadow as he runs.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A single CANOE disturbs the silent, calm water. A hand hangs over the edge, dragging in it calmly, unmoving.

The hand belongs to Chloe, asleep and hanging partially over the side of the canoe.

Behind her, Megan sits up, awakened. She looks over the edge of the canoe to find several POLICE CARS parked along the water's edge.

She smiles, amazed, and pushes on Chloe's shoulder. Chloe sits up and rubs the sleep from her eyes.

MEGAN

Look... look over there.

Megan gestures toward the police cars parked on the shore. Several officers have emerged from them and are spreading out across the land.

One of the officers spots the girls, points, says something to his partner which Chloe and Megan cannot hear from this distance.

The officer waves his arms to the girls, who do the same back to him.

Chloe laughs loudly, dramatically, nervously.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

We made it... we got away!

CHLOE

Yeah... we did.

Chloe and Megan stay upright in the boat, broad smiles covering their faces, as police sirens ring out in the background.

The canoe sails calmly along the surface of the lake. Just a couple hundred yards to the shore.

They've made it.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.