# COUPLE OF KILLERS

ΒY

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### OVER BLACK

An ALARM rings. The sound of a door BURSTING open.

MAN (0.S.) Warden, sir. It's the couple killers, they've escaped.

WARDEN (O.S.) How many? MAN (O.S.) Six confirmed casualties so far, sir.

A pause.

WARDEN (O.S.) Then may God help us.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: 1982

Heavy rain falls on a lonely road running through a dense forest.

A CAR approaches with glaring headlights.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The radio plays the song: (Olivia Newton-John "Physical")

SIMON and EMILY, (26), both attractive.

Simon is driving. Emily reads from a road map.

EMILY Simon, I love you more than anything, but you've really screwed us over.

Simon smiles.

SIMON I love you, too.

EMILY This is serious, we're lost.

SIMON I remember the deal being. I drive, you navigate. EMILY I told you to ask for direction before we left the city.

SIMON Don't be ridiculous. We didn't have time to ask for directions.

Super: Later

The radio plays: (Queen "Crazy Little Thing Called Love")

Emily gazes out of the window. Simon slows the car to read a sign:

"Guest House. 1 mile - left"

SIMON (CONT'D) Em. What do ya think?

Emily notices the sign.

EMILY Is that a good idea?

SIMON We need to get off the roads. And the storm's getting worse.

EMILY It's your call.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dusty and cluttered with ornaments. BRYAN, (55), well built. PATRICIA, (55), small and sweet. They watch out of the window. It rains heavily. Simon and Emily's car pulls up outside the house.

> PATRICIA They probably want to stay the night. You chose the guest house, Bryan.

BRYAN They could be anybody.

Simon and Emily get out of the car and run toward the house.

PATRICIA They're just looking to take shelter from the storm.

BRYAN I highly doubt that. BANG on the door. Patricia heads for the door. BRYAN (CONT'D) Patricia, what are you doing? You can't let them in. Not after the murders. Patricia reaches out for the door handle. BRYAN (CONT'D) Patricia. EXT. GUEST HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT Simon and Emily stand at the door. They're wet and cold. The door opens. Patricia stands in the doorway. Bryan right behind her. EMILY Hello, I'm Emily, and this is my boyfriend Simon. SIMON Have you got a room for the night? PATRICIA Yes of course. Get in here, get out of the rain. Simon and Emily awkwardly squeeze past Patricia. SIMON Thank you. EMILY Thanks. Patricia checks nobody is outside. She turns off the porch light and shuts the door. INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT They stand in the hallway.

SIMON Thank God we found you. We've been lost for hours, and staying out there will kill ya. PATRICIA Strange. That's how we found the place, getting lost. My name's Patricia and this is my husband Bryan.

Simon shakes Patricia's hand.

#### SIMON

# How's it going, Bryan?

Simon puts his hand out to shake Bryan's. Bryan doesn't respond.

BRYAN No. No, I don't.

Simon awkwardly puts his hand down.

SIMON

Okay.

EMILY So, I take it you have a vacancy?

PATRICIA Uh, yes we do. You're our first guests actually. Come on, I'll show you to your room.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's dark and narrow. Animal heads hang from the walls. They walk down the hall.

Emily checks-out the animal heads.

PATRICIA Don't worry dear. They won't bite.

EMILY You have so many.

PATRICIA I know. They came with the house.

SIMON Have you lived here long?

PATRICIA

No--

BRYAN Yes. We have.

A pause.

SIMON

It's just how you spoke downstairs, I presumed you've only just got here.

They stop outside a door.

#### PATRICIA

No.

Simon and Emily look confused.

PATRICIA (CONT'D) You can spend the night in here.

Patricia is about to open the door, but is stopped by an OUTBURST from Bryan.

BRYAN No. You'll have to take the next one. This room's taken.

EMILY I thought we were your only guests.

BRYAN We never said that.

### PATRICIA

It's a hobby room, I forgot. Bryan doesn't allow guests inside.

Patricia opens the next door.

SIMON We understand.

Simon and Emily enter the room.

INT/EXT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is quaint. Patricia and Bryan stand in the hallway.

PATRICIA Dinner is usually earlier than tonight, but we will be eating shortly. You're welcome to join us.

Simon and Emily look at each other for conformation.

EMILY We'd love to. We haven't eaten a proper meal for a for a long time.

Patricia's curious.

SIMON We'll see you downstairs.

Emily smiles to Patricia. Simon shuts the door.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Wow.

EMILY Creepy. That will be us in forty years.

Simon laughs and moves closer to Emily.

SIMON I can't wait to grow old and collect animal heads with you, Emily Jean.

They hold each other. They stare lovingly into each others eyes and kiss.

EMILY What are we doing here?

SIMON This little adventure was your idea. I was content right where we were.

They both laugh.

EMILY Yeah, I doubt that.

SIMON What's the problem then?

EMILY I just thought we'd end up somewhere a little more. Exotic? Romantic?

SIMON They say it's what you make out of it.

EMILY Well, we haven't really got a lot to work with.

SIMON As soon as the storm clears we can get the hell out of here. Emily kisses Simon.

EMILY Okay, let's have some fun.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan sits at the dining table holding a rifle.

Patricia enters and lays the table for four.

PATRICIA Bryan, put that thing away. We have company.

BRYAN And I'd rather we didn't.

Bryan places the rifle on his lap.

PATRICIA What's the matter with you?

BRYAN You know damn well what's going on.

PATRICIA They're just a couple of kids on vacation. Yeah, they're a little strange. But that's all.

BRYAN We don't know who they are, and who said they're on vacation?

The power goes OUT.

It's dark. Bryan jumps to his feet with the rifle.

BRYAN (CONT'D) What I tell ya?

Bryan's getting worked up. Patricia tries to calm him.

PATRICIA Calm down, Bryan. You know what happens when you get angry. It could have been the storm.

BRYAN Right, the storm. All I wanted was to get through the night. We've had more than a lifetime's worth of trouble.

Bryan loads his rifle.

PATRICIA No, Bryan, don't. This isn't how we planned it.

BRYAN Can-it, Patricia. I'm not taking any chances. We should never have left--

SIMON (O.S.)

Bryan?

Patricia and Bryan freeze. Simon and Emily have just walked into the dining room and overheard.

SIMON (CONT'D) You got a problem with us staying here, Bryan?

PATRICIA

No--

BRYAN You know I have. I don't trust you. Especially not after what's been happening.

#### PATRICIA

Bryan, stop.

SIMON No it's okay, Patricia. We can get back on the road, we'll find our way.

EMILY

What?

PATRICIA But it's not safe for you out there.

SIMON

Clearly your husband has trust issues. And for all we know, you two could have something to do with it all.

## PATRICIA

Excuse me?

BRYAN You're right, we could. I think you should go.

Simon takes Emily's hand and moves towards the exit.

SIMON We're getting out of here.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Emily is shivering in the passenger seat.

The rain pours.

Simon starts the engine.

EMILY Where are we going?

SIMON I don't know yet. Away from here.

The car pulls away with difficulty, bumping up and down for a few feet before stopping.

SIMON (CONT'D) Oh, no no no--

Simon gets out of the car and confirms his suspicions.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Shit.

EMILY

Simon?

SIMON The front tires are flat.

EMILY

What?

SIMON I'm pretty damn sure we didn't have two punctures when we got here. Shit.

EMILY We got a spare?

SIMON

Not two.

EMILY You think they did it?

SIMON Of course they did it. They don't want us to leave. God damn it.

EMILY You think they know something? SIMON How could they? Come on, we'll freeze to death out here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT Candles light the room. Emily and Simon sit together in a small armchair. Bryan sits in an armchair, he cradles the rifle. Patricia sits on the arm of Bryan's chair. It's tense.

> SIMON Why did you let the air out of our tires?

BRYAN Why did you cut our power?

EMILY You serious?

SIMON You don't think this storm could have had something to do with that?

BRYAN Don't play this game, boy. I may be old, but I'm not past it.

SIMON

Really.

Bryan strokes his rifle. Patricia's more caring than threatening.

PATRICIA We're sorry about this whole awful mess, but we can't be too careful.

SIMON Don't worry, Patricia. As soon as the storm clears, we're leaving.

PATRICIA But there's nothing for miles, and you don't have a car.

SIMON Well, we're not very comfortable staying here, while your husband caresses that firearm. BRYAN It's for protection. You should

have nothing to worry about.

EMILY You really think we have something to do with those killings?

PATRICIA

Do you?

SIMON Of course not. Do you?

EMILY You've been mysterious ever since we got here. Who's hobby is so secretive that nobody's allowed to see it? What are you hiding up there?

BRYAN Do not go there, bitch.

Simon jumps up in Emily's defense.

SIMON Don't you talk--

Bryan aims his rifle at Simon, causing him to sit down.

BRYAN How long, Patricia?

Patricia checks the clock. Bryan doesn't take his eyes off of Simon.

The clock reads: 11:55

PATRICIA We've got five minutes.

EMILY Five minutes until what?

Patricia gets up and disappears into the kitchen.

SIMON What happens at twelve, Bryan?

BRYAN We're gonna do what we should of done when you two first got here.

Simon and Emily share concerned looks. Simon spots a fire poker right by him.

Glass SMASHES from the kitchen.

Bryan jumps up and rushes toward the kitchen, he stops--

PATRICIA (O.S.) It's okay, Bryan. I dropped a glass, that's all.

Simon grabs the fire poker, jumps up and swings the sharp spike into the Bryan's back.

Bryan SCREAMS in pain and drops his rifle. He elbows Simon across the face.

They both fall to the floor.

#### BRYAN

#### Patricia.

Simon reaches for the rifle but Bryan pins him to the ground.

Emily doesn't know what to do.

Patricia runs in from the kitchen wielding a large knife.

She attempts to stab Simon in the face while Bryan holds him down.

Emily smashes a lamp over Bryan's head, freeing Simon.

Patricia misses Simon's face with the knife, she instead cuts him deep in the shoulder.

Patricia grabs the rifle and aims at Simon and Emily, who are cowering on the floor together.

### EMILY Why are you doing this to us?

Patricia is extremely threatening.

PATRICIA You think we wanted this? This was all your doing. Bryan, get up. Get up.

Bryan brings himself to his feet.

BRYAN Give me the gun.

Bryan takes the gun.

BRYAN (CONT'D) Go get the rope.

PATRICIA Don't you think we should-- Patricia picks up the knife and disappears into the kitchen. Emily cautiously stands up.

> EMILY Please, don't do this--

BRYAN Sit down. Sit down.

Bryan aims his rifle at Emily's head. She walks closer to him, almost begging him.

EMILY Please. Please--

BRYAN I'm warning you.

Bryan is about to pull the trigger --

Emily kicks him in the groin.

As Bryan falls to his knees Simon disarms him.

Simon aims the rifle at Bryan's head.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Patricia.

Simon shoots.

Patricia walks in, Bryan's dead body falls to the ground.

PATRICIA

Bryan. Bryan.

Patricia runs at them SCREAMING while holding the bloody knife above her head.

Simon SHOOTS Patricia in the chest, she falls to the floor beside Bryan.

Simon drops the gun.

He holds his bleeding shoulder.

Emily holds tight onto Simon.

SIMON It's okay, Emily. The killers are dead, it's just us now, we're safe.

EMILY Thank you, Simon Emily cries into his chest.

SIMON It's okay. It's all over.

The power comes back on.

The clock CHIMES: 12.00

A song plays on the radio: (Creedence Clearwater "Bad moon rising")

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Simon and Emily are holding each other in the living room.

The rain has stopped and the moon light shines.

A male and female police OFFICER approach the house. Their squad car is parked at the end of the drive.

One officer talks into the radio.

OFFICER We're at the house now. Right on time.

The two officers take each others hand and enter the house.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

On the back seat, two dead police officers are stripped of their uniforms.

Their throats have been cut, blood fills the back seat.

FADE OUT.