

Big Baby

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MONTAGE: MISSING PERSONS FLYERS OF FEMALES FLASH ACROSS THE SCREEN

MULTIPLE NEWSCASTERS SPEAKING overlap each other.

NEWSCASTER 1

Authorities say they have no leads on the whereabouts of the 16 year old.

NEWSCASTER 2

The 18 year old was last seen leaving the farm where her parents work. Migrant workers from Mexico.

NEWSCASTER 3

The family from Guatamaulea say she just vanished.

NEWSCASTER 4

If anyone has information about the location of the 14 year old contact the local authorities.

EXT. TOWN OF GLOVER DAY

Small mom and pop stores line the main street of the tiny, hole in the wall town of Glover.

Lydia Kovich 30, prim, proper, confident. She holds a microphone speaks into a camera.

LYDIA

According to the family last known location of Maria was here the small community of Glover. We have reached out to the Sheriff but he has declined to speak with us stating it's an on going investigation. I'm Lydia Kovich reporting for channel 14 news out of Macon. Annnd cut.

Brad, 20's, aspiring film maker type, Ball cap, jeans, a Stranger things t-shirt. Helms the camera.

BRAD

That was great. Now how about a shot-

LYDIA

Yeah thanks Brad no. I'm done.

BRAD

Sure you don't wanna get a shot of you speaking with the locals or in front of the sheriff's office.

LYDIA

Listen Spielberg, you handle behind the camera. Let me take care of what goes in front of it. Besides the Sheriff has blown me off too many times. Fuck him.

BRAD

So we're done.

LYDIA

Yes thank god. Now lets get back to civilization.

Brad places the camera equipment in the trunk. He moves to the passenger side opens the door leans in.

INT. CAR DAY

Lydia sits behind the wheel.

LYDIA

Okay come on lets go.

BRAD

I'm starving you wanna get something to eat.

LYDIA

Here? Where?

Brad points down the street to a small little cafe.

BRAD

There's a place down the street.

Lydia looks down the street at the cafe

LYDIA

That place?

BRAD

Yeah a good all american greasy spoon.

LYDIA

What do you plan on ordering food poison.

BRAD

Come on I'm starving. And we're like an hour away from anything else.

LYDIA

Um no thanks, I'll pass.

BRAD

Suit your self. But I'm getting something to eat.

Brad shuts the door walks towards the Cafe.

Lydia lets the window down.

EXT. CAR DAY

Lydia leans out the window.

LYDIA

Brad hurry. I'm ready to get the hell out of this god forsaken town.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY DAY

Lydia and Brad travel down a desolate highway. Pine trees, open fields, and barbwire fences stretch along both sides of the road.

INT. CAR DAY

Lydia helms the wheel. Brad sits quietly fumbling with his phone.

Brad suddenly winces in pain grabbing his stomach.

BRAD

Oooh damn.

LYDIA

What?

BRAD

My stomach.

LYDIA

I told you. You shouldn't have eaten that shit. You probably have food poison now.

BRAD

Oh boy, oh boy. Lydia pull over.

LYDIA

Why?

BRAD

I've gotta go, now.

LYDIA

Go?

BRAD

A shit Lydia. I have to shit.

LYDIA
Can't you hold it until we get to
the next town.

Brad grips his stomach with both hands.

BRAD
Unless you want me to shit all over
your car pullover!

Brad spots a dirt road up ahead.

BRAD
There turn down there.

EXT. DIRT ROAD DAY

Lydia turns down the dirt road. A plume of dust shoots up from the back of the car as they travel down the back country road.

Tall pines, and thick brush line both sides of the road like a wall of green, and browns.

Lydia pulls over.

The passenger door flies open Brad leaps from the car sprinting off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS DAY

Brad scurries through the woods, gripping the seat of his pants. He finds a spot drops his pants, and squats. Brad sighs in relief.

The crunching sound of leaves, interrupts Brads moment of solace. He scans the woods, searching for the sound.

BRAD
Lydia is that you?

Twigs crack and snap. Brad jumps at the sound. Head like a swivel.

BRAD
Stop fucking around Lydia. I'm
serious!

Brad quickly jerks his head from left to right searching the woods for someone or something. He becomes visibly nervous.

BRAD
Man fuck this.

Brad yanks his stranger than things t-shirt off revealing a white t-shirt underneath. He pulls off the white t-shirt wipes his ass with it.

Brad jumps to his feet pulls his pants up. He throws the stranger than things t-shirt back on.

Brad begins walking swiftly back towards the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD DAY

Brad emerges from the woods. And makes his way over to the car. As he opens the door to get in he notices Lydia is gone.

BRAD

I knew it was you Lydia! Okay come
out the joke is over!

Brad walks to the front of the car looking around searching for Lydia. He pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

A phone starts ringing inside the car. Brad walks back to the passenger door and looks inside.

INT. CAR DAY

Brad sees Lydia's phone in her purse ringing Brads name popped up on the screen. As he disconnects the phone call something on the steering wheel catches his eye.

Brad leans in closer to investigate. A small stream of blood has ran down the center of the steering wheel.

BRAD

What the fuck.

Brad begins to panic he nervously fumbles with his phone dialing 9-11.

EXT. DIRT ROAD DAY

Brad stands up outside the car.

BRAD

Yes 9-11 hello, hello can you hear
me! Shit!

Brad turns around who or what ever he sees causes his face to flood with fear. As he gasp for air blood splatters across the outside of the car.

EXT. CITY DAY

The hustle and bustle of city life. One car after another zooms down the streets. People rush back in fourth down the sidewalks.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

Hannah Kovich 20's, steps out of the coffee shop latte in hand. Smooth baby face, twinkle in her eye suggest the innocence of a child, but she moves with the confidence of a

lion.

Hannah pulls out her cell phone and makes a call as she moves down the sidewalk.

HANNAH

Yes mam this is Hannah Kovich again is Sheriff Lamar in. My sister is missing. Lydia Kovich you and I spoke a couple of days ago remember. I already left my number and he hasn't called me back. Well is there anyone else I can talk too. Never mind lady, I'll get in touch with him myself.

Hannah hangs the phone up, and sighs in frustration, as she walks off swiftly, and with purpose.

EXT. TOWN OF GLOVER--STREET--DAY

SHERIFF LAMAR 40's, cowboy boots, hat, gun strapped to his side, moves with a sense of arrogance as he crosses the street, to his truck.

HANNAH (O.C.)

Excuse me, excuse me sir.

Sheriff Lamar looks over his shoulder at Hannah as she approaches.

HANNAH

Are you Sheriff Lamar?

Sheriff Lamar looks Hannah up and down with his eyes in an uncomfortable way.

SHERIFF LAMAR

I'am. And who might you be?

HANNAH

Hannah Kovich. My sister--

SHERIFF LAMAR

Right, right, right, Lydia Kovich's sister. Look I've been meaning to call you back. We've just been so busy down here looking for her and all.

HANNAH

Sooo?

SHERIFF LAMAR

So what?

HANNAH

What have you found out?

SHERIFF LAMAR

Not peep. No sign of her, her
boyfriend--

HANNAH

Brad was not her boyfriend he was
her camera man.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Either or. Like I, said no sign of
the both of them or their car.

Sheriff Lamar opens the door to his truck preparing to
leave.

HANNAH

Now what?

SHERIFF LAMAR

Well if we hear from them, I'll let
ya no.

HANNAH

That's it. What kind of fucking
Sheriff are you?

Sheriff Lamar steps in close to Hannah.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Look, I'd watch that pretty little
mouth of yours, if I were you.

HANNAH

And if I were you I'd think twice
about blowing this off.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Are you threatening me little lady?

HANNAH

No what I'm telling you is unless
you want every news station in the
state of Georgia down here asking
questions about a colleague of
theirs going missing. I'd put
fourth a little more effort.

Hannah and Sheriff Lamar share an intense moment of silence
staring at each other.

Sheriff Lamar steps back over to the truck and climbs in.

SHERIFF LAMAR

You have a nice day mam.

He pulls the door to and cranks the truck up.

Hannah moves in close to the truck face almost touching the
glass.

HANNAH

I'm not going away Sheriff. Not until I find my sister.

Sheriff Lamar gazes through the glass at Hannah for a moment. He turns his attention away from her puts the truck in drive and pulls off.

Hannah stands in the middle of the street watching intently as the truck drives away.

EXT. TOWN OF GLOVER DAY

The sun begins its descent on the little community. Missing person's flyers of Lydia now decorate the sleepy little community.

At the end of the street Hannah staples up the last of the flyers to a telephone pole.

Hannah's phone RINGS

HANNAH

Hello.

SHERIFF LAMAR (V.O.)

Miss. Kovich this is Sheriff Lamar.

HANNAH

Yes.

SHERIFF LAMAR (V.O.)

I have some good news.

HANNAH

You found Lydia?

SHERIFF LAMAR (V.O.)

No, but I did find her car.

HANNAH

What, where?

SHERIFF LAMAR (V.O.)

Off highway 18. I was wondering if you could meet me out here. I'd like you to take a look at it and see if anything is missing.

HANNAH

Okay, okay, give me the directions. I'm on the way.

EXT. DIRT ROAD DAY

Hannah's car rolls down the dusty road at a snail's pace.

INT. HANNAH'S CAR DAY

Hannah peers out the window at the endless stream of surrounding trees closing in on her.

She spot Sheriff Lamar's truck pulled over. Hannah pulls in behind him and gets out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD DAY

Hannah, approaches the truck looks inside it's empty. She walks to the front does a 360 searching the area for Sheriff Lamar.

HANNAH

Sheriff! It's Hannah! Where are you!

Hannah catches the figure of something in the woods just off the road. She moves in for a closer look.

Sheriff Lamar lies motionless face down on the ground.

HANNAH

Oh, my God.

Hannah runs into the wood line.

EXT. WOODS DAY

Hannah runs over to Sheriff Lamar, drops down by his side.

HANNAH

Sheriff, Sheriff are you okay.

Hannah shakes him no response. She grabs her cell phone and dials 9-11.

We see just several feet behind Hannah a large foot wearing a dirty, and worn old school baby shoe.

HANNAH

Hello, hello can you hear me.

The baby shoe moves in closer. The unknown subject stands hovering over Hannah.

A sledgehammer decorated with baby rattles slides down next to the baby shoe. The head THUMPING against the pine straw covered ground.

Hannah jumps, spinning around. Fear and shock cover her face, as she looks up at the unknown figure.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Old rusty tin roofed barn. Slat boarded walls, blackish, gray from decades of neglect and baking in the sun.

INT. BARN NIGHT

A light fixture dangles from the ceiling. The light spills out onto the dirt floor. A music box eerily spits out Rock-a-Bye Baby.

Hannah. Unconscious bound at the wrist. Dangles from a thick chain connected to the rafters. Blood drips from her bloodied nose.

Hannah lets out a groan as she comes to life. She slowly opens her eyes. Reality kicks in. Her eyes bounce back and fourth panning the room.

Old vintage toys clutter the room. Baby doll heads sit along wooden makeshift shelves.

Hannah swings around.

Her eyes widen at the large figure of a man in front of her. He stands back turned, at a cluttered counter. He dons a diaper, and a well worn, stained, baby blue t-shirt.

Hannah, sucks in the dusty air shocked by the freak show.

HANNAH

Who, who are you. What do you want?

The large figure turns around. BIG BABY, Built like a bull, Broad, and fleshy. His face covered with a freakish baby doll mask. Red lips, and rosy red cheeks.

He approaches Hannah. Powder puff, in one hand, and lipstick in the other.

Hannah looses it. Screams, jerking at the restraints flailing around.

HANNAH

No, no. Get the fuck away from me.

SHERIFF LAMAR (O.S.)

Hey! What's going on in here.

Big Baby lets out a groan. Backs away from Hannah.

Hannah jerks her attention away from Big Baby. Looks towards the doorway.

Sheriff Lamar stands in the entrance. A scowl covers his face.

HANNAH

Help, Sheriff. Help me.

Sheriff Lamar enters the Barn. Walks up to Hannah, and Big Baby.

Sheriff Lamar pats Big Baby on the shoulder. His scowl turns to a slight grin.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Don't mind him Miss. Kovich. He's just big olé baby.

A confused look covers Hannah's face as she takes in the two men standing before her.

HANNAH

(To Sheriff Lamar.)

You. You're the one.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Afraid so.

Hannah whimpers. Tears stream down her face.

HANNAH

Why. Why are you doing this. Please let me go.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Yeah, well. I'm afraid that's not going to happen.

Hannah jerks at her restraints. Swaying back and fourth.

HANNAH

Fuck you. Let me go. Let me go now.

Big Baby stares at Hannah. Cocks his head letting out a long slow moan.

Big Baby pats Hannah on the back of the head.

Hannah yanks away from him.

HANNAH

Get the fuck away from me, retard.

Big Baby jerks away offended. He cocks back his beefy arm, sending a massive fist towards Hannah's face.

Hannah, dazed by the blow. Her head bobbles back and fourth like a drunk man. Her face bloodier.

Sheriff Lamar grabs Hannah by the chin. Tilts her head back, investigating her blood smeared face.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Ewww. I believe that nose maybe broken.

HANNAH

Why. Why are you doing this?

SHERIFF LAMAR

Oh Jesus Christ. Is that all you know how to say. Why, why, why.

Sheriff Lamar grabs a folded chair propped up against the wall. Places it in front of Hannah. Plops down in it.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Well let me tell ya, why. Cause you and that bitch sister of yours, had to bring your little ass's down here. Snooping around in our business. Then when you get fucked up. Ya wanna cry, and scream, whyyyy.

Sheriff Lamar's phone rings. He retrieves it from his pocket, answers.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Lamar.

INT. HOUSE NIGHT.

A pair of black cowboy boots pace back and fourth across a wooden floor.

VOICE

You have two for pick-up.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

SHERIFF LAMAR

Yeah. And not the normal senhorita's either. A couple of white girls. And I don't mean none of that junkie trash either. These two are prime pieces of ass. I'm talking top dollar.

VOICE

Condition?

SHERIFF LAMAR

Oh, ones a little banged up. Wash her, slap some make-up on her, she'll be fine though.

VOICE

I'll be there by morning.

Sheriff Lamar disconnects the call.

HANNAH

You're trafficking girls.

SHERIFF LAMAR

There's your answer. This time next week your sweet little ass will be half way around the world.

Hannah clenches her jaw. Anger sets in as her nostrils flare.

HANNAH

You fucking, son of a bitch. Fuck you, fuck you. Where's Lydia?

A door flies open slapping the wall. Big Baby emerges from a separate room. He holds an adult size baby doll dress.

Hannah startled looks at Big Baby holding the dress up proudly displaying it.

Her anger turns to disbelief, and fear, as he approaches.

HANNAH

(To Sheriff Lamar)

Keep that--

SHERIFF LAMAR

Uh-uh-uh. I'd think twice about that.

Big Baby approaches Hannah. He places the dress up to her torso, sizing her up. He looks over to Sheriff Lamar nods his head.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Hell no, go put it up. We're not taking her chains off, so you can play dress-up.

Big Baby groans in disappointment. Stomps off to the tin room.

INT. TIN ROOM NIGHT

Big Baby enters the room. Tin walls surround a concrete floor. Lydia gagged, and chained to the floor shivers in fear.

Big Baby moves past Lydia to a clothes rack filled with various costumes. He hangs the dress back up.

Big Baby reaches down grabs his sledge hammer leaned against the wall.

We see Brad stuffed in the corner. His bloodied, disfigured, face smashed in. A pool of blood surrounds his limp body.

Big Baby slings the hammer over his shoulder moves towards the door.

INT. BARN NIGHT

Big Baby emerges from the tin room, shuffles over to Sheriff Lamar.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Now you can play with your new toy
all you want. But don't take those
chains off her. You understand.

Big baby nods.

HANNAH

No, no. Please let me go.

Sheriff Lamar ignores Hannah's plea. He turns and walks out of the barn.

Hannah looks over at Big Baby. Like a statue he stands motionless staring at her.

HANNAH

Please. Don't hurt me.

Big Baby moves in closer to Hannah. He raises the hammer up over her head.

Hannah screams.

HANNAH

Nooo, nooo.

Big Baby GRUNTS in laughter.

Big Baby walks over to the side of the room. The chain that suspends Hannah connects to a hook imbedded into the wall.

Big Baby grabs the chain releases it from the hook.

Hannah crashes to the dirt floor. A mushroom cloud of dust burst from the ground.

INT. BARN-LATER

A child's tea set, sits neatly arranged, on top of a small table.

Big Baby and Hannah sit at the table hovering over the plastic china set like giants. Hannah still shackled to the chains, sits in a comatose like state.

Big Baby raises his little cup up to a toast.

Hannah doesn't move continues staring off into space.

Big Baby MOANS holds his cup towards Hannah. He motions for her to pick her cup up.

Hannah ignores his plea to play.

Big Baby picks Hannah's cup up. He holds it out for her to take.

Hannah suddenly snaps out of her trance.

HANNAH

I, don't wanna play, you fucking
freak!

Big Baby leans straight up in his chair. His chest sucks in and out at the air as his breathing becomes heavy.

Hannah's anger laden face turns to fear.

Big Baby violently rakes the tea set off the table. He stands grabs the sledgehammer. He SMASHES, the 18 pound steel head into the wall.

Hannah holds her chained hands up covering her face.

HANNAH

Okay, okay, okay. I'm sorry, I'm
sorry. I'll play with you.

Big Baby holds the hammer up over his head.

HANNAH

I wanna play. What do you wanna
play. How about dress up. Lets
play dress up. That was a pretty
dress.

Big Baby's pounding chest slows, as he calms down. He drops the heavy hammer by his side.

Hannah shivers in fear as the man-child stands over her.

Big Baby turns walks over to the metal room. Opens it and steps in.

Hannah now able to see inside the dimly lit room spots Lydia.

Lydia shocked at the sight of Hannah lets out a muffled scream. Tears pour down her mascara smeared face.

Hannah sighs deep breath of relief at the sight of Lydia.

HANNAH

Thank God.

Hannah frantically begins looking around the room. She sees an old axe hanging on the wall.

Hannah jumps to her feet moves towards the axe. She drags the chain across the dirt moving closer.

The slack in the chain is taken up preventing her from grabbing the axe.

Hannah looks around the room for additional weaponry. She notices a table in the corner of the room.

Hannah runs over to the table.

She sifts through the junk piled table top. She locates an old pair of rusty scissors.

Hannah makes her way back to the center of the room. She hides the scissors in the palms of her hands.

Big Baby emerges from the room, holding the baby doll dress. He is dressed in a pair of worn, and tattered blue and white striped bibbed overalls.

Big Baby walks over to Hannah and holds the dress out for her to take.

HANNAH

Oh that's pretty. I wish I could try it on.

Big Baby holds the dress up nodding his head.

Hannah lifts the chains up.

HANNAH

I can't. The chains.

Big Baby GROANS, in disappointment.

HANNAH

Hey I'll tell you what. If you take the chains off I'll put the dress on.

Big Baby shakes his head.

HANNAH

I, wont tell. It will be just for a second I promise.

Big Baby makes an unlocking motion with his hand shaking his head.

HANNAH

Key?

Big Baby nods.

HANNAH

You don't have the key do you?

Big Baby shakes his head.

HANNAH

Fuck.

Big Baby throws a finger up in the air. He trots over to the counter opens a drawer, pulls out a set of keys.

Big Baby holds the keys up bouncing with joy.

HANNAH

Great. Unchain me and will play
dress up okay.

Big Baby nods with excitement. He moves over to Hannah unlocks her cuffs.

The cuffs and chain fall to the ground.

Hannah lifts the scissors over her head. She thrust down with both hands burying them deep in Big Baby's chest.

Big Baby SQUEALS in pain crashing to the ground. Hannah grabs the keys runs into the metal room.

INT. METAL ROOM NIGHT

Hannah enters the room. She gasp for air at the sight of Brad.

Hannah pulls her eyes away from the gory scene and rushes over to Lydia.

Hannah frees Lydia, the two scramble out of the room.

INT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah and Lydia sprint out of the Barn.

Big Baby squirms in the dirt, GROANS in pain. He reaches over snatches the scissors from his chest.

Big Baby pulls himself up from the floor takes off after Lydia and Hannah.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah, and Lydia run towards an open field.

Big Baby runs out of the barn, spots Hannah and Lydia running towards the field. He steps over to a tree grabs a pitchfork leaned against it.

Big Baby holds the pitchfork over his head like a spear. With a powerful trust he propels it towards Hannah and Lydia.

Lydia SCREAMS in pain as the pitchfork impales her back, piercing through her chest.

Hannah looks back in shock at Lydia stumbling to stay on her feet.

HANNAH

Lydia! Nooo!

Lydia drops to her knees. Blood runs from her mouth. She reaches out for Hannah.

Hannah runs over grabs Lydia.

Big Baby watches the bloody scene unfold.

Big Baby grabs his hammer. He holds the hammer up to his chest, like a warrior preparing to march into battle.

SHERIFF LAMAR (O.S.)

What did you do!

Big Baby jumps like a kid caught in the cookie jar.

Sheriff Lamar stands on the porch of an old farm house adjacent to the barn.

SHERIFF LAMAR

You'd better get that bitch right now! Do you hear me!

Hannah assist Lydia to the ground. Tears stream down her face.

Lydia struggles to speak as the blood gurgles from her mouth.

LYDIA

Go. Run. Get out of here.

Hannah looks up at Big Baby marching towards her. She quickly climbs to her feet.

Hannah darts off into the night.

Sheriff Lamar hops off the porch makes his way over to his truck. He swings the door open reaches inside, pulls out a shotgun.

He racks the slide chambering a shell.

SHERIFF LAMAR

I swear it's getting harder, and harder these days to make a dollar.

Sheriff Lamar slings the shotgun across his shoulder takes off into the night after Hannah.

EXT. FIELD NIGHT

Hannah runs across the field. She stops scans the area. She spots an overgrown patch of brush.

Hannah runs over hides behind the brush, dropping down to her stomach.

Big Baby and Sheriff Lamar move with stealth across the field. Sheriff Lamar pans the vast area with a flashlight.

Hannah watches as the light beam paints across the vegetation.

Sheriff Lamar, and Big Baby move in closer to Hannah.

Hannah buries her head in the dirt as the beam of light moves just over her head.

She peeks up peering through the dense camouflage.

Hannah tenses up at the sound of the ground crunching. She watches Sheriff Lamar's boots pound the ground one after the other in front of her.

As Lamar passes by, Hannah expels a deep breath of air in relief.

Hannah pushes herself up peeking over the brush for a better look. She watches as Sheriff Lamar moves further down the field his light beam moving back and forth.

As Hannah's eyes move across the field she notices Sheriff Lamar is alone. Her head jerks from one side of the field to the other. Big Baby is not in sight.

Hannah's breathing intensifies her chest pounding. She spins around landing on her Butt. Her mouth drops open gasping for air as she looks up.

Big Baby stands over her. His fist cuts through the air towards Hannah.

Big Baby and Sheriff Lamar stroll side by side across the field. Big Baby drags an unconscious Hannah by foot behind him.

INT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah lays on the dirt floor reconnected to the chain. She slowly comes too. Her blurred vision can barely make out Sheriff Lamar and Big Baby standing in the doorway.

SHERIFF LAMAR

What did I tell you? Don't take the damn chains off her. Because of your little antics we almost lost the both of them. And this look at this. That's money down the drain.

Hannah's vision becomes clear. She observes Sheriff Lamar berating Big Baby. Big Baby stands in front of him head hung low taking the tongue lashing.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Now get your ass in there and grab that other piece of shit.

Big Baby trots into the barn and enters the metal room.

Hannah sees the pick-up backed up to the barn. A deceased Lydia hangs off the tailgate.

HANNAH

Lydia!

Hannah pulls herself up off the ground and runs toward the doorway.

HANNAH

Lydia!

Hannah is pulled back by the chain. Tears pour from her dirt caked face.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Well look who decided to join the living. Unlike some people I might add.

Sheriff Lamar walks over to Hannah.

SHERIFF LAMAR

You've got nobody to blame. But yourself little girl.

Hannah breaks down falls to her knees.

HANNAH

What kind of people are you? We didn't do anything to you.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Didn't do anything. You've been doing it to us our whole lives.

Hannah looks over at Big Baby as he exits the metal room Brad slung over his shoulder like a huge piece of meat.

SHERIFF LAMAR

(Pointing to Big Baby)

You take him for example. Picked on and stared at like some freak for a deformity that he didn't ask for.

Hannah watches Big Baby walk out of the barn tossing Brad in the back of the truck next to Lydia.

HANNAH

That's not our fault. We didn't do anything to you. Please don't do this.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Oh honey you and that bitch sister of yours is no different than the
(MORE)

SHERIFF LAMAR (cont'd)
others. I took an oath to up hold
the law and protect. Put my life on
the line for shit pay. So all of
you can sit back and judge. No
more. It's payback.

HANNAH
That's right you took an oath. And
then you kidnap women and sell them
like cattle.

SHERIFF LAMAR
Man's gotta make a livin.

Hannah's eyes fill with rage.

HANNAH
Fuck you and die, psycho!

SHERIFF LAMAR
God damn. You are a spicy little
bitch aren't you.

Sheriff Lamar crouches down in front of Hannah.

SHERIFF LAMAR
But like old Donald said.

Sheriff Lamar reaches between Hannah's legs grabs her by the
crotch.

SHERIFF LAMAR
You gotta grab'em by the pussy.

HANNAH
Piece of shit!

Hannah head butt's Sheriff Lamar.

Sheriff Lamar jerks back grabbing his nose. He jumps to his
feet.

Sheriff Lamar stands over Hannah. He takes his hand away
from the bloody nose. Looks at his blood covered palm.

SHERIFF LAMAR
You little bitch.

Sheriff Lamar back hands Hannah.

Hannah crashes on her side into the dirt.

Sheriff Lamar stands over Hannah. He yanks his pistol from
its holster, points it at her.

SHERIFF LAMAR
I outta blow your fucking brains
out.

Hannah face in the dirt looks on as Big Baby chunks a pair of shovels into the bed of the truck.

Hannah rolls over, sits up. Looks up at a seething Sheriff Lamar.

HANNAH

What are you. What are you doing.

Sheriff Lamar looks back at the makeshift hearse.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Oh that. Well we just can't run'em over to the morgue now can we.

Hannah watches Big Baby push the limp bodies further into the bed of the truck.

HANNAH

No, no, no. I swear I'll kill the both of you.

Sheriff Lamar wipes the blood from his his nose. Leans down grabs Hannah by the chin.

SHERIFF LAMAR

You gotta a lot of spunk girl. I like that. Whattaya say when I get back you and I have some play time.

Hannah jerks away.

HANNAH

You'll have to fucking kill me.

Sheriff Lamar jams his gun under Hannah's chin.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Keep trying me bitch.

Hannah glares up at Sheriff Lamar.

Sheriff Lamar peers down at Hannah, a menacing grin covers his face.

Hannah and Sheriff Lamar unflinchingly stare each other down.

Sheriff Lamar places his finger on the trigger.

A moment of uncertainty.

And then.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Hell I've lost enough money tonight.

Sheriff Lamar retracts his gun looks back at Big Baby.

Big Baby stands watching, like a soldier waiting for instructions.

SHERIFF LAMAR
Get over here.

Big Baby head hung low moves slowly over to Sheriff Lamar.

Sheriff Lamar grabs Big Baby gently by the back of the head. He pulls him in close hugging him.

SHERIFF LAMAR
It's okay, it's okay. I didn't mean
to yell.

Sheriff Lamar releases the hug grabbing Big Baby by both arms.

SHERIFF LAMAR
You know I love you right.

Big Baby nods.

SHERIFF LAMAR
But when I ask you to do something
you have to do it. You understand.

Big Baby nods.

Sheriff Lamar reaches into his pocket, pulls out a set of keys hands them to Big Baby.

Sheriff Lamar points his pistol at Hannah.

SHERIFF LAMAR
Up.

Hannah climbs to her feet.

SHERIFF LAMAR
(To Big Baby)
Take the cuffs off.

Big Baby removes the cuffs.

Sheriff Lamar points his gun at the metal room.

SHERIFF LAMAR
(To Hannah)
In. Now.

Hannah walks over enters the room. Big Baby and Sheriff Lamar follow behind.

Hannah turns facing them watching with a stone face.

Big Baby grabs Hannah by the shoulder pushing her down to her knees.

Big Baby grabs the cuffs chained to the floor. He places the cuffs onto Hannah's wrist.

Big Baby, and Sheriff Lamar exit the metal room. The door slams shut.

Hannah sits patiently staring at the door.

We hear the truck crank up. The engine roars as it pulls away.

Hannah's reserved demeanor switches to action. She hops to her knees pulls on the chain. The cuffs forced forward clinch down on her wrist.

She pulls tighter, screaming in agony as the cuffs bite into the wrist.

Hannah lets up on the chain.

Slump over exhausted staring at the floor.

Hannah looks intently, at the pool of blood, formed on the floor next to her.

She slowly reaches out, reluctantly placing a hand in the blood. With disgust she covers her wrist and hands in the blood.

Hannah climbs back on her knees, pulls the chain tight.

The cuffs glide down her blood soaked wrist. The cuffs slippery slide are stopped with resistance from the top of her hands.

Hannah pulls harder applying more pressure. The cuffs rip into her skin. She screams in pain as her own blood forms around her wrist.

The cuffs slowly slide over her wrist. Meat and metal slip over her hands falling to the floor.

Hannah climbs to her feet stumbling to the door. She pushes, and kicks feebly against the unforgiven wood.

Hannah moves from wall to wall looking for an escape. She pushes against the sturdy walls with no affect.

Hannah's determination turns to defeat. She drops to her knees.

Hannah picks the cuffs up from the floor. She removes them from the chain.

Hannah inspects the blood covered manacles. She slips them open exposing the metal toothed arm of the cuff.

Hannah lays back on the concrete floor gazing up at the ceiling.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Sheriff Lamar stumbles into the barn. Whiskey bottle in hand t-shirt soiled with dirt.

Sheriff Lamar makes his way over to the metal door. He fumbles in his pocket pulls the set keys out.

SHERIFF LAMAR

Wake up little peach its time to play.

Sheriff Lamar unlocks the door swings it open.

Hannah leaps through the doorway tackling Sheriff Lamar to the ground.

Hannah straddles him. Holding the cuff like a blade she rams the metal arm into his neck. She retracts the homemade weapon.

Hannah swiftly and with force pounds the metal back into Sheriff Lamar's neck multiple times.

Hannah SCREAMS like a warrior as blood flies through the air spraying across her face and chest.

Hannah pulls the blood drenched cuff back ready for another blow. She looks down at Sheriff Lamar's lifeless body.

His lifeless, glazed over eyes look back at Hannah as the blood flows from his gaping neck wound into the dirt.

Hannah pulls herself off Sheriff Lamar, flops into the dirt.

She catches her breath looks up.

Big Baby stands at the barn entrance sledge hammer by his side. He doesn't move just observes the scene.

Hannah slowly starts crab crawling backwards looking around for an escape.

Big Baby raises the large hammer clenching it with both hands. He moves in towards Hannah.

Hannah spots an opening between two rotten boards. She dives towards the opening.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah grabs at the ground pulling her torso through the hole.

INT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah digs the balls of her feet into the dirt pushing towards the opening.

Big Baby grabs Hannah's leg pulling her back.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah claws at the ground as she slides back towards the hole.

INT. BARN NIGHT

Big Baby pulls at Hannah's legs forcing her back inside as she kicks and squirms.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah grabs one of the rotten boards anchoring herself. Hannah twist around on her back bracing her arm against the board.

INT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah takes her free foot jamming it into Big Baby's crotch.

Big Baby GRUNTS in pain lets go of her foot.

EXT. BARN NIGHT

Hannah jumps up sprints off towards the open field.

EXT. OPEN FIELD NIGHT.

The night sky begins to give way as the morning twilight peeks over a berm.

Hannah full speed tops the berm running down the field towards a wood line.

Big Baby chases after. He belts out long MOANING sounds of distraught, and misery.

Hannah hits the wood line disappearing into the darkness of the forest.

EXT. WOODS NIGHT

Hannah head on a swivel, creeps through the woods one foot in front of the other softly touching the leave, and twig covered ground.

Hannah moves over to a tree resting her back against it. Catching her breath she surveys the area looking for her next move.

The silent air is broken up by the sound of the large hammer crashing into the trunk of the tree next to Hannah's head.

Hannah yells, runs further into the woods. The thick jagged limbs claw at her skin, as she pushes through the thicket.

Big Baby barrels through the brush with ease.

Hannah running looks back searching for Big Baby. She pops out of the wood line tumbling down an embankment.

Hannah rolls to the bottom embankment strikes her head on a rock knocking her out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD DAY

Hannah lays unconscious along the side of a dirt road. She opens her eyes looking up at the blue sky.

Hannah's view of the day is blocked as Big Baby appears over her head.

Hannah looks up at Big Baby. Fear nor anger cover her expressionless face.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

Just get it over with.

Big Baby raise the hammer over his head.

Hannah closes her eyes. The crack of a bullet pierces the air.

Hannah opens her eyes looks up at a motionless Big Baby.

Blood begins to soak through his shirt. His arms go limp dropping the hammer. He falls backwards to the ground.

Hannah continues looking up out at the sky.

A MAN 30's, dark hair, stands looking down at Hannah.

MAN

Are you okay? I'm not going to hurt you. You're safe now.

Hannah unable to cry cracks a smile, breaks into laughter.

The man helps Hannah into the cab of a moving truck.

INT. MOVING TRUCK DAY

Hannah flops her head back against the head rest, closing her eyes.

The man climbs in the truck.

MAN

Who was that guy? Hey, you're not going to die on me are you?

Hannah lifts her head up opens her eyes.

HANNAH

I, don't--

Hannah looks out the windshield.

Big Baby is gone.

HANNAH

He's gone, He's still alive!

The man looks out the windshield.

MAN

What the fuck. Where'd he go?

HANNAH

Go, go now! He'll kill us both!
Please!

The Man cranks the truck up and guns it. Dust and rock fly as the truck moves down the road.

INT. MOVING TRUCK DAY-MOVING

Hannah continues checking the side mirror as they move along the dirt road.

MAN

It's okay you can relax now. You're safe. What's your name?

Hannah relaxes looks over at the man.

HANNAH

Hannah. And by the way thank you so much.

MAN

No problem. I'm just glad I came along when I did.

We slowly move down to the driver side floor board. We see the man is wearing the same black cowboy boots as the Voice.

We move back up. We see the Man wears a sinister grin across his face as he stares out the windshield.

THE END

