

GROUNDSMAN

by

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The chirping of crickets sedates a single stretch of road, illuminated under street lights.

No homes, no vehicles, just a road that cuts through the consuming darkness.

As the tranquility of the scene is absorbed, two small figures sprint onto the far end of the road.

Their panting fills the night. Their small bare feet slap bitumen. The figures advance and become more distinguishable, two BOYS, no older than nine.

Towering street lights beam down, intermittently exposing their torn pyjamas and beaten faces.

The youngest of the two, JACK RUTTLEY, glances over his shoulder, fuelled by what's pursuing.

MOMENTS LATER

The boys cross a little wooden bridge when the oldest brother, CARSON RUTTLEY, trips and falls.

Jack helps his brother while scanning behind them, eyes wide.

The brothers cross the bridge and veer into an unmarked side road, worming through a rusted gate.

A sign featuring a WHITE SKULL stands above the gate and reads - *"YOUR LOCAL SPORT CLUB - HOME OF THE MIGHTY SKULLS"*.

EXT. SPORT CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The boys continue, running shoulder to shoulder down the driveway toward darkness.

Jack glances over his shoulder. Carson remains focussed ahead, toward a building that materialises from the black.

They're at an isolated sport club with an adjoining playing field holding two opposing goal posts.

They hurry toward a fluorescent gleam that flickers on the side of the clubhouse.

The brothers slow to a stop, sucking in oxygen as Carson winces in pain while holding his midriff.

Jack has sat on the ground under the pool of flickering light, breathing deeply until...

JACK

He was angrier this time.

CARSON

He also found the baseball bat *this time*.

JACK

I hid it under the bed.

CARSON

Shit, Jackie. The bed? I said in the wall. No wonder he found it.

Jack gets to his feet and strides towards the darkness of the playing field...

CARSON

We're not staying here.

But Jack keeps walking toward the halfway line where he takes off his *Spiderman* pyjama shirt, revealing bruises on his thin arms and chest.

He rolls up the shirt and lies down, using the clothing as a makeshift pillow.

The boy stares up at the stars for several quiet moments until Carson approaches his little brother.

Carson opens his mouth to saying something but thinks better of it. He takes off his shirt and rolls it up as a pillow, then lies down beside Jack, staring up at the stars.

We stay on the star-speckled sky as the sound of an EXCITED CROWD fades in.

Lowering back down to the playing field, the pitch is now alive with activity.

A SERIES OF SHOTS. Players wait on the field in anticipation. Some jog on the spot, others jump. Steam swirls from their heads, warm breaths fog the air.

CLOSE ON: A ball is strategically placed on a kicking tee... Football boots backtrack... A whistle is blown.

Game on.

The ball is kicked cleanly off the tee. A player is sandwiched by two defenders with a heavy grunt. Testosterone fueled combat.

Local star BOBBY, late teens, barks orders to his fellow SKULL players, clearly in charge. Bobby is handsome and muscular with a buzz cut.

A handful of teenage CHEERLEADERS dance enthusiastically beside the field.

EXT. GRANDSTANDS/SPECTATOR AREA - NIGHT

A local crowd supports its home team, black and white united, some with faces painted like SKULLS, some wearing skull masks. Random signs are shown, "*Farewell Bobby*".

A random SUPPORTER drops an empty beer can. CHILDREN discard packets of chips. A hotdog splats to the ground. A child's foot stomps a discarded soft drink can into the grass.

INT. COMMENTARY BOX - NIGHT

A small, makeshift commentary box perched atop the roof of the clubhouse, overlooking the action.

Squeezed inside is JACK RUTTLEY. Now mid fifties, a once handsome jock, weathered with age. A strong jaw is streaked with short greying stubble.

With his index finger, Jack taps a keypad, increasing the points on the scoreboard at the far corner of the field.

His attention is drawn to the spectators. Two boisterous and drunken MEN have knocked over an overloaded bin. They laugh and walk off.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A row of tackle dummies, marker cones and bags of footballs. We're in the confines of the equipment room which also acts as Jack's bedroom.

A makeshift clothesline carries perfectly pinned underwear and socks. A nearby bench holds a microwave and a single coffee mug. Everything's in order. Clean.

An old television faces a neatly made bed. Superhero comics are stacked beside an ancient record player.

Now shirtless, Jack is on the tips of his toes on a milk crate, peering outside through a high window.

JACK
Busy day tomorrow.

An old Collie named SAM lies on a quilt beside Jack's bed. Sam looks up as Jack eases off the crate with a sigh.

The groundsman takes a nearby container of chicken and rice. He sits on the edge of the mattress, picking out pieces of chicken with his fingers and popping them into his mouth.

Sam whimpers... Jack looks across.

He then hand-feeds the dog who gobbles up the chicken as the two eat in silence.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - MORNING

The morning sun breaks over a hill. A crow lands on the crossbar of the goal posts, squawking.

The aftermath of the previous night. Beer cans, napkins, chip packets and rubbish litter the area. Crows have descended on the buffet.

EXT. UNDERCOVER SPECTATOR AREA - MORNING

A *Home Sweet Home* mat is dropped back on the floor in front of the glass doors. Jack and Sam exit the clubhouse, squinting from the morning sun.

Jack surveys the mess. The spectator area is worse than the field - with litter strewn everywhere.

JACK
Easy on the sweets this time.

Sam trots ahead, sniffing the ground before gobbling up a half eaten cheeseburger. Jack sighs, moves to the fence and looks out over the open playing field.

Under a clear, winter sky we see that the clubhouse is isolated in a valley, encased by green hills and tall trees - picturesque.

Jack closes his eyes and draws in a deep breath, taking in the crisp air as country music fades in...

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - MORNING

A CLAW STICK collects rubbish from the dew-coated grass - A chip packet. A styrofoam cup. Soda can. A handmade sign reading - "*Farewell Bobby!*"

Music flows from a series of speakers that are bolted to the towering field lights. Below, Jack walks the halfway line, transferring rubbish into a trash bag.

Sam watches from the outer field, yawning while lying on the grass with a full belly.

The groundsman continues picking up trash before lowering to one knee over a divot in the grass.

He takes a nearby chunk of turf and very carefully plants it back into the earth.

Jack's about to get to his feet when he catches sight of something and pauses. He stands and steps forward.

He clamps onto the object with a soft CLINK before raising the mechanical grip to reveal...

... lace underwear.

Jack looks over at Sam who returns the stare with a curious tilt of the head.

JACK

Yours?

Sam moans as Jack bags the skimpy underwear and continues scanning the playing field.

He stops after a few more steps...

.. The claw stick raises, revealing a USED CONDOM. Jack cranes the soggy plastic into the trash bag.

We see that he is surrounded by half a dozen stretched condoms lying wantonly in the grass.

LATER THAT DAY

A garbage bin stands with it's lid open, revealing a load of empty cans inside. Another can lands inside the bin.

Jack and Sam are 20 metres away as Jack kicks empty soda cans toward the bin. One after the other, each can drops into the open receptacle.

Sam focuses on the bin in anticipation. Jack notices and deliberately kicks a can half a metre from the bin, causing Sam to shoot toward it.

Sam clamps the soda can in his mouth and hurries back to Jack - tail wagging, dropping it at his feet.

The groundsman smiles and takes the can, aiming it up before he kicks it directly into the bin.

EXT. FAST FOOD ARCADE - DAY

We're now inside another bin, however this one is loaded with used soft drink bottles, napkins and cardboard takeaway boxes.

Small black hands rummage through the trash, opening the cardboard containers, exposing ravaged chicken bones.

TIGHT ON a young, girl's eyes. Big, soulful and brown as they scan through the garbage.

The girl's hands continue rummaging through the takeaway boxes when they suddenly freeze then rise with an anti bacterial wet wipe sealed in it's satchel.

We now see the girl. A black, middle-aged adolescent named LILLY PAGE. Her face is round and pretty. Her hair big and frizzy, contained in a hair tie. She wears a singlet and jeans, an old *Tupac Shakur* backpack hangs over her shoulder.

Lilly pockets the wet wipe and continuous rummaging...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Abandoned shopping carts and general waste. Lilly sits beside a dumpster, a napkin spread across her lap. Beside her are the ravaged chicken bones.

She picks off any remnants of meat, placing whatever she can on the napkin when a *Tupac Shakur* ringtone is heard.

As if expecting the call, Lilly quickly digs her hand in her backpack, taking out a mobile phone.

LILLY

So what did she say?... Yeah,
yeah, yeah, only for a couple
of nights. Tell your ma thanks.

Lilly quickly wraps the chicken in the napkin while talking on the phone as she gets to her feet with excitement.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM

We see over half a dozen opened satchel and used wet wipes. A toothbrush balances over the sink.

In only her sports bra, Lilly scrubs under her arm with the wet wipe in front of the mirror.

She notices something in the reflection of the mirror and looks back. - Written on the toilet door is graffiti - *For a good time call Brad 04174733.*

Lilly absorbs the words then grabs a pen from her bag. She scribbles out the name and number.

The teenager returns to wiping herself down as we finally see what she wrote - *"For a good time call JESUS, BITCH"*

The country music from Jack's previous scene fades back as we return to...

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM

Jack is now washing the game footballs in a bathtub where Sam sits in the mountain of suds. Jack takes a moment from scrubbing the footballs to give his friend a good bath.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM

Jack stands under the jet stream of water, revealing his bare upper torso covered in old scars. The music continues before it abruptly stops. Jack pauses - someone's here.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - DAY

Jack walks along the hallway and enters the MAIN AREA of the clubhouse. Simple in its architecture, a long rectangular structure. A MUSCLE-BOUND BRUTE in his forties, carries BOXES inside. Grocery bags are also spread out across the bar.

Jack walks past the brute, toward the sliding doors that span the entire side of the big room, overlooking the undercover spectator area and playing field beyond.

Positioned in the spectator area, among tables and chairs is a wheelchair-bound man, facing the playing field.

CARSON (V.O.)
I'm storing some more
promotional boxes for the
club. Only for a few days.

EXT. COVERED SPECTATOR AREA - DAY

Still in his towel, Jack sits with his brother CARSON RUTTLEY, now late fifties, glasses and a stern face. Despite being wheelchair bound and frail, he commands respect.

Carson smokes a cigar and continues to stare out over the field.

CARSON

Got you the tomato paste.
It tastes better than that
soup shit. The trick is to
cook it deep into the meat.
Says half an hour but don't
be afraid to go forty, forty
five...

Meanwhile, brute can be heard roughly unpacking groceries inside the clubhouse.

CARSON

... Then there's the damper.
Lightly toasted with mozzarella
cheese. The fact it's toasted
will provide stability when
soaking up the remaining sauce.
Trust me on that. You'll thank
me later.

JACK

Bobby played well last night.

CARSON

Bobby plays well every night.
That's why he's on his way to
city life. The big leagues. Away
from this Godforsaken place and
those parasite friends of his.

Carson snaps a look back toward the clubhouse.

CARSON

Hey! Take some fucking care
back there! And face all the
labels forward! Forward God
damnit! Forward!

Jack doesn't react to his brother's outburst as Carson composes himself with a soft sigh.

CARSON
 Boy's as useless as tits on
 a bull. I'm sorry Jackie,
 where were we?

JACK
 Bobby.

CARSON
 Oh right. It was a shame you
 couldn't see him off. He would
 have wanted that. He deserve
 that. Kid's turnin' pro for
 Christ sakes.

Carson blows smoke skyward.

CARSON
 He's progressing Jackie.
 Evolving. Like nature
 intended... You see where
 I'm going with this?

Jack sighs. He sure does.

CARSON
 I pay well. You can buy
 your own groceries with
 your own money. Get to
 see tits all day --

JACK
 -- I take care of this
 place.

CARSON
 This place takes care of you.
 And has done since we were
 kids. I'm trying to help you.
 There's a whole world out
 there. I'm trying to get
 some peace in your life --

-- A heavy CLANK - the sound of the brute dropping an
 item in the background. Carson snaps a look backwards.

CARSON
 You useless fucking, cun --

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE - DUSK

Carson's black SUV speeds along the driveway, passing the gate and out onto the country road.

Jack walks after the vehicle in his towel. He stops at the gate and glares at the distancing SUV.

The groundsman turns back, absorbs his home before returning his attention back beyond the bridge, at the worming road.

Jack's left foot slowly steps from the driveway to the public road. His right foot follows.

The groundsman then edges toward the bridge. At first his strides are determined, like he's done this before but then he begins to slow.

Jack stops on the middle of the bridge, staring ahead at the road, willing himself to go further.

He latches onto the hand rail of the bridge, eyes never leaving the road ahead.

Jack glares back toward the safety of the club entrance.

His bare feet reposition towards the club before he begins to step toward his home.

Jack increases his pace and hurries back through the gate, toward the clubhouse.

INT. SUV - DUSK

Carson rides in the back, staring at the passing greenery with not a sign of civilization. He raises his index finger to the window and gently taps his gold ring on the glass.

The brute looks in his rear view mirror at Carson, before turning into a side road.

The vehicle bumps roughly as it passes an old "*Private Property*" sign beside an abandoned refrigerator.

The SUV comes to a top as Carson peers out the window but we cannot see what he sees, only the reflection from the window revealing the faint outline of an old, abandoned HOUSE.

The gold ring gently taps the window once again as the SUV accelerates, driving away.

EXT. BUS SHELTER - NIGHT

Lilly sits in the bus shelter beside her *Tupac Shakur* backpack, crumpled napkin and water bottle.

She peers down the dark street with growing concern, hoping for the bus.

She whispers under her breath as several moments pass when her *2Pac* ringtone is heard.

Lilly takes her bag, rips out clothes and a BIBLE before taking out her mobile phone.

LILLY

(*phone*)

Hey, I'm just about there.
No, no, no. Please. Amy,
just another hour...

She waits...

LILLY

(*phone*)

... But you won't get grounded.
Just leave your window open
again. No, no... Don't go. Just
give me ten minutes.... Hello?

She then spins and kicks the seat before dropping to the ground, clutching her foot.

She lies back on along the curb, staring up at the sky as she settles.

Moments of silence endure when the faint sound of an engine fades into the atmosphere.

Lilly sits up, glances over shoulder to see two headlights advancing on the horizon.

She gets to her feet, eyes never leaving the lights as she grabs her belongings.

Lilly drops her Bible, picks it up and shoves it in her bag, noticing a car approaching.

As the car advances we hear the heavy bass of the vehicle's audio system - It's fast and aggressive, a possible heavy metal song.

Lilly stops, hesitates. She comes to a decision and sticks out her thumb toward the road.

The girl becomes bathed in the vehicle's headlights as the sound systems bass THUMPS from the car.

The teenage girl holds her ground, thumb remaining out as the vehicle materializes from the night to be an old shit-box sedan with heavily tinted windows.

Lilly recoils but it's too late. The sedan slows to a stop just past her.

She looks towards the vehicle, regretting her decision, absorbing the black windows and exhaust fumes swirling out from the vibrating muffler.

The music suddenly dies, allowing nothing but the guttural groan of the engine.

Lilly looks back down the road, hoping for the bus, a car, anything.

She returns to the car - a menacing sight. No one gets out. It just idles, patiently waiting.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Jack takes the cooking ingredients from behind the bar. Spaghetti, meat, salt -

- An old *Batman* cartoon plays quietly on the bar television. Jack takes the bottle of tomato paste.

He absorbs it in his hand, big red tomato dominant on the label as the sound of sizzling fades in...

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Sam looks up at Jack with hungry eyes as Jack cooks mince in an old electric frying pan behind the bar.

The dog licks his lips as Jack mixes the red sauce into the meat, swirling it with a large spoon.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

The groundsman sits at a table, tasting his mince with aversion. Sam sniffs his bowl and whines.

Jack looks down at the dog as the two exchange glances, a mutual understanding. Jack releases a sigh.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

The mince is scraped into a bin. Sam watches as Jack takes display chips and nuts from behind the bar shelf, ignoring the \$1.50 price tag.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The old record player quietly plays a country song as we pass empty chip packets and ice cream wrappers, arriving at Sam, deep in a food coma on the mattress.

Sitting at the end of the bed is Jack. Clearly drunk, he gulps a beer while playing cards with himself.

The record spins on the old player. The needle is close to the end as the music silences, replaced with a gentle static.

Swallowed by the silence, the groundsman's eyes glaze over the cards strategically placed over the bed.

He takes in the room - his sleeping dog and the old record player. He sees Carson's promotional boxes now stacked in the corner of the room.

Jack holds his stare at the cardboard boxes with guilty temptation. He eventually gets to his feet.

Jack quietly approaches and opens the top box, revealing promotional flyers for a sleazy Gentleman's Club.

He double-checks Sam so not to get caught - the dog's passed out in his food coma.

Jack then takes out a single flyer, absorbing the trio of beautiful, naked women.

He stares at the breasts, the curves. He's like a twelve year old boy with a sense of innocence to his curiosity.

Sam groans behind him.

Embarrassed, Jack quickly tosses the flyer back and slaps the box shut again.

JACK

Comin'.

He walks back toward his four-legged friend before crawling up into bed, knocking over beer cans.

Sam snuggles into him as both man and dog lay in bed, trying to fall asleep.

The old record twirls on the player, emitting a light static and hum, almost hypnotising.

Jack releases a slow sigh as he stares at the promotional boxes for several moments until his eyes grow heavy.

The groundsman slowly begins to drift off to sleep as he turns his head on the pillow...

FLASH CUT:

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Young Jack's sleeping face, planted on it's side in the manicured grass. We're back on the brother's lying side by side in the centre of the field.

Young Carson is awake, staring at his sleeping brother. Nose bloodied, bruising under his left eye. His expression holds no emotion.

YOUNG CARSON

Wake up.

Young Jack remains asleep.

YOUNG CARSON

Wake up.

Young Jack's eyes blink open.

YOUNG CARSON

Tonight's the night.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

The groundsman jackknives up like he just took 20,000 volts, gasping for breath, startling Sam.

He gets his bearings, still under the alcoholic spell, then eases back down into bed.

Jack reaches out and takes a near empty beer bottle, knocking over a few in the process as he gulps down the warm remnants.

Jack's breathing settles as he scratches the dog under the neck.

JACK
It's okay, boy.

Jack stares up at the ceiling with Sam now snuggled on his chest, the dog's weight causing Jack to reposition.

With man and dog now settled again, Jack takes a few deep breaths as his eyes begin to grow heavy.

Several silent moments pass when Jack and Sam begin to drift off to sleep when, at the very edge of hearing...

A squeal...

It's faint, barely audible but enough for Sam's ears to peak as the dog's attention snaps up...

A scream...

Louder now, enough for Jack's eyes to reopen - unfocused. He notices Sam's peaked attention.

Jack sits up in bed, trying to confirm the sound, but only silence draws out.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The groundsman and his dog edge out from the corridor into the main area of the clubhouse. He momentarily leans on the bar for support, trying to work through his alcoholic spell.

The only light emanates from the Batman cartoon still playing in loop and the warm, fairy lights, blanketed under the spectator ceiling outside.

Another desperate squeal...

It's outside. Someone's outside. Jack and Sam edge past the bar toward the wall of glass doors that open out into the spectator area and darkness beyond.

Jack stops at the glass, unsure what to do next, unable to see through the darkness of the field.

EXT. SPECTATOR AREA/PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Jack manages to slide open the glass door as man and dog move out into the spectator area.

Another squeal. Rhythmic, almost pornographic, coming from the centre of the playing field.

Someone's definitely out there.

Jack tries to penetrate his vision into the darkness but it's impossible to see anything.

He staggers to the fence, taking a chair towards one of the towering spotlights.

Jack stands on the chair beside the spotlight, reaches up to a switchboard and opens a small panel.

GRUNTING is now heard in unison with the rhythmic, sexual cries. Then laughing.

Jack freezes mid-reach, looks out. His hand moves up to the floodlight switch. His fingers grip a lever.

He pulls it - BOOM!

The field explodes into harsh, bright light revealing...

... THREE SKULL MASKED MEN in the middle of the field, surrounding a FOURTH MASKED SKULL who gyrates between the slender legs of Lilly.

Beer cans litter around them as the Skulls simultaneously turn to Jack.

The largest and more musclebound of the group rises from between Lilly's legs, worming up his pants.

Time stands still. Jack stares at the Skulls. The Skulls stare at Jack until - they CHARGE - straight at him!

Jack falls off the chair, hitting the ground hard. He manages to stand and stagger toward the clubhouse, pushing aside chairs and tables.

The group of Skulls speeds toward him.

Jack limps, stumbling over a chair. The Skulls are about to reach him.

INT. CLUBHOUSE/SPECTATOR AREA

Jack fumbles through the open door, collapsing to the floor. He spins and hurls himself at the door, sliding it closed just as the Skulls SLAM into the glass.

He clicks the lock before sliding his body down, trying to focus. Jack attempts to stand but falls.

Meanwhile, a Skull takes a few steps back before shoulder-charging the glass, to the drunken roar of his comrades.

The musclebound Skull turns back toward the field to see that Lilly has vanished.

The Skull continues to slam into the glass as he bounces back, causing an eruption of drunken cheers - the reverberating glass further muddling Jack's bewildered state.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

The musclebound Skull strides out onto the open field, scanning along the edge of light.

Lilly cowers behind the fence. She has no shoes and her eyes are smudged and red. Her shirt is torn and dirt-streaked, pants gone, now in her underwear.

She peeks over the fence just as musclebound Skull turns in her direction - his eyes LOCK on her.

Lilly takes off, the Skull takes chase.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

The remaining trio of Skulls watch as Jack sways and stumbles to the floor - on all fours he heaves up on the carpet.

One of the Skulls tries each of the three glass doors until one slides open.

They hurry inside the clubhouse and rush Jack, kicking him hard from all angles.

A Skull grabs the phone and rips it from the wall, tossing it across the clubhouse.

The Skull then focuses on the team photos aligning the walls, ripping them off, hurling them around.

Tables are toppled, chairs upended while Jack tries to fight off the brutal attacks.

Next is the cutlery drawer. A Skull hurls it across the room, sending knives, forks and napkins everywhere.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

The musclebound Skull crash-tackles Lilly to the ground, straddling her, wrapping his hands around her neck.

Lilly's face grows red as she suffocates under the powerful grip. All she can see is the terrifying skull mask. Face-to-face with death.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

Between kicks and stomps, Jack staggers to his feet when he's punched in the face - specks of blood spatter the white cinder block wall behind him.

The *Batman* cartoon continues to play on the bar TV, mimicking the fight in the clubhouse.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Lilly is on the verge of passing out as the bulky Skull squeezes her delicate throat. The horrifying mask fills her fading vision.

Without warning, Sam LATCHES onto the Skull's ankle.

The musclebound Skull cries out and rolls off Lilly who sucks in breaths, scampers to her feet, and stumbles into a run.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

Jack's punched against the bar as one of the Skulls takes a steak knife from the littered floor.

With his remaining effort, Jack climbs over the bar, dropping out of sight on the other side.

The Skulls move in when Jack rises, holding a 30-06 M1 Garand Rifle.

The Skulls freeze at the giant barrel pointed at them before slowly pacing backwards, then turning and scattering back outside.

Jack can barely hold the weapon up as he crumbles back down behind the bar.

EXT. FENCED PERIMETER - NIGHT

The manicured grass of the field meets the long unkempt grass of the neighbouring paddock.

The brush is high and Lilly's body disappears into the overgrowth as...

... The musclebound Skull arrives, thick frame silhouetted by the distant field lights behind him.

He worms through the barbed fence as Lilly holds her breath, praying the stalks of grass are enough to conceal her.

Musclebound Skull walks right up to her, towering above, scanning across the dense grass.

Lilly stares at his shoes inches away, afraid to breathe, afraid that the sound of her beating heart may give her up.

The Skull stands statue-still, senses absorbing the environment. His heavy breathing deepened through the mask, matching his already intimidating size.

The other Skulls emerge, their murmured talking indecipherable as they climb through the barbed fence.

Musclebound Skull eventually steps away, scanning another direction with his comrades.

Lilly whispers a prayer as she scans the predatory pack hunting her.

They can be heard communicating but Lilly can only hear muffled mumbles between them.

She moves over a stick - it SNAPS under her weight. In the silence it's like a bomb.

The masked men simultaneously pause before turning in Lilly's direction.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

A SERIES OF SHOTS. The Batman cartoon concludes, credits roll. Dead beer cans lay scattered on the floor as the fairy lights casts a warm glow.

Jack sits in a trance behind the bar. Face long, trying to grasp what's just happened. He eventually winces to his feet and scans the main area with the rifle.

Tables and chairs are toppled over, cutlery is scattered across the floor. Team photos and trophies have been ripped from the walls and smashed. The telephone lies on it's side.

Jack veers around the bar into the main area where he takes in the destruction.

Jack approaches the phone and picks it up, hoping for a dial tone - nothing. He tosses the broken device down.

The groundsman then walks to the front door which overlooks the carpark to see an old sedan parked in the shadows. The same vehicle that picked up Lilly.

Suddenly, in an old broadcaster voice - *"What will our hero do now in this upcoming adventure?!"*. Jack turns to the TV behind the bar which is now replaying the old Batman cartoon.

He notices something outside, beyond the playing field. Jack edges closer to the sliding glass doors, watching...

JACK

Jesus.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Lilly sprints along the edge of the playing field, toward the clubhouse with the Skulls chasing.

LILLY

Heeelp!

She half cries as she pushes her legs to run faster with the Skulls drawing closer.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Jack steps backwards with a panicked expression. He then hurries around the bar where he grabs a MICROPHONE.

He watches the chase while hovering his mouth over the aluminum wire mesh.

JACK
(into mic)
Get the hell outta here!

The outside field speakers cast out Jack's voice. Lilly keeps running toward the clubhouse, Skulls in hot pursuit!

Jack whispers a curse and drops behind the bar, concealing himself with the rifle pressed against his chest.

He waits, every second building in tension until he finally hears her, slapping the glass doors and screaming.

Jack closes his eyes, trying to block out the sheer desperation of it all as the glass vibrates with panic.

Muffled voices. The Skulls. Two maybe three. Joining the ensemble of sounds is a dog's bark. Sam.

Jack's eyes spring open at the bark....

The slapping of glass from Lilly is now gone as silence endures.

Jack holds still, too afraid to move in the silence. He dry swallows and tightens his grip on the rifle.

The groundsman then ever-so-slightly rises until his vision breaks over the surface of the bar.

Movement darts away through the spectator area outside, knocking over chairs.

Jack aims outside while walking back out from the bar and into the centre of the room.

He notices the far end sliding door partially open and hurries to it, slamming it shut and locking it.

Jack then strides across the room to the front door where he looks out across the carpark - the old sedan remains parked in the shadows.

He turns and looks back out toward the playing field, trying to cover as much of the outside area as possible.

The field is empty and brightly lit with a wall of darkness surrounding it, an unsettling sight.

A faint sound snaps Jack from his focus...

He spins toward the far end of the big room, pointing his rifle. But there's nothing.

Jack edges forward, following the rifle held in front of him, index finger on the trigger.

He arrives at the table, the circular surface toppled over and facing him. He takes a few deep breaths and kicks the table aside revealing... Lilly.

She's in the foetal position, cowering in the corner. Jack jolts back. He checks outside, then back at the girl, whispering urgently to himself before....

JACK

Hey... Hey! Get out of here.
Get the hell out of here!

Nothing.

JACK

I said go! Every week I clean
up your filth! Just get the
hell up and go!

She slowly stands.

JACK

And tell your friends not to
come back. I'm sick of it!
You tell 'em I'm --

-- BLOOD runs down Lilly's inner thighs as she desperately tries to worm her shirt down.

Jack lowers the rifle as he takes this in. He notices the red bruising around Lilly's neck and the crucifix necklace.

He softens, still in two minds as he absorbs her standing vulnerably in front of him.

Jack thinks, out of his depth. He glances back over his shoulder, caught in two minds.

He tightens his grip on the rifle, focusing back on Lilly as he softly says...

JACK
Bathroom's that way.

Lilly slowly limps toward the hallway as Jack absorbs her, his face wiped of anger, replaced with pensive distress.

He turns back and scans along the glass sliding doors, approaching them, surveying the field and the darkness.

Jack presses against the door, his warm breath fogs the glass in rhythmic bursts.

Moments of silence endure when, at the very edge of hearing, muffled weeping can be heard.

Jack turns back toward the bathroom corridor as Lilly's crying swells into the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The groundsman eases into the corridor, arriving at a door marked "Female".

He stands in front of the door, listening to the young girl's sobs.

Jack goes to walk away then stops and looks back at the bathroom door, rifle in grip.

He balls his fist, goes to knock but pauses. Lilly's cries continue.

He lowers his fist, thinks a moment then gently presses his hand against the door, pushing it.

Jack stops again, thinks better of it and strides back down the corridor.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack paces back into the main area of the clubhouse and veers straight to the glass door, scanning outside.

Jack's eyes narrow. He slowly slides open the glass door and takes in the silence of the night.

Moments pass when, at the very edge of hearing, muffled voices. Hidden in the darkness. Two, maybe three voices.

Jack stares out into the darkness that halos the brightly lit field, unable to see the Skulls as their voices grow more louder, more cunning.

Jack closes the door, silencing the Skulls only to have them replaced by a softer sound - Lilly's weeping.

He looks back over his shoulder, absorbing the reality of his situation.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Time has passed. Jack now sits in a chair, rifle across his lap, in front of a partially opened sliding door where...

... A loaded bowl of dog food sits at his feet. The word "SAM" written in third grade scrawl on the bowl.

Jack waits for his friend as his heavy eyes glance toward the bar. A digital clock reads - 2:14.

Shadowed movement sweeps beyond the field. Jack watches, statue-still in his chair.

Suddenly, he notices Lilly's reflection in the glass as she tentatively edges into the room.

Jack indirectly studies her in the glass, watching as she cautiously moves behind him.

Lilly edges along the opposing wall, keeping her distance from this gun-wielding man when she notices a plastic container on the bar bench, LOST PROPERTY written on it.

Beside the container, Lilly sees a pair of girls shorts. She looks at Jack, then the shorts and puts them on.

Jack remains seated with his back to the girl, half watching outside, half observing the girl behind him.

Lilly sits on the carpet with a wince, back against wall, a butter knife now in her hand.

She studies the back of the man, his broad shoulders and overall powerful frame.

Several moments of silence until...

... Jack suddenly snaps to his feet.

Lilly raises the knife as Jack strides toward her.

But he doesn't even acknowledge her. Instead, he veers down the corridor.

Lilly watches. Waits.

Jack re-emerges, gripping a large bag of DOG FOOD. He strides past Lilly, returning to the glass door.

He slides it further open and listens to the distant voices outside. Two, three, maybe four voices.

EXT. COVERED SPECTATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps outside under the warm glow of the fairy lights and places the rifle on a table in front of him.

He then takes the bag of dog food and starts slapping it with an open palm.

Over and over again - SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. The sound is distinct. A dinner call.

JACK

Sam!

Jack stops, looks out across the open field, but still there's no sign of his dog.

He smacks the bag again, growing in panic as he scans across the field for his friend.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Lilly expression softens as she watches the vulnerable man, listening to the desperation in his voice.

EXT. COVERED SPECTATOR AREA

Jack keeps scanning across the field, smacking the dog food with his palm.

JACK
Sam! Come on, Sam!
Come on, boy!

Distant movement in the shadows beyond the field. More voices but Jack keeps with the dinner call.

JACK
Here, Sam. Here, Sammy
boy! Come on, boy!

More shadowed movement. Sam? Jack tries to penetrate his vision through the darkness when suddenly, like lightening cracking the night....

A YELP...

Jack's face drops. The dog food hits the floor - THUD, biscuits spill out by his feet.

Jack urgently whispers to himself and takes the rifle off the table, stepping toward the field when...

ANOTHER YELP.

This time, more urgent. Jack jolts back as if he's been physically pushed.

The groundsman murmurs to himself and hurries toward the fence where he swings half a leg over when...

...another YELP cracks the atmosphere.

Jack falls onto the grass on the other side of the fence, then scurries to his feet with the rifle in hand.

JACK
Leave him alone!

Jack hurries toward the middle of the field, rifle sweeping across the surrounding darkness...

... Another yelp cracks the night - Jack roars and hastens out under the bright lights of the field.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Panicked, Jack doesn't know what direction to run towards or what to do.

JACK
Sam! Come here boy!
Come here, Sam!

He rakes the rifle left to right with no sense of where to aim, fog swirling the cold air with each breath.

Jack suddenly freezes...

He lowers the rifle, seeing something at one end of the field...

... The outline of a figure faintly materializes in the shadows, darting across the edge of light.

Jack thrusts his rifle forward and takes a few determined steps.

JACK
Gimme my dog!

Jack squints through his scope for a magnified look into the darkness.

He grips the rifle tight, steadies the butt against his shoulder.

JACK
I'm not fuckin' around!
Give me my dog!

Jack snaps to his left to see the outline of another figure darting along the edge of the dim lighting.

Jack steps back and pivots the rifle while glancing back toward the safety of the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Lilly slowly crawls toward the glass doors with curiosity, afraid to get to her feet.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Jack stands firm but can't see the Skulls clearly as they move in a predatory fashion - FAST, QUIET, DARTING in and out of the shadows.

JACK
Just give me my dog!
Please! Give him back!

With tears pooling his eyes, Jack backtracks, swinging the rifle across the foreboding darkness.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Lilly edges toward the glass door. She slowly slides it closed before LOCKING it with a CLICK.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Meanwhile, Jack is still swinging the rifle, nerves taut, stretched to the limit.

The rifle trembles in his grip, his breath heavy and rapid as he mumbles.

Another YELP splits the silence - deep within the darkness and settling fog.

JACK
No! Please! Stop it! Just
stop it please! Pleeeeeease!

Jack instinctively lurches forward and swings his rifle from one section of darkness to another.

His head spins - face twisted in panic. He's trembling - lungs rising and falling like a bellows. His eyes darting.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Lilly watches with wide eyes from inside - gingerly backtracking away from the now locked glass door.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Another YELP cracks the silence. The sound nearly knocks Jack over, his legs wobble, he can't take anymore.

He starts to openly cry, emotion exploding in small bursts as he tries to fight it back.

A faint whimper can be heard from somewhere in the darkness, a fading plea from his friend.

Jack strains into the black - swinging the rifle, desperately trying to pinpoint Sam.

JACK
I'm sorry! I'm sorry
buddy!... I'm... I'm
so sorry. So sorry.

Sam's soft whines suddenly stop with one final, high-pitched yelp - silencing Jack. The groundsman drops his rifle and falls to his knees.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

A safe distance away from the glass doors, Lilly absorbs the broken man in the middle of the field.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Jack begins to hyperventilate, heart pounding as he comes to the realisation of Sam's fate.

He grabs the rifle.

JACK
You bastards! You sick
bastards! I'm gonna kill
you! I'm gonna... I'm gonna --

-- But Jack can't finish his sentence as he crumbles down, now on all fours and cries in the grass.

He takes a moment to gather his composure, staring down at the blades of grass.

Jack then gradually gets to his feet with the rifle in grip and walks slowly back to Lilly and the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Lilly watches Jack approach. She hovers her hand over the door handle but doesn't grab it.

Jack doesn't try to enter, crumbling to the concrete by the door, back against the glass.

Lilly looks down at the back of the man. She eases away then pauses, noticing his broad shoulders jerking with sobs.

EXT. COVERED SPECTATOR AREA

Jack slumps against the glass door, rifle on lap, tears rolling down his face.

He sits there for a long moment, when suddenly we hear the CLICK of the lock. Jack doesn't move.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - LATER

Now inside, Jack sits slouched on the floor against the glass door, expression blank.

Lilly sits on the opposite side, butter knife now by her side.

Several moments of silence endure with neither man nor girl speaking, until softly...

JACK
Who are they?

Lilly remains silent. Jack stands and strides towards her.

LILLY
I don't know!

Jack keeps striding towards her.

LILLY
I swear! I needed a ride!
They picked me up. It... it
all happened so fast!

LILLY
Whatabout their names? What
they looked like? Anything?

Lilly begins to cry, shaking her head, unable to answer. Jack absorbs her then turns back, kicking a toppled chair as he scans outside through the glass doors until, softly...

JACK
In four hours it'll be
morning. We wait till then.

LILLY
Four hours?

JACK
Mini league.

LILLY
But... but what about
the police?

JACK
No phone.

LILLY
I have a phone. It's in
their car. If we could
just get it --

JACK
-- No.

LILLY
But just listen -

JACK
-- You know why they haven't left
yet? You have their sweat and God
knows what else on you. It's like
their signature and they know it...
so getting in their car isn't a
good idea.

Jack scans outside.

Lilly is left to look down at a violent scratch mark
clawed in her thin forearm, a souvenir from her attackers.

She stares at her arm with growing panic, then begins
to rub at the scratch, as if trying to rub off a stain.

Her efforts grow more frantic as she rubs harder
and faster, slightly whimpering.

Jack looks over his shoulder to see the girl
rubbing at her wound with growing urgency.

Jack strides across the room. Lilly grabs the butter knife but Jack knocks the utensil away and points to her scratch.

JACK

Look at it! Look! This might be the only thing that can catch them and you wanna rub it off?! What's wrong with you?!

LILLY

Don't touch me!

JACK

Just stay there and don't move!

Lilly tries her best to calm down, teeth clenched as she wipes her tears away as she stares at Jack.

The two remained locked in a brief stare down before Jack breaks away, striding back to the opposite side of the room, returning his attention outside.

Jack watches her in the reflection of the glass.

The young teenage girl scans the room, looking for a way out as she wills herself to move.

Jack continues to supervise her through the reflection of the glass door.

Lilly slowly edges her hand across to take the butter knife, staring at the back of Jack when....

.... BAM! The young teen springs to her feet and sprints toward the front door.

Jack spins just as the girl swings open the glass door and slips outside.

JACK

No!

Jack hurries across the room to the door to see Lilly now sprinting into the carpark, toward the old sedan that lurks in the shadows.

The groundsman curses under his breath, smacking the glass in frustration.

EXT. CARPARK - NIGHT

Lilly SPRINTS straight toward the old vehicle, adrenaline and fear out-weighting any stealth.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

All Jack can do is watch as he paces.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Lilly skids on the loose gravel to the car. She's frantic. Desperate. She tries a door - locked.

She quickly veers around the other side of the vehicle and tries the passenger door - locked.

Lilly then tries a rear door which swings open, beer bottles spilling out around her feet.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Jack watches helplessly from inside. He's now up close to the glass, statue-still and silent.

INT. SEDAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Lilly crawls into the rear seat, grabbing her backpack from the floor.

She frantically begins to rip out old clothes, shoes, wet wipes and her Bible.

LILLY
C'mon, c'mon!

... Toothbrush, underwear and socks, digging deeper into her bag before Lilly unzips a side pocket.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Jack watches when he notices shadowed figures racing toward the vehicle.

The groundsman whispers a curse word as he pulls back from the glass door. He presses his forehead against the wall and closes his eyes, unable to watch.

INT. SEDAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

Lilly rummages through her backpack when she finally pulls out her pink phone.

She activates the faceplate as a crucifix symbol lights up on her LCD screen when suddenly...

... The vehicle is bumped.

Lilly freezes, looks outside - darkness.

She quickly closes the rear door then returns to the phone when a Skull SLAMS against the window.

Lilly opens her mouth to yell, but it's nothing but a hollow gasp - a mimic of a dry heave.

Another Skull materializes behind her. She's surrounded. Trapped.

The sedan begins to rock as the Skulls push on each side of the vehicle.

Lilly drops her phone. She reaches down, tries to fish it out through the ocean of dead beer bottles.

A Skull LUNGES IN and pins her down. Lilly SCREAMS, gripping onto a torn seat cushion.

... Musclebound Skull climbs into the driver's seat and keys the ignition as the 4 cylinder engine roars to life.

SMASH! - The driver side window explodes as the butt of the rifle swings in, smashing musclebound Skull's face.

The rear door then swings open. The Skull is yanked out to reveal Jack.

EXT. CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jack yanks Lilly back towards the clubhouse while aiming the rifle at the enclosing Skulls.

JACK

Get back!

Musclebound Skull falls out of the driver's seat, blood leaking through his mask as he mutters in pain.

Lilly sees the advancing clubhouse but suddenly pulls away, sprinting instead up towards the gate.

JACK

No!

But Lilly keeps running, Jack now behind her when she suddenly becomes bathed in bright light.

A PICKUP TRUCK, roaring diesel engine. The old Frankenstein of a thing speeds at Lilly who freezes in the headlights.

Jack grabs her from behind, yanks her by the arm and out of the truck's path as the truck roars past.

The groundsman and Lilly hurry toward the clubhouse, Skulls closing in around them.

The pickup truck circles back towards them, churning up gravel in it's wake.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Lilly charge inside, falling onto the floor as Jack spins back to the door, rifle aimed....

... Headlights sweep through the door, blinding Jack before the truck sharply turns and roars away.

Jack gets to his feet, looking outside. He then turns to Lilly who stands, breathing hard.

JACK

What the hell were you thinking'?! You could have gotten yourself killed --

LILLY

- Why do you care?!

Jack pauses...

LILLY

I'm covered in their sweat and God knows what, remember?! That's what you said! That's why you went out there! So don't act like you give a shit about me!

The groundsman goes to speak but stops, checkmate. He then strides past her toward the bar.

Lilly watches him as the sound of the diesel engine roars from outside.

Jack strides behind the bar where he takes the handheld microphone and raises it to his mouth.

Lilly walks over as Jack flicks a switch on the microphone, releasing a static sound outside...

JACK

(into mic)

The police... The police are on their way, so you and your friends should just leave and..... just leave, okay?!

Jack stutters.

JACK

(into mic)

You hear me?! I said get out of here! You... you killed my dog!..... I hate you so just get the hell out and... and --

LILLY

-- and you'll blow their heads off. Say you'll blow their *fucking* heads off.

Jack looks at her.

Lilly replies by raising both eye brows as if to say, "do it". The groundsman considers, then...

JACK

(into mic)

I'll blow your heads off!
Your... your fucking heads!
I'll blow your fucking heads off!

LILLY

Good. Now say it again. But this time, with the C word.

Jack looks at her again. She raises her brows again, encouraging him. But this time, Jack then flicks the mic off and veers around the bar.

The groundsman scans outside through the doors as he makes his way to the front glass door.

Jack looks out into the carpark to see the sedan parked in the shadows.

Lilly watches by the bar as Jack unlocks the door and half steps out, furthering his view of the carpark.

LILLY

Do you think it worked? Do you think they're gone?

JACK

I think they're thinkin' about it. Ever see that truck before?

LILLY

Never.

JACK

Which means they're growing in numbers. You gotta name?

LILLY

Lilly.

JACK

... Lilly. Jack. We're gonna barricade the glass with the tables and chairs. Think you can do that without runnin' off?

LILLY

Think you can not be an asshole?

Jack considers this and nods.

JACK

Grab the chairs and put them up against the glass. Pile them up as high as you can.

Jack places his rifle against the wall and starts to move a table against the front glass door on the opposite side of the room.

Lilly watches him, then takes a toppled chair, stacking it against the glass sliding doors.

Man and girl move the furniture to the edges of the room, stacking it against the glass when Jack glances over.

JACK
Where were you going?

LILLY
What?

JACK
They gave you a ride.
Where were you going?

LILLY
What difference does
it make?

JACK
Maybe you were going
home. Maybe your parents
were waiting and have now
called the police --

LILLY
-- They won't.

JACK
But how do you --

LILLY
- Because they just won't,
okay? Anymore questions?

Jack absorbs this.

LILLY
I'd rather live free than
in fear. Tupac Shakur.

Lilly jams stool legs into the barricade but the stool
legs won't locked into the furniture.

She grunts, angry growing with her frustration but
the stool won't slot into the wall of furniture.

LILLY
C'mon!

Jack absorbs her anger before he walks over and helps the
teenager wedge the stool in the wall of tables and chair.

Lilly locks eyes with Jack before quickly breaking
away and adding another chair to the barricade.

Jack continues adding to the wall himself when the sound of footsteps move above THE CEILING.

Jack and Lilly stop and simultaneously crane their necks, looking up as the creaks and groans move across the roof.

LILLY

They're on the roof.

Jack very slowly follows the sound while studying the ceiling.

Silence endures for several moments when the footsteps resume, creaking along the roof. Lilly quivers.

Jack and Lilly both scan the ceiling, trying to pinpoint where they are.

When a Skull EMERGES FROM THE CORRIDOR behind them, inside the clubhouse.

The Skull stares at the duo who are focused skyward, both oblivious to his presence.

Lilly keeps close to Jack as they stare up at the footsteps, unaware of the lurking danger behind.

The groundsman then backtracks to where his rifle was against the wall - but it's not there.

... He checks the surrounding area with growing panic but the weapon has vanished.

The Skull has also vanished as Jack searches between the toppled furniture with desperation.

JACK

No, no, no.

The groundsman upheaves a toppled chair, growing more desperate in his search as Lilly turns to him.

LILLY

What is it?

Jack says nothing, too preoccupied with his missing weapon as he upheaves another chair.

LILLY
What are you doing? Tell
me what's wrong?

JACK
The gun.

LILLY
What?

JACK
It was right there. Against
the wall. I left it right
there.

LILLY
Maybe it's under one of
the tables.

JACK
It's not. It's nowhere. The
fucking thing is nowhere.

LILLY
It can't of just vanished.
It has to be --

-- The footsteps begin to quicken into a SPRINT,
thumping like violent thunder along the ceiling.

LILLY
Oh my God.

Jack frantically searches when the above thumping
suddenly silences along the roof.

Jack stops, scanning the ceiling, waiting for something
to happen until he eventually looks toward the corridor.

Jack whispers something under his breath, trying to will
himself to make a decision.

Lilly watches as Jack then lowers down and takes a steak
knife from the floor, remaining focused towards the corridor.

The young girl follows his line of vision toward the
corridor, knowing where he's going to go.

INT. CORRIDOR

The tip of the blade extends out as Jack edges into the corridor with Lilly, knife held forward.

He edges forward as Lilly stays close behind him, passing team photos that align the walls.

JACK

Stay close.

She grips the back of Jack's singlet and double-checks behind her, everywhere a possible ambush.

Jack stops at a side-door marked "*Female*" and takes a deep breath. He presses against the door....

... The door creaks as it opens - Jack holds the door still with his foot, scanning inside with the blade held forward.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - TOILET - CONTINUOUS

Fluorescent lights illuminate three closed cubicles side by side. Jack and Lilly slowly edge forward.

They approach the first door, Jack takes a measured breath, nudging the door open with this foot.

He instinctively flinches back expectedly - empty.

The duo repeat the inspection of the final two cubicles which are both empty. Jack exhales as he turns to the corridor when...

LILLY

Jack?

JACK

Hhmm?

LILLY

I gotta pee.

Silence passes as Jack gives her a look but Lilly remains focused inside on the vacant toilet.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM

Underwear hangs from the makeshift clothesline. Jack and Lilly enter in the background, edging into the room.

Lilly notices the bedding, the old comic books and television. She registers Sam's quilt.

They continue through the room until arriving at the side door that leads outside.

Jack slowly turns the handle but it's locked. He then inspects out the windows.

The roar of a diesel engine is heard outside, causing Lilly to gasps

LILLY

What are they doing?

Jack looks out the small windows fearfully as headlights sweep across.

INT. CORRIDOR

Man and girl edge back down the corridor, Jack gripping the knife with one hand, holding Lilly's hand with the other.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

They enter back into the barricaded main room. Everything is still and quiet.

Jack scans out the sliding doors, looking over the empty field.

He then breaks free from Lilly and strides across the other side of the room, looking through the front glass door, at the carpark. The old sedan remains parked in the shadows.

Lilly watches Jack when the barrel of the rifle softly presses against the back of her skull.

The girl gasps from the sensation, causing Jack to turn to see...

... The Skull aiming the rifle point-blank at the back of Lilly's head. Jack drops the knife and extends his hands.

Lilly quivers as the gun's pressed against her skull. Jack looks at her and softly says.

JACK
It's okay. Just stay
still. It's gonna okay.

The groundsman then focuses on the Skull.

JACK
Listen to me. You don't
wanna do this. If you just
put down the gun --

-- The Skull shakes his head as he aims the rifle at the back of Lilly's head, execution style.

JACK
Okay... Okay... Fine. You
wanna blow her brains out?
Pull the trigger.

LILLY
What?

JACK
Go on. Pull the trigger. Shoot
her! Come on, tough guy! Do it!

The Skull begins to hyperventilates as he pulls the trigger with a CLICK.

The Skull looks down at the rifle in confusion. He aims again - *CLICK-CLICK-CLICK* - all in quick concession.

Jack charges the Skull as the two men smash to the ground and wrestle.

Lilly cowers against the wall, watching in horror as Jack straddles the Skull, punching him in the face.

Skull pushes Jack as the two wrestle on the floor, rolling over cutlery and napkins.

He then manages to wrap himself behind Jack, using his forearm to choke the groundsman.

All Lilly can do is watch as Jack suffocates in the Skull's powerful choke hold.

Jack's eyes roll back into his head, he begins to weaken as he slowly passes out when...

... Lilly grabs a nearby steak knife, rushes over and punches the blade into the Skull's rib cage.

The Skull HOWLS and releases Jack, pulling the knife out from his soft flesh.

Jack gasps for breath as Lilly springs back against the wall, watching as the Skull snaps wild.

He quickly staggers to his feet and hurries toward the glass door, slamming into the glass.

The impact propels the wounded Skull backwards as he collapses onto the floor.

Silence...

Jack crawls over to Lilly, shielding her as she quivers, looking over at the motionless threat.

LILLY

I didn't... I didn't mean
to. I was just... I was --

-- Jack whispers reassurances in her ear as the Skull lies on the carpet in the corner of the room.

Jack breaks away from Lilly and takes the rifle before returning his focus on the Skull.

The groundsman arrives over the Skull, sprawled on the floor, his once white mask now red.

Lilly watches as...

Jack lowers down, hovers his ear over the Skull's mouth, searching for any sign of life.

LILLY

He's dead isn't he?

JACK

He's breathing.

Jack searches the Skull's pockets, finding nothing but cigarettes and a switch blade.

The Skull twitches causing Jack to jolt back. He thinks of his next move, then hurries toward the bar.

LILLY
What are you doing?

Lilly watches Jack rummage behind the bar before rising with a power cord and duct tape.

LILLY
Jack, say something.

JACK
We have to tie him.

LILLY
What? No, no, no. We have to get the hell outta here.

JACK
He knows we have no bullets. We can't risk that getting out.

LILLY
But if we --

JACK
-- Listen. I need your help. Please.

Lilly sees the panic in his eyes and offers a slight nod.

Jack approaches the Skull, tossing the power cord and duct tape beside the motionless body.

He then takes a nearby chair and sits it upright as Lilly looks outside...

....Distant figures watch along the darkness beyond the playing field.

LILLY
They're watching.

Jack lifts the limp Skull, propping him up in the chair but the body won't balance upright.

JACK
Here, hold his shoulders
back so I can tie him.

LILLY
What?

JACK
Just hold him still. It'll
only take a second.

Lilly positions herself behind the Skull and tentatively, holds him upright in the chair.

Jack grabs the power cord, wrapping it around the Skull and the chair.

The Skull releases a half GURGLING, half moaning sound as Lilly winces.

Jack secures the Skull tightly in the chair as Lilly releases the Skull's shoulders.

Now secure, Jack absorbs the Skull slouched in front of him, blood dripping from the mask.

The groundsman takes the mask and slowly peels it up, revealing the bloodied face of a late teenager.

The teenager's nose is broken, smashed painfully to the side. Blood covers the majority of his face.

Lilly glances over her shoulder outside to see that the distant figures are now gone.

Jack slowly moves in, staring at the beaten and bloodied face. His expression focuses when....

BAM! - The teenager's his face snaps level with bulging eyes as he lets out a loud, guttural scream.

Jack jerks back, falling back as the Skull shakes wildly in his chair.

Jack hurries over and shields Lilly from the wild Skull who screams and tries to break free from his restraints when...

... SMASH! The sound of a bottle can be heard breaking outside.

Then a smash on the roof. Jack and Lilly simultaneously look up when...

... Another smash outside. The distinct sound of empty bottles. Lilly's confused.

LILLY

What is that?

-- SMASH! A skylight explodes into shards.

JACK

Get down!

SMASH! A small awning window explodes as a beer bottle flies through! They're under attack as Lilly covers her head with her hands.

All hell breaks loose as glass showers over them as another skylight bursts, then another window.

Jack rips off his singlet and covers Lilly, wrapping himself around the teenager as glass shards spray them from all angles,

A beer bottle torpedos in, EXPLODING in the screaming Skull's face, sending him and the chair crashing back.

Jack pulls Lilly in tight - trying to shield her from the glistening shrapnel that showers down.

SMASH! More glass, a rainstorm of razor shards, Jack's bare back and shoulders absorb the damage.

Lilly SHRIEKS.

A beer bottle careens through an already shattered glass door and explodes like a grenade.

Lilly's trembling arms grip Jack tightly, her eyes are squeezed shut, teeth clenched.

Jack winces from the showering glass as we notice blood oozing from his hairline...

.... Silence.

Every window and door panel is now completely smashed, leaving a carpet of glass.

Jack absorbs Lilly. Her eyes remain squeezed shut as her trembling arms retain their grip on him.

He scans the destruction until he notices the Skull sprawled amongst the glass.

Jack gently peels Lilly off and edges toward the body, revealing his own bare back, cut and bloodied.

LILLY

They can come in. They
can get inside now.

Jack looks down at the teenager, face shredded and bloodied. He's dead. Jack then looks outside.

LILLY

We have to go. We have
to get out of here.

Jack stares outside, knowing they're more vulnerable now than they've ever been.

LILLY

Jack? Talk to me. Please.
We need to leave.

JACK

We're not going anywhere.
We keep holding them off.

LILLY

With a gun that doesn't work?

JACK

With a gun they think works.

LILLY

We need to get out of here.
Please, we have to go.

JACK

Stop.

LILLY

There has to be a house,
a petrol station close by.
Anywhere we can run to.

JACK
I said stop. Even if there
is, I wouldn't know about it.

LILLY
What do you mean you wouldn't
know? You live here.

JACK
I live here, not out there.

LILLY
What?

JACK
We'll move into the storage
room and wait it out.

LILLY
Wait a second.... What do you
mean?... When was the last
time you left this place?

Jack stares at her.

LILLY
Jack. Tell me now. When was the
last time you went outside this --

JACK
-- Fifteen years.

Lilly gasps at the number.

JACK
And I prefer it that way.

More silence fills the room as Lilly absorbs the
reality of the situation when...

... Jack approaches her, grabs her by the wrist and
pulls her down toward the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack guides her through the corridor when Lilly looks back
over her shoulder, growing in panic, knowing she must act.

She yanks back, slipping from Jack's grip as she makes a
break for it back into the main area.

INT. MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack chases her to the door and grabs her, pulling her to the floor as she tries to fight him off.

LILLY

Get off me! What the hell is wrong with you?!

JACK

Stop!

LILLY

You're crazy! You're a crazy old man! Let me go!

BAM! Darkness. Black - the interior and exterior lights all shut off, leaving the two blind.

Jack yanks her off the floor, pulling her toward the corridor with one hand, rifle in the other.

A chair is heard CRASHING off the barricade.

There's no time. Jack yanks Lilly behind the bar, dropping behind the bar bench when....

... Another chair is heard crashing off the barricade, then another. The Skulls are breaking in.

Lilly quivers in Jack's embrace as they cower on the floor behind the bar, listening to their furniture fortress being dismantled before...

... Glass CRUNCHING under feet. Two sets, maybe three now inside the clubhouse.

Advancing. Hunting. CRUNCH - CRUNCH.

Each step pierces through Lilly who grows in panic as she urgently whispers...

LILLY

Jack.

Jack holds her tightly with one hand, the other gripping his rifle.

CRUNCH - CRUNCH...

The groundsman wills himself to move, to take action as the threatening sounds draw closer behind him.

A SKULL arrives over bar, peering down with his haunting mask.

Jack glances around at alcohol bottles, a fire extinguisher and broken glasses.

The Skull begins to crawl over the bar for a better inspection when...

... Jack springs to his feet with the fire extinguisher, spraying a white explosion of mist.

The Skull falls backwards off the bar as white mist clouds the dark room.

A second Skull runs blindly towards Jack, trying to avoid the billowing carbon dioxide.

Jack swings the empty tank like a baseball bat, knocking the masked assailant out.

JACK

Run!

The groundsman grabs Lilly and hurries toward the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Lilly hurry through the corridor, bouncing off the walls.

A third Skull arrives behind them, emerging from the mist like a demon, sprinting after the pair.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Jack and Lilly flee into Jack's makeshift bedroom, slamming and locking the door behind them as...

... The door begins to POUND, nearly breaking off the hinges.

LILLY

Jack?!

Pounding, pounding... Jack aims the rifle at the door then thinks better of it. He looks over his shoulder at the door behind him, leading outside.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - SIDE EXIT - NIGHT

Jack and Lilly escape through the side door, out under the night sky.

The groundsman peaks around the building back towards the carpark where the pickup truck idles sinisterly beside the sedan.

LILLY

Let's just run.

The sound of Jack's bedroom door continues to pound from inside, fuelling Lilly with panic.

LILLY

We have to move!

Jack notices a trio of garbage bins aligned against the side of the building.

He surveys along the roof of the clubhouse with a growing idea.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

We're level on the roof when Lilly pulls herself up, followed by Jack who uses the bins as leverage.

They crawl along the flat surface with cautious movement but still, the old beams groan.

From their vantage point we are confronted by the darkness. If not for the moon, they would be in complete black.

The sound of a diesel engine roars causing Jack and Lilly to freeze.

They notice the pick-up truck speeding toward the scoreboard, veering around the field as it hunts for the man and girl.

Figures are seen darting through the darkness, searching. Lilly grows in panic when...

... Static emits from the field speakers before heavy breathing fades in, filling the atmosphere.

Time stands still as the valley is filled with heavy breathing before a demented, soft voice...

SPEAKERS (V.O.)
Your name is Jack.

Jack's face drops.

SPEAKERS (V.O.)
We know you. We know your
secrets. We know your family.
Jack is baaaaaad.

LILLY
Jack, what the hell's going
on? How do they -

- Lilly takes in Jack's stunned expression as once again, breathing returns through the speakers.

Meanwhile, the pick up truck and sedan circle the clubhouse house and playing field, headlights acting like spotlights through the darkness, hunting.

A noise rattles behind them. Jack and Lilly snap a look over their shoulders but there's nothing there.

The breathing continues until...

SPEAKERS (V.O.)
Now give us the girl or we'll
burn your life to the fucking
ground! Burn! Burn! Fucking burn!

All Jack can do is lie flat on the roof with Lilly, listening to the voice as heavy breathing returns.

Several moments pass when...

Lilly sniffs the air with confusion. Jack also sniffs the air with a wince....

LILLY
Jack? What's that smell?
Do you smell that?

Jack takes a moment, then replies with a simple nod, knowing what's transpiring beneath.

We swiftly pan down off the roof, leveling so we see into the interior of the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

The Skulls shake fuel cans all over the interior, coating the walls in a flammable petrol gloss.

We glide back up to be level with the...

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Tears well up in Jack's eyes. There's nothing he can do and he knows it.

The pickup truck and sedan continue to speed around the clubhouse and playing field.

Jack looks at Lilly with hopelessness when...

.... His expression changes. Something catches the groundsman's attention high up in the black encasing hills.

Jack focuses, eyes narrowing at the very top of the hill, far in the distance - A single light.

JACK

Up there. The light. You see that? See the light?

LILLY

A house.

JACK

Made over fifty noise complaints. The sound of the speakers must of woken them.

LILLY

So he'll call the police?

JACK

Or go back to sleep.

LILLY

No, no, no. That can't happen. Jack we have to do something.

Jack stares at the lights at the top of the hill, fuelling him with hope.

Jack then snaps a look at the small commentary box up ahead. He quickly begins to crawl toward it.

Beside the commentary box is a rectangular steel container. Jack takes a lock, scrolls in a combination.

The box opens with a groan as Jack and Lilly peer inside at torpedo-like fireworks.

Lilly absorbs the fireworks then looks up at the hill to see the light is now gone, lost in the darkness.

LILLY

He's gone. Jack, he's gone.

Jack glances up at the hill - darkness. He quickly flicks a switch beside the pyrotechnics as a red light comes alive.

INT. COMMENTARY BOX - NIGHT

Jack enters, half crawling half squatting, keeping as low as possible as he takes a key hidden under the desk.

He unlocks a drawer where a small remote device sits among random papers, pens, cash and a calculator.

Jack takes the device, extends an antenna from it, looking up at the hill.

JACK

Here we go.

The groundsman then looks down at the remote control in his hands and presses a button when...

Nothing.

Jack's confused as he begins to tap the button repeatedly with Lilly watching with growing panic when...

... SPARKS EXPLODE as the rockets begin to launch skyward from beside the commentary box, screaming before splashing the sky with an explosion of colour.

Lilly gasps at the dazzling display, raising her hands above her ears as she becomes mesmerized.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

We look down at the small clubhouse haloed by a world of darkness. The fireworks erupt with authority.

EXT. COMMENTARY BOX

Jack and Lilly stare up at the eruption of vibrant colour in the sky when....

....A Skull stands behind them, just outside the commentary box. Faintly illuminated with each explosion, the Skull simply watches from outside the doorway.

The fireworks begin to die out when sensing something, Jack glances over his shoulder - The Skull is gone.

EXT. ROOF

The last of the fireworks erupt as Jack and Lilly walk along the roof when the field lights snap back on.

The pick-up truck and sedan race toward the clubhouse.

Now running, Jack and Lilly hurry to the edge of roof where Jack thrusts the rifle to her.

He then lowers over the edge of the building, hanging from the guttering with dangling legs.

Jack releases his grip, free falling onto the ground where he lands with a THUD. He looks up at Lilly.

JACK
Throw the gun down.

LILLY
I'm not jumping.

JACK
Just throw it!

Lilly considers this when...

... A familiar sound roars to life as Jack and Lilly look toward the far corner of the field, near the scoreboard to see the pick-up truck swerving right at them.

JACK
Now!

Lilly takes a few deep breaths when she hears THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS racing up from behind. She turns to see...

... the Skull sprinting straight at her.

Lilly's eyes bulge as she leaps off the roof, straight down into Jack as both crash to the grass.

There's no time to waste, the pick-up truck races at them! Jack winces to his feet with Lilly to see the Skull leaping down after them.

Jack and Lilly race around the clubhouse with the truck and Skull in pursuit.

They race through the front door just as the truck roars past, narrowly missing them.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Back in the main area of the clubhouse where the interior lights have returned, Jack and Lilly stumble inside.

Jack rakes his rifle at two Skulls who quickly flee out through the glass doors.

The dead teenager tied to the chair is now gone as Jack hurries across the other side of the room, rifle aimed but the Skulls have vanished.

LILLY

Jack...

He turns back around to see Lilly staring at a Skull propped on the floor against the bar.

His mask has been peeled up across his hairline. His nose is bloodied and jaw dislodge from the impact of the fire extinguisher. The teenager quivers, unable to speak.

Jack charges him. The teenager panics, trying to crawl away but he's too slow.

The groundsman flips him on his back and straddles him, right hand cocked ready to strike.

JACK

How do you know me?!
Who are you?!

But the adolescent can't reply, offering painful murmurs as he pleads.

Jack punches him in the broken nose before loading his right hand, delivering another punch.

All his pent up rage focused on the face of this teenager as the groundsman yells.

Lilly winces from the violence as Jack keeps punching, keeps demanding answers until...

LILLY

Jack.

But the groundsman keeps going, almost frenzied until Lilly grabs his arm.

The groundsman pauses mid-punch, snapping back to reality.

Jack eases off the teenager who weakly crawls out of the room as the groundsman holds a thousand yard stare at the floor.

Several moments pass when Lilly watches him, unsure what to do as moments of silence endure.

INT. SKYLINE PENTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain spits against the large window that overlooks a gorgeous city skyline.

An oil portrait hangs on a wall, the only aged decor in the place. The portrait is of a stern looking Carson and his son Bobby.

The centerpiece of the room is a large hospital bed. A white, elegant lace bed canopy drapes over the bed.

A ringtone gently starts to play in the room, violins, something classical as...

... A hand glides across the silk bed sheets, presses a button on a small control, accepting the incoming call.

Heavy breathing fills the room, causing the mattress to mechanically rise, revealing Carson sitting up in the bed.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

The furniture barricades have been built back up. Jack and Lilly sit on the floor, rifle on Jack's lap. Lilly looks over her shoulder back at the bar clock - 4:21am.

She then returns her view to Jack, concern etched in her expression. The groundsman's exhausted and hurting.

Lilly watches the broken man when she notices his broad, bare back and becomes focused by what she sees...

.... Amongst the canvas of blood and cuts, miniature shards of glass glisten in the reflection of the light.

Lilly gets to her feet and approaches Jack, absorbing the canvas of wounds.

The groundsman's slouched when he suddenly winces unexpectedly as Lilly plucks out a small shard.

Lilly scans for more miniature shards when she notices something else....

.... Amongst the cuts, blood and glass shards are old cigarette burns.

She keeps looking, noticing more scars. Lilly gently wipes the blood away to reveal more violent scars.

Jack feels her eyes on his back.

Lilly notices more scars. Long keloid scars whipped down his back, familiar to Lilly.

LILLY

I used to get the power
cord. He'd make us lie
down, naked. Then he'd
play rock and roll so he
couldn't hear our screams.

Jack absorbs her words.

LILLY

Then I ran away and that
was that. No more rock and
roll. No more screams...

She gently touches the cigarette burns when Jack gets to his feet and walks to the end of the room.

LILLY

I know now why you hide.

But the groundsman keeps walking away, stopping at the far corner of the room, fighting back his emotions.

LILLY

Don't you see? We're the same, Jack. We're the same and we... and we just need God and we'll --

JACK

-- Stop

LILLY

Listen to me. If we just pray we'll be --

JACK

-- Stop. No more talking. We have to stay focused.

LILLY

I'm just trying to help.

JACK

You can't help. No one can. Not you or some God. There is no God, okay?

LILLY

That's not true.

JACK

I'll tell you what's true. His favorite weapon was a baseball bat. Then a belt. Even used his cigarettes. That's true. That's real. I felt it every day.

Jack sighs.

JACK

God did not help us. So my brother and I would hide his weapons in the walls. We had a collection of them. Knives, belts, baseball bats.

Lilly listens as Jack takes a moment, tormented by the memories until, softly...

JACK

But he would always find new ways to make us scream. Until one night he beat us within an inch of our lives. So we ran here. Not some church or temple. Right here.

Lilly listens.

JACK

But my brother wanted to go back. He wanted to fight cause nothing else worked. Not praying, not running away.

Jack looks at her.

JACK

My brother went back and changed our lives forever.

Both man and girl exchange looks. A mutual understanding between them.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Someone's driving but we can't see who it is as they steer through the gate toward the clubhouse, a strong hand turns the steering wheel.

Windshield wipers on as rain spits the windscreen. The clubhouse and field come into vision.

The vehicle halts at the sight of the bright light illuminating the centre field. It sits idling.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

The sound of an engine. Tyres over gravel. Jack and Lilly perk up. Lilly hops off the bar bench.

LILLY

Car!

The two edge to the smashed front door, looking out to see headlights illuminating the carpark.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

The vehicle cautiously creeps forward, slowly moving toward the clubhouse.

IE. CLUBHOUSE/CARPARK

Jack and Lilly peek outside to see a POLICE PATROL CAR pull up in the carpark.

LILLY

The police!

The groundsman and Lilly wave at the patrol car, trying to get the officer's attention.

A COP steps out of the vehicle, flashing his flashlight at the old sedan and pick-up truck.

The police officer advances when he notices Jack and Lilly at the front door of the clubhouse.

The cop hovers his hand over his holstered pistol and veers toward the man and teenage girl, before noticing Jack's rifle in his grip.

COP

Put the gun down right now! Put down the gun!

JACK

(drops gun)

We need your help! Please!
Just help us!

COP

On your knees, both of you! Get on your knees and place you hands behind your heads!

Lilly quivers as the cop advances. Jack and Lilly simultaneously lower to their knees.

The officer arrives and kicks the rifle away from Jack as he scans the destruction of the room.

JACK
There's a group of men out
there who have been --

COP
-- Is anyone inside?!

JACK
They're outside. You have
to listen to us! They've
been attacking --

COP
-- Imma need you to calm
down and stay where you --

LILLY
-- Listen to us, assholes!
We're the good guys!

The cop notices the wet carpet beneath his feet
before activating the radio strapped to his shoulder.

He's about to speak when his attention snaps outside...

... The cop's eyes bulge as he aims his pistol toward
the playing field where....

... A Skull uses a terrified Bobby Ruttley as a human
shield, knife hovering his jugular.

COP
Drop the knife!

JACK
Bobby?

Jack stands as the cop exits through the smashed sliding
door, pistol leveled at the Skull holding Bobby.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

The cop advances from the spectator area, polished black
shoes stepping on the manicured grass of the field.

COP
Drop the fucking knife
and let him go!

But the Skull doesn't move as Bobby starts to sob in his
powerful grip, knife pressed against his jugular.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

The groundsman's stunned with concern as he watches his nephew, Lilly behind him.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Under the bright field lights, the cop arrives in front of the Skull and Bobby, weapon aimed.

COP

Drop the weapon! Drop the
weapon right fucking now!

The Skull doesn't move.

COP

Imma ask you one more time
to drop the fucking --

-- The Skull pushes Bobby into the cop as the officer emits a soft grunt upon impact.

Confusion sweeps over the Cop as they stay joined together. The cop's eyes then bulge as he becomes face to face with Bobby who slowly grows a wicked SMILE.

The cop then crumbles to Bobby's feet, revealing a knife buried handle-deep in his stomach. Bobby stands over him.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

Jack turns ghost white, mouth wide.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

Bobby stares down at the dying cop, when, without warning, he ROARS, exploding with adrenaline/drug-fuelled excitement.

BOBBY

You see that?! No hesitation baby!
All the way through! Like a pro,
baby! Like a motherfuckin' pro!

Bobby drops down, yanks the knife out of the Cop and starts punching the blade into the man, over and over again.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

Jack and Lilly stare out at the field in stunned silence, when finally, Jack says...

JACK

Run.

Lilly turns and sprints out of the clubhouse through the smashed glass door.

Jack remains staring outside as Bobby rises from the dead cop, covered in blood splatter.

Bobby picks up the cop's pistol and advances towards the clubhouse.

Jack looks back to make sure Lilly's gone before returning to Bobby who has now leaped over the fence and weaves through the tables and chairs of the spectator area.

IE. SPECTATOR AREA/CLUBHOUSE

Under the warm glow of the fairy lights, Bobby arrives at the glass door and leans against the smashed out glass frame, pistol in his grip. His eyes are dilated.

BOBBY

Evenin' Uncle Jackie.

JACK

What the hell have you done, Bobby?

BOBBY

I just playin' around you know. Havin' me some fun.

JACK

You're not suppose --

BOBBY

-- To be here? Yeah, well I decided to stay for one last hoorah. A little secret till. Shhhhh.

Bobby chuckles, jaw randomly grinding. He's fidgety, on edge - high as a kite.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Lilly hides behind some bins, scanning the dark carpark. She sees two Skulls searching for her and then sees an old hatchback parked directly opposite.

Lilly takes a moment, then runs to the car, keeping low.

She arrives at the vehicle, pawing at the doors, trying to frantically open them - locked.

She looks back at the Skulls to see them in the distance, oblivious. She turns back to look inside the car when --

- BAM! A Skull mask is staring right at her from inside the car. Lilly gasps and jolts back... but it's only a mask, hanging from inside.

Lilly then tries for the door - it opens!

She half crawls inside and stops, turning back to see two Skulls advancing.

BOBBY (V.O.)
You fucked up, Uncle Jackie.
We fucked up. So I had to do
something. I had to fix this.

IE. SPECTATOR AREA/CLUBHOUSE

Bobby stands under the fairy lights with the gun while Jack watches from inside.

BOBBY
I had to call the devil....

INT. SUV (IDLING)

Carson sits alone in the rear seat of his luxurious SUV, concern riddled in his tense expression.

BOBBY (V.O.)
... And now he's comin'. And
he's bringin' a whole lotta
hell with him.

The passing outside lights indicates a never-sleeping city.

IE. SPECTATOR AREA/CLUBHOUSE

The standoff continues between uncle and nephew. Bobby remains standing at the smashed sliding door.

BOBBY

It's over, Jackie. The girl's gone no matter what, so you're gonna have to accept that. Now we gotta think about us.

JACK

Us?

BOBBY

You think he's gonna be happy 'bout this? 'Bout what I did? And then there's the whole "what side you chose". Loyalty is high on his list and we just pissed all over it. The last time this happened, everyone got done.

JACK

Bullshit.

BOBBY

You think I'm playin'? You think you know your brother? You know shit. You know what he wants you to know. Have you even looked inside one of those boxes he stores here? You're his fucking drug whore and you don't even know it. There's probably been twenty mil of coke gone through right under your nose! Wake the fuck up, Jackie!

EXT. CAR PARK

The two Skulls arrive and inspect the vehicle, looking inside, veering around the bonnet.

They notice the opened door with dead beers fallen out on the grass.

Lilly is underneath the vehicle, watching the shoes of the Skulls walk along side the car, inches from her face.

A foot CRUNCHES a beer can, the angry, metallic sound causing Lilly to recoil in terror.

IE. SPECTATOR AREA/CLUBHOUSE

Bobby edges inside, his steel-capped boot crunching on broken glass as Jack steps backwards with caution.

BOBBY

Listen to me Uncle Jackie. I'm his son. Fucked up or not, he'll protect me. Always has. Always will. I won't be goin' to no jail. He'll deliver his own justice and I won't walk for a week, but after that, this is all forgotten.

Jack's jaw clenches.

BOBBY

But how's this gonna end for you? You gonna stop him from saving his own son? Or you wanna be smart?... Listen to me. I gotta corpse in the truck, the one you killed, remember? The one you murdered?

Bobby refers outside.

BOBBY

He did all this. The place, the cop, the girl. With the amount of crystal in his system, it'll all make sense. And before he was gonna pop me, you shot him. Boom. I save a beating and you're a fucking hero. Congratulations.

JACK

And you think your father will believe that?

BOBBY

He'll make himself believe it. Just one little lie and you and me are good. We can do this. We can work together and make this mess as good as it can be -

JACK

-- You're one fucked up little shit. You know that?

Bobby absorbs this as he tightens his grip on the pistol.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Lilly remains wedged under the vehicle, watching a set of shoes inches from her face.

The suspension bounces back up as the second set of shoes stomps down behind her.

The shoes in front of her then move directly in-line with her face as silence draws out.

She looks back behind her to see the second pair of shoes facing her. Suddenly, Lilly is RIPPED out from under the vehicle by her shoes, releasing a blood curdling scream.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

The sound of Lilly's terror erupts. Jack spins toward the opposite side of the room. He begins to hurry to the smashed front door when...

...BANG! A bullet SMACKS him in the back!

Jack stumbles from the impact and slips outside. Bobby takes chase, weaving past a toppled table and chair.

EXT. CAR PARK

Bobby strides outside, toward the carpark as the old sedan speeds toward him before screeching to a stop.

BOBBY

Where is he?! Did you
fucking see him?!

SKULL

Get in the car!

BOBBY

We can't. We can't go.

SKULL

Just get in!

BOBBY

It's too late! Bring
her inside. Fuck!

Bobby smacks the top of the vehicle and roars with frustration, searching the surrounding darkness.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and the remaining five Skulls enter with Lilly, dragging her by the hair.

SKULL 1
What the fuck's going on?
We can't stay here.

Skull 1 rips his mask off revealing fresh-face teen, SCOTTIE DEAN, a handsome adolescent.

BOBBY
Calm the fuck down! I've
got it handled, okay?!

SCOTTIE
How? How do you have this
handled Bobby?

SKULL 2
He called daddy.

SCOTTIE
What?

BOBBY
I had no choice. Time was
runnin' out. We killed a
fucking cop!

SCOTTIE
You killed a cop. This whole
thing was your idea and now
we have to wait for that
psycho? Fuck that.

Scottie begins to walk out.

BOBBY
No one's going anywhere!
I'll talk to him. It won't
be like the last time.

SCOTTIE
Last time he almost killed us.

SKULL 2
I need another hit, man.
Bobby, just one more hit.

Scottie strides up to Bobby.

SCOTTIE

We agreed not to call him.
We agreed we'll handle it.

BOBBY

Well things change! He's
our only way out!

SCOTTIE

He's a fucking psycho.

BOBBY

A psycho that will fix
this. He always fixes this.
You know that.

SCOTTIE

I know I ain't waiting
to find out.

Scottie turns and walks toward the smashed front door when Bobby raises the pistol.

BOBBY

One more step and it'll
be your fucking last!

Scottie turns to see the pistol pointed directly at him. The masked Skulls step back as tension reaches boiling point.

BOBBY

This is my show and we
ain't goin' no where.

SCOTTIE

You really are a daddy's boy
heap of shit you know that?

BOBBY

You God damn right. Now
sit down. All of you....
He's coming.

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE/COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The luxurious SUV veers past the gate, large tyres crunching over loose gravel.

INT. SUV - NIGHT (IDLE)

Carson remains tense as the SUV cruises toward the clubhouse. He stares through the window... unsure.

The Brute is behind the wheel, concerned expression. Carson remains fixed on the clubhouse - eyes narrowed.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Silence fills the room as Bobby and the Skulls hear the engine outside. Bobby looks at Lilly balled in the corner.

Scottie and the Skulls grow in panic, one whispering a curse word under his breath before ripping off his mask, causing a chain reaction as the others also unmask, revealing scared teenage boys.

They line up shoulder to shoulder, preparing as if a drill sergeant were to enter.

Silence draws out as they hear the sequence of events outside - car doors opening/closing, faint mumbling until finally, the motorised hum of the electric wheelchair.

Bobby dry swallows, dropping the pistol.

The Brute is the first to enter, edging inside with his pistol, scanning the destruction.

The humming of the wheelchair grows louder, rising the tension further between the teenagers until...

.... Carson makes his grand entrance, wheelchair crunching broken glass.

Carson stops and takes in the destruction. He smells the fuel. He looks at Lilly.

He remains silent as he wheels himself to the smashed glass doors, overlooking the field with the dead police officer.

Bobby and the teenagers wait for his reaction but Carson remains silent until, very softly...

CARSON

Is this what I am to you?
Someone you lie too? Someone
to wash your sins? Your drugs?
Your cum? Is this what you
think of me now?

He remains focused outside.

CARSON
Out of all the places.
Out of all the fucking
places. Where is he?

BOBBY
He took off.

CARSON
Took off? The man can't cross
the fucking street and you're
telling me he took off?

BOBBY
I tried to talk to him --

CARSON
And tell him what? That you're
a lying fucking rapist?! Is that
what you were going to tell him?!

BOBBY
It's not my fault. They made
me do it. I didn't want too.

SCOTTIE
What?

BOBBY
It's true! I didn't want to
do this but they made me --

- Carson raises his hand, silencing his son. He accelerates his motorised chair toward Bobby until their knees touch.

Carson gestures for Bobby to lean down to his level. Bobby does. Carson slaps him HARD across the face, sending the bulky teen to his knees.

Carson grabs his son, delivering another two hard punches which send both of them crashing down with the wheelchair.

Carson doesn't let up as he CRAWLS over his son to deliver more punches. Carson then BITES into Bobby's forearm.

The other teens wince.

The brute moves in and lifts a frenzied Carson back into the chair, leaving Bobby quivering on the carpet.

Carson then calmly takes a handkerchief and wipes the blood off his knuckles.

CARSON

Gentleman. We've danced to this tune before. Same moves just a different whore. But this dance will be different. This time, I'm going to let her decide your fate.

And with that Carson turns toward Lilly who quivers in the corner of the room. The wheelchair bound man moves to her in his electric wheelchair.

CARSON

What do you say, little angel? What would you have me do to them? Hmm? What is justice to a torture angel? I will do whatever you wish. My gift to you. Hmm? DO you want to set them free?

Carson takes out his gun.

CARSON

Or perhaps you would like my gun? Bang. Bang. Bang. All dead. Hmm? Or you could strip them naked and make them play with each other. An ironic sight, hmmm? Would you like to see that?

Lilly sulks as Carson gives her a final sympathetic smile and sighs. She's not playing.

Carson then wheels backwards in his wheelchair before stopping as he absorbs the young girl.

CARSON

It's time to take responsibility.

The Brute dry-swallows then approaches Lilly. Carson raises his hand, stopping him. He then turns to Bobby.

CARSON

It's time to become a man, son.

Bobby looks at his father with wide eyes as a mutual understanding develops between the two.

Bobby hesitates, dry swallowing as he looks at Lilly then back at his father who nods at the girl, approving.

CARSON
Tonight's the night.

Father and son stare at one another when Carson maneuvers his wheelchair so that he is facing the other teens.

CARSON
And for the rest of you,
I regretfully say that
tonight was your final waltz.

Carson turns his head toward the brute who registers and takes out his 38. Calibre pistol with a trembling hand.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

Jack is staggering toward the clubhouse, supporting his waist which is covered in blood from the gunshot wound.

His strides are unbalanced when he falls onto the grass. He tries to push himself up but can't.

Jack whispers what sounds to be a prayer as several moments pass when, gunshots erupt from within the building - *BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!*

One after the other, execution style shots causing Jack's eyes to widen toward the clubhouse.

He weakly begins to crawl toward the building before finding the strength to stand and stagger forward.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters his room and leans against the wall for support, blood dripping onto his feet.

The groundsman grows weak as he makes his way further inside, noticing the superman poster and...

... The promotional boxes. They're gone with two remaining boxes ripped open revealing WHITE BRICKS of POWDER concealed beneath stacks of the sleazy Gentleman's Club flyers.

Jack registers this then sees a trail of white powder leading out into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

Jack staggers into the corridor, both hands pressed against his bloodied waist.

He grinds along the walls for support, smearing a blood path as he follows the trail of coke.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MAIN AREA

Jack enters the main area of the clubhouse and leans on the bar.

At the other end of the room, the Brute drags the dead cop inside, beside the corpses of the teenage boys.

A giant pile of cocaine has been dumped on a table beside three gas cans.

The Brute takes a hit from the white powder, clearly losing control as he returns to work, pouring gas over the corpses, dosing them all with glistening fuel.

He stops with dilated eyes, sensing something. He drops the gas can, whips out his pistol and spins to see...

... Jack at the bar. The groundsman is weak and bloodied but still standing

JACK

A lot of bodies. Did he make you do all of them, Larry?

The Brute blinks hard, trying to focus, hand trembling, powder residue under his nostrils.

JACK

You were a good man. A mechanic, right? Now look at you.. Look at what he did to you... Where is he? Where did they take her, Larry?

The brute begins to chuckle then cry. A mixture of drug-fueled emotions as his right nostril begins to leak blood.

Jack then notices two bloodstained tire marks veering outside - Carson.

Without warning, the brute's left leg suddenly gives out, causing him to fall. He reaches up and grabs a nearby table for support.

The table tilts and crashes over the brute causing an avalanche of white powder to drop over his face and chest.

All Jack can do is watch as the Brute fumbles for his gun in the white cloud.

Face coated white, blood flowing from both nostrils, the brute then falls back so that he's staring up at the ceiling. His eyes turn unfocused.

Jack remains standing in the same spot, absorbing the brute's overdose.

Silence....

The groundsman then takes in the destruction, his once safe home now a war-zone.

Jack begins to move forward, following Carson's tire marks outside. He stops, noticing something.

He looks down to see Lilly's crucifix necklace broken on the carpet.

Jack picks it up and absorbs it in his hand, the religious symbol a vast contrast to the surround evil.

EXT. CARPARK

Jack staggers out into the carpark to see the old sedan and pick-up truck now in flames. Carson's SUV is gone.

The groundsman stumbles up toward the gate, caught in the orange glow of the torched vehicles.

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE/COUNTRY ROAD

Jack staggers up to the public road using the gate for support as he looks down the dark and eerie road.

He checks back over his shoulder toward the clubhouse, his world. Then returns to the task at hand, blood dripping from his finger tips.

He clenches the small crucifix necklace in his hand and looks ahead with determination.

Jack takes a deep breath and steps forward, staggering across the old bridge.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The night is still and quiet. Jack staggers under a street light, knowing exactly where to go.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A young Jack and Carson run in terror from the original scene.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BACK TO SCENE

Jack staggers along the same road as his younger self, barely keeping upright.

 YOUNG CARSON (V.O.)
 Tonight's the night.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Back to when a young Jack and Carson are both lying in the grass, face to face.

 YOUNG CARSON
 Tonight's the night.

Carson gets to his feet.

 YOUNG CARSON
 He would be passed out by
 now. So we take a knife
 from the wall and stab him --

 YOUNG JACK
 -- I wanna stay here.
 Let's just stay here.

 YOUNG CARSON
 Don't you wanna be free? Free
 from here? From him?

 YOUNG JACK
 I wanna stay here.

 YOUNG CARSON
 Stop saying that! What's
 wrong with you?!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - BACK TO SCENE

Jack staggers along the isolated street, trying to stay upright, bleeding getting worse.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Young Jack sulks as Young Carson grows frustrated at his little brother.

YOUNG CARSON

If we do this right now then
no more running! No more
being scared!

YOUNG JACK

I can't! I can't go! Please!

YOUNG CARSON

What if we do nothing? What
happens if we just stay
here, Jackie?! What happens?!

Young Jack says nothing. Carson absorbs his silence, tears filling his eyes. He then turns and runs toward the gate, leaving Jack crying and alone.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Jack veers into a side road, surrounded by darkness and dense camphor laurel trees that sway heavily in the breeze.

The groundsman comes to an abrupt halt in front of a sign that reads... "PRIVATE PROPERTY".

There are no houses. No cars. Only the sound of crickets. Jack dry-swallows and keeps going.

He staggers to a dirt road that veers off from the main road. The grass is now long and unkempt as Jack stumbles down the dirt path, sucking in breaths.

Jack passes a dead fridge on it's side, then a rusted portable fan beside an old wheel burrow. He keeps moving forward where he sees Carson's SUV, then...

... A decaying single story house tucked away in the overgrown vegetation. Slightly elevated from the earth with remnants of white paint flakes on the rotten timber.

The old porch has missing post's and a collapsed handrail. Two reinforced timber slats have been placed up over the stairs to accommodate a wheelchair.

Jack absorbs the isolated property, almost sinister looking in it's dark shadows, tired and old.

Jack tries to control his breathing as he stumbles toward the property.

He passes two old, rust-ridden bicycles with cobwebbed spokes and an old smashed-out television.

Jack walks up the three steps to the porch, timber groaning under his weight.

His foot then breaks through a timber slat as he latches onto the porch for support, wincing.

JACK

Aagghhhh.

He struggles up and arrives at the old timber door where he pushes it open - the hinges GROAN with corrosion.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

The interior is dark, basic, grim and oppressive. Part of the ceiling has fallen through allowing faint, haunting moonlight to cast a pale glow inside.

A smashed television set decays in front of an ancient sofa with torn fabric. A rat darts away.

Jack slowly enters, taking it all in as he sees angry punch holes peppered into the living room wall.

FATHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Look what you made me do! You
think I wanna do this?!*

The voice is deep, husky, evil. Jack stares at the holes each one tells a story, a bad memory. He edges further inside, timber groaning painfully under each step.

A fallen picture frame. Jack picks it up, wipes off a layer of dust to reveal a grainy and weathered black and white image -- A young Jack and Carson. Behind them is a towering giant of a man. Bald. Angry scowl.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

A single stove holds half a dozen pots and pans. Each one coated with rough layers of caked and dry-petrified food from untold decades without washing. Cockroaches scatter.

FATHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

*It's a mess! A fucking mess!
You're just like your fucking
mother! Both of you!*

The words affect Jack who edges through, walking past more punch holes and into the hallway.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

Jack pushes the creaking door open to be confronted by two singles beds. Both mattresses are old and tattered, yellow stains pooled in the center.

FATHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Again?! You did it again?!
You stink! It stinks! You're
fucking weak!*

He sees a half torn Superman poster above his childhood bed. Jack wedges back as a timber panel fractures under his unbalanced weight.

The sound of a beating. Children scream. Furniture toppled. Grunting. Slapping.

On the walls, he notices faded childish artwork - two stick figures with happy faces. Two goal posts and a smiling sun.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR

Jack moves toward the master bedroom, passing old garbage bags with God knows what inside.

Jack stops, absorbing an opened door ahead as more violence is heard, growing in it's anger

FATHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

*Come here and hold fucking still
and take it like a man!*

Crying, more slapping....

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack moves to the open door as the sound fades out. Silence... Jack edges inside, creaking on the floor boards, weeds sprouting, faded police tape lay broken on the floor.

An old double bed holds centerpiece to the room. Beer bottles lay scattered around, labels faded, some peeled off. More punch holes in the walls.

Jack takes in the bed, cobwebbed and dust covered. Moments pass when, very softly...

CARSON

I still remember hearing my spine breaking. Like every swing was a home run.

Jack turns to see Carson deep in the shadows in the corner of the room, calmly sitting in his wheelchair.

CARSON

And then you came back.....

Jack takes this in.

CARSON

And his face, the blood, the knife in his neck. You took his life to save mine...

Carson wheels forward, revealing himself in the dim morning light that casts through a rotten window.

CARSON

... You saved me, Jackie. And I've tried to save you ever since. Do you know why this place still stands? It's therapy. The source of our pain is also our greatest relief --

JACK

-- Where is she?

CARSON

Don't. Don't waste this moment on her. This is ours. I've waited for this.

Jack turns to walk out when...

CARSON
Goddamnit, Jackie! Stop it!
She's not worth this! This
is our moment! Right here!

JACK
This is nothing. You, him --

CARSON
-- Don't say that.

JACK
Your women, your drugs,
your murders --

CARSON
-- My survival! Not hiding away
in some fucking sport club!

JACK
I'm here now. And I'm taking
her with me.

CARSON
Our Bobby is cured, Jackie. He
took responsibility right here.
Just like you did. Don't you see?
You both share the same pain now
and he needs you.

Jack stares at him.

CARSON
I can see you're hurting. And
I'm sorry. But you need to calm
down and listen to me --

Jack begins to leave when Carson quickly wheels toward him as
his right tyre breaks through a timber slate, stopping him.

CARSON
GODDAMNIT!

Jack stares at his brother.

CARSON
You're too late. Now help me
out and let's all of us talk.

Jack moves back down the corridor, leaving his brother
trapped in the room, wheelchair revving uselessly.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

BAM! Without warning, Bobby charges in and crash-tackles Jack into the floorboards, cracking the timber.

Jack tries to get to his feet but Bobby's all over him, kicking him further down the corridor.

Jack tries to recover, crawling away from Bobby who repeatedly kicks him as they enter...

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

Back in the childhood room, Jack begins to stand when Bobby pushes him down, crashing into one of the two single beds, knocking it aside, revealing the floor beneath.

Jack falls to the floor where the bed once was as Bobby straddles the groundsman and starts choking him.

BOBBY

You should have fucking
listened, old man!

Jack tries to push his nephew off but the teenager is too strong, pressing down on Jack's throat.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM

Unable to move, Carson flops out of his chair and begins to crawl down the corridor.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CHILDREN'S ROOM

Bobby continues to strangle Jack, pressing down all his weight as Jack's face grows red, the veins in his neck bulge.

In his desperation, Jack registers a small HOLE in the wall just within arms reach. He stretches out, reaching in with his hand.

Bobby keeps the pressure on Jack's throat, squeezing and pushing with all his might.

Jack's eyes begin to roll back into his head when he pulls out an old, rust-covered knife from the wall.

Before Bobby registers, Jack swings the decaying blade into the side of Bobby's neck.

Bobby jolts up, trying to pull the blade out but it's deep and the blood's making it too slippery.

He bounces off the wall, leg breaking through the timber floorboard. Bobby collapses, now covered in blood.

CARSON

Nooo!

Carson crawls to his son, embracing him as Jack manages to stagger to his feet, also covered in his and Bobby's blood.

INT. CORRIDOR

Jack staggers out of the bedroom and down the corridor as his brother's screams explode through the old house.

The groundsman collapses then gets back to his feet as he passes the master bedroom.

JACK

Lilly!

He approaches another room that's just past the master bedroom, a small laundry - no Lilly.

Carson screams his son's name from the other room as Jack keeps searching.

JACK

Lilly?

He reaches the end room, the old sunroom that overlooks the backyard where there, at the end of the room, past old decaying chairs and a coffee table lies Lilly.

Her back is to him and she shows no signs of life. Jack quickly staggers to her, collapsing over her prone figure.

He rolls her over to see her eyes closed, her mouth slightly agape. She's dead.

JACK

No, no, no, no!

Jack embraces her and begins to cry. Carson is heard sobbing in the other room for his loss.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

Carson embraces Bobby's corpse on the floor, both father and son covered in blood as Carson cries.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - SUNROOM

Jack weeps with Lilly in his arms. He's weak, covered in blood and dying when...

... BANG! Carson's cries from the other room suddenly silence. Jack absorbs this, everything is lost now.

He holds the dead girl, fading out as several moments of silence endure when, very softly...

LILLY

Jack.

Jack's confused. He weakly looks down to see the young girl staring up at him, colour returning to her face.

LILLY

You left your place.

JACK

You showed me. You showed me how.

LILLY

You're free.

JACK

(crying)

I'm free with you. I'm free with you, baby.

He embraces her while silently crying before he remembers something and reaches into his pocket.

JACK

Here, I found this.

He shows her the crucifix necklace and smiles but it's anchored by sadness.

LILLY

You keep it. It will help.

Jack closes his eyes, knowing he doesn't want to hear this as he continues to silently cry.

LILLY

Jack, look at me. Look at me.

He opens his eyes, tears spilling.

Lilly smiles at him and gets to her feet. Jack murmurs a protest as Lilly gives a gentle "shoosh" and begins to pull Jack up. The groundsman roars in pain.

LILLY

It's okay.

Jack's forced to lean on her as the two stagger down the corridor, Lilly willing him with each step.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - CORRIDOR

Like two wounded soldiers, Lilly helps Jack through the corridor, bouncing off the timber walls.

A timber panel SNAPS under Jack's foot, anchoring him down as he cries in pain. Lilly helps him forward.

They struggle past the master bedroom, approaching the children's room when...

... Jack stops and looks in to see the corpses of his brother and nephew, crumbled together, a pistol next to them... Jack takes a moment.

EXT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAWN

Man and girl carefully work their way down the stairs when Jack falls, crashing into the dirt with a cry.

Lilly goes to help him up but Jack won't move. He's too weak and in too much pain.

LILLY

Come on, Jack. Lean on me.
We just need someone and they
can take you to the hospital.

JACK

Can't.

LILLY

Yes, you can! Just get up and
let's go! Come on, Jack! You've
come so far. You did it!

She pulls at him as Jack grunts and with great effort, manages to stagger to his feet.

Lilly guides him down the dirt track.

LILLY

One step at a time. We can do
this. Come on. We got this Jack.

The groundsman struggles but Lilly helps him forward.
She's determined, strong, defiant.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

The two struggle down the isolated country road, the
groundsman's arm draped over the girl's tiny shoulder.

LILLY

You're gonna do this,
Jack. You're gonna live
your life. You're gonna be
free and not be afraid of
anything anymore, okay?...

Jack's too weak as he collapses to the gravel along
the side of the road.

LILLY

No, no, no! Come on. Get up!

Lilly tries to lift him but it's pointless until,
at the edge of hearing....

...Sirens.

Multiple sirens. A convoy of them. Lilly looks up toward
the road, then down at Jack, hope fuelling her tiny voice.

LILLY

They're coming! They're coming!
You did it! You're gonna be okay!

He looks up at her as she smiles and gently cradles the
side of his face.

LILLY

I told you silly. You just
have to pray.

The two share a moment before she looks up and hurries
toward the sirens, vanishing.

A convoy of POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES skid to a stop
on the road beside Jack.

The groundsman slightly pushes himself up as POLICE and PARAMEDICS hurry out of their vehicles and approach him, barking orders.

He looks around for Lilly but she's nowhere to be seen. Jack collapses back down as police and paramedics swarm him.

Paramedics assess Jack's wounds, ignoring his ramblings until Jack fends them off, sits up and scans for Lilly.

JACK
Lilly? Where's Lilly?

PARAMEDIC
Sir, I need you to calm down, okay?

JACK
LILLY?!

PARAMEDIC
Sir, calm down. Tell me who Lilly is.

JACK
The girl! She's here!

PARAMEDIC
Sir, there's no one else here. There's no girl.

JACK
No, no, no! She's here!

PARAMEDIC
Imma need twenty micrograms of droperidol!

JACK
Noooo! Lilly! Come back!
She's here! She's here!
LILLY!!! LILLY!

Jack SCREAMS and tries to stand, growing more desperate as the paramedics swarm him.

INT. OLD RUTTLEY RESIDENCE - SUNROOM

Police enter, weapons ready as they clear each room until arriving in the sunroom where...

... Lilly lies dead where Jack left her - at the end of the room, past old decaying chairs and coffee table.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

Jack screams with confused realisation, struggling against the paramedics before a NEEDLE is jabbed into his arm.

He begins to fade, trying to fight it, with the desperation in his eyes being the last to surrender.

FADE OUT.

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY (RAINING)

Thunder rolls. Dark clouds. Light rain sprinkles over the luscious green field. A CROW lands on the crossbar of the post. It squawks then flies away.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY (RAINING)

Everything has been restored and upgraded. New glass doors, chairs, tables, new paint job.

The "*Home Sweet Home*" mat remains just outside the sliding glass doors. It's aged and worn, letters hardly readable now.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY (RAINING)

Inside is just as ultramodern and upgraded. We pan past, tables and chairs as we hear the rhythmic squeak of a rocking chair.

We pan toward the bar as the sound continues until finally, we arrive on an old man gently swinging back and forth in a rocking chair, staring out the window.

Grey beard, balding, blank, wrinkled expression. As we move closer, we notice that the man is in fact, Jack.

We hold on the groundsman for several long moments as he rocks in his chair, rocking... rocking... no words.

He grips hold of Lilly's crucifix necklace as the old man we once knew as Jack just stares out into the playing field before we finally...

CUT TO BLACK: