

HAVEN

Screenplay

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A large, spacious living room. Anyone would be happy to live in a place like this. Anyone, apparently, apart from the current occupants.

The place is filthy.

Empty liquor bottles, cans, cigarette butts lay scattered all over the place.

LUKE(12) stands, eyes downcast, trembling with fear.

Beside him is an open duffle bag. It's torn open. The contents; books, gym clothes and a soda can are tipped out next to it.

The FATHER (45), a bloated, unshaven, drunk towers over the boy.

He brings a hand back.

FATHER
Little shit.

He slaps his son across the face, hard, really hard.

Luke staggers backward.

The Father pins him against the wall.

FATHER (CONT'D)
I should wring that scrawny neck.

The boy's face reddens.

LUKE
(Gasping for air)
Please!

The pleading only increases the man's rage.

FATHER
Please?

He leans in, eyeball to eyeball.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Please?

Shrill laughter fills the air.

The MOTHER (40) a scrawny, desiccated woman, drains the dregs of a whisky bottle.

Luke's eyes flit over to her, a look of pleading in them.

The woman sneers.

MOTHER

Teach the runt a lesson.

She turns the empty bottle upside down, scowling.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We told you to bring liquor back.

LUKE

But...

Two sets of very dangerous eyes fix on him.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Seth Potter said he won't serve me no more.

The Father's eyes narrow.

FATHER

You must have upset him somehow.

MOTHER

Yeah.

She hurls the bottle at him. It smashes close to Luke's head.

LUKE

I swear.

FATHER

Don't lie, boy.

LUKE

He said...

His lower lip trembles.

LUKE (CONT'D)

He said he can't sell liquor to minors anymore.

FATHER

What?

The Mother gets up, swaying, unsteady on her feet. She points and accusing finger at her son.

MOTHER

You.

The single, slurred word drips with venom.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's your fault.

The Father slams Luke's head back against the wall, hard enough to fracture a skull.

The boy's eyes lose their focus.

Blood runs from a nostril.

The Father turns, leaving the semi-conscious boy swaying, barely standing.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

We should put him down.

She mimes firing a pistol.

The man snatches up a baseball bat laying propped in a corner.

He points it at his son.

FATHER

Maybe we could.

He lets out a sigh.

FATHER (CONT'D)

But we already got child services breathing down our neck.

He tosses the bat aside.

And shambles over to the sofa.

He snatches a beer from a crate. He tosses it to the Mother.

Then he takes one for himself.

He slumps his fat ass down beside her.

MOTHER

Beer?

FATHER

Yeah. So?

MOTHER
I don't drink piss water. I want
the real stuff.

FATHER
All we got.

The Mother gives an exasperated sigh.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Don't drink it then.

He snatches the can back.

MOTHER
Hey.

She scrambles for the drink.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Give me that.

The man pushes her away.

She pushes him back.

Things get ugly quickly.

The Father strikes her across the head.

It stuns her for a moment then she comes at him like a hell
cat, kicking, punching, scratching.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I'll kill you.

Luke watches the scene through glassy eyes.

The shouts become low, muffled and the scene of his parents
fighting is blurred.

His lids flicker.

His legs give way and he crashes to the ground.

No-one notices.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Luke gasps. Eye snap open.

He shivers.

It's dark outside now.

The TV's still on, blaring out an inane game show.

Luke gets shakily to his feet.

He shambles towards the stairs, hoping no-one will notice him.

He's halfway up the steps when he hears his Father's snores.

His Mother, too, is muttering in her sleep.

He stops, turns.

Something dangerous flares in his eyes.

He's suddenly very different from the terrified boy just a moment ago.

He starts back down the stairs.

He pads over to his Mother.

She lays stretched out in a stupor, tube around her arm.

Luke picks up the empty whisky bottle and smashes it on the side of the table. No-one wakes.

Then he plunges the broken glass into her neck, again and again.

The woman chokes in her sleep, gurgling as she drowns in her own blood.

Her body spasms, mouth opens, spilling blood.

Then she falls still.

Luke turns his attention to his Father.

He snatches up the discarded bat and walks over the slobbering, unconscious form.

He draws it back, and smashes it into the man's face, again, and again, and again.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Luke sits on the edge of his bed.

There's a knock.

The door opens.

A bespectacled shrew of a woman, MISS BENNET enters. The Deputy stands behind her shoulder.

MISS BENNET
Someone's here to see you.

There's an expectant, hopeful look on the boy's face.

Miss Bennet stands aside, as if making way for a monarch.

PASTOR CAIUS (50) a tall, panther lean figure enters. He moves with authority, self importance.

Miss Bennet regards him with reverie.

MISS BENNET (CONT'D)
This is Pastor Caius.

Cold, intelligent eyes sparkle. He smiles at Luke. There's little warmth in the expression.

PASTOR CAIUS
The boy from Haven Heights?

LUKE
Yes, sir.

The man nods.

PASTOR CAIUS
All alone in the world. Tell me,
how would you like to part of our
family?

LUKE
Family?

PASTOR CAIUS
Yes.

MISS BENNET
Devoted to the Lord, to the word of
God alone. You're a sinner, Luke,
but the Pastor can save you.

LUKE
 (To the Pastor)
 Really?

The boy shakes his head.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 No, no-one can save me.

MISS BENNET
 The Pastor can.

The Pastor lays a hand on the woman's shoulder, a paternalist gesture but one displaying dominance.

PASTOR CAIUS
 (To Luke)
 I will show you the path.

The Pastor reaches out a black, gloved hand, taking hold of the boy's chin.

PASTOR CAIUS (CONT'D)
 Rejoice boy, I come to save you.

His eyes narrow.

PASTOR CAIUS (CONT'D)
 Pray you are worthy.

The man turns to Miss Bennet.

PASTOR CAIUS (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 The house?

MISS BENNET
 (Also whispering)
 You're his legal guardian. It's ours.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - LIT

Old newspaper clippings taped to a dilapidated wall. Each one is unsettling in its own way:

- Addict parents charged with child abuse
- Shamed couple found dead
- Religious cult vanish after fire

And one more, much more recent...

-Out of town couple reported missing

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - LIT

An eye stares at us.

An eye of a DEAD WOMAN (30 something). She's laying face down, her head tilted to one side.

A DEAD MAN (Similar ge) lays beside her.

Blood pools out from beneath the two bodies, crimson fingers creeping along the stone floor.

EXT. HAVEN HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful day. A perfect rural setting. Birdsong fills the air.

And the house...

We've seen it before, but it's no longer dilapidated, but instead gleams with new wood panels and paint.

All is quiet. Nothing to disturb the Arcadian perfection.

Not until the faint sound of a car engine.

It grows louder until a red Corvette appears. It pulls up in front of the ornate house.

INT. CORVETTE - DAY

BRIAN JACKSON (48, the soft city type) kills the engine.

He turns to his passenger, LEANNE JACKSON(50) also the city type but tougher than her husband.

She arches a questioning eyebrow.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Brian gets out of the Corvette, manoeuvring a stiff, painful leg as he does so.

He limps forward, looking the place over.

BRIAN
This has to be it, don't you think?

Leanne also gets out, leaning over the Corvette's roof.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Has to be the place.

LEANNE
You sure this time?

BRIAN
Well, yeah but...

He hooks a thumb back at the dirt trail.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
We saw that sign for Haven a few
miles back. This is the only place
we've seen. Besides...

He opens his phone, checks a message.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
It matches the description I got.

Leanne also checks her phone.

LEANNE
Damn GPS is useless here.

Brian knocks on the door.

No answer.

He waits, tries again.

BRIAN
Guy said he'd meet us here.

LEANNE
A couple of hours ago.

BRIAN
So, what do we do?

LEANNE
What's his number?

Brian reels off a string of numbers.

Leanne punches some buttons, presses the phone to an ear.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Hi, sorry is that...

She looks over at Brian and mouths the word "NAME"?

Brian shrugs.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Well, I'm Leanne Jackson. I believe you spoke to my husband about us taking out a long term lease on your property.

She listens for a moment.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Yes, I know, we're so sorry. We've been sort of getting lost the last couple of hours. We're here now, at least we think we are.

She listens to the reply.

She nods encouragingly over to her husband.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Yes, thank you so much. May I ask your name by the way? Thanks again. Bye.

She cuts the call.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Luke will be here in twenty minutes.

EXT. CABIN HOUSE - DAY

A white pick-up truck is parked close to the Corvette.

Luke (21) gets out.

Tall, tanned, handsome with a square jawed smile as wide as his shoulders, he looks more like an football player than a landlord.

He raises a hand in greeting.

LUKE
Hi folks.

He strides over.

He takes Leanne's hand gently.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Ms. Jackson

LEANNE
How do you do.

She's a little taken with the tall, good looking youth holding her hand so delicately.

Then he greets Brian with a handshake that makes the older man's eyes water.

LUKE
I'm really sorry, I thought you weren't coming.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN
We did too for a while.

LEANNE
Are there no zip codes out here?

LUKE
Not really.

He gives a shrug of his powerful shoulder.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're not the first ones to complain about it.

Leanne smiles.

LEANNE
It's not your fault.

LUKE
This place isn't easy to find. Unless you're from around these parts, that is. People get lost all the time.

He nods to himself.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm guessing you've had a long trip.

BRIAN
Oh yeah, even without the detours.

LUKE
Well, you're here now.

He waves a hand at the house.

BRIAN
Let's go in and you can have a look
around.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room's spotless, the wood floor, the fittings are polished to perfection. Nothing is out of place.

It has the look of a showroom.

Brian and Leanne are coming down the stairs.

Luke enters with a couple of hot drinks.

LUKE
So, you folks seen everything?

BRIAN
We have.

LUKE
What do you think?

LEANNE
We love it. You really keep this
place beautiful.

The youth beams with pride.

LUKE
I do my best. Clean home, clean
heart as it says the good book.

He holds out the drinks.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Thought you could do with some
fresh coffee.

Brian reaches out for a cup.

BRIAN
Smells like heaven.

Leanne accepts hers, taking a sip.

LEANNE
Tastes like it too.

BRIAN
So, this is your place?

Luke hesitates.

LUKE
My uncle's.

BRIAN
Really?

LUKE
But he leaves me to run things.

LEANNE
Will we get to meet him?

Again, there's a moment's hesitation.

LUKE
(Abruptly) No. (Softer) Sorry, he's
sick, he doesn't really meet
anyone.

LEANNE
That's a shame.

Luke runs an anxious hand down the back of his neck.

LUKE
This is kind of embarrassing, and I
don't really like doing this...

LEANNE
What?

LUKE
There's some questions I got to ask
you.

There's a pained expression on his face.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry.

BRIAN
No, that makes sense.

LEANNE

You want to know about a potential tenant.

LUKE

Well (shaking his head) some are quite personal.

LEANNE

What are they?

LUKE

The first one is, are you (gives a nervous cough) married?

LEANNE

That is a little personal, but yes we are. In fact (reaching out and taking Brian's hand) we're newlyweds, believe it or not.

LUKE

Really? That's great. The second one is do you have any children?

BRIAN

No, no children.

Both their expressions cloud a little.

LUKE

Okay, then. The last one is about alcohol. Do you drink?

LEANNE

I don't understand. Why would that have anything to do with us getting this place or not?

LUKE

I'm really sorry.

He wrings his hands in contrition.

LUKE (CONT'D)

He gets nervous about parties, accidents, drugs, stuff like that. He hates the place getting messed up, I mean really hates it. The last couple, well, they didn't work out at all.

BRIAN
That's okay. No, neither of us
drink. I used to, but that's
another story.

Luke heaves a sigh of relief.

LUKE
You seem perfect.

Brian's phone rings. He answers.

BRIAN
Hi. (His countenance changes,
darkens) What? I don't understand.
Just a moment.

He looks at Luke.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm just stepping outside for a
moment.

He hurries out the door.

We see him pace outside the window, shoulders hunched,
anxious.

LUKE
I hope everything's alright.

LEANNE
(Uncertain) I'm sure it's nothing.
I really do love this place. It's
so peaceful, so quiet.

LUKE
It is. If you don't mind, Ms
Jackson, I'd like to ask you a
question.

LEANNE
Please, call me Leanne.

Luke giggles like a child.

LUKE
(Trying out the word on his lips)
Leanne.

Leanne's amused by his child-like quality.

LEANNE
You had a question?

LUKE

Oh, right. I was wondering what made you want to live in a place so far out of it all. You're from the big city, your husband told me.

Leanne frowns.

LEANNE

That's just it, Luke. We wanted to get away from city life. You know what it's like.

LUKE

No, actually I don't.

LEANNE

You've never been to the city?

LUKE

Never been anywhere.

LEANNE

Well, just imagine too much noise, too many people and everyone in a hurry all the time. And another thing, people aren't always very nice either.

The youth's expression changes several times as he runs this through his mind.

LUKE

That doesn't sound like fun.

LEANNE

It isn't.

She glances out the window.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Brian was in a terrible accident.

LUKE

Oh no.

LEANNE

Car crash, racing to work as usual. Some lunatic cut him up on the freeway, sent him off the road.

She pauses, her eyes glisten with the threat of tears.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
He's lucky to be alive.

LUKE
Is that why he walks like that?

Leanne nods. Her eyes take on a faraway look.

LEANNE
That was the wake up call, Luke. It took a long time for Brian to get his health back. You can't imagine. We realised it was time to rethink our lives.

She lays a hand on his arm. Luke jumps a little but he likes it.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I'm telling you all this.

LUKE
That's okay. I like that you want to tell me.

She runs a hand up and down his forearm then removes it.

Luke seems disappointed as she does.

LEANNE
Well, we both decided to quit our city jobs and relocate. It was Brian's idea to move somewhere like this. He was right, we needed to get to know each other again.

LUKE
I don't understand.

LEANNE
People can drift apart, Luke. When you're as busy as we were, when you get to (making quotation marks with her fingers) our age, it can be all too easy.

Luke nods, as a child might who's pretending to understand an adult issue.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
This will be good for us. And the nature here is just breath taking.

LUKE

But what will you do? Work, I mean.

LEANNE

Brian plans to start up his own IT company.

LUKE

Out here?

LEANNE

With a laptop you can work from anywhere. We might not make the money we did before but that doesn't matter. Things aren't important, relationships are.

LUKE

I like that.

Brian walks past the window again. He looks furious.

They watch him.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You really think he's okay?

Leanne gazes out, nervous.

LEANNE

I hope so.

The door flies open. Brian hobbles inside.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Who was that?

BRIAN

Bridgeford and Wilson.

LEANNE

The lawyers?

BRIAN

Yeah. There's a problem with my compensation claim.

LEANNE

I don't understand. That was all agreed.

BRIAN

It was.

LEANNE

So?

BRIAN

So, the scumbag who hit me got rid of his old legal team, hired someone new, ambulance chaser types. They're contesting everything.

LEANNE

They can do that?

BRIAN

Apparently so.

LEANNE

So, what happens now?

BRIAN

We'll contest their contestment.

He shakes his head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Something like that. They promised me it won't be a problem, but it's going to delay things.

LEANNE

Do they know how long?

BRIAN

A few days, a few months, who knows.

He rubs a hand over his chin.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Listen, Luke.

LUKE

(Boy-like)

Yes, Mr Jackson.

BRIAN

Brian, call me Brian.

LUKE

Yes, Brian.

BRIAN

I know the agreement was six months down payment, but we sort of have a problem.

Luke blinks innocently at the other man.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I was planning to pay you out of the claim. But now (beat), well, you just heard.

LUKE

I see.

BRIAN

God damn it. I really love this place.

LEANNE

Me too.

BRIAN

I, we don't want to lose it.

Luke sits, palms of his hands on his knees, wide eyed, listening.

If Brian is expecting their host to say something, he's mistaken.

Brian and Leanne glance at each other.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So, what I'm thinking is, is there any way we could work something out? I could put something down for now maybe, then when the payment comes through, I'll can give the rest.

LEANNE

Do you think maybe you could have a word with your uncle?

Both their eyes fix firmly on the youth.

For a moment his boyish face is unreadable.

Then he breaks out into that wide, white toothed smile.

LUKE

Sure.

He slaps a knee.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I like you folks. I think you'd be
happy here. We could really make
this a happy home.

Brian glances at Leanne, raising a quizzical eyebrow as he
mouths the word "we."

He notices the youth watching him.

BRIAN
Praise indeed.

LEANNE
Do you think you might be able to
give him a call?

Again, that split second of hesitation from Luke.

LUKE
Oh, yeah, right.

He takes out his phone and dials a number and places it to
his ear.

LUKE (CONT'D)
He's not picking up. He hates
phones. Tell you what, I'll go and
see him now.

He heads for the door then stops at the entranceway.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You know, you've both come a long
way. Why don't you stay the night.

BRIAN
Really?

LEANNE
You sure, Luke?

LUKE
Absolutely. I got a good feeling
about you. Good, God fearing folk.
You belong here.

He raises a hand in farewell.

LUKE (CONT'D)
See you in the morning. There's
blankets on the bed and food in the
freezer. Help yourself.

Then he's gone.

The couple stare after him, bowled over by the good Samaritan.

BRIAN
Well.

LEANNE
Well.

BRIAN
(Joking)
Are "we" all God fearing folk?

Leanne comes up behind Brian, wraps her arms around him, cradling him lovingly.

LEANNE
Don't be mean, sweat-heart. It's
just the way he was raised.

Brian leans his head back against her, takes her hand.

BRIAN
You're right. It was mean of mean
of me. The boy means well.

He kisses her hand.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Brian sits, sipping coffee. Leanne's scrambling eggs and toasting bread.

There's a knock on the door.

Brian slides off his stool and limps to the door to open it.

Luke's standing there.

LUKE
Good morning.

He gives a little bow.

BRIAN
Good morning, Luke.

LUKE
May I come in?

BRIAN
Sure, this is your place.

He stands aside, allowing the youth to enter.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Brian leads their guest into the kitchen.

He gestures to a chair at the dining table.

BRIAN
Have a seat.

LUKE
Thank you.

BRIAN
Coffee?

LUKE
Yes please.

Leanne fills a cup and hands it to Brian, who in turn places it in front of Luke.

BRIAN
There you go.

LUKE
Thank you.

Luke sips his coffee. His manner is easy going, calm , centred.

His two hosts in contrast are more than a little anxious.

The youth realises they're both looking at him expectantly.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I hoped you slept well.

BRIAN
We did.

LEANNE
It's so quiet here, it would be hard not to. Where we're from, you hear traffic all night.

LUKE
I wouldn't like that.

He smiles.

He seems so happy, content, like there's nowhere else he'd rather be in the world.

LUKE (CONT'D)
So, I spoke to my uncle.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

LUKE (CONT'D)
He asked me if I thought you were good people.

BRIAN
Hey, we're good people.

He wraps and arm around Leanne. She tousles his hair affectionately.

LEANNE
Aren't we sweetheart?

LUKE
I told him you were. Of course, sometimes, folks let you down.

His usually pleasant countenance clouds over.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Like the last couple. But like I said, I got a really good feeling about you both.

BRIAN
You told him that?

LUKE
I did.

The broad smile is back.

LUKE (CONT'D)
The place is yours, if you want it.

BRIAN
Well, of course we do.

LUKE
That's great. Now you can make this happy home of yours.

He looks around, raptured, imagining the future dream.

LEANNE
You hungry, Luke?

LUKE
Sure am.

Leanne drops a slice of toast onto a plate, ladles some scrambled eggs on top and hands it over.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're spoiling me.

He takes large bite.

LEANNE
You need a little feeding up.

She laughs, placing a hand on his shoulder.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Listen to me, I sound like your
mom.

Luke blooms as she says this, his expression lighting up as he gazes up at her.

BRIAN
So, Luke.

Luke's still looking at Leanne.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Luke?

He gets the youth's attention this time.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
This is a little awkward, but as I
told you yesterday, we don't have a
lot of money at the moment.

LUKE
Oh, that'll be fine. Just this
month's rent is enough.

BRIAN
Wow, you sure?

LUKE
Absolutely. Money's not important.

BRIAN

I can't tell you what a relief that is. And as soon as my compensation comes through, you'll get the deposit, I promise.

Luke gives an indifferent shrug.

LUKE

I trust you.

LEANNE

So, have you got documents to sign?

The youth blinks at her.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

A contract.

LUKE

We don't need a contract. Not us. A handshake is good enough for me.

He thrusts out his hand to Brian.

The older man takes it.

He does the Luke with Leanne.

LUKE (CONT'D)

And we're done.

Something occurs to him.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I forgot to tell you, there's a little work that still needs doing on this place. I'm going to need to be around for the next couple week or so. I'll do my best not to get under your feet.

LEANNE

That's fine, we like having you around.

BRIAN

Absolutely.

Luke takes a last bite of his toast, drink of his coffee and stands up.

LUKE

Well, if you don't mind, I need to be getting on. I'm so happy you're here.

He starts for the door.

BRIAN

No rush, if you want to finish your breakfast.

LUKE

That's okay, Brian.

He glances around the kitchen.

In contrast to the pristine condition of everything the previous day, it now has a more lived in feel to it.

There's a frying pan in the washing bowl, the ladle has been left on the breakfast counter and various sauces and seasonings as well as jars are still out.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I know you'll be wanting to clear the mess up.

With that, he's gone.

Leanne looks around at the kitchen. It looks fine to her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place isn't quite the minimalist showroom anymore.

Paintings hang on the walls, along with some fabric hangings. There's also an antique lamp beside the coffee table.

Leanne is dragging a Persian rug off of what looks like a trapdoor in the floor.

LEANNE

(To Brian)

Did you know about this?

BRIAN

Luke says there used to be a cellar or something down there, but it was filled in for safety reasons.

He's carrying a box.

He moves carefully, his bad leg not making it easy.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Last one.

LEANNE
Be careful.

BRIAN
I'm not an invalid.

LEANNE
No, of course not.

He lays the box down and comes over to her. He opens his arms.

BRIAN
I snapped. Sorry. Forgive me?

Leanne falls into his arms.

LEANNE
(Playfully)
This time, you ogre.

BRIAN kisses the top of her head.

BRIAN
I don't deserve you.

LEANNE
You just realised that?

They kiss again, long and lingering.

BRIAN
I love you Mrs Webb.

He runs a hand down her cheek.

LEANNE
And I you, Mr Jackson.

They hold each other for some moments, gazing into each other's eyes.

Brian runs a hand down Leanne's back.

BRIAN
(Playfully)
You know...

LEANNE
(Equally playful)
Yes?

She lets out the word slow, a little breathless, letting it linger.

BRIAN
I think all this fresh air is doing
me good.

He grabs her ass.

Leanne gives a soft squeal.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Feeling like a new man.

LEANNE
Are you now?

BRIAN
Yes indeed.

His eyes turn upwards, in the direction of the bedroom.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Maybe later, we could...

She grabs his ass.

It's his turn to jump.

LEANNE
Maybe.

For a moment they're lost in each other.

Then Leanne looks over at the open laptop on the coffee table.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Any luck?

BRIAN
The connection?

He goes over to it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
There's no Wi-Fi here, as far as I
can tell. I'm not sure Luke ever
heard of WI-FI to be honest. But...

He taps a small attachment inserted into the side.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Mr Dongle here, well he's had a
little success.

He hits some keys.

The screen flashes into life.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Signal's poor, but I reckon with a
booster we could be up and running
before long.

Leanne picks up the lamp and positions it closer to the desk.

LEANNE
I think it looks better here. Shall
we try it?

BRIAN
Go for it.

Leanne pulls the chain on the lamp.

It blows.

So do other electrics.

So too, much to Brian's horror, does his laptop.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Luke's inspecting the electrics.

He has some burnt cables and loose wires in his hands,
looking them over.

LUKE
Really sorry.

LEANNE
Was it a big job?

LUKE
Just some re-wiring and change of
breakers. They were the ones that
failed. Upstairs, the kitchen, all
seem fine now.

He goes over to Leanne's lamp.

As he does he places a small electronic device on the inside
of it.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Let's give it a try.

He pulls the chain. The light works perfectly.

LEANNE
Wonderful.

LUKE
I hope Brian isn't still angry.

LEANNE
It's just that he had a lot of work
on his computer.

Luke looks inconsolable, almost as if he might cry.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Everything was backed up on the
cloud though.

LUKE
(Puzzled)
The cloud?

He looks up at the sky.

Leanne smiles at the naivete.

LEANNE
Well, it's all safe. So don't beat
yourself up too much.

Luke tries a smile.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Okay?

LUKE
(Like a child who's been
consoled)
Okay.

He hooks a thumb at the doorway.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'd best get set up outside. The
roof needs a little work.

LEANNE
Sure thing, I'll see you in a
little bit. Got some tidying up to
do.

EXT. ORNATE HOUSE - DAY

Luke is by his white pick up, changing into his dungarees. He's bare to the waist.

Leanne hurries out.

LEANNE

Sorry, Luke. I forgot. Would you be able to...

She stops as she regards Luke's torso.

Scars, terrible marks cover his back and shoulders. The skin in some parts is so bad it looks like purple ropes bound together.

He looks like someone who's been badly and repeatedly tortured.

He turns, staring at Leanne.

His chest and stomach aren't as badly marked but a several red lines slice across his chest.

Luke hurriedly throws a long sleeved white T-shirt and his dungarees on.

For some moments neither know what to say.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Well, not sorry. I
(beat) I was just going to ask you
if you could sort out the bedroom
window. It's sticking.

Luke glances at the upper floor.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Scratching, banging sounds.

Leanne wakes, listening to them.

She goes to the window, opens it.

LEANNE

Hello?

The sounds grow louder.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Is someone there?

She leans out a little further. She can't see anyone.
She turns, goes over to Brian.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Hey.

She shakes him. He murmurs but doesn't wake.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Brian.

She shakes him a little more roughly this time.
He groans.

BRIAN
(Sleepily)
What? You hungry for more love?

LEANNE
Someone's outside.

BRIAN
Probably Luke.

LEANNE
No, it's too early.

His lids flicker open, he props himself up on an elbow.

BRIAN
What time is it?

LEANNE
Just gone six.

Brian lets out a weary, resigned sigh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brian pads towards the entrance, a baseball bat in hand.

Leanne is close behind him.

They stop just in front of the door.

They listen, holding their breaths.

Nothing.

Then suddenly a thump against the panel. They both jump out of their skins.

BRIAN
What the hell is out there?

LEANNE
A bear?

BRIAN
Not sure they have them out here.

He unlocks the door as quietly as he can, opening it a tiny crack.

He peers out.

Leanne leans in, whispering in his ear.

LEANNE
Can you see anything?

Brian turns, places a finger to his lips and slips through.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Don't.

He's gone.

All is complete silence outside.

Leanne takes a deep breath and goes after him.

She finds him sat on the porch, holding a King Charles Spaniel.

The animal is as tame as they come.

BRIAN
I think we made a new friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Brian's getting into his Corvette.

Leanne's standing at the doorway, the dog in her arms.

LEANNE
You going to be long?

BRIAN
Just long enough to pick up the new laptop, maybe check out the town store. You need anything?

LEANNE

I'm good. I'll let you know if I change my mind.

BRIAN

Okay, take care of our little friend.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Spaniel is drinking from a water bowl. Leanne strokes it affectionately.

LEANNE

Well, aren't you a good boy then?
Yes, you are.

A knock at the door.

Leanne scoops up the dog and answers it.

Luke is standing there.

His expression darkens the moment he sees the animal.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Luke, hi.

She cuddles the dog.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

We found him this morning. Who could he possibly belong to? I mean, there's no-one around here for miles.

She kisses it.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Poor thing looks half starved.

Luke's jaw dropps the whole way to the floor.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

He's so adorable, don't you think so?

The youth gives weird, soft laugh.

He tries a smile but it comes out more like a grimace.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, I just love him.

She holds him up.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Yes I do. Mom loves you.

LUKE
(A soft whisper to
himself)
Mom?

Leanne finally notices the youth is less than pleased.

LEANNE
It's okay, isn't it? Keeping
animals isn't against the rules I
hope. I think (giving a little
laugh) I'd like to keep him.

Luke still isn't giving much away.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
(Uncertain now)
What do you think?

The youth seems unable to speak.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Luke?

LUKE
What do I think?

Anger flares across his handsome features.

LUKE (CONT'D)
It's an animal.

Leanne looks at him, confused.

LUKE (CONT'D)
How can you use that word, 'love'
about it? It isn't right. You
should only use that word when you
really mean it.

Leanne's spooked now.

LUKE (CONT'D)
And you called yourself its 'Mom?'

LEANNE
I didn't mean to upset you.

The youth's expression changes now to one of hurt.

He runs a hand over his face, trying to get a grip over himself.

LUKE

I have to get some chores done.

He disappears, leaving an anxious and very confused Leanne standing at the doorway.

Then she rushes outside.

LEANNE

Luke?

She looks around for him.

She walks around the side of the house.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Luke?

He's nowhere to be seen.

The white pick-up however is still there.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

A brick room with no windows.

We've been here before, when we saw the newspaper clippings.

A single light bulb, hanging from a wire, throws a luminous, translucent haze the entire subterranean chamber.

Luke is transformed.

His eyes turn wildly in their sockets, foam speckled lips mutter and gibber manically.

LUKE

A dog!

He starts pacing up and down.

LUKE (CONT'D)

A fucking dog!

He slaps a hand to his mouth, mortified at his own swearing.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Unclean words.

His hands ball into fists and he shakes them above him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
He who does not know the truth of
love, does not know truth of...

He falls to his knees, hands clasped together in prayer.

LUKE (CONT'D)
YOU.

A rapture comes over him.

He begins to rock back and forth, tears filling his eyes.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Who is love.

He laughs and cries at the Luke time.

He puts an arm across his eyes.

With his other arm he snatches a screwdriver and digs it into
the ground, again and again.

Gradually, the ferocity of the action lessens.

He begins to calm.

LUKE (CONT'D)
It's a thing, a creature of
instinct.

He drops the screwdriver.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Born for slaughter, for sacrifice.

He stands up.

Only now do we see the newspaper clippings.

His eyes turn to something hanging on the wall, a scourging
whip, exactly the one might use for self mortification. This
one looks particularly nasty.

He snatches it off its hook.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leanne paces the floor, phone pressed to her ear.

LEANNE
Sweetheart, where are you? You've
been gone hours.

She lets out a soft curse.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Look, at least just call me, okay?
I want to talk to you about (a
beat) well, never mind, it can
wait.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The Corvette pulls up.

Brian throws out his stiff, bad leg and gets out.

He has a satchel over one shoulder, holding his new laptop.
In his free hand he's holding a bottle of Champagne.

He looks like he just won the lottery.

As he approaches, he spies Luke on the roof.

BRIAN
(Shouting up at him)
Luke.

The youth glances down.

Brian holds up the bottle.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Great news.

The youth looks at him, then at the drink.

He jumps the considerable distance to the ground.

He lands directly in front of Brian.

The physical disparity is striking.

Luke's superior height and build intimidate the older man.

LUKE
(Indicating the bottle,
his voice menacingly
soft)
What's that?

Brian's taken aback by the youth's behaviour.

BRIAN
Champagne. I'm celebrating.

He looks over at the house.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Come inside. I'll pour us all a
glass.

LUKE
But you said...

He shakes his head.

BRIAN
Said what, Luke?

LUKE
Drink.

His eyes cloud over.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(Quoting scripture)
*They will drink and forget what has
been decreed.*

He sounds exactly as one might if they were brainwashed.

Brian isn't sure what exactly he's listening to.

BRIAN
I'm sorry?

But Luke seems unable to say any more.

There's a tense, awkward silence.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Well, I think I should be getting
inside. Sure, you don't want to
join me?

Luke stands aside for Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Okay then.

He limps towards the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I guess I'll see you later.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Leanne is making some soup.

Brian bursts in with the bottle.

LEANNE
I've been calling you. I was
worried.

BRIAN
(Tenderly)
I'm sorry, reception is lousy, and
I kind of got lost again.

He holds up the bottle.

LEANNE
You got the compensation payment?

BRIAN
We threatened to up the claim if
they dragged their feet any longer.
They blinked first. Get some
glasses.

LEANNE
Brian, I'm really pleased, but...

Her eyes flit to the bottle.

BRIAN
It's fine, non-alcoholic.

Leanne's relieved.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry.

He lays the bottle down and takes his wife's hands.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
That's all behind me. I love you
too much to mess things up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Brian and Leanne lay curled up together on the sofa.

Gentle classical violin music plays in the background from
Brian's new laptop.

The Champagne bottle is nearly empty.

Two half empty glasses sit on the table.

The King Charles sleeps between them. Brian tickles one of its ears.

BRIAN

So, we can settle the down payment
when we want.

Leanne frowns.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

LEANNE

Well (hesitating) I'm not sure how
to say this...

BRIAN

What's wrong?

Suddenly, he looks worried.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We're good, aren't we?

Leanne places a finger to his lips.

LEANNE

We're fine, Brian. I love you, with
all my heart. It's not you, I think
maybe something might not be right
with Luke.

BRIAN

What do you mean?

She gives a shudder.

LEANNE

Earlier, he was changing. I saw
these terrible scars, these marks,
all over his body. Brian, I swear
I've never seen anything like it.
He must have been tortured or
something.

She runs a hand along the dog.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

And when he saw Charlie...

BRIAN

So, he's got a name now?

LEANNE

King Charles, Charlie, thought it suited him. When he saw him, he just freaked out.

BRIAN

Freaked out, how exactly?

LEANNE

Like I had no right to love the dog, like it was sinful. I'm not exaggerating.

Brian glances at the champagne glass.

BRIAN

When he saw me with the Champagne he acted really strange. Like I'd done something wrong, let him down.

LEANNE

He makes me nervous.

BRIAN

Yeah.

LEANNE

What do we actually know about him? And we're all alone out here, the middle of nowhere.

BRIAN

I thought the middle of nowhere sounded nice.

LEANNE

So did I.

Brian strokes the Spaniel's head.

BRIAN

Just like a little baby.

LEANNE

I know we agreed we said we were too old for children, but what about fostering?

She holds up her hands.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry, forget I mentioned it. Stupid idea.

Brian's thoughtful.

Leanne's hand still rests on the dog.

He lays his own hand over hers.

BRIAN

No.

They look at each other.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Not so stupid.

His hand caresses her fingers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But this would be no place to look
after kids.

It's a special, tender moment between them

Yet not a private one.

The electronic device, fitted to the inside of the lamp
shade, is listening to every word.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dog's yelp, followed by a whine, cuts through the darkness.

Leanne stirs but doesn't wake.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sleepy Brian and Leanne are up.

Brian heads into the kitchen.

Leanne has a laundry basket under her arm.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

BRIAN

I'll make us coffee.

He sets about boiling the kettle.

He takes a couple of mugs from the cupboard and spoons in
some instant coffee.

He yawns, still half asleep.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
Toast?

LEANNE(O.S.)
Sure.

Brian slips some bread into the toaster.

He's just done this when Leanne's scream fills the air.

He races from the kitchen.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

The washing machine is full of guts and internal organs going round and round.

A horrified Leanne stands there.

Brian too freezes as he witnesses the horrific scene.

Leanne steps forward.

She reaches a hand to the machine's door.

BRIAN
Leanne, don't.

She flings it open.

Blood pours out, along with the organs, revealing the mutilated remains of Charlie.

LUKE (O.S.)
You said you were like my mom. You
were supposed to love me, not that
thing.

Both turn.

Luke is standing at the door.

He looks very, very menacing indeed.

The easy going, boyish demeanour is gone.

He's holding a blood caked tire iron.

LUKE (CONT'D)
That's not right.

BRIAN
(Terrified, trying to
placate him)
Luke, buddy. What is all this?

LUKE
And you want to replace me.

LEANNE
Replace you, no we don't.

LUKE
I heard you. You want to foster.

He slams the tire iron viciously against his chest.

LUKE (CONT'D)
It should be me. My own parents,
they were bad people. And Pastor
Caius...

He's unable to continue for some moment.

He shudders.

LUKE (CONT'D)
They were punished. (A beat) But I
thought you were different. You
could have been...

Leanne seizes the initiative.

LEANNE
We can, Luke. We can be your
family. I can be your mother. Brian
would just love to be your father.
(Turning to her husband) Wouldn't
you?

BRIAN
Of course.

LUKE
That's all I ever wanted.

LEANNE
So, we're okay?

Luke's face darkens.

LUKE
You're lying. That's a sin.

BRIAN
We're not.

LEANNE
We swear.

The youth considers her words carefully.

LUKE
I need to pray.

He strikes Brian across the side of the head with the tire iron.

The older man hits the ground, unconscious.

The youth advances on Leanne.

Leanne raises an arm protectively.

LEANNE
No Brian, please.

The tyre iron descends.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Some time has passed.

Both Leanne and Brian look weak and dishevelled. There's the hint of grime on their skin.

Leanne's hair is a mess. Brian's sporting several day's stubble.

They're sat against a wall, hands tied behind them.

A key turns in a lock.

The door opens.

Luke stands there.

There's a huge bowie knife in his hand.

LEANNE
Are you here to kill us, Luke?

The youth looks like he's been through his own personal hell, like he hasn't slept in a long time.

LUKE

The Lord has spoken to me.

He takes a couple of steps into the room.

LUKE (CONT'D)

The couple before you, they
deserved what happened to them.
They reeked of the devil's
corruption. But you...

His eyes linger on Leanne.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Sinners though you be, the Lord
wants to give you the chance to
redeem yourself.

LEANNE

Thank you.

BRIAN

We can change, Luke.

LUKE

I hope so.

He points the blade at each in turn.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Because if you don't listen, I'm
going to slice off your ears. You
speak sinfully, I'll cut your
tongues out, covet things you
shouldn't, I'll rip out your eyes.

He comes over and grabs Brian.

We see now just how strong Luke is as he hauls the other man
to his feet with a single hand.

He turns round and cuts the man's bonds.

He pushes him aside and does the same with Leanne.

The two fall into each others' arms.

Luke slips the knife in his belt and turns his back on them.

Leanne looks at Brian, ready to seize the initiative.

Brian however stands frozen to the spot.

The youth stops at the doorway.

LEANNE

Luke, I hope you don't mind me asking this, what happened to your parents

LUKE

(Matter of fact)
I killed them of course.

LEANNE

(Trying to win him over)
Is that who gave you the scars, your parents?

LUKE

No.

He's somewhere else for a moment.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Pastor Caius said we'd be family, but he and his followers, they stole this house, and hurt me, hurt me real bad. He said scourging was the only way to purify the soul.

He snorts.

LUKE (CONT'D)

But they were the real sinners.

Luke glares at his two captives.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I hope you will be worthy.

He leaves.

Brian and Leanne listen.

BRIAN

Is he still there?

LEANNE

I didn't hear the door. Did you?

BRIAN

No.

Leanne moves to the open doorway.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Be careful.

LEANNE
I think he's gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room's empty.

BRIAN
(Calling out)
Hello.

LEANNE
(doing likewise)
Luke.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They stagger into the kitchen.

There's a heavy chain around the fridge and freezer.

Leanne checks the cupboards. They're empty.

She looks around. There's nothing.

Brian goes over to the faucet and tries it. There's no water.

BRIAN
We're going to die here.

He tries the other faucet.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
What do we do?

LEANNE
You keep your head, Brian.

The man notices writing scratched into the sink tiles.

BRIAN
Hey, there's something's written
here.

Leanne comes forward.

LEANNE
Repent, and drink of my
forgiveness.

She grabs Brian's hand.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Come on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leanne hurries to the lamp.

LEANNE

Luke, we're sorry. We're so sorry.
Please forgive us.

She nods for her husband to do the same.

BRIAN

Please forgive us. We'd be so
grateful if you could let us have
some water.

LEANNE

I know you can hear us, Luke.

They both stand back.

BRIAN

(whisper)
What now?

Suddenly, the sound of water from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Leanne is first to the tap, Brian limping behind.

She sticks her head under the faucet and drinks deeply.

Finally, satiated she steps back, wiping the water from her
lips.

Brian does the same, gulping down the water.

When he's done he turns it off.

BRIAN

That tasted good.

LEANNE

(Quietly)
This is how he's going to do it.
This is how he expects us to learn.

Outside the sound of Luke's engine roars into life.

They rush to the window.

The white pick up drives away.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Can't be that easy.

The cogs are whirring in Brian's mind.

He limps towards the door.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Brian, be careful.

BRIAN
What's the worst that could happen?
It'll be locked.

He reaches out a hand. It trembles a little.

Then he grabs hold.

The handle sparks.

Brian lets out a cry and is hurled across the room.

Leanne rushes over and crouches down beside him.

LEANNE
Brian?

She taps his cheek.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

His eyes open.

BRIAN
That hurt.

LEANNE
What happened?

BRIAN
It's electrified.

Leanne helps him sit up.

LEANNE
Which means the windows will be
too.

BRIAN

Well, I guess for now, we do what he wants.

LEANNE

Which is?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Leanne and Brian are busy looking the room over.

Brian is on his hands and knees, looking at something on the skirting board.

BRIAN

I found something.

LEANNE

Writing?

BRIAN

Looks like it.

She comes over, kneeling down beside him.

Brian traces a finger of the scratchings.

He reads the phrase.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

'But all things should be done decently and in order.' What the hell?

LEANNE

Remember he said we have to work it out for ourselves.

She snaps her fingers.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Got it, remember what he said about making a mess? And the comment about tidying the kitchen that morning when he came to breakfast.

She stands up.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

He wants us to clean up this place.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The place is immaculate.

It looks like when they first moved in. Leanne is wiping down the tiles.

Brian comes in.

BRIAN
That's it, every damn room.

LEANNE
Here too.

She throws the cloth down.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
House might be perfect, but I'm filthy.

BRIAN
Me too.

LEANNE
(Shouting)
Luke, is it okay if me and Brian shower? I'm guessing we should be decent and in order as well, right?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

LEANNE sits on the edge of the bed in a dressing robe, towelling her hair.

A refreshed, clean Brian also appears. He has his toiletry bag with him.

He limps over and sits down beside his wife.

He puts an arm around her shoulder.

He turns to her, leans in. They enjoy a long, tender kiss. Brian wipes the wet hair out of Leanne's eyes.

Everything they say from this point is no more than whisper, careful that nothing can be overheard.

BRIAN
I'm sorry I brought us out here.

LEANNE
It was my idea too, remember?

BRIAN

Yeah, but...

She places a finger to his lips.

LEANNE

No buts.

He takes her finger, kisses it.

BRIAN

What are we going to do?

LEANNE

We're going to survive.

BRIAN

(Unconvinced)

Yeah?

LEANNE

Hey, look at me.

She takes his head between her palms. Gazes into his eyes.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

We're going to get out of this.

BRIAN

How?

LEANNE

We'll figure that out.

She leans in, whispering.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

He left us our toiletry stuff,
toothpaste, shampoo, maybe there's
other stuff we can use.

BRIAN

Like what?

LEANNE

I'm not sure. If only you still had
those meds. But you got clean.

Brian is suddenly unable to look her in the eye.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Is there something you want to tell
me?

BRIAN
I've been trying, trying really
hard to quit.

Leanne simply stares at him.

LEANNE
You've been lying to me?

BRIAN
You were so proud of me. But you
don't know what it's like. It's so
easy to fall back.

LEANNE
When?

BRIAN
A few weeks back. I wanted to say
something. I just didn't want to
disappoint you.

His head drops to his chest.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, sweetheart.

LEANNElays a hand on his shoulder.

LEANNE
Hey, this is a relapse. We've been
through worse. It's not your fault
they pushed all those pills down
your throat in the hospital.
They're the ones who got you
hooked. So, where do you keep them?

BRIANempties out his toiletry bag.

A small brush, toothbrush, aftershave and a myriad of bric-a-brac tumble out.

He unzips the base of the bag, a secret compartment.

He takes out a small plastic bottle of pills.

BRIAN
I got it down to three tablet a
day, just enough to get me through.

Leanne takes them from him.

LEANNE
I wonder how many you got in here.

She stands up.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

Luke. I know you can hear us up here. We just want things to be right between us again. But we're so hungry. We'll die if you don't let us eat something.

She holds the plastic bottle up, inspecting it.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

We know you had to teach us, punish us even, but please let us have some food, then I'd like to make you a peace offering. You said you liked my cooking.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The cupboard's open.

Leanne's looking inside at some tins, pasta sheets and small jars of seasoning.

LEANNE

I guess Luke wants try my lasagne.

BRIAN

(Loud voice)

Hey Luke, I promise you, Leanne's lasagne is the best.

LEANNE

We're going to eat at 5 pm sharp. We eat a little early in the Jackson household.

There's now no longer any chain around the fridge and freezer.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

And don't be late Luke. You don't want to keep your family waiting, do you?

She moves towards the freezer.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

I hope there's prime beef in there.

She's keeping her tone upbeat, friendly.

She walks over to the freezer.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Lets have a look, shall we.

She opens the freezer door.

She stops, does a double take.

She reaches in, half taking something out that's wrapped in plastic.

She removes some of the wrapper.

She gasps, throwing it back in.

She clasps a hand to her mouth, staggers back.

She's doing everything she can to stifle a scream.

She collapses to the floor, overcome by horror.

Brian hurries over to her, as fast as his bad leg will allow him.

BRIAN
Leanne, what's wrong?

She indicates for him to keep quiet. She glances over to the freezer.

Brian goes over and opens the door.

On one of the shelves is the half unwrapped piece of meat thrown back by Leanne.

Brian unwraps it.

At first it seems like a joint of pork.

But it isn't pork, it's human flesh. At the end is a hand, still with a wedding ring around the finger.

Brian's breathing becomes shallow. He staggers. For a moment it seems as if he might faint.

But, by an effort of will, he steadies himself.

Everything is neatly placed and stacked, all pieces of human bodies. At the back is a human head, the eye sockets empty.

That's when Brian notices the jars in the door shelves.

At first we might have assumed that they were pickles floating in vinegar, but they're not.

Four eyes bob up and down. Remains of optic nerves weave back and forth like the tails of an exotic sea creature.

He puts his hands to his face, shaking his head.

He mutters to himself, as if he might go out of his mind. Even so, he's careful to keep his voice low.

He goes back to Leanne.

She glances up to him.

He crouches down, wrapping his arms around her. They hold each other close, comforting each other as best as they can.

Neither speak.

There are no words.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frying pans and saucepans crowd the cooker top.

Leanne uses oven-mits to take out the huge dish of steaming, bubbling lasagne on the dining table.

She places some garlic bread and places it next to that.

Brian appears at the doorway.

Leanne throws him a questioning look.

BRIAN

I've not seen the van move all day.
Not seen Luke either.

Suddenly, Leanne freezes.

Her mouth trembles a little as she forces herself to mouth the single word.

LEANNE

Luke.

Brian turns, very slowly, and sees the youth standing over him.

He's dressed in an ironed shirt and dress jeans. His hair is gelled and slicked back.

BRIAN

Luke, we're so glad you could come.

Leanne has got a grip on herself now.

LEANNE

It's been too long since we saw you.

BRIAN

Yeah, we've missed you, buddy.

Luke looks between them.

There's a calm, peaceful air to him. A smile plays around the corner of his mouth.

LUKE

I've missed you both too.

Almost in a childish parody of bringing a bottle of wine to dinner, he has a family sized bottle of Cola in his arms.

He holds it out to Brian.

Brian takes it, nods approvingly.

BRIAN

Look Leanne. Luke's brought us some Cola.

LEANNE

Oh wonderful, Cola's both our favourite.

Luke's broad smile returns.

LUKE

I knew it. I bet we have so much in common.

BRIAN

Of course we do. We're...

He waves a hand between the two of them.

LUKE

Family.

BRIAN

Exactly.

LEANNE
Come and sit down.

She escorts him to the table, even pulling out the chair for him.

A well mannered Luke sits down.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Brian.

Brian does the same.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
I'll serve.

She picks up a knife. Her eyes are on Luke as she does.

The youth smiles back at her.

She hesitates for a moment and it isn't too hard to imagine what is going through her mind.

Then she cuts the lasagne into squares.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
For you Luke.

She lays a piece on the youth's plate.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
And for Brian.

Brian regards the meal with barely concealed horror.

Leanne forces a smile on her face.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
And me.

Her hands shakes just a fraction as she places her own portion on her plate.

She snaps her fingers as if forgetting something.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Drinks. Let's open that bottle of
Cola shall we?

She goes over to the breakfast counter, reaches up to the cupboards and brings out three glasses.

She pours out the three drinks.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Do you like ice in your drink Luke?

LUKE
No thank you, Leanne.

LEANNE
Okay.

Her hands are out of sight, behind a small partition.

She takes advantage of this to open several capsules and pour in the powder.

She gives it a moment for the fizz to settle down, then brings the drinks over.

She lays them out each in turn, careful to give their guest the correct one.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Here we are.

LUKE
Looks delicious.

Leanne and Brian's eyes meet for a fraction of a second.

Leanne snatches up some toasted garlic bread. Brian does the same.

Luke meanwhile uses a fork to take a piece off his lasagne and shovels it into his mouth.

LUKE (CONT'D)
This is delicious.

LEANNE
I'm pleased you like it.

LUKE
You'll have to teach me how to make this.

LEANNE
I'd love to Luke.

She takes a drink of her Cola.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
You must be thirsty.

He picks up his glass and takes a mouthful.

LUKE
This is really nice.

BRIAN
It is, isn't it. So, what do you do
for fun around here.

Luke looks at him with that innocent, naive-boyish face.

LUKE
I kill things.

His hosts try not to show their alarm.

LEANNE
You mean, like animals?

LUKE
Mostly. I can track and hunt
anything. I taught myself how to do
it.

BRIAN
That's very impressive.

LUKE
I sort of had to. The Pastor would
often sent me out into the
wilderness, least that's what he
called the woods round here. Once
it was weeks. I had to hunt, just
to survive.

BRIAN
But why?

LUKE
He said it was only in solitude I'd
know if I'd be tempted by Devil's
tricks or not.

He gives a soft grunt.

LUKE (CONT'D)
But it was out there the Lord first
spoke to me, made my own destiny so
clear.

He shovels in another mouthful of food.

LUKE (CONT'D)
CAIUS and the others, they were the
true sinners. And God, he wanted me
to punish *them*.

He looks at them both nibbling their bread.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Tuck in. I'm not eating by myself
am I?

It's said with a smile but there's a sense they'd be foolish to refuse.

Leanne's the first.

She works a piece of pasta and meat loose with her fork, then places it in her mouth.

She swallows it as quickly as she can.

LUKE (CONT'D)
And you Brian?

The older man takes a deep breath.

BRIAN
Of course.

He goes through the same motions. The fork wavers as it reaches his mouth.

The youth watches him closely.

LUKE
You wouldn't want to upset Leanne
now, would you?

Brian closes his eyes, thrusts it into his mouth and swallows.

BRIAN
It's so good, isn't it?

Luke takes another sip of his Cola.

LUKE
This is so nice.

His eyes glisten.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I've never felt like this before.

LEANNE
Like what?

LUKE
Happy.

He waves an arm, knocking over his glass in the process.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

He stands up.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Let me clean this up.

Leanne leaps to her feet.

LEANNE
No, it's fine.

She tries to stop him, but Brian politely brushes past her.

LUKE
I made the mess. I clean it up.

He goes to grab some kitchen roll from the counter.

It's then he sees the empty capsules.

He stares down at them, trying to make sense of things.

He places a hand to his throat.

Realisation starts to dawn in his eyes.

But he's just a little too late.

Leanne's on him.

She sticks a knife into his chest.

Blood pools beneath the terrible wound.

Luke suddenly seems unable to breathe. He collapses to the floor.

But Leanne's not finished. She snatches a saucepan from the cooker top and smashes him in the face with it.

As he buckles forward, she strikes him across the back of the head.

He collapses on the floor.

Leanne looks down at him, disgust and hatred on her face.

He starts to move.

Leanne grabs boiling hot lasagne dish from the dining table and hurls it down onto his face.

Brian is up and by her side.

LEANNE
We need his keys.

Brian rifles through the fallen youth's pockets. He fishes out a key ring.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Brian hurries to the door.

BRIAN
Wait a minute. What good are keys
if that damn door is electrified?

Leanne rushes out then back in.

She's holding a spoon.

She throws it at the door. The metal sparks and drops to the ground.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
So, how did he get in?

LEANNE
Did you hear him?

BRIAN
No.

LEANNE
Maybe he's been here all along.

BRIAN
Where.

She stamps a foot on the hard wood floor.

LEANNE
Down there. He told you it was all
filled in but how do we know that
wasn't a lie? He could have been
down there all this time. How else
does he appear so fast?

Brian goes over to the trapdoor, partially hidden by the Persian rug.

He grabs the ring handle and pulls. He struggles until Leanne helps him. Together they succeed in opening it.

INT. BOILER ROOM - EVENING

Brian sees the newspaper clippings.

BRIAN
Look at this. They must be from his
life.

He realises he's standing in the middle of dried bloodstains.

There's been a serious attempt to clean it up, but some of the stains remain.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
We got to get out of here.

There's a door at the far end. Brian starts trying the keys.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
So, this is how he does it.

Leanne surveys the place.

Her attention falls on a workbench.

Several items we imagine Luke must have stolen.

Rings, necklaces, money and most significantly of all, their mobile phones.

Leanne picks hers up.

LEANNE
Damn.

She throws it away.

She picks up the second.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Yours has still got a little charge
left.

She starts dialing.

A voice addresses her from the other end.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
911. Please state the emergency.

Luke groans above. He's beginning to stir.

LEANNE

We got some crazy man trying to
kill us.

A footstep from above.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Please try and stay calm ma'am.

LEANNE

(To Brian)

Is she fucking joking? (back to the
receptionist) Listen, we don't have
any time. My name is Leanne
Jackson, my husband is . Brian
Jackson. We moved in to some little
place in Haven Heights. Got that?

The footsteps move in the direction of the entrance.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

And the address and number of where
you're at?

LEANNE

It doesn't have any. This place is
in the middle of nowhere.

BRIAN

It's five miles up the hill from
the sign, remember.

LEANNE

There's a sign, then a road going
all the way up the hill from that
point. We're a few miles up.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Okay, now please try to stay calm.
I need to ask you...

The call goes dead.

LEANNE

Hello?

She checks the phone. The screen has gone blank.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

No, no, no.

She places it to her ear again, as if there were some tiny possibility it might be working.

She hurls it away.

Footsteps stop above them.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
(To Brian)
Brian, please.

BRIAN
I'm working these things as fast as
I can.

He withdraws a key and tries another.

LUKE (O.S.)
You're like all the others.

Leanne picks up a piece of metal pipe and creeps forward.

LUKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Unworthy.

A footfall on the wooden stairwell.

LEANNE
Don't take another step you fucking
lunatic.

LUKE
Liars.

He takes another step.

We can see him now.

His face is burnt, smashed, blood oozes from the knife wound
in his chest.

He seems indifferent to his injuries.

LUKE (CONT'D)
But you can still be part of me.

He comes down a little further.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You know how. Like the ones before.

Leanne screams, more anger, outrage than fear.

LEANNE

Fuck you.

She smashes the bar across Luke's legs.

The youth comes crashing down he stairs.

Leanne sends the bar crashing down on him again and again.

BRIAN

Leanne.

She turns. He's got the lock open.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Leanne smashes the youth over the back one more time.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

They emerge into the twilight of late evening and towards the Corvette.

INT. CORVETTE - EVENING

Brian reaches up, lowers the sun visor above the windscreen.

Car keys fall into his lap.

BRIAN

And you always told me not to leave them there.

LEANNE

I'm glad you didn't listen.

He thrusts the key into the ignition, turns.

The engine whines, protests, but doesn't fire.

We stay with Leanne as Brian jumps out and pops the hood open.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Do you think you can do anything?

BRIAN

He's taken half the damn engine apart.

In the distance, from the cabin house, Luke emerges.

Leanne doesn't see him first until he's just a few feet away.
But he's injured, drugged, staggering towards them.
His bowie knife is tucked into his belt. He's carrying a
massive sledge hammer.

LEANNE
(Screaming)
Brian.

She slides over from the passenger seat to the driver's side.
Luke reaches in, grabs some hair. She doesn't care as it rips
loose. All she wants to do is get away.
She falls against Brian.
Arms around each other, they head towards the forest.
Luke watches them.

LUKE
(Voice a little slurred
from the medication)
Run all you like Leanne. Run all
you like Brian.

He rests the sledge hammer over his shoulder.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You can't escape.

Leanne risks a look behind her.

Much to her relief she sees that the youth is making no
attempt to follow.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I know the wilderness.

Brian stumbles, his bad leg giving him trouble.

BRIAN
(Through gritted teeth)
Keep going.

Leanne supports him the best she can.

Luke cups a hand to his mouth.

LUKE
I told you, I can track and kill
anything.

He laughs.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Pastor Caius and the others. They
thought they could escape out here
after I set the fire.

Brian and Leanne don't stop for a moment.

LUKE (CONT'D)
But I found them, one by one.
They're in hell now. (Screaming)
You'll see them soon.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An exhausted Brian and Leanne stumble through the forest.

LEANNE
Are you sure the town is this way?

BRIAN
I think so.

LEANNE
You said you knew.

They stop.

BRIAN
I said I thought we could find the
road to the town. Now, I'm not so
sure.

He lays his hands on her shoulders.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Maybe we should stop, hunker down
for the night.

LEANNE
No, we need to keep going. He knows
how to track us, remember?

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Luke throws a crossbow across his shoulder, holsters a huge
hunting knife.

He picks up the sledgehammer and sets off.

But he's woozy, swaying on his feet.

He shakes his head, slamming a palm to the side of his head as if to clear the fog away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

LUKE (O.S.)
(Crying out, his voice in
the distance)
I can hear you.

Brian and Leanne quickly change direction, veering off ninety degrees from their previous path.

Brian is in agony.

BRIAN
I'm sorry.

LEANNE
Please Brian.

BRIAN
I can't keep going.

Leanne tries to support him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You go on.

LEANNE
I won't leave you.

BRIAN
I'll hide. He won't find me.

LEANNE
Yes, he will. Besides, I think I
saw a car light just a little while
ago.

BRIAN
So?

LEANNE
So, we must be close to the road.

He does his best and with her help, Brian's able to half walk, half hop.

Yet they haven't gone far when a figure steps out in front of them.

They freeze.

LUKE

People are so easy. Clumsy, noisy.
Like the folks in Heaven's Path.

He takes a couple of leisurely steps towards them.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I've been herding you. I wanted you
to get here. This place.

He pats the head of the hammer.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I wanted you to meet someone.

Brian and Leanne cast their eyes around the area.

Luke indicates for them to look up.

They do.

Leanne is the first to see it.

A mummified corpse, clad in black and hanging from a heavy branch high up on an oak tree.

LUKE (CONT'D)

The others I killed quick, but
Pastor Caius. I cut his tongue out
and strung him up there alive. It
took him days to die. A fitting
punishment for a false prophet.

Leanne looks to Brian, trying to tell him something with his eyes.

Brian's unable to follow.

Then she pushes him away.

His damaged leg buckles under him. He collapses to the ground.

LEANNE

He made me do it, Luke.

The youth looks at her, confused.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
It was all him. You want to know
why?

She comes closer.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Because he's jealous of you.

Luke glances at the fallen man.

LUKE
Brian?

LEANNE
That's right. From the beginning he
knew we had this special
connection, that spark between us.

She smiles, running a tongue ever so slightly across her
lips.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
You felt it, didn't you? I know you
did, Luke.

Suddenly the youth resembles an embarrassed boy again.

LUKE
I'd hoped you liked me.

He gives a guilty chuckle.

LEANNE
More than like you Luke.

She gets closer.

There's something in her hand although we can't make out
exactly what it is.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
You understand what I mean, don't
you?

Luke's jaw is wide open now.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
You're a real man, young, handsome.

Her eyes run up and down him.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
And those muscles, so strong.

She waves a hand back at Brian.

BRIAN
What's Brian compared to you?

She is standing right in front of him now.

The mallet hangs useless at Luke's side.

Leanne's eyes are all over the youth's ruined face.

LEANNE
You're the one. He's nothing.

Luke glances at Brian.

LUKE
He's weak.

LEANNE
He is.

LUKE
A cripple.

Scorn plays across her lips.

She's so close now, her breath is on his face.

Luke is beside himself, long suppressed feelings stirring.

LEANNE
You were wrong to look for parents
Luke.

She places a hand on his chest.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
You're a man.

Her hand goes a little lower, sliding to his stomach.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
You don't need a father. And you
certainly don't need me as your
mother.

Her hand reaches his groin.

She squeezes.

Luke lets out an ecstatic groan.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
I'm something else.

She leans in, kissing him.

At first the youth doesn't know what to do.

Leanne stops.

LEANNE (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

This time he does. The kiss is long.

Then Luke gives a shudder.

Leanne steps back.

The Swiss army knife blade is sunk deep into his neck.

Luke staggers back, gasping, blood running from the wound.

For a moment it looks as if it might bring him down. But then he pulls it free, hurling it aside.

Hatred and fury flash across his face.

LUKE
You're going to die, both of you.
Right now.

He advances.

There's a shot.

A pool of blood on Luke's stomach. His hands clasp it. He sinks to his knees then topples forward.

He doesn't move.

A SHERIFF (50's, portly) appears from the trees, runs forwards.

SHERIFF
You folks okay?

He goes to Leanne.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
I got a report about a crazed phone
call to emergency services.
(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Some bat shit psycho story about
Haven Heights.

The Deputy crouches by Brian.

LEANNE
I made the call.

She indicates the motionless Luke.

SHERIFF
And this is the psycho?

LEANNE
God knows how many he's killed.

DEPUTY
(Looking at Luke)
I know him.

He walks over, studies the fallen figure.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Luke Adams. Jesus. I remember him
as a kid. Poor bastard, parents
were...

LEANNE
He killed them.

The Sheriff looks shocked but then gives a nod, as if to say,
'makes sense.'

DEPUTY
And Pastor Caius and his followers.
Religious nuts.

The Sheriff spits.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Crazy sons of bitches. How the hell
they got custody of that boy, is
beyond me.

BRIAN
(Bitterly)
They did quite a number on him.

SHERIFF
I'm going to call this in.

He notices something.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

The body.

Luke has gone.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

What the hell?

A blade explodes through his chest, ripping through the heart.

The blade rips free again.

Leanne screams.

Brian too lets out a terrified cry.

Luke wipes the blade on his trousers and slides it back into his belt.

Leanne rushes to Brian.

Luke picks up the fallen mallet and advances.

He raises the weapon high above his head.

LUKE

Forsaken by sinner, I turn to the
Lord, and in his name, spill the
blood of sinners.

He brings the hammer down on them.

Everything goes black.

FADE OUT