

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE

written by

Eric Dickson

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A spunky and spirited TEENAGED GIRL, torn jeans, orange jack-o-lantern sweatshirt, chucks along a grassy roadside with a book bag in tow.

On both sides of this two-lane black top, the long and branching arms of twisted oak trees sway mightily in the autumn wind.

The road blanketed with a flurry of orange and red.

ABRA (V.O.)

My parents always said 'Idle hands were the Devil's workshop'. I never quite knew what that meant. Then again, I never thought twice about anything that came out of their mouths. Let alone stupid sayings like that.

She picks up an orange leaf, tears it in pieces, throws the bits in the air.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What did they know, anyways? They were dead inside. Truth be told, I'd give anything to go back and change what was. But I can't. It's too late. I would have to live with the consequences of my actions.

ABRA NEEDHAM (17), high school junior, blonde pigtails and candy corn hairclips, listens to her MP3 as the pop music drowns out the sounds of --

A HELICOPTER circling the perimeter. The SHADOWS OF HELO BLADES cross the narrow road.

Totally aloof, Abra mouths the words to her favorite jam, snaps her bubble gum.

INTERCUT ABRA AND HER MUSIC with the WHIPPING HELO BLADES OVERHEAD.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Abra trots across the two lane black top and enters the quiet subdivision. She smiles and waves hello to a familiar car drifting to a stop at the corner.

The epitome of white bread suburbia.

HOME OWNERS walk dogs. Wash their SUVs. Check the mail. Mow their perfect lawns.

A JOGGING WOMAN stops a moment, blocks the intrusive sunlight while gawking at the sky.

One by one, PEOPLE ON THE STREET look up.

Digging in her book bag, an oblivious Abra doesn't notice the heavy black SHADOWS OF HELO BLADES eclipsing the white sidewalk before her.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Abra ignores her across the street NEIGHBORS who watch the circling helicopter.

She crosses her lawn, steps to the --

FRONT DOOR

And with her back turned...

SHADOWS OF HELO BLADES cross her powder white driveway.

Abra types in a code on a small lockbox, opens the latch, an empty space.

ABRA

Oh, come on.

Abra turns an unlocked doorknob.

Both shocked and surprised, she cracks open the door, proceeds with caution.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Abra pokes her head in --

ABRA

Mom! Are you guys back?!

No answer.

She heads inside, shuts and locks.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
You left the door unlocked and  
there's a helicopter in our  
neighborhood! Just saying!

Abra moves OUT OF THE FOYER --

DOWN A NARROW HALL, into the --

KITCHEN

where she tosses her keys on a marbled island centerpiece,  
opens the fridge, grabs a can of soda.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Dad! I'm drinking all your beer!

She cracks it, gulps it like a fat kid.

Rips a BELCH.

Despite her girly looks, she's a real pig.

A stack of dirty dishes and takeout food containers litter  
the main counter.

She stares at the aftermath, a bit confused.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Mom!

MASTER BEDROOM

Abra pops her head in. The king sized bed still made.  
Everything immaculate.

She makes her way to a large --

WALK-IN CLOSET

and slides open the shutter door. No one in there. As she  
steps back out, into the --

MASTER BEDROOM

She notices the bathroom door is shut.

ABRA  
Mom, are you on the pot?

No answer.

Abra opens, no one inside. The sink still clean and perfectly spotless.

Deeply unnerved, Abra heads out, rushes into the --

LIVING ROOM

where she spots the tv remote, crumpled bag of chips, empty soda cans on a coffee table.

ABRA

Oh God. What a mess.

And then looks to the --

SLIDING GLASS DOOR

that enters the rear porch and pool deck. A PAPER MESSAGE of some kind taped to the spotted glass.

She walks over, reads it: *We have your dog. You can pick him up here. K. Feldman*

Abra dials her Mom.

ABRA (CONT'D)

So I come home and the front door's unlocked.

(listens)

Yes. I locked it. Just like I've done every morning for ten years without fail.

(listens)

I don't know that either, but the spare key is missing.

(listens)

No, I didn't lose my key but I didn't feel like digging them out of my bag. Did you guys take it out of the box for any reason?

(listens)

No, I already checked the grass. It's not there.

The WHIPPING SOUNDS OF THE HELO draws Abra's attention to the sliding glass door.

She walks to the door, yanks it open, steps out back, stares through the netted pool screen.

HELO POV:

The HELO IS LOUD as it passes over Abra's house.

EXT. POOL DECK - DAY

Abra stares at the powder blue sky. A reflection of a passing helo in the glass behind her.

ABRA

By the way, there's a helicopter flying around.

(listens)

I don't know. For at least the last ten minutes. Looks like it's from The Sheriff's Office.

(listens)

Okay, okay. I'm going inside.

Right. Lock the doors. I know. I always do.

Abra dips inside --

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

-- shuts the sliding door, phone to her ear.

ABRA

Pinkston?

Abra rolls her eyes, checks a full bowl of dog food on the floor by the door.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Umm...

(beat)

Yeah. He's fine. You know. He's Pinkston. Still chewin his balls.

(listens)

Okay, okay, Mom. I won't go anywhere.

(listens)

Now don't you think that's a little extreme?

(listens)

Fine. As soon as I hang up, I'll check them.

(listens)

Okay. Sounds good. I'll have it all cleaned up and spotless. I promise.

(listens)

Yeah. Love you too. Bye.

Abra hangs up. She walks to the note on the glass door, dials Feldman's number.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello? Mrs. Feldman? Yeah, this is Abra Needham from down the street.

(listens)

I actually have no idea. He was in his crate when I left this morning.

(rolls her eyes)

Yes, I'm sure. I saw me do it.

(listens)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound so...

(listen)

No, please don't do that. Don't call them.

(listen)

I don't know what happened. It's possible the pool man let him run around the deck and he got out. I honestly don't know.

(listens)

I know you do. And I appreciate your help. I do. I can come get him right --

(listens)

Of course I don't mind you give him a bath and a cut. Yes, ma'am. I'm sure they'll appreciate it too. Bye.

Abra hangs up, walks DOWN A NARROW HALL, toward the --

SPARE ROOM

and checks Pinkston's empty dog cage. The door wide open and no canine to account for.

Abra puts her cell on SPEAKER.

Her best friend AMY picks up:

AMY (O.S.)

What's up, bitch?

Abra lazily leans on the door frame.

ABRA

So how much did we have to drink last night?

AMY (O.S.)

I don't know. A lot. Why?

ABRA  
Pinkston got out. Did you let him  
outside?

AMY (O.S.)  
Why would I let your dog outside?

ABRA  
Okay. Did I let him outside?

AMY (O.S.)  
Ummm. No.

ABRA  
Are you sure?

AMY (O.S.)  
Yeah, I'm sure. So are we doing  
anything tonight or what?

Abra heads DOWN THE HALL, back into the --

LIVING ROOM

where she peeks out the rear glass door, into the perfect  
blue sky above.

ABRA'S POV:

No signs of the helo.

ABRA (V.O.)  
I don't know. My head still hurts  
from last night. Why? What're you  
thinking?

BACK TO SCENE

Abra gives up, leans her back on the glass.

AMY (O.S.)  
We got invited to a bonfire.

ABRA  
By who?

AMY (O.S.)  
The shit stains. Who else?

ABRA  
Yuck. I'd rather sit here and  
stare at this helicopter than hang  
around those losers.



AMY (O.S.)  
What helicopter?

Abra once again turns and faces the glass, stares in all possible directions.

ABRA  
Just some helicopter that keeps circling the house like a creeper. Anything happening I need to know about?

AMY (O.S.)  
You mean you haven't heard? It's all over the news. I think someone at school's finally out pranked you.

Abra smirks at the thought.

ABRA  
Impossible.

AMY (O.S.)  
Oh, yeah? Turn on the tv and see for yourself.

Abra walks to the coffee table, grabs the tv remote and powers it on. She channel surfs.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello? Earth to Abra.

ABRA  
Yeah, I'm looking right now.

Abra hears the WHIPPING HELO BLADES and turns her attention to the sliding door.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Look. Let me check this out and call you back.

AMY (O.S.)  
You better.

Abra hangs up, spots a NEWS REPORT in progress.

ON THE TV:

An ANCHORMAN sits behind a desk.

A pre-recorded video taken from a smartphone plays in the upper left corner.

It's from the local high school. In the shallows of a coin pond sits a large BRICK OF ICE.

ANCHORMAN

...but you do have to wonder, given that this is Halloween, are these types of things really newsworthy? It seems to me we're fueling the fire by even acknowledging this behavior. Is this something we need to be taking seriously?

POLICE OFFICERS pull the giant ice brick from the water. Several SEVERED AND BLOODY HANDS suspended inside.

ABRA

Holy shit.

GUEST ANCHOR

Oh, absolutely, they should be taken seriously. This is domestic terrorism in it's most primal form. Because, unlike twenty and thirty years ago, the line between fantasy and reality in this new video game, YouTube culture has become almost invisible.

ABRA

No argument here.

In the upper left corner, the video of the large ice brick full of hands CUTS TO a SECOND VIDEO. This time of POLICE OFFICERS at a corner bus stop.

An ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

A ON-SCENE OFFICER picks up a CLOWN'S MASK from the asphalt.

GUEST ANCHOR

What's a harmless joke in one perverted person's mind could very well be an act of extreme violence. Just like we're seeing today.

ANCHORMAN

Again, it could be nothing more than just a harmless joke. We don't know.

ABRA

Come on. Tell me what happened.

Abra changes the channel.

A SECOND NEWS REPORT. A FIELD REPORTER in front of the elementary school bus stop.

FIELD REPORTER

...As you can see, one of the three young men had lost his mask during this altercation with the boy's father. At that point, all three retreated into the woods you see behind me...

The reporter turns, faces the thick forest full of tall and deep oak trees.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)

Now, Mister McCormick is reportedly in stable condition following what police are now calling...a most shocking and unpredictable turn of events. Although the young man in question has not been positively identified, Sheriff Dwayne Hudson says he will be facing charges of aggravated assault and attempted murder.

ABRA

Oh my God.

Abra changes the channel. A THIRD NEWS REPORT at the scene of a hospital's EMERGENCY ROOM.

REPORTER

The child's father, Nathan McCormick, suffered multiple stab wounds from his attacker but has miraculously survived and is expected to make a full recovery.

Abra TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME and once again rushes to the sliding glass door.

The helo long gone.

With an urgency, she dials Amy.

AMY (O.S.)

What's up?

ABRA

I just saw. Crazy, huh? Who do you think did it?

AMY (O.S.)  
You mean the bus stop?

ABRA  
Not that shit. Just some punks who finally got their asses whipped. I mean the ice cube.

AMY (O.S.)  
Pretty genius, I'll give em that. So anyways, these douche bags over at the elementary school. That's like, right in your backyard isn't it?

Abra rushes to the front room window.

Peels back the blinds.

ABRA'S POV:

Across the way, a tight knit gathering of neighbors chat, point at the sky with confused faces.

ABRA (V.O.)  
Yeah. It's like two blocks away. So what?

AMY (O.S.)  
So...didn't they just say they escaped into the woods behind the school?

BACK TO SCENE

Abra shuts the blinds, paces the carpet.

ABRA  
Yeah. So what? Why would they wanna come here? There's security all over the place. Your dog can't even shit without them stopping you. Fucking HOA.

A bit on edge, Abra locks the front windows.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
So, anyways. Back to the ice cube full of hands. I know you know who did it.

AMY (O.S.)  
If I did, I would've told you already. No one's saying shit.

ABRA

Of course no one's owning up to it. Not yet. And when it melts and they find out those hands are from the Halloween store, no one's gonna care.

AMY (O.S.)

Oh my God.

ABRA

What?

AMY (O.S.)

Are you still watching the news?

ABRA

No, not really. Give me a sec.

LIVING ROOM

Abra rushes to the coffee table, snags the remote and TURNS THE VOLUME BACK UP.

REPORTER

Police are now confirming that the incidents at both schools were, in fact, the work of the same crew of three or four young men. Who witnesses claim were wearing 'very realistic and very sadistic clown costumes'. A direct quote from one school official at East Moreland High School who claimed to have seen two of these young men running from the school fountain around Two Thirty this afternoon...

Abra TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME.

ABRA

So these guys straight up cut this guy at the bus stop. Who the hell did this?

AMY (O.S.)

Why do you keep asking me like I know something?

ABRA

Oh, come on. Somebody has to know something.

(MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)  
 And you're the queen of fucking  
 gossip. How many calls have you  
 made so far?

AMY (O.S.)  
 Like, three.

ABRA  
 Yeah, like three hundred. You  
 won't be able to sleep tonight  
 until you know who did it.

AMY (O.S.)  
 Oh, really? Why's that?

ABRA  
 Because it's you. You wanna be the  
 first to spread it all over  
 school. It's killing you that  
 someone else knows this big secret  
 and isn't telling you. I can hear  
 you biting your nails.

The returning SOUNDS OF WHIPPING HELO BLADES catches Abra's  
 attention, faces the front door.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
 Oh, shit. I gotta go. Call you  
 back in a bit. Bye.

Abra hangs up, rushes to the front window --

And looks to the sky.

ABRA'S POV:

No helo. Nothing. It's come and gone.

ABRA (V.O.)  
 Where are you, helicopter?

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DUSK

Abra has her feet kicked up, over the armrest of a giant  
 leather chair as she peeks between the blinds.

A phone to her ear, soda and chips in her lap.

ABRA  
 Whatta you mean nobody knows?  
 Somebody has to know. This is like  
 my hundredth call.  
 (listens)  
 (MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

Okay, so if you had to guess who it was. Who was it?

(listens)

They got suspended? When?

(listens)

No, I didn't hear because I don't pay attention to what those losers do.

(listens)

Then go already. Don't shit your pants on my account.

(listens)

Yeah. Call you in a bit. Bye.

Abra hangs up.

KITCHEN

Abra reheats last night's Chinese in a microwave. She pulls it out, heads for the --

LIVING ROOM

and trips on a dog toy.

The plate of Chinese goes FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM.

Abra face plants.

ABRA

Kidding me?

KITCHEN

Abra sits at a breakfast nook, reads a Chinese takeout menu and dials their number.

ABRA

Yeah. Hi. I'd like to place an order for delivery.

LIVING ROOM

Abra watches some tube while she waits for dinner to arrive. She anxiously flips through channels as she's bored out of her mind. Her school books opened, homework left unfinished.

Abra checks her watch. She speed dials a number.

ABRA

Hello. Yes. I ordered something about an hour and ten minutes ago and it never showed.

(listens)

Needham. Abra Needham.

(listens)

That's impossible. Because they never showed.

(listens)

Well can you call them? See what's taking so long?

(listens)

Thanks. Of course I'll pick up. Thank you.

Abra hangs up. She heads for the --

KITCHEN

and opens the fridge. Absolutely nothing catches her fancy as she angrily shuts the door.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Shit. Come on already.

Abra stretches her back, rubs at her tight neck as she once again hears the HELO overhead.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me with this?

Abra races to the front window --

-- peels back the blinds.

ABRA'S POV:

It's now nightfall. A SPOTLIGHT BEAMS over the quiet suburban streets.

The light PASSES OVER a compact TWO DOOR CAR parked at the curb in front of Abra's house.

BACK TO SCENE

ABRA (CONT'D)

About time.

Abra rushes to the door, unlocks, heads outside.



EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With a quickness, Abra moves for the car but notices there's no driver behind the wheel.

ABRA  
Hello? Anyone there?

She is BLINDED BY THE SPOTLIGHT of a passing HELO and rushes back inside.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Abra dials the takeout place.

ABRA  
Yeah, this is Abra Needham. I called a little while ago. Listen. What kind of car does your guy drive?  
(listens)  
Yes, the delivery man. What kind?  
(listens)  
Yes. He's here. I mean, I think he's here. I don't know. Let me call you back.

She hangs up.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Shit. Now what?

Abra notices the front door latch is still open and unlocked. She rushes over, dead bolts it.

BAM BAM BAM!

Three loud knocks scare Abra out of her socks.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Shit!

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)  
Hello? China King!

Abra smiles, walks to the peephole.

ABRA POV:

No one on the other side of the door. The SPOTLIGHT still shining bright, passing over the homes.

ABRA (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
What the hell?

BACK TO SCENE

A frightened Abra steps back a bit, a safe enough distance from the door.

She stares behind her. All around her. A most dark and shadowy home with plenty of hiding spots.

ABRA  
Yeah! Gimme a second! Be right there!

Abra heads to the --

FRONT ROOM

and grabs a golf club leaned against the wall. She heads back to the --

FRONT DOOR

and reaches for the knob. About to open -- but stops.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
What am I doing? Its Chinese food. Just open the door.

Abra unlocks the door, cracks it open.

No one on the other side. But the two door car is still parked at the curb.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Hello?! Someone answer me!

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Abra steps outside, peeks around the corner.

A QUICK BLUR OF SOMEONE, or something, walking around the side of the house.

ABRA  
Hey! Where are you going?!

Abra runs back inside, shuts the door.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Abra locks and deadbolts the door. She races toward the back of the house where the sliding glass door sits exposed and the shutters pulled back.

She quickly SHUTS THEM.

-- mere seconds before someone OPENS THE SCREEN DOOR and enters the rear pool deck.

ABRA

Shit.

A PAIR OF FEET seen through the thin slats of the floor length blinds.

ABRA (CONT'D)

The money's on the front step!  
Just leave it by the door and I'll  
get it!

Abra rolls her eyes. That was dumb and she knows it.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello?

The pair of feet step out of view. The sound of the SCREEN DOOR SWINGING OPEN and SLAMMING SHUT.

FRONT ROOM

Abra stands at the front window, now in full panic mode.

She peels back the blinds --

ABRA'S POV:

The two door sits at the curb and the SPOTLIGHT OF THE HELO circles overhead.

BACK TO SCENE

Abra paces in a tight circle. Unsure. She gives up and dials 911.

VOICE

911. What's your emergency?

ABRA

Yeah, I'm at 2227 Deerfield Drive.  
I'd like to report a strange car  
parked in front of my house.

(MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

(listens)

Yes. It's at the curb. Just sitting there.

(listens)

I know that's not illegal. Look, it's hard to explain, but someone's been knocking at the door and running away.

(listens)

Yes, I'm aware it's Halloween. But there's a police helicopter circling my house.

(listens)

Yes, I have my door locked. Everything's locked. But I need you to...

(listens)

Look. I'm telling you, something isn't right here. I need you to send the cops. Okay?

(listens)

Look, just do it already!

Abra hangs up. They call back.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello??

(listens)

So let me get this straight. You refuse to help me. But you won't let me off the phone?

(listens)

Yes, I heard about what happened. That's why I'm worried.

(listens)

Well, now you know. So you can send a cop out to my house, right?

(listens)

Oh, never mind!

Abra hangs up. She dials her mother.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Mom. How close are you guys to getting home?

(listens)

No reason. I'm just...bored I guess. So how long?

(listens)

No, I haven't trashed the house. I just miss you guys, okay? Am I not allowed to miss you guys?

Abra heads back to the front window, peeks outside.

ABRA'S POV:

The two door car is GONE.

BACK TO SCENE

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I love you too. Gotta go.  
Bye.

ABRA'S MOM (V.O.)  
What in the hell is --

Abra hangs up.

ABRA  
Shit. Shit shit!

Abra speed dials a new number.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Hey. Did you guys ever hear back  
from your delivery guy?  
(listens)  
Never came back, huh? I see.  
(listens)  
Uh. No. No thanks. I'm okay.  
You guys can make it up next time.  
Bye.

Abra hangs up. She hears a BIG SPLASH coming from the pool deck and spins around.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, God.

She races to the sliding door. She stares --

ABRA'S POV:

Through the blinds and at the outside pool deck. The blue water FULLY LIT on an otherwise dark porch.

No one in the pool. No nothing.

BACK TO SCENE

ABRA (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Abra unlocks the sliding door. She steps out, onto the --

POOL DECK

where she walks past some furniture and busts her toe against a chair leg.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Sonofabitch.

Abra clumsily DROPS HER CELL, grabs her throbbing toe and foot in terrible pain.

LIVING ROOM

Abra shuts the glass door, locks it up. She fails to notice her SMART PHONE still on the outside deck.

Through the opaque glass of the front door, Abra notices a BLUR OF SOMEONE on the front porch.

She heads for the front door.

ABRA  
Hello?

Abra peeks through the PEEPHOLE.

ABRA'S POV:

No one on the other side. A porch light on.

BACK TO SCENE

Abra gives up and runs for the --

FRONT ROOM

and cracks open the blinds.

TWO TRICK OR TREATERS peer through the window.

All three SCREAM OUT.

Abra jumps away from the window, grabs her beating chest, tries to compose herself.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

Abra heads to the door, unlocks and greets a young teenage couple with candy bags. Hillary and The Donald.

GIRL  
Trick or treat!

ABRA

Do you have any idea what's going on out here?

BOY

Come on, man. Nobody cares about that stupid shit. No biggie.

ABRA

Did you guys do something to my pool?

BOY

Huh?

ABRA

Did you two mess with our pool?

GIRL

No. Why?

ABRA

Forget it. No reason.

She leans on the door frame in a tired slump.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Aren't you a little old to be trick or treating?

GIRL

Are you ever really too old to go trick or treating?

ABRA

Yes. Now go get inside.

Abra shuts the door in their faces.

GIRL

Be rude why don't you.

BOY

Let's go. She don't have no candy anyways.

The young couple leaves.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Abra takes a moment to rub her frazzled temples.

## GUEST BATHROOM

Abra walks in, shuts the door, stares at herself in the cabinet mirror. Frightened, pale, and quite over this evening's activities. She runs the faucet, splashes some cold water in her face.

ABRA

Get a hold of yourself.

## LIVING ROOM

A FLUSHING TOILET is heard. Into the room walks Abra who reaches into an empty pocket.

ABRA

Shit.

Abra digs in both pockets. No phone. She turns to the sliding glass door.

The slats still shut.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Abra walks to the door, unlocks and heads out onto the --

## POOL DECK

where her phone no longer sits.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Come on. Where is it?

As Abra searches, she can't help but notice a BROWN PAPER BAG of takeout food rested on a table.

She opens it up. A slew of takeout cartons inside.

Scared to death, she tip toes it to the edge of the pool and stares over the side.

Something that looks like a BODY IN A DARK COAT floats near the pool ladder.

Abra SCREAMS and rushes inside.

## INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - ABRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abra grabs the HOUSE PHONE from her mattress, runs into her cluttered closet, shuts and locks.



## ABRA'S CLOSET

Other than the light from the phone's digital screen, Abra sits in complete darkness. She dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911. What's the nature of your emergency?

ABRA  
(quiet)  
This is Abra Needham. I'm at 2227 Deerfield Drive and there's a body in my swimming pool. Please someone.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Ma'am this line is reserved for emergencies only. I believe we've spoken about this twice this evening.

ABRA  
Fine. Then send the cops here to arrest me. I don't care. Just send someone. Please.  
(panicked)  
They could be in the house right now.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Okay, I'm gonna need you to calm down and speak a little more clearly, Miss Needham. Who is they?

ABRA  
Send-the-COPS, you dumb bitch. Is that clear enough for you?

Abra hangs up. Checks her watch: 8:12 PM

The phone RINGS.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
Fucking kidding me??

She answers.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
How many times do we have to do this??

CREEPY VOICE (V.O.)

What's it feel like, Abra? Knowing that you're gonna die? Does your life really flash before your eyes like they say?

ABRA

You're the one who's gonna die, asshole. Don't know if you noticed but there's cops all over the place.

CREEPY VOICE (V.O.)

What are they looking for, exactly? All those dozens of people standing on their lawns and scratching their heads? If that's the case, the whole neighborhood is suspect. Face it, Abra. They're spinning in circles. By the time they get to you, you're intestines will be tied to your bed post and I'll already be gone.

ABRA

So what are you waiting for? Why don't you get it over with?

CREEPY VOICE (V.O.)

And skip all this great conversation? I'm having way too much fun.

ABRA

Yeah. Or maybe you're just full of shit! All talk and no action! And when I find out who's behind this, I'm gonna make your life miserable! You won't be able to show your face at school! That I can promise!

The caller hangs up.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hello?

No answer. Abra hangs up. It RINGS AGAIN.

ABRA (CONT'D)

What's wrong? I scare you?

Amy's cries are heard.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
 Amy? Don't tell me you're in on  
 this shit too?

AMY (V.O.)  
 (cries)  
 A-Abra. Don-don't answer the door.

ABRA  
 Amy, tell me you're kidding. I  
 don't like this.

Hangs up. A DIAL TONE. Abra looks scared. She star sixty  
 nines the number.

No answer.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
 Come on, you pussies, pick up!

An endless ringing on the other line.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
 Shit!

Abra hangs up. Total DARKNESS.

Some time passes.

Abra pulls a long and frayed string as a 60 watt bulb LIGHTS  
 THE DARK SPACE. She checks her watch: 9:30 PM

She hears the faint sounds of someone BEATING THEIR FISTS on  
 the front door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (distant)  
 Hello?!

Abra stands, puts her ear to the closet door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hello?! Anyone home?!

Abra quietly unlocks the door, peeks her head out.

ABRA'S BEDROOM

Abra, knife in hand, steps out of the closet...

...out of her room and into the...

HALLWAY

and walks the long and dark passage, back into the --

LIVING ROOM

where she hears a KNOCK at the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Miss Needham! Open the door!

Another TWO KNOCKS.

EXT. POOL DECK - NIGHT

Abra stares into the pool water. She watches as POLICE DETECTIVE RAY DOBBS (50s), fat, grey, pulls a black wetsuit from the shallow end.

Next to Abra is Dobbs partner JACK HUGHES (40s), tall, handsome, clean cut.

DOBBS  
Well. Here's your body.

ABRA  
That wasn't there before.

HUGHES  
You sure about that? We didn't put it there.

ABRA  
Yeah, I know. It was probably the same ones who dumped the takeout guy.

HUGHES  
Takeout guy?

ABRA  
The Chinese delivery guy. He was knocking on the front door and when I didn't answer, he tried the back porch. That's when they killed him and dumped him in the water.

Dobbs and Hughes catch eyes. A smug grin on Dobbs face.

DOBBS  
You know, my son tells me you're quite the prankster at school.

Abra can hardly believe what she's hearing, shoots him the thousand yard stare.

ABRA

What the hell's that supposed to mean?

HUGHES

I think my partner's implying you've made this all up.

ABRA

Why would I do that? Because I would love to hear it.

DOBBS

Why any of these kids do anything. For the attention. Just like those punks who dumped those fake hands in the water fountain.

ABRA

Fake?

HUGHES

Straight from the gag store. Very funny, huh?

(beat)

First severed hands in the water fountain and now dead bodies in swimming pools. It only makes sense.

Abra scoffs at them both.

ABRA

So I'm just doing all this for attention?

DOBBS

You see the helicopter, all the hoopla on the news and thought you'd join the act for all your fans. Why not? After all, it is Halloween.

Abra turns her back on the cops.

ABRA

I can't believe this.

HUGHES

You made three 911 calls tonight. Three. And hung up each time.

(MORE)

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Couldn't have been that scared,  
Abra. Why don't you tell us the  
truth. We can go home and get some  
rest. It's been a long night.

Abra turns to the men.

ABRA

Wait a minute. Did you catch these  
guys?

DOBBS

About two blocks from here. They  
stopped at the pharmacy to get some  
gauze and bandages for  
our stabber's hand. Seems he tore  
it up pretty good cutting Mister  
McCormack.

HUGHES

Turns out they carjacked some poor  
bastard's Honda. Found it in the  
parking lot stinking all to high  
hell of grass and God knows what  
else.

Abra thinks it all over.

ABRA

What color was the car?

Hughes and Dobbs share a look. Dobbs nods to the screen  
door, ready to leave.

HUGHES

Goodnight, Miss Needham.

The two partners head for the door.

ABRA

Wait a minute. You said they stole  
a car. What kind of car was it?

HUGHES

Goodnight, Miss Needham. And lock  
your doors. There's a lot of  
crazies out there.

ABRA

Yeah, I noticed.

Hughes and Dobbs head out. Abra spots her cell phone just  
underneath a deck chair.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Abra finishes up her homework. But she can't concentrate and angrily chucks a protractor across the room.

She stares at the front door, still on edge, in desperate need of answers.

ABRA

It was just a joke. It's all over. No one's trying to kill you.

Abra sends her fifth text to Amy. No response in forever. She finally dials.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Hey. I just sent my like hundredth text and you're not answering.

(sighs)

Seriously, though. The joke's over and I'm tired. Enough is enough. You win. The cops told me what happened. So stop fucking around and call me back.

Abra hangs up. She can't keep her eyes off the front door. She slowly stands, quietly walks to the front window and pulls back the blinds.

ABRA'S POV:

A new car parked at the curb.

ABRA (V.O.)

Amy?

BACK TO SCENE

Abra speed dials Amy's number as she keeps her eyes on the car at the curb.

ABRA

Amy, pick up. Please. I'm staring at your car, right now. If you're there, please call me back.

Abra hangs up.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Shit. Better be a joke.

Abra peeks through the blinds.

BANG!

The bloodied face of AMY (17), cute, red hair, Halloween makeup, thrown against the front window.

A truly frightened look with gobs of tears and runny makeup streamed down her face.

AN EVIL CLOWN MASK behind her.

AMY  
(cries)  
Please! Abra! Help me!

ABRA  
Oh my God.

Abra stumbles backward --

-- trips over the golf club, falls and hits her head hard. She struggles to stand, grabs her throbbing skull.

INTENSE RUSTLING of the front DOORKNOB.

And then BANG BANG BANG!

CLOWN #1 (O.S.)  
Why you talkin' shit, Abra? I'm a loser? You wanna say that shit to my face?

BANG BANG BANG!

Abra backs away from the door, panicked, unsure of her next move. And then from the --

SLIDING GLASS DOOR

come three more knocks. BANG BANG BANG!

Abra spins around.

ABRA  
Go AWAY!!!

Abra runs for her parents --

MASTER BEDROOM

and immediately heads for the --



## WALK-IN CLOSET

and cowers in the corner. Her smart phone in hand. It's the only thing lighting the blackness.

She texts: *What do you want?*

Abra waits. And then a response. A VIDEO. Amy on the cold sidewalk as CLOWN #1 pins her down.

AMY

Stop it! Just stop it!

CLOWN #2 points the camera between himself and Amy.

ABRA

Oh my God.

VIDEO: The clown with the phone holds a LONG BLADE in front of the camera. He reaches back, ready to finish off Amy as she desperately SCREAMS OUT.

AMY

NOOOOO!!!!

The video CUTS OFF.

ABRA

Amy. Oh God.

Abra covers her mouth. And then --

A SECOND VIDEO loads on her messages: Abra's own back as she hides in the closet.

Abra slowly figures it out, spins around and faces --

CLOWN #3 with a FLASHLIGHT under his chin.

CLOWN #3

Boo!

Abra SCREAMS OUT and drops her phone.

Pure DARKNESS. A scuffle ensues.

And the butcher's knife PIERCES FLESH.

## MASTER BEDROOM

Abra opens the door and stumbles out, onto the bedroom carpet. She stands, bloody knife in hand.

The clown crawls out. His stomach DRIPS WITH BLOOD as he collapses before Abra's feet.

Abra stares down at her handy work and then to her phone as a THIRD VIDEO appears.

VIDEO: Amy's eyes stare into nowhere. The victim of some kind of assault.

CLOWN #1  
(mimics Amy)  
Help me, Abra. Help me.

Abra puts the phone in her pocket, stares down at the dead and motionless lump before her.

After a few moments...

Her phone RINGS. She answers:

AMY/CLOWN #1/CLOWN #2 (CONT'D)  
Trick or treat!

Abra's jaw drops. Amy and her guy friends laugh it up.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now who's number one, bitch? I  
told you I was gonna get you.  
Fuck, I can't believe you fell for  
it. Come on. Answer the door  
before the neighbors call the cops.

And the color drops from Abra's face. In total shock as she stares at the dead clown before her.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yo. You there or what?

Abra panics and hangs up. DRIP-DRIP. Her wounded finger cut and bleeding from the knife.

She looks behind her. A hand towel hangs on a rack.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy raps her fist on the door as CLOWN #1, aka SCOTT (17), paces on the lawn behind her.

CLOWN #2, aka GRADY (17) chugs whiskey from a flask and squats on the driveway.

AMY  
Come on, Abra! Enough is enough!

SCOTT  
Why don't you just open the door?  
You got the spare key.

GRADY  
Yeah, no shit. The joke's over.

AMY  
Because she's pissed. If she  
doesn't wanna see us and wants to  
be a bitch then we'll leave.

SCOTT  
How we gonna do that? Daryl drove,  
remember? He's got the keys.

Amy huffs.

AMY  
Shit.

She pounds the door even harder this time.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Abra, let us in or I'm coming in.  
Last chance.

A SECURITY CAR creeps up the road with lights off.

And then --

HEADLIGHTS hit Scott's face.

SCOTT  
Great. She called the cops.

AMY  
No, she didn't. They're looking  
for clowns, remember?

Grady stares at himself. In a clown's costume.

GRADY  
Oh, shit.

SCOTT  
Oh, great. That's just great.

AMY  
Just be cool. We're all friends  
here.

The Head of Security TONY (20s), unshaven, sloppy, steps out,  
walks up the driveway, approaches Scott and Amy.

TONY

Just got a call about some youngsters disturbing the peace. Y'all wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

SCOTT

Oh, no sir.

GRADY

Not us, sir. Never.

AMY

We didn't mean to make a scene. We were just having some fun with our friend inside. Now she's pissed and won't let us in.

TONY

I'm afraid your friend doesn't wanna see you. Maybe you can touch base with her later.

Scott and Grady share a pissed look.

SCOTT

Wait a minute. Are you saying she called the cops on us?

TONY

Look. I don't know what's going on here. God knows, it's been a long one with those two nuts running around. But let's say we call it a night.

AMY

We can't leave. My friend has my car keys.

TONY

Your friend inside has your keys?

AMY

If you don't mind, maybe you could get them for us?

TONY

Sit tight.

He heads for the door, gives a good knock.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Security! Miss Needham, if you're  
 in there, I need you to open the  
 door!

After a few moments, Abra cracks open the door, but not all  
 the way as she stares back at Amy.

And then at Scott and Grady in their clown suits. All of  
 them instantly regretful.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Miss Needham. Your friends here  
 say you have their car keys. Is  
 this right?

Amy gives Abra a pouty face.

AMY  
 Sorry, Abra.

SCOTT  
 Bitch can dish it out but can't  
 take it.

TONY  
 (to the others)  
 I'll handle this. Just stay back.

ABRA  
 Give me a sec.

Abra shuts the door in his face.

SCOTT  
 (to Amy)  
 Hey. What the hell are they doing  
 in there?

Grady's phone to his ear.

GRADY  
 (to Scott)  
 He's not answering. You think he's  
 getting some?

AMY  
 (to Grady)  
 In your wet dreams.  
 (to Tony)  
 Excuse me, Officer. But could you  
 ask our friend Daryl to get out  
 here so we can go?

Tony cracks open the door, steps inside the foyer where he spots BLOODY SHOE TRACKS left on the white tile.

TONY  
What the...

He moves further inside.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Hello?!

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abra digs through CLOWN #2's (aka Daryl's) pocket and comes up with Amy's car keys.

A hand grips her forearm.

Abra catches eyes with Daryl -- still alive but barely holding on.

Abra reaches for the nearby butcher's knife and rears it back, ready to drive it into Daryl.

He gives out. No sign of life.

TONY (O.S.)  
Hello?!

Abra drops the knife, rushes out.

FOYER

Abra hands Tony Amy's car keys. Tony does a quick scan of the room.

TONY  
And where's your friend?

ABRA  
It's just me here.

TONY  
You sure about that?

ABRA  
(smug)  
Yes, Tony. I'm very sure that there's no one else here but me.

He watches her closely, reads her stone cold poker face.

TONY

I hear you've had a busy night.  
This is the second call to this  
address. Just what in the hell's  
going on here? Some kind of  
Halloween joke?

ABRA

Ask my so called friends. I guess  
the joke was on me. Haha. But if  
you don't mind, I'm kind of tired  
and would appreciate it very much  
if you escorted them off my  
property.

He notices Abra folding her arms.

TONY

You hurt yourself?

Abra shows him her finger wrapped in a bandage.

ABRA

Yeah. Cut my finger cutting  
vegetables.

Tony checks the kitchen counter. The brown paper bag marked  
CHINA KING.

TONY

Vegetables?

ABRA

Yeah. Chinese. I was making stir  
fry. Can't you smell?

He cracks an awkward smile.

TONY

You sure you're okay?

ABRA

Yeah. Just as soon as they leave.  
So if you don't mind.

TONY

Gotcha.

He makes for the door. Abra hides a sigh of relief.

ABRA

Have a good night.

Her arms wrapped around her waist, Abra slowly faces the direction of her parents' bedroom.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony rejoins the others in the driveway. All of them waiting in eager anticipation.

SCOTT  
Well? Is he coming or what?

TONY  
Look, I don't know what you kids are up to, but the joke's over.

He hands Amy the keys.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Your friend's asked me to make sure you get to it, so let's get on home and call it a night.

AMY  
Seriously. Where'd he go?

TONY  
You can call your friend from the road. But right now, I need all you to get on outta here and get home. Ya hear me?

Amy, throwing up her hands, turns to the others. Grady and Scott both defeated and ready to split.

AMY  
Yes, sir.

TONY  
Have a good night.

He shuffles back to his patroller, makes a U-turn at the culdesac and he's off.

SCOTT  
Seriously. Fuck is he doing in there?

GRADY  
She's messin with us. Daryl too. Both of them.

AMY  
Screw it. Let's bounce.



SCOTT

What? You gonna let that cop scare you off? Besides. I wanna see the look on that bitch's face.

GRADY

No doubt.

AMY

Hey. Take it easy. That bitch happens to be my friend.

GRADY

Excuse the shit out of me.

SCOTT

Yeah, no kidding.

AMY

Hey. Remember what he said. Enough's enough. Let's leave her alone.

SCOTT

I'll decide when she's had enough.

Scott winks at Grady, who sneaks up behind Amy and digs the spare keys from her coat pocket.

AMY

Hey! What the hell!

Grady chuckles with sadistic glee and tosses the keys to Scott, already on his way to the door.

AMY (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it!

SCOTT

Oh no. This night's just gettin started.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FRONT WINDOW - NIGHT

Abra peeks through the blinds at Scott approaching the front porch and door with keys in hand.

She hears some rustling of the doorknob and makes in the direction of her parents' bedroom.

## MASTER BATHROOM

Abra darts into the bathroom, slams and locks the door shut, rushes to Daryl's limp body and drags him in the direction of a giant white tub and shower.

With everything she can muster, Abra slowly hurls Daryl's body into the tub, throws the curtain shut.

AMY (O.S.)

Abra! I'm sorry already! Come talk to me!

In a full blown panic, Abra turns to the door.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Yo, Daryl! Where are ya'll at?! What the hell?!

## LIVING ROOM

Grady makes himself comfortable in a leather recliner with his feet kicked all the way out.

Scott cracks a new beer.

Amy appears from out of the darkness of a rear hallway and rejoins the others.

AMY

No clue.

GRADY

Probably takin a shit.

Scott and Grady laugh.

AMY

No, I already checked there.

Scott heads for the sliding door, unlocks and yanks it open as the rear pool deck is still lit up.

SCOTT

Yo, Abra. Stop being all pissy and get over it so we can get hammered.

AMY

Abra!

Grady nods in the direction of the master bedroom.

GRADY  
What about in there?

Scott heads that direction, notices the double doors are shut.

SCOTT  
Dude. You think her and Daryl are in there?

Scott smiles back at Grady.

GRADY  
(loud enough for Abra to hear)  
Oh, I think that's a definite possibility! How about it, Abra?! You taking a ride on the D-Train?!

Amy rolls her eyes, not amused.

AMY  
I'm over this. She's definitely fucking with us.

Amy rushes for the master bedroom just as Abra comes walking out and closes the door behind her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(to Abra)  
Where the hell have you been? That cop was seriously trying to throw us outta here.

ABRA  
Yeah, I know.

AMY  
Look, I know you're pissed. I figured after what we put you through, you'd wanna have some drinks and call it a truce.

ABRA  
You know what? I'm actually kind of tired. And still hungover. So if you don't mind.

SCOTT  
(to Amy)  
You know, you're right. She really can't take a joke.

GRADY

Yeah, no shit.

ABRA

Yeah. Well. Guilty as charged.  
Look, why don't you guys party  
somewhere else. I don't feel much  
like celebrating.

Grady gets nose, heads for the master bedroom.

Abra blocks his path.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Can I help you with something?

Grady watches her closely, a growing smile.

GRADY

So what are you two up to, anyways?  
Daryl gonna come jumping out of one  
of these closets or something?

(to Daryl)

Yo! Give it up! It's time to go,  
bro! Your girl wants us outta  
here!

ABRA

Daryl's not here.

Scott shakes his head in disappointment.

SCOTT

He bailed.

Amy watches Abra, not quite buying it.

AMY

(Abra)

You're serious?

GRADY

The jerk pussied out on us. Just  
like I said he would. Probably ran  
out the back door as soon as those  
cops pulled up.

SCOTT

Okay, so why hasn't he called?  
That was over an hour ago. He's  
gonna leave us hanging? I say we  
take his car and leave. I don't  
even care anymore.

ABRA  
 What you do is between you guys.  
 It's got nothing to do with me.  
 Now, if you don't mind.

Abra points to the front door.

GRADY  
 Hey. You don't have to tell us  
 twice.

Grady makes for the front door. Scott doesn't budge and  
 stares Abra down with cold menace.

SCOTT  
 Yo, Amy. I thought you said your  
 girl was fun.

GRADY  
 Come on, man. Let's book. Before  
 that cop comes back.

ABRA  
 (to Amy)  
 Amy, get these assholes out of my  
 house.

GRADY  
 Ouch. I guess an orgy is out of  
 the question.

Abra and Amy face each other in awkward silence. Amy finally  
 breaks.

AMY  
 You want me to say I'm sorry?  
 Okay, fine. I'm sorry.

Amy heads for the door. On the way, she dumps a set of keys  
 in Abra's hand.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Here's your keys, by the way.  
 Might wanna hold onto them next  
 time.

Grady and Scott share a good laugh at Abra's expense as Amy  
 and them head for the door.

On their way, they almost trip over

DARYL

who is desperately crawling his limp and bloody body across the tile.

GRADY

SHIT!

Grady kneels down and rolls Daryl over. He's seriously bleeding from his gut.

All three stare back at Abra, frozen with fear.

SCOTT

Crazy bitch. What did you do?

Abra is at a loss for words and stands frozen. She quickly makes for the rear sliding door as --

Scott bolts after her, grabs her from behind as she reaches for the metal door handle.

Abra's jerked backward, with Scott's arms wrapped around her waist, kicking and squirming.

AMY

Let go of her!

Scott violently chucks her onto the leather sofa, hovers over her with a fighter's stance .

Amy runs to Daryl, checks his wounds.

Daryl finally gives out for good this time.

GRADY

Oh fuck. Fuck, bro! I think he's dead.

Grady checks his pulse. He and Amy face each other, knowing what the other is afraid to say.

AMY

Oh my God.

(to Abra)

Seriously, Abra?! What happened?!

Grady digs his cell from his pocket. About to dial. Scott watches him.

SCOTT

Dude, hang up!

Grady glares back at Scott, totally confused.

GRADY  
 What?! He needs help! Look at  
 him!

SCOTT  
 Hang up the phone!

Grady reluctantly hangs up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 Stop and think about what you're  
 doing for a minute!

AMY  
 (to Scott)  
 Think about what?! He's dead,  
 Scott!

SCOTT  
 Yeah, no shit! I see that!

Abra tries to get up but is quickly pushed to the sofa.

AMY  
 (to Scott)  
 Take it easy with her! What the  
 hell?!

GRADY  
 Yeah, bro. What the hell are you  
 doing?

SCOTT  
 He broke in here! As far as the  
 cops are concerned, we all did!

GRADY  
 What're you talkin about, bro? We  
 gotta call someone.

SCOTT  
 Remember that cop who just left  
 here like five minutes ago?! The  
 one that told our ass to leave?

Grady thinks it over.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 What do you think's gonna happen  
 when he comes back here for Daryl  
 and sees the four of us sitting  
 around?

AMY

Hell are you even talkin about?  
Nobody broke in here!

SCOTT

Really? What do you think she's  
gonna tell the cops? That this was  
all just a game? A Halloween  
prank? And things just got out of  
hand?

Amy and Grady give Abra a long and untrustworthy stare.  
Scott's words sinking in.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

She's gonna claim he busted in here  
and tried to rape her or something.  
Otherwise, she goes down. Think  
about it.

AMY

Okay, fine. So we tell the truth.  
It was an accident.

SCOTT

Yeah, right. She accidentally put  
a knife in his chest while he was  
accidentally hiding in the closet.

AMY

Yeah. That's exactly what we're  
gonna tell them. I've had enough  
of this. I'm calling the cops.

Amy reaches into her pants, pulls her cell, about to dial and  
Grady yanks it from her hand. He joins Scott.

AMY (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

GRADY

Why don't you listen to what he has  
to say for a second. I'm not going  
down for something your girl did.  
When this gets out, we're all done.  
All of us.

AMY

Nobody's going down for anything.  
Not unless we don't get him to the  
hospital, and I mean, right now.

SCOTT

You forgetting something?



AMY  
Forgetting what?!

SCOTT  
Those cops are still looking for those two assholes.

ABRA  
They arrested them. A couple hours ago.

SCOTT  
Bullshit. So you say.

AMY  
So what if they weren't?

SCOTT  
So the cops have been in and out of here all night. All the phone calls. Helicopters flying around. Us scaring the shit out of your girl. Breaking in here.

GRADY  
Scottie's right. It's her word against ours. She could tell those cops whatever she wanted about us. About Daryl.

Grady stares down a guilty Abra.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
We can't trust her.

AMY  
What're you guys saying? You're talking crazy. Both of you.

SCOTT  
Yeah. You think your name stays out of this, you're crazy. You're as guilty as Daryl. As all of us.

ABRA  
If anyone's going down for anything it's me.

They all stop, stare back at her.

ABRA (CONT'D)  
I did it. I'm the one who has to answer for it.

(MORE)

ABRA (CONT'D)

If you leave here now, I'll keep your names out of it.

GRADY

Why's that? So you can tell the cops all kinds of fucked up shit about Daryl? Wash your hands of all of it?

SCOTT

Nah. It's too late. The cops already know we were here. If she goes down, we all go down.

(to Abra)

Isn't that right?

Amy breaks down in tears. A shaken mess.

AMY

Hell are we gonna do?

Scott and Grady share a befuddled look. Abra breaks the silence.

ABRA

We bury him.

AMY

You can't be serious.

Grady turns his back on them, paces the floor.

GRADY

I can't believe this is happening.

SCOTT

Well pinch yourself in the ass and wake up, Grady, because it is!

AMY

We can't. Abra, please.

Abra looks down in shame.

ABRA

Remember. If we do this. Then it becomes all our problem. Not just mine. It means we're in this together. And nobody mentions it again.

AMY

(to Abra)

We can't just bury him in the backyard like a dog. What about his family?

(to Scott and Grady)

Or the cops who are gonna be crawling all over school for the next six months. Starting with you guys first. Or maybe you haven't thought of that.

GRADY

Yeah, well, news flash, Amy. I didn't kill him. And neither did you. Your girl did. You want her to go down?

ABRA

Just listen to them, Amy. They're trying to get us out of this.

Amy shakes her head, completely opposed to the idea as she nervously paces the floor.

Scott, Abra and Grady all await her answer.

Amy finally stops, faces them.

AMY

Where? Where do we do it? If we do it?

And they all stay quiet. Not a clue. After a few moments of dead silence...

KNOCK-KNOCK!

All of them face the front door. An unexpected surprise.

AMY (CONT'D)

Who is that?

Abra stands. Scott blocks her way.

SCOTT

What're you doing?

ABRA

I have to answer. It's probably my neighbor with the dog.

Grady points at Daryl's limp body.

GRADY  
Hello. A bit of a problem here.  
What do we do with him?

SCOTT  
(to Grady)  
We move him, asshole. What do you  
think?

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK

Amy faces the door, full panic mode.

AMY  
Okay, then move him. But you have  
to do it now.

SCOTT  
(to Abra)  
Remember. Just like you said.  
We're all in this together.

Scott joins Grady as they move Daryl out of the foyer and  
down a hallway.

Amy crosses her arms, paces in a circle.

ABRA  
Just sit down or something. Act  
natural.

Amy squats on the couch, bites her nails.

Abra heads for the door. Answers. And standing on the other  
side is Detective Hughes from earlier.

Abra's jaw drops.

HUGHES  
Miss Needham. Good evening.

ABRA  
Detective. Dobbs, right?

HUGHES  
Hughes.

ABRA  
Right. Sorry. So. What can I do  
for you?

HUGHES

Look, I know it's late. Our partner and I are back in the neighborhood checking things out. I'm afraid we weren't very truthful with you earlier. Turns out our two carjackers weren't our guys after all.

ABRA

Really?

HUGHES

We got a confession, alright. On a B and E at a hardware store about ten blocks from the school.

ABRA

B and E?

HUGHES

Breaking and entering. Turns out our night manager cut his hand busting out a back window. Looks like an inside job type deal made to look like a break in. Plus, as it turns out, our stabber was a lefty. This guy was right handed. So, anyways, we're back to square one on these two idiot clowns.

Hughes pokes his head in, takes a quick look for himself.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Meantime, I wanted to check back in with you. Make sure no one else has been by here since we talked last.

ABRA

You know what? It was nothing. Just some friends having fun with me. Just like you said. Everything's fine now. Really.

Hughes senses she's nervous as he takes another glance inside. Abra blocks his way.

ABRA (CONT'D)

Anything else I can help you with, Officer?

HUGHES

You know you got a strange car  
parked at your curb?

ABRA

Yeah. Same friends.

HUGHES

I see. Well. Friends like that,  
who needs enemies?

Abra cracks a fake laugh.

ABRA

Yeah, no kidding.

HUGHES

Alright. Well. You take care of  
yourself. And keep your doors  
locked.

ABRA

Always. Of course.

Hughes heads for his car. Abra quickly shuts the door.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Abra faces the living room to find Scott directly in her face  
and looking suspicious of her.

SCOTT

What's he doing here?

ABRA

They're still out there.

GRADY

Who?

ABRA

The guys who cut that guy at the  
bus stop. Who the hell do you  
think?

GRADY

Well, what's the cops doing here?  
You call him?

ABRA

When did I call him? I've been  
right here with you this whole  
time?

AMY

Who cares, you guys? Is he gone?

Abra heads for the front window, peeks through the blinds.

ABRA'S POV:

Hughes car is long gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Abra breathes a sigh of relief.

ABRA

He's gone.

Scott checks for himself, nudges Abra out of the way. He turns and faces the others.

SCOTT

Why did he come back?

ABRA

I told him everything. About all the shit you guys pulled. He didn't believe me. Said it was just a joke. He just wanted to know if I was still okay.

GRADY

And? What did you tell him?

ABRA

What do you think I told him? He's gone, isn't he?

SCOTT

It doesn't matter now. If we're doing this, we gotta do it now. Before sun up.

MASTER BATHROOM

Daryl lay on the tile wrapped neatly in the shower curtain.

Abra, Scott, Amy and Grady stand in silence.

AMY

I think I'm gonna be sick.

SCOTT

The way I see it, the safest way to the woods is across the pond.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We stay off the roads. That way,  
we can't be stopped.

GRADY

You mean we use Abra's boat?

SCOTT

Right. When we move, we move fast  
and silent. That means no crying.  
No whimpering. Absolute silence.  
We're just going for a nice little  
ride across the lake.

Grady shakes his head, not liking this plan. All of them  
take notice.

GRADY

Those two cops. They could still  
be out there. Sniffing around.

ABRA

Not just them. HOA has a night  
watchman.

SCOTT

Good call. One of us has to stay  
here. Watch out for the cops. For  
security. Act like a lookout man.

GRADY

What about Amy?

AMY

What about me?

GRADY

You're not gonna be any use to us  
getting Daryl out of that boat.  
When we move, we gotta move fast.  
Just like Scottie said.

SCOTT

He's right.

Scott hands Amy a set of keys.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Take the car. Go for a spin.  
Security might still be out. We  
can't take the chance of them still  
cruising around the neighborhood  
snooping around.



AMY

And if they are?

SCOTT

Then you call us. Sooner or later he's gonna get bored and go for a drive to the corner store. Get himself a snack. Or park somewhere and get a nap. Whatever these lazy asses do on the job. When he does, you call us.

AMY

I can't just drive around the neighborhood over and over. What if he stops me?

SCOTT

Good. Then maybe you can distract him for us.

AMY

How?!

GRADY

I don't know. Make something up. Tell him your dog ran away or some shit.

AMY

This isn't gonna work.

ABRA

Are we gonna do this or not?!

SCOTT

You heard the lady. We're wasting time. Let's get moving.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSING PROJECT - LATE NIGHT

Amy slowly cruises the HOA in Daryl's car, on the lookout for the police and the night watchman.

So far, all is quiet on the home front. Every car is parked safely in their respective driveway.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Amy turns a corner and spots what look like the DIMMING OF TAILLIGHTS reflected of a row of houses.

AMY

Shit.

Amy picks up speed, circles the tight bend in the road and tries to catch up with the mystery vehicle.

She drifts closely to a set of TAILLIGHTS. A SECURITY CAR. It makes a right at a stop sign.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm right behind him.

On SPEAKER PHONE:

SCOTT (V.O.)

Where?

AMY

He's headed for the north entrance. If you're going, go now.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Have him stop you.

AMY

What?

SCOTT (V.O.)

Ask him if the cops found those guys. Anything. Just buy us a minute.

AMY

Look. Just stop talking and do it already.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE NIGHT

Scott and Grady carry Daryl's body across the rear lawn and toward a small boat dock. A rough two seater with no motor floats on the calm waters of a private lake.

Abra follows behind. She watches as the two friends carefully load Daryl into the boat.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - LATE NIGHT

Amy watches as the SECURITY CAR pulls a U-turn at the front entrance and cruises back into the development.

The car quickly cuts OVER THE MEDIAN and blocks Amy who HITS THE BRAKES.

AMY

Oh my God.

Tony steps out, aims his FLASHLIGHT in Amy's face as the blinding light causes her to squint.

He dips his head in her window.

TONY

Well hello again.

EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - LATE NIGHT

Scott, Grady and Abra reach the far side of the lake and drift onto a dry bank. Scott pops out first as Grady follows behind.

Abra watches from the rear of the boat as the two friends carefully haul Daryl's body up a hill.

Scott and Grady stop, stare down at Abra.

SCOTT

What're you waiting on? We're all in this together. Remember?

Abra reluctantly crawls out.

Scott and Grady lower Daryl to the ground. Grady reaches out a helpful hand to Abra, who accepts and is pulled with force onto the beach.

Grady then kicks the two seater off the beach as all three watch it drift into the lake.

Abra's jaw drops.

ABRA

What're you doing?!

Grady turns, smiles back at Abra.

GRADY

No going back now.

Scott and Grady share a mischievous grin.

ABRA

What the hell are you two smiling about?

Grady pulls a glock forty from his rear pants, aims up the beach at a shocked Abra.

GRADY

Wanna show us that piece you  
snagged from your old man's dresser  
drawer.

ABRA

What are you idiots doing with a  
gun?

SCOTT

We asked you first.

Abra stares back and forth between the two friends, both  
looking dead serious.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Or maybe you can burn me before I  
open you up.

Scott pulls out a butterfly switchblade, much to Abra's  
surprise.

ABRA

It's not what you think.

SCOTT

Really?

Scott steps down the hill toward Abra, snags a thirty eight  
snub nose from under her shirt.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Because I think you brought a gun.  
Was I wrong?

GRADY

No fair, Abra. Thought we had a  
deal.

SCOTT

You don't trust us? You hurt my  
feelings.

Scott gets uncomfortably close to Abra's face as she recoils  
with revulsion. He taps his blade on her face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Now, isn't this a face you can  
trust?

Abra's lips quiver with terror.

GRADY

Careful, partner. I think she's gonna start crying again.

ABRA

I don't understand you guys.

SCOTT

What's there to understand? You killed Daryl. And we're helping save your ass. Seems pretty cut and dry.

Grady slyly and quietly moves up the hill behind Abra. She feels him behind her, quickly faces him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

A few more minutes and we're home free.

(to Grady)

Keep a close eye on her. Make sure she don't make a run for it.

GRADY

I'm on it.

Scott grabs Daryl's upper torso, stares back at Abra, waiting for her to grab her end.

SCOTT

Let's go. All for one and one for all. Remember?

Abra grabs Daryl's bottom half as the three venture deeper into the patch of woods.

EXT. WOODS - LATE NIGHT

Abra and Scott approach a deep hole already dug in the ground and the shovel used to dig it.

They set down Daryl.

ABRA

What the hell is this?

Daryl's arm reaches out from under the confines of the shower curtain and forcefully grips Abra's bare ankle.

She SCREAMS and tumbles face first INTO THE PIT.

A laughing Daryl pops out from under the carefully wrapped shower curtain drenched in fake blood.

He strips himself free, stares down, into the pit, laughs in the face of an unamused Abra.

DARYL

What's the matter, Abra? You look like you seen a ghost.

The three friends join in a big laugh.

ABRA

What is this?! What are you guys doing?!

SCOTT

My my my. Oh, how the tables have turned.

DARYL

Yes, sir.

Scott and Daryl smile down at her. Meanwhile, Grady sneaks up behind Abra, on the other side of the bank, reaches in and twirls the top of her hair.

She quickly swats his hand away.

ABRA

Stop it!

GRADY

Now haven't we dug quite the hole for ourselves.

All three boys laugh hysterically. Abra tears up. An emotional wreck of epic proportions.

ABRA

I don't...I...don't understand.

SCOTT

(to Daryl)

She don't understand. Guess you better show her.

Daryl shows her the murder weapon, bends the rubber blade back and forth, tosses it into the pit.

Abra picks it up, still stained with fake blood.

Daryl unzips his clown costume to reveal a carefully placed stringer of plastic blood packets. Almost surrounding his upper torso.

ABRA  
Motherfuckers.

GRADY  
Someone's a poor sport.

SCOTT  
Come on, Abra. You should be  
happy. You're not a murderer after  
all.

DARYL  
(to Scott)  
No. Just a lying, sneaky little  
bitch.  
(to Abra)  
Who's the loser now, Abra?

Daryl kicks a swift mound of dirt and dug up earth into an  
unexpecteding Abra.

GRADY  
Hey. Don't get her dirty, man. I  
want her clean.

Grady once again caresses Abra's hair from behind. She jerks  
herself away, tripping into the dirt.

The three boys laugh. Abra struggles to stand.

ABRA  
Haha. You've had your fun. It's  
late. Now get me outta here.

SCOTT  
Nah. We're having way too much  
fun.

Daryl uses his smartphone to record Abra crying and gripping  
a twisted up root to pull herself out.

DARYL  
You almost got it. Come on.

Abra makes it to the edge, tries to grab the outside earth  
but is much too slippery.

Scott takes off his clown gloves and grips his gauze wrapped  
left hand around Abra's arm, jerks her from the pit.

She stumbles and falls.

As Abra lay face first on the ground and struggles to catch  
her breath, she spots Scott's wounded LEFT HAND.

ABRA

You.

Scott smiles as Daryl forces Abra to her feet. Grady wraps an arm around her waist, whispers in her ear.

GRADY

Why so nervous? We're all friends here.

DARYL

(to Scott)

Look at her. Scared to death.

Abra keeps her eyes on Scott's wrapped up hand.

ABRA

(to Scott)

How'd you hurt your hand, Scottie?

Grady smiles back at Scott.

GRADY

Uh oh. She figured us out. Not good, partner.

SCOTT

Now what are we gonna do about that?

DARYL

Seems to me like we got ourselves a perfectly good hole here. Just the right size.

GRADY

Yeah, kinda noticed that too.

SCOTT

Hate to see it go to waste.

All three laugh it up. Abra's tears are heavy now.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Depends on what girlfriend here is willing to do for us.

DARYL

She was willing to bury my ass out in the middle of nowhere. I'm curious what else she'd be willing to do to save her ass.



SCOTT  
I'd bet a lot.

DARYL  
Yeah, me too.

Grady whispers in her ear.

GRADY  
How about it, girl? We still got a few hours until sun up.

ABRA  
Douche bags wouldn't know what to do with one if it slapped you in the face.

Daryl laughs at Grady.

Grady angrily pushes Abra to the ground, pulls out his glock and aims her direction.

GRADY  
Say something else! Do it!

SCOTT  
That's no way to treat a lady.

Abra sits up, brushes herself off.

ABRA  
Go on. Do it. Amy's still out there, asshole. If I don't make it back, she's going to the cops.

SCOTT  
I guess you better get going then. Lake's that way.

Abra stares off into the distance. The moonlight dancing off the calm lake waters. Her boat drifting close to shore and just within her grasp.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
First thing's first. You gotta lose the shorts.

The three boys laugh.

ABRA  
Fuck you.

SCOTT

Oh, you wanna play that game. We can do that.

ABRA

I don't wanna play anymore games. Okay, Scottie? Whatever this is. I'm done.

SCOTT

Then take them off. Take them off and I just might let you go.

ABRA

(to all)

You got me. Okay, guys? You got me good. Now the fun's over.

SCOTT

Oh, now that's a matter of opinion.

Grady and Daryl burst into hysterics.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna ask again. Take. Them. Off. While I'm still in a good mood.

Abra slowly unzips her shorts, lets them drop to the ground.

DARYL

That's a good girl. We knew you could do it.

SCOTT

Now the top.

Grady and Daryl laugh it up.

Abra removes her t shirt. Now in a bra and underwear. She bashfully covers herself.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I like this game.

DARYL

Yeah, me too.

Grady playfully twirls Abra's hair.

ABRA

You guys proud of yourselves?

SCOTT

Proud? It's not about proud. It's about watching a spoiled little bitch get what's coming.

ABRA

(to all)

Big man. All of you. Real bunch of tough guys. This how you get off? Hurting girls?

(to Scott)

Well, come on, big man. Pull it out. Show us how it's done, Scottie. You first. Unless you're into sloppy seconds.

Daryl and Grady lose their cocky grin, stare back at Scott and await his instruction.

Scott and Abra engage in a staring contest of wills. Her eyes never flinching and calling his bluff.

GRADY

(to Scott)

You heard her, man. She wants it. She's asking for it.

ABRA

That's right, big boy. Come and get me.

After a few moments, Scott pulls the thirty eight from the back of his pants, throws the gun in the dirt, just out of Abra's reach.

GRADY

(to Scott)

What're you, high or something?

SCOTT

She wants a fair fight. I'm giving her one.

Abra stares back and forth between the gun and her three captors.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Now's your chance, Abra. Your last shot at freedom. I won't stop you. All you gotta do is take it.

Abra eyeballs the gun in the dirt - unsure and still very much frightened.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But. You stay here, more clothes  
gotta come off. House rules.  
And I'm daddy.

Abra is in full blown panic mode. A blubbering mess of emotions as she can't decide. The out of reach gun or her dignity and innocence.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Lose the bra.

ABRA

Look. I told you already. You  
guys won. I've had enough.

SCOTT

I'll let you know when you've had  
enough! Lose the bra or I'll cut  
that shit off for you!

Daryl and Grady share another laugh as they ridicule and make fun of a vulnerable Abra.

DARYL

Come on, Abra. Show us what you  
got under there.

Abra takes another look at the thirty eight.

Scott snags the glock forty out of Grady's hand, slides and loads one into the pipe.

GRADY

What the hell, Scottie. I thought  
we were gonna have some fun.

SCOTT

(to Grady)  
This is fun.  
(to Abra)  
Take it off. Now.

Abra notices the boat drifting even closer to shore. Almost within reasonable reach.

And without warning...

*She goes for the gun in the dirt - snagging it up*

*- chasing down a hill toward the boat, headed for the beach.*

*- trips, tumbles down the grassy hillside and ending near the water's edge.*

Abra stares behind her. Scott, Grady and Daryl in full pursuit now.

Abra spots the boat drifting all too close to shore and dives into the lake, disappears under water.

EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - LATE NIGHT

She pops up, just on the other side of the drifting boat and hides behind the aluminum frame. She reaches one arm over the side, and then the other, pushes herself into -

THE BOAT

And grabs the wooden oar. But before she can paddle for shore, she spots Grady and Scott watching her from the beach.

SPLASH!

And out of the water comes DARYL, who flings himself over the side and into the boat.

Abra panics, aims her thirty eight at Daryl and squeezes the trigger...over and over. An empty gun.

Daryl looms over her with a sinister grin. He dumps all six shells on the aluminum floor.

DARYL

You really are stupid, you know that?

Abra breaks down in tears.

Daryl forces her arms down, licking and sucking on her exposed neck.

ABRA

Please!

DARYL

A little late for that now.

Daryl reaches into his pants.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Time to collect.

No longer restrained, Abra uses her free arm to JAB HER THUMB into his right eye socket.

Daryl SCREAMS OUT as Abra jumps up, grabs him by the balls, then hurls him over the side and into the lake.

She quickly searches the boat for the six bullets, finds and loads three, shuts the chamber just before -

Daryl resurfaces with A BLOODY EYE SOCKET.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
You bitch!

The nuzzle pressed in his good eye.

POW!

And into the lake he's thrown.

Abra spins around, aims the weapon in the direction of the opposite side beach.

Grady and Scott are gone.

Abra turns around, checks the other side of the lake. Nothing but trees and darkness.

Abra drops the gun, grabs the boat oar and paddles like a mad woman toward the dock.

EXT. ABRA'S BOAT DOCK - LATE NIGHT

Abra drifts toward her home, spots a DARK FIGURE in a sport jacket rushing up the dock.

With two hands, she pulls back the hammer on her thirty eight and aims his direction. Her hands trembling.

ABRA  
Don't move!

HUGHES  
Don't shoot! You might actually  
hit me!

Hughes shines a FLASHLIGHT on Abra's face, blinding her and forcing her eyes shut.

He sees she is undressed and clearly panic stricken.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

INT. ABRA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Abra, now in a bathrobe, takes a rest on her couch holding a tall glass of water.

Hughes paces the carpet before her, looking very annoyed and exhausted by it all.

Also joining them is Abra's neighbor MISS FELDMAN (60s) holding Abra's dog Pinkston on a leash.

HUGHES

That's quite the story, Abra. Even better than the last one. It seems like I keep missing all the fun stuff.

ABRA

I never lied to you about anything. Not before and not now.

HUGHES

Here I was thinking you came clean with me at the door. I should've known better. The best was yet to come.

Abra angrily chucks her glass of water against the wall, startling the hell out of Miss Feldman.

MISS FELDMAN

Abra, stop this immediately!

ABRA

(to Miss Feldman)  
Back off!

MISS FELDMAN

Excuse me?

Abra leaps off the couch, gets in Hughes face.

ABRA

Look, you wanna arrest me, lock me up, call my parents? I don't give a shit! But they're out there! One of them is still in the lake!

HUGHES

No! No, they're not!

ABRA

How would you know?! You haven't even looked!

MISS FELDMAN

Abra. Watch your tone when speaking with adults.

Abra, very matter of factly, turns to Miss Feldman and firmly sticks a finger in her face.

ABRA

Old woman, you better shut up! I'm not even kidding right now!

MISS FELDMAN

How dare you!

HUGHES

(to Miss Feldman)

Wanna back off a second! Please and thank you!

Miss Feldman gives them some space.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

The joke's over, Abra. Got it? Your friend Amy came clean with us over an hour ago.

Abra can hardly believe it. She stares back at a smug Miss Feldman, grinning ear to ear.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

That's right. So you might as well stop all the theatrics.

ABRA

No. Amy wouldn't do that. She wouldn't take it that far. It doesn't make sense.

HUGHES

Well, she did. Told us the whole bit with Daryl. About him hiding in the closet. The phone calls, all the way to you sticking him with a rubber knife. All of it.

Abra shuts her eyes, rubs her sore temples, paces on the carpet in an attempt to process it all.

MISS FELDMAN

Abra, just what in the hell has been going on around here? I know you know better than this. And this place is a disaster area. What would your mother say?



Abra, now fresh out of patience, gives Miss Feldman a long and hard stare.

ABRA

Get out.

MISS FELDMAN

Excuse me?

ABRA

I said get out of my house! Now!

Hughes gets between them, nods to the door.

HUGHES

Goodnight, Miss Feldman.  
Appreciate the help. Thank you.

Completely shocked, Miss Feldman reluctantly lets go of Pinkston's leash and heads for the front door.

MISS FELDMAN

You're welcome, by the way!

She opens and slams shut behind her.

ABRA

You're telling me Amy's in on this?

HUGHES

She seems to think that maybe you and your friends have taken things a bit too far tonight. Don't know where she'd get a crazy notion like that.

Abra paces back and forth, shakes her head in disbelief.

ABRA

I don't believe this.

HUGHES

Look. I know how angry you must be, but let me tell you. Not nearly as angry as I am. Getting pulled off of this thing to chase down bullshit leads from kiddies pulling Halloween pranks.

Abra smirks.

ABRA

A Halloween prank. And you guys haven't found them yet. Wonder why.

Abra twists open the venetian blinds and stares out at her glowing swimming pool. She double checks the lock on the sliding door.

Hughes joins her.

HUGHES

If you ask me, this whole thing's been blown out of proportion. All over a couple of punks who challenged the wrong guy and got their asses handed to them. It's that simple. We're not dealing with killers here.

ABRA

No, just asshole rapists.

Abra slams the blinds shut, turns to Hughes.

ABRA (CONT'D)

I wanna go to the station. To file an official report. If you're not gonna listen, I'll find some cops who will.

Hughes chokes back his anger and sighs. He finally comes around.

HUGHES

Okay, Miss Needham. Have it your way. Train leaves in five minutes. Put some clothes on. Meet you out front.

Abra heads for her bedroom. Hughes waits until she's down the hall and out of sight. He spots the thirty eight on a nightstand just under a lamp.

He puts a pen inside the trigger loop, picks it up and walks it toward the dining room table.

From inside his coat, he grabs a plastic evidence baggie and loads the recently fired weapon inside.

## ABRA'S BEDROOM

Abra walks in, shuts the door behind her. She opens her closet door, but her attention is quickly drawn to the floor near her bed.

A very familiar PAIR OF SHORTS AND T SHIRT. The same shorts and shirt she left on the beach.

ABRA

What the...

And out of the closet jumps GRADY, who wraps one arm around her waist and the other around her mouth.

## EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

Hughes steps outside for a quick smoke. He stares through the windshield of his unmarked sedan at --

## INT. HUGHES CAR - LATE NIGHT

Amy in the driver's seat, handcuffed to the wheel and her mouth taped shut. She is in tears, a flushed face, attempting to jerk free of her restraints.

Amy shakes the entire car trying to break free.

## EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

Hughes is very cool and collected as he watches Amy kick and squirm behind the wheel.

The dark shadowy figure of Scott appears on the front porch near the door. He quietly watches Hughes.

SCOTT

What now?

Hughes turns to Scott, shakes his head with disgust.

HUGHES

What now, he asks. My son wants to know what now. A little late for all that, don't you think?

Scott hangs his head low.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Look at her.

Hughes nods back at Amy.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
Take a good look. Take a look at  
your handy work.

SCOTT  
What're you gonna do with them?

Hughes gets in Scott's face.

HUGHES  
No. No, no. Not what I'm gonna  
do, but what you and those two  
assholes already did. Remember  
that.

SCOTT  
Did you find him?

HUGHES  
Oh, you're still worried about your  
friend. The one with his dick  
still hanging out of his pants.  
With a hole in his friggin eye.  
He's gone.

Scott's lips quiver with anger and sadness.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
And so is that other idiot. And  
you're two girlfriends. Because I  
gotta fix this. I gotta cover for  
my family. My dumbass kid.

Without warning, Hughes pops him in the head. Scott  
stumbles on the grass.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
But since you and your friends like  
to play tough, running around,  
scaring kids, hurting people, I'm  
thinking maybe I'll let you do the  
honors.

Scott looks down, looks away, avoids eye contact as he slowly  
backs away from his father.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

Hughes stays in his face.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Not so tough anymore?

Hughes once again pops him in the head. Scott snaps and pushes back, but Hughes restrains his arm, walks him to the rear of the car.

Pops the trunk.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Take a look.

Scott peers inside. It's the dead body of Tony, the head of security. His throat slit open.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Remember that face. This is what you wanted. What you asked for. Look at him!

Scott chokes back his tears, avoids staring at Tony's body.

SCOTT

Just stop it, alright.

HUGHES

You wanted my attention, well here I am, son. Daddy's here.

Hughes also breaks down in tears as he slams the trunk closed.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

I want you to remember this night. This moment. Because, after tonight, it all stops. You're gonna pull your fuckin life together.

CRACK! Scott is slapped hard across the mouth.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be?

Scott awkwardly shoves his hands in his pockets, reduced to a whimpering child.

Hughes pulls his gun, sticks it to his head.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Let me know, cause I can go right now. I don't care.

SCOTT

Don't.

HUGHES

Fuck do you care now? You already ruined me. Might as well get it over with.

SCOTT

Don't.

Scott reaches out to his father, a desperate plea.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

Hughes backs down, holsters his gun.

HUGHES

Tell your friend to bring the girl outside. We don't have long. That is, if you can handle the job.

EXT. WOODS - LATE NIGHT

Hughes four door sedan, lights on, cuts through a thin path in the woods and stops near the shallow grave.

The LIGHTS STILL ON.

Grady steps from one door holding Amy while Scott grabs Abra and steps from the other.

Hughes steps from the driver's seat, his gun out and ready.

Amy spots the gun and attempts to scream through the duct tape on her mouth.

Abra also in tears at the sight of the weapon.

HUGHES

(to Scott)

Cuff their hands together. And do it quickly.

Hughes tosses him the keys as Scott unlocks Amy's hands.

As the cuffs slide off her wrist, Amy attempts to gouge out Scott's eyes.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Hold her still.

Scott restrains both her arms behind her back, forces her to her knees as she whimpers.

Abra angrily kicks dirt in Scott's face and is met with a swift kick in the butt from Grady.

Down she goes.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Go on! Do it!

Scott drags Amy across the dirt and cuffs the unlocked ring around Abra's left hand.

GRADY

Now what?

HUGHES

What do you think? Put them in the ground.

Abra and Amy scream through their gags, in full panic mode and scared for their lives.

Grady picks up Amy from the ground. Scott simply watches with a dumb look on his face.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

(to Scott)

What're you waiting on? Help him.

Scott picks up Abra as he and Grady walk the two girls toward the hole in the ground.

Reaching the edge, both girls attempt to flee but are forcefully tossed in the hole.

Hughes joins the boys, stares into the pit at the helpless and scared out of their mind friends.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

You boys having fun yet? Is it everything you hoped for?

Scott and Grady are both in tears and in total shock at the sight of their two classmates.

GRADY

I don't wanna watch this.

HUGHES

Who said anything about watching?

Grady and Scott share a scared look.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

Hughes pulls out Scott's switchblade, opens it up, holds the handle out to Scott.

HUGHES

This was your show, Scott. What do you say you do the honors.

Scott stares at the blade, unsure of taking it.

Grady literally freaks out, pacing in a circle and yanking at his own hair.

GRADY

Go on, man. Take it. Just take it and let's get it over with.

The two girls stare up at Grady with pure hatred.

GRADY (CONT'D)

(to Abra and Amy)

Stop looking at me like that! I'm not doing this!

Scott reluctantly takes the blade, stares into the pit.

HUGHES

It's almost over. Now all you gotta do is pick which one's yours.

Grady stares at Hughes, in shock.

GRADY

Hey, man. You're crazy. You know that?

HUGHES

(to Grady)

You think I'm doing it, you're the one who's crazy!

(to Scott)

Now stop stalling and pick one!

Scott holds the blade in his wounded left hand. Hughes notices the gauze wrapped around it.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

That's right. I forgot. You hurt yourself cutting that poor kid's father. I'll tell you what.



Hughes grabs Scott's other hand, gives him his gun.

HUGHES (CONT'D)  
 Forget the knife. Too messy  
 anyway. Let's make it quick.  
 Bam. One shot each.

Scott drops the knife in front of Grady.

GRADY  
 What're you doing, man?

HUGHES  
 It's this or jail, Grady. You  
 choose.

Grady takes one last look at the girls. And then back to  
 Scott, holding the gun to his side.

GRADY  
 Fuck it, bro. Let's do it.

Scott turns to Grady, a look of real disappointment.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
 Don't look at me like that. You  
 heard your old man. It's this or  
 prison. You ready to throw away  
 your life over these bitches?

Scott's gun hand trembles.

The two girls hug each other closely, watch in outright  
 horror as -

Scott slowly raises the gun, steps to the pit.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
 Come on, man. Do it. You do it,  
 then I'll do it. We can do this!  
 You and me, bro!

HUGHES  
 (to Scott)  
 We're losing time! You waiting for  
 the sun to come up? Do it already!

Scott double grips the gun as both hands are trembling and  
 sweat shoots from his face.

Amy and Abra hold each other tightly, squeeze their eyes  
 shut, prepare to die.

Before you can flinch, Scott turns the gun on his own father.

Grady can't believe it.

GRADY  
What're you doing, bro?! Don't  
punk out on me!

Abra and Amy open their eyes, in shock to find Scott holding  
a gun on his own father.

HUGHES  
What's wrong, son? Did I take  
things too far for you?

SCOTT  
Shut up! Fuckin bastard! Stop  
talking!

HUGHES  
That's right, son. Get it all out.  
Get it out of your system.

Grady stares down at the girls, who are also watching him.  
All three of them confused.

SCOTT  
I said shut your mouth. I'm  
running this shit now.

HUGHES  
Look at yourself. You don't even  
know what you're doing.

GRADY  
(to Scott)  
Listen to him, man. You're not  
thinking straight. This isn't just  
about you, man! Think about us!

SCOTT  
(to Grady)  
Shut up!  
(to Hughes)  
This is between me and him.

Hughes stares down the barrel with ease and a still calmness.  
A slight smirk on his face.

HUGHES  
You've been wanting to point that  
gun at me for a long time. I can  
see that. I let you down. This  
is all my fault. Just say it.

SCOTT

What's wrong, Dad? You don't wanna  
take another swing at me?  
Go ahead.

HUGHES

Big man with a gun, aren't you?  
Makes you feel like a man. Like  
you're in charge. Well go on.  
Show us all what you can do. Don't  
just stand there with a bad look on  
your face. Squeeze the trigger.

Grady quietly picks up the switchblade from the dirt. The  
girls take notice.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Go on. Do it. Do us both a favor  
and take me out of my own misery.

Scott's hands tremble. His face twists with anger and  
conflict.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

DO IT!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! An empty gun.

Tears shoot down Scott's face as he stares at the pistol with  
confusion, and then back at his father with hatred and  
contempt.

Behind Hughes walks a distant SHADOWY FIGURE. And into the  
light appears --

TONY with some fake blood caked around his neck and spilled  
onto his security guard's uniform.

TONY

Joke time is over, Scottie.

Still very much confused, both Scott and Grady hear the  
rustling of handcuffs.

Amy tosses them in the dirt between the two boys.

Scott and Grady spot the cuffs, and then the girls as they  
smile back at them. The tape on their mouths gone.

AMY

Trick or treat, Scottie.

GRADY

Hell is this?

Amy crawls from the ditch, holds out her arm for Abra who also crawls out with little effort.

SCOTT  
(to Hughes)  
Dad?

HUGHES  
It's gonna be okay, son. If it kills me, I promise you it'll be okay.

Hughes snags the gun from Scott's hands.

GRADY  
No. This ain't right.

Amy and Abra turn to Grady. As do Hughes, Scott and Tony.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
(to Scott)  
You know what she did, man! Don't just stand there like you don't know!  
(to Abra)  
Tell him what you did to Daryl!

Amy turns to Abra, not following. Abra's guilt written all over her face.

GRADY (CONT'D)  
(to Hughes)  
You can't let her get away with that shit!

HUGHES  
You let us worry about Daryl, son.

SCOTT  
(to Grady)  
Give it up, man. It's over.

Grady backs away from all of them, slowly making his way toward the beach.

HUGHES  
No more running, son. This ends right now.

GRADY  
No. No way.

Grady stares at Abra as if to lock in on his prey.

GRADY (CONT'D)

(to Scott)

I'm not going out like this, man.  
This shit ain't over yet.

Grady charges Abra with the blade in hand, shoves Amy out of the way, grabs Abra by the hair, ready to drive the knife into her throat.

Amy SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

In mere seconds, Hughes loads the clip back into his gun, grips with two hands and takes aim.

Grady puts the knife to Abra's neck, attempts to hold her as a shield...

GRADY (CONT'D)

Back up!

POW!

A bullet between the eyes knocks Grady off his feet and into the shallow grave.

Abra collapses to her knees. In tears. Amy joins her in a long overdue embrace.

Wilting in defeat, Scott stares down at his dead friend.

EXT. ABRA'S HOUSE - STREET - EARLY MORNING

Abra stands with her PARENTS at the edge of their driveway as Scott is loaded, in handcuffs, into the back of Hughes squad car by his father.

Dobbs is also there. He offers a sympathetic smile to The Needhams as he crawls behind the wheel.

Hughes walks to the passenger side and throws one last glance back at Abra. A quiet, awkward moment. He gives her a simple nod goodbye.

Abra waves back.

Scott also stares back at Abra with an empty gaze. As if he's got nothing left.

Abra watches him as the car drives off.

ABRA (V.O.)  
 Watching Scott leave in the back of  
 that police car, I'm consumed with  
 so many different thoughts. I  
 guess you could say, I don't know  
 what to think. Or feel.

The car is down the street and gone as the night has  
 officially come to an end.

Abra's parents each wrap an arm around their daughter as they  
 begin back to the house.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 A part of me wants to play the  
 hapless victim. Let Mom and Dad  
 smother me with the superficial  
 hugs and kisses of parental guilt.  
 Bask in the attention I'm so  
 desperately seeking...

EXT. EAST MORELAND HIGH SCHOOL - WATER FOUNTAIN - DAY

Two MASKED CLOWNS dump a giant ice cube full of rubber human  
 hands into the school fountain.

SPLASH!

Both of them run like hell in opposite directions.

IN THE FOUNTAIN

The ice cube becomes almost invisible under water as the  
 BLOODY HANDS look all too real, appearing to float, all  
 on their own.

ABRA (V.O.)  
 The other side of me can't help but  
 feel some strange connection with  
 Scott and Grady...

INT. EAST MORELAND HIGH SCHOOL - GIRLS RESTROOM - DAY

One of the two clowns rushes in, stares at their own figure  
 in the large mirror. The mystery clown removes a creepy  
 mask to reveal none other than ABRA.

ABRA (V.O.)  
 I think maybe we're all victims at  
 some point...

She stares at herself with playful glee and outright pride at this latest school prank.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Sometimes from our own doing...

Abra checks the door and quickly ducks into one of the bathroom stalls. Her bookbag rests inside.

The door slams shut in our face.

ABRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Like the man said. When the line  
between fantasy and reality gets  
blurred, there's no such thing as a  
harmless joke.

Behind closed doors, Abra LAUGHS IT UP.

FADE OUT.

THE END