

"Working Title" First Draft

By

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FADE IN

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM-8:00

Open on extreme closeup of JOE. Sounds from two different T.V.'s are heard. JOE is sitting at the corner of the kitchen table, eating a microwave dinner and watching the T.V. in the other room through the doorway. He's watching a crime show of some sort.

Behind him, in the living room part of the kitchen, is his younger/older (?) brother, MARK, watching the T.V. in the living room. He is watching a science show of some sort. He looks a bit stressed. The two teens are not communicating with each other.

A ring from a cell phone is heard. MARK quickly takes his phone out of his pocket, but hesitates to answer it. Before answering, he makes his way off the couch and starts down the hallway. JOE does not react nor notice any of this, even the ring.

MARK

(heard under both T.V.'s)  
Yeah?... (noticeably angered, but trying to hold back) I found it with your stuff, don't even give me that... Look, I told you what I'm gonna do... No, you don't understand, you're lucky I don't take this even further.

At this point, JOE is up and cleaning off his plate, still watching the T.V.

MARK

(stuttering from being cut off from other person on the line)  
I'm done. I'm no--I'm not negotiating this. I'm sorry (clearly rushing the other person off the phone) I'll talk to you later.

MARK goes to end the call, hesitating again, but finally hangs up. He has made his way back into the living room at this point. JOE is finishing washing his dishes.

JOE

(still watching T.V.)  
Who was that?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

(hiding something)

Tim. He, ah, stole my English essay  
and passed it in as his own.

JOE

(still showing little  
interest)

Oh. (short pause) Hey, did you hear  
anything about someone stealing my  
bike a few days ago?

MARK

Stealing?

JOE

Yeah, I was looking for it  
yesterday an--

MARK

It wasn't stolen, I took it  
yesterday cause my chain was  
broken.

JOE

(becoming angered)

Well, then where is it now?

MARK

I left it at Tim's.

JOE

What?

MARK

It was raining. Sam came and picked  
me up.

JOE

Why didn't you even ask me first?

The two of them are actually turned and looking at each  
other now.

MARK

Oh c'mon, I'll have it back  
tomorrow.

JOE

You do this all the time. You can't  
just take my stuff. I paid for  
that.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Relax. I pay for stuff too and you just take it.

JOE

You buy video games and crap, I don't take them to another neighborhood. Where exactly did you leave my bike?

MARK

(thinks for a second)  
I'll have it back tomorrow.

JOE

Are you kidding me? You don't even know where it is?

MARK

Chill out! It's at Tim's.

JOE

Tim just stole your fricken essay, and now he has my bike?

MARK

Whatever! Jesus, just go back to your fricken show, I don't have the patience right now for another one of these fights.

MARK storms down the hallway. JOE rolls his eyes and walks into the living room to turn off the T.V. MARK was watching. JOE'S phone rings, he looks at who's calling, rolls his eyes again, and flips open the phone.

JOE

Yeah?

SAM

(on the other line)  
Hey. (trying to show care, but not feeling it at all) Ah, did you eat and everything?

JOE

Yeah.

SAM

How are you guys?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I'm fine, (indicating MARK down the hallway) Mark's being a douche as usual.

He now begins to make his way to the Den, where his T.V. is.

INT. DEN-SAME TIME

Continuing his conversation with SAM, JOE staggers into the room and watches the T.V. during his conversation.

SAM

Whatever. Where is he?

JOE

He just stormed off into his room.

SAM

Okay, I'll be home in like an hour. I'm just down the street, though.

He plops himself down in the couch in the Den.

JOE

(rolling his eyes yet again)  
All right, bye. (clearly trying to end the conversation)

SAM

Okay, call me if you need me.

JOE

All right, bye.

Without waiting for a response, he flips his phone shut, and releases a frustrated sigh.

INT. DEN-SOME TIME LATER

JOE awakes slowly from a dead sleep. The T.V. is still on, just clearly showing a later show.

He rubs his head, showing visible pain. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone, noticing the time. Confused, he gets up and stumbles out of the room and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM-SAME TIME

The kitchen counters are a mess, the couch in the living room is askew, chairs to the kitchen table are pushed around, and cabinets are opened.

Still rubbing his head and stretching out his body, he makes his way to the hallway.

JOE

Hey, Mark! (pause) Mark!

He walks down the hallway towards MARK'S room, continuing to call his name.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

MARK'S room shows clear signs of distress. A lamp and clock have been knocked on to the floor, along with books, pens, and other small objects. A cabinet on the dresser is opened and dented. The closet doors are ajar and the lights are off. With the darkness, its hard to make anything out.

JOE is on his way in from the hallway.

JOE

Mark, what just happened? Mark?

JOE flips the switch on the wall and the lamp on the floor turns on. The light doesn't illuminate the whole room, but caught in the light's rays is a stain of a red substance on the carpet. JOE notices this and bends down to pick up the light. He follows a red path with the light to the desk in the opposite corner. There, covered in blood and leaning back on a chair, is MARK, illuminated by the light.

JOE screams, dropping the light and losing his balance. He stumbles out into the hallway, struggling to breathe.

INT. BATHROOM-SAME TIME

JOE pulls himself into the bathroom and gags into the sink. He finds support in his legs and stands upright. He looks in the mirror...

His shirt is covered in blood. He rips it off and runs into the other room.

INT. HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

JOE, with a new shirt on, has thrown himself against a wall, with his hands sifting through his hair, still trying to catch his breath.

Staying where he is, he takes his phone out and calls up SAM.

SAM  
(after ringing for quite a while)  
(noticeably upset)  
...hello?

JOE  
(not attempting to contain himself at all)  
Mark's dead!

SAM  
(angry, but still upset)  
Joe! Joe, come on!

JOE  
I just woke up and he was dead!

SAM  
(pause)  
Wait, what?

JOE  
I don't know what happened! And there was blood on my shirt-Sam, I didn't do this!

SAM  
Joe, Joe, it's okay. Just breathe. Everything is gonna be alright, I promise. I'll call the police an-

JOE  
(interrupting her)  
No! No, don't call the police! I'm innocent but it looks like I did it!

SAM  
Fine. I'll be right there. It's gonna be okay! I believe you. We'll get through this, okay?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

But, Sam!

SAM

Joe, stop! Please! I'm on my way over, I'll be there in a few minutes. Just hang in there, okay?

JOE

(losing it)

Okay.

JOE waits a few seconds and then ends the call. He begins sobbing into his palms, loud and dramatically.

He finally gets up...

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

...and pulls himself into MARK'S room. He hesitates, but then reaches down and picks the light up.

As MARK'S dead body is illuminated again, JOE falls into the wall, holding back his emotions. He gathers himself and sets the light on the dresser. The room is now normally lit.

JOE finally confronts his brother's body. We see MARK'S hand clenching on to a kitchen knife, and another knife sticking out of his chest. Blood has stained his shirt as well, and some continues to drip out from his mouth.

Blood begins to drip from the chair to the ground. JOE stares at it for a minute in deep thought. He then turns and finds a clock, noting the time to be 8:21.

In disbelief, he \*stands up and takes a few steps away\* and takes out his cell phone. He opens up his recent calls and looks at the second to last call he made. It reads: "Sammy: 16 minutes ago"

His stomach sinks and his head raises. He turns to gaze at the dripping blood and then to MARK'S body.

His only brother had to have been killed just moments before he woke up.

A phone rings.

JOE is startled, but reaches into his pocket and rips out his phone.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
Hello?

SAM  
Hi, it's me. Sorry my car wouldn't start.

JOE  
Sam, this had to have happened like less than five minutes ago.

SAM  
What do you mean?

JOE  
He must have been killed just a few minutes ago.

SAM  
Well, yeah.

JOE  
Sam, I was on the phone with you a few minutes ago! I Don't remember any of this!

During SAM's next like, JOE notices something on the floor and begins to kneel down to take a closer look at it.

SAM  
Joe, calm down. I'm right around the corner and I'll talk to you in a minute.

JOE picks up what he was looking at. It is a piece of paper with a shoe print on it.

Neither JOE or MARK is wearing shoes.

JOE  
Sam, wait.  
(pause)  
Someone else was in here.

SAM  
(short pause)  
What?

JOE  
There's a piece of paper on the floor here with a footprint on it.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Okay. Umm... just leave it there.  
I'll take a look at it when i get  
there.

JOE

Okay.

SAM

Umm... how big of a foot is it?

JOE

Umm... kinda small. Why does that  
matter? Me and Mark both arn't  
wearing shoes.

SAM

Oh. Okay. Whatever, never mind.  
I'll be there in a sec.

JOE

Okay, bye.

JOE hangs up his cell and continues examining the piece of paper.

There is a bang coming from outside.

JOE jumps and looks towards the window. He waits a second and then goes towards it. Lifting up the blinds, he cautiously looks out the window. He doesn't appear to see anything. After a pause, JOE gets up and walks out of the room.

INT. DEN-SAME TIME

JOE walks into the room and looks out some more windows. After a few seconds, he rips out his phone again.

As the phone rings, he flicks on the light to the deck outside, next to the den.

A figure is silhouetted and begins to run away.

JOE throws his phone down and bolts out through the sliding door.

EXT. BACKYARD-SAME TIME

The two figures jump off the deck and continue the chase around to the back of the house. The other figure appears to be limping. JOE launches himself at it, tackling it to the ground.

It fights back, struggles, but then rolls JOE over and punches him in the face.

The figure brings itself back to its feet, followed shortly by the disoriented JOE, and the pursuit continues.

In another desperate leap, JOE clings on to the figure's ankle, whipping it to the ground. The figure frustratingly thrusts its other foot into JOE's face and gets back to its feet.

By the time JOE gets back up to continue the chase, the figure is nowhere to be seen.

JOE continues quickly around to the front of the house in an effort to relocate the figure, but to no avail.

A quick glance to the driveway refocuses JOE's attention. SAM had just pulled in. He goes back into the house through the front door.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM-SAME TIME

JOE walks in through the front door and makes his way through the hallway into MARK's room.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

JOE walks into the room to find SAM frozen in front of MARK's body. JOE goes to speak, but catches himself to give SAM a moment.

After a few seconds, SAM begins to sob. JOE decides to break the silence now.

JOE

Sam, I know who did this.

SAM is startled. She turns and sees JOE, and wipes her tears away quickly.

SAM

(quickly and concerned)

What? Who?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

He was just outside, I tried chasing him but he got away.

SAM

I just pulled in less than a minute ago. I didn't see anyone.

JOE

Well, he couldn't have gotten far.

SAM begins focusing on something on JOE's head. JOE becomes confused.

JOE

What?

SAM

What happened to your head?

JOE feels around his skull and finds a rather defined bump. It is beginning to swell and turn red. It is oblong rather than round.

JOE

I... I don't know.

SAM

You were hit with something.

JOE

Yeah, what?

The two begin searching around the room for what may have hit him. JOE looks over near the dresser and closet while SAM looks near MARK's body.

She freezes again. Her eyes are fixed on a baseball bat resting on the floor below MARK's left hand.

JOE

Well whatever it was, it probably knocked me out and its probably why I can't remember any of this.

This releases SAM from her trance.

SAM

Yeah probably.

JOE

So if we find that, that's even more proof that I didn't do this.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You said you woke up with blood on your shirt?

JOE

Yeah, but that doesn't mean I killed him. I don't know how that happened.

SAM

Have you checked the rest of the house?

JOE

For what? No, I haven't.

SAM turns and makes her way out of the room. JOE follows her, worried and confused.

INT. JOE'S ROOM-SAME TIME

SAM hurriedly walks into the room. JOE quickly follows after her. She stops in the middle of the room and looks around.

JOE

Sam, what is this about?

SAM doesn't respond, but goes over to JOE's desk and starts searching vigorously.

JOE

What are you looking for?

SAM

I don't know.

Sam searches over by JOE's bed now.

JOE

Sam, I don't underst-

Both of them freeze as SAM reveals a bag of weed under JOE's pillow.

JOE

(defensive and progressively becoming out of control)

That's not mine! I honestly don't know how that got there. What does this even have to do with anything? Sam, Sam, come on. I don't know why that's there but it has nothing to do with-

(CONTINUED)

Both become aware of a car pulling up in front of their house. SAM looks out the window for a closer look.

It's a police car.

Without speaking, SAM puts the bag in her pocket and goes to leave the room.

Still, freaking out, JOE moves to see what is out front. After noticing the cop, he starts following SAM.

JOE  
(losing it)  
Wh-How- I told you not to call the  
cops!

SAM  
I didn't.

Scene continues in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY-SAME TIME

JOE is following SAM. SAM stops right before the living room with the with front door and waits.

JOE  
Then why are they out there? You  
can't let them come in here! Sam,  
both of us will be arrested if a  
cop sees this!

SAM  
(trying to hold back, to not  
make too much noise)  
Joe, shut up!

There are knocks on the front door.

JOE  
(begging)  
Sam, at least give me time to get  
out!

SAM heads for the front door.

JOE  
You can't do this! Please!

SAM  
Shut up and go in the other room! I  
will handle this.

(CONTINUED)

JOE reluctantly obeys and backs back into the hallway, losing his balance and rapidly breathing uncontrollably, while SAM continues to the front door.

The sound of a door opening is made. JOE tries to calm himself.

SAM

Hello?

VOICE

Good evening, miss. I'm Officer McJames of the Plymouth Police Department. We recieved a call from a neighbor who claimed to have heard some... rather disturbing sounds coming from this house.

SAM

(quite shaken up)

Yes, Officer, would you mind coming inside for a moment?

At this invitation, JOE loses his footing. He is now back to freaking out again. Terrified, he pulls himself back down the hallway into MARK's room once again.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

JOE storms into the room, still on the verge of hyperventilating. He immediately makes his way to MARK. SAM's conversation with OFFICER MCJAMES continues from the living room.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Is everything alright, miss?

SAM

Well, I just got home only moments ago. My brothers have been home all night, though.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Your neighbor claimed to have heard violent shouts and loud crashes, those sorts of sounds.

(apparently noticing how beat up the house was)

What happened in here?

JOE begins searching violently around MARK's body, looking for anything to prove he is innocent.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Well, I don't know exactly.

(clears throat)

But, my brother, Joe, he was... he was here. And so was my brother, Mark. And, well...

OFFICER MCJAMES

What is the problem?

SAM

Mark was attacked. Joe is telling me he can't remember any of it, but I think it was him who did it.

Upon hearing this, JOE notices the baseball bat under MARK's arm. He begins to panic and starts searching through MARK's pockets.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Where are the two boys now?

SAM

They are both in the other room right now. Officer, I'm really glad you came. I was beginning to get afraid of Joe.

JOE rips his hand out of MARK's pocket with MARK's cell phone and something else. A small green leaf. JOE freezes. The bag of weed found under his pillow was MARK's.

OFFICER MCJAMES

What exactly is going on, miss?

SAM

I don't know. There was a fight apparently. It looks like Joe was hit with something heavy in the head, so he might really just not remember.

JOE flings open MARK's phone and goes to his recent calls. The last call he received came from a restricted number 26 minutes ago.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM-SAME TIME

The conversation between SAM and OFFICER MCJAMES continues.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER MCJAMES

Where are your parents this evening?

SAM

They are on a cruise. They're coming back on Friday.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Okay, miss, I'm going to have to speak to both young men before I leave. I just have to make sure the dispute is settled.

SAM

Officer, that's the thing, it's already been... just come with me, please. I don't know how else to... just follow me.

SAM begins to lead OFFICER MCJAMES down the hallway.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Should I be concerned right now, miss?

SAM

(losing it)

Yes.

The two continue towards MARK's room.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

SAM enters the room first.

SAM

(beginning to cry)

I didn't know how else to-

OFFICER MCJAMES enters the room and sees MARK's body.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Oh my g-

He reaches for his handgun. Its too late.

VOICE

Don't move!

SAM gasps. OFFICER MCJAMES hesitates, but then lowers his hand.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE  
Walk forward!

The two take a few steps forward.

SAM turns around. It is JOE. He has a handgun pointed at the two of them. OFFICER MCJAMES also turns to face JOE.

SAM  
Joe!

OFFICER MCJAMES  
Where did he get that gun?

SAM  
Its my dad's.

JOE  
Quiet!  
(he pauses)  
The weed was Mark's!

OFFICER MCJAMES  
What weed? Miss, you better fill me  
in.

SAM  
I found under Joe's pillow!

JOE  
I didn't take it! I didn't!

SAM  
Joe, please! Please, just turn your  
self in! You don't remember what  
happened! Please!

JOE  
Stop! He got a phone call- right  
before you called me- he was angry  
about something. He said it was his  
friend, Tim, but that call came  
from a restricted number. He was  
keeping something from me. If you  
find out who-

SAM  
(interrupting)  
Joe, that doesn't mean any-

JOE  
(shouting over her)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE (cont'd)  
If you find out who made that call,  
then you will find out who killed  
him!

OFFICER MCJAMES  
(shouting more)  
Sir, you need to lower that weapon  
immediately.

SAM  
Joe, just do what he says! Please!  
You're only going to get yourself  
into more trouble!

OFFICER MCJAMES  
Your sister is right! Drop the  
weapon! You don't want to hurt  
anyone else!

Their words become too much.

JOE turns and sprints out the door and down the hallway.

SAM follows. OFFICER MCJAMES pulls his radio to his mouth  
and runs after him.

OFFICER MCJAMES  
(into radio while running down  
the hall)  
I need back-up. 11 Hood Drive,  
Plymouth. I have a homicide and an  
armed suspect fleeing the scene. He  
is dangerous and considered a  
threat.

INT. DEN-SAME TIME

JOE whips through the sliding door, which is still opened.  
He attempts to quickly close it behind him.

SAM is stopped by the door. She opens it all the way back.

OFFICER MCJAMES is able to run right through the opening.  
SAM follows after.

EXT. BACKYARD/WOODS-SAME TIME

JOE jumps off the deck, followed closely by OFFICER MCJAMES. They head towards the woods. SAM follows somewhat slowly behind the police man.

Being more agile, JOE is able to gain some distance between himself and OFFICER MCJAMES, jumping over branches and maneuvering around trees. SAM continues to linger well behind the officer.

JOE finally breaks free of the brush and reaches a strait-away in the middle of the woods and books it. Shortly after, MCJAMES emerges and follows.

JOE freezes. A large pile of dead trees lay in front of him. Upon instinct, he quickly turns about and raises his firearm.

JOE

Stop!

OFFICER MCJAMES skids to a stop. SAM lingers in shortly after MCJAMES. MCJAMES also has his gun out, but keeps it pointed down. The two of them are about five feet from JOE.

JOE rapidly switches his aim between the two.

JOE

Don't move!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Young man, you need to lower that weapon right now.

SAM

Joe, stop! What are you trying to do?

JOE

I didn't kill him! I know I didn't!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Young man, you are only making yourself look more guilty by doing this!

JOE

I didn't!

SAM

Then who did? You were the only one with him for the past three hours! No one else ever went in the house-

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Stop! Stop telling me I killed my own brother! Stop!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Young ma-Joe! Joe, please, just lower your weapon and all of this can be settled!

JOE

No! Not till you two accept that I'm innocent!

SAM

Joe, you told me you woke up twenty minutes ago with blood staining your shirt!

JOE

There was someone's shoe print! In Mark's room! Someone else's, not ours!

SAM

What did you do with that? I never saw it!

JOE

I left it on the floor! It has to still be there!

SAM

I looked for it! All over! It wasn't there!

JOE

But I saw the person! He was on the deck! I chased him around back but he got away!

SAM

Joe, I pulled in right then! I didn't see anyone else!

JOE

(extreme)

Sam, I am not lying to you!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Joe, you need calm down and drop that gun. Right now!

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I didn't do anything!

SAM

You just don't remember doing any of it! The bat that knocked you out was right below Mark's hand!

JOE

How could I have killed him if he knocked me out? Huh? And why did I wake back up out in the den?

OFFICER MCJAMES

Joe, I am going to give you ten seconds to drop that gun, or you are going to force me to take action. Ten!

JOE

Why would I kill him? What reason could I possibly have had to kill my own brother?

SAM

You told me on the phone before this all happened that Mark was pissing you off!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Nine!

JOE

He always pisses me off!

SAM

There's the bag of weed, too! You even said yourself that it had to have belonged to Mark!

JOE

I would never smoke weed! Neither would Mark! It had to have been someone else's!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Eight!

SAM

But why would it have been in his pocket?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

There was the phone call he made!  
He was telling someone what he was  
planning on doing! Maybe it had to  
do with the weed! Maybe he found it  
on someone!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Seven!

JOE

Maybe that person was afraid of  
what he said he was going to do!

SAM

Or maybe you found the weed on him  
and couldn't handle it! Maybe  
seeing him with it just made you  
crack!

JOE

No!

OFFICER MCJAMES

Six!

SAM

You just told me both of you are  
completely against it! Maybe seeing  
your brother with it made you start  
a fight with him!

JOE

(beginning to lose it)

No!

SAM

Maybe that fight got bad. Maybe  
both of you ended up fighting for  
your lives!

JOE

(giving in)

No! No, Sam, that can't be!

JOE freezes. Memories are coming back into his head now. A  
flash back starts.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-FLASH BACK

We see Mark, standing in his room, holding the bag of weed.  
JOE walks in.

JOE  
What are you doing?

The time flashes ahead. Both MARK and JOE are in defensive positions.

JOE  
You told me you'd never touch that  
stuff!

The time jumps again. We are in the kitchen. JOE is thrown into the kitchen table. A pair of scissors falls to the ground. MARK is thrown into a chair.

Time flashes again. We are back in MARK'S room. MARK is holding a baseball bat. JOE is hit in the head. MARK gasps. He has been stabbed. JOE is in front of him, holding the scissors. Blood is spraying on to his shirt.

EXT. BACKYARD/WOODS-MOMENTS LATER

JOE snaps back. He is no longer breathing deeply. His entire face is sagging down. OFFICER MCJAMES'S voice fades back in.

OFFICER MCJAMES  
Three!  
(pause)  
Two!

JOE'S arms collapse. The gun is released. His face does not change at all as MCJAMES throws him to the ground.

CUT To BLACK

FADE IN ON:

EXT. FRONT YARD/POLICE CAR-LATER

JOE is handcuffed behind his back, sitting in the back seat of MCJAMES'S cruiser. He is leaning forward, still unconscious. The back door is left open. MCJAMES is talking on his radio as JOE regains consciousness.

OFFICER MCJAMES  
I have the fleeing suspect  
apprehended and the situation seems  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER MCJAMES (cont'd)  
calm now. I haven't been able to  
examine the scene too well yet but  
it looks like this kid did it...

JOE looks around and realizes its all real. He tries to move his hands, but the handcuffs prevent it. He struggles desperately to break free of them, but obviously to no avail.

An object falls from his pocket. Its MARK'S phone. His words come into his mind.

MARK  
(disembodied)  
I found it with your stuff, don't  
even give me that...Look, I told  
you what I'm gonna do...

JOE slips into another flashback. We are back in MARK'S room, the same scene from the previous flashback.

MARK  
Look, Joe, this isn't what this  
looks like. This was supposed to be  
settled between the two of us, you  
weren't supposed to be involved.

JOE snaps back. His head rises. His breath slows. Then the visions start again.

A third figure becomes apparent in the room. MARK and JOE continue.

JOE  
You told me you'd never touch that  
stuff!

MARK  
Joe, please! This isn't mine!

The figure speaks, but its voice is unrecognizably distorted.

FIGURE  
Mark, just give it back!

MARK  
I told you what I was going to do!  
That is final!

JOE  
(to the figure)  
Wait, this is your's?

The black and red sweatshirt on the figure becomes noticeable.

JOE snaps back again. His mind is clearly at work.

We are back in a flash back. This time we are later on. JOE is in the den turning on the deck light. The same person, with the same sweatshirt is illuminated, standing on the deck.

He snaps back again. He brightens up, but his breathing quickens.

He goes back in a flash back. He is chasing the figure around the back of the house. It is clearly limping.

Now we are back in MARK's room. The figure swings a knife at JOE. JOE counters with a baseball bat, low and hard to the knees.

JOE snaps back out. He's now completely back in the police car.

OFFICER MCJAMES's voice fades in.

OFFICER MCJAMES  
...can call the back-up off for  
now. But we definitely still need a  
forensic or CSI unit down here.

JOE looks around. MCJAMES is the only person nearby.

JOE  
(hesitantly)  
Officer? Excuse me, can I-

OFFICER MCJAMES  
(over radio)  
One minute, he's regained  
consciousness.  
(to JOE)  
I guess now is when I should read  
you your rights.

JOE  
No! Officer, I really think there  
was some-

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER MCJAMES

(interrupting)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you.

JOE

(overlapping)

No! No, no, Officer will you please just listen to me!

OFFICER MCJAMES

(louder)

Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?

SAM begins walking in down the driveway, noticed by JOE.

JOE

Officer, I really think there was another per-

OFFICER MCJAMES

(firmly reiterating)

Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?

Something catches JOE's eye coming from up the driveway. SAM against the retaining wall, clutching her knee in pain.

JOE freezes, staring at her.

INT. DEN-EARLIER

JOE is casually sitting on the couch, continuing to watch COPS. On the show, a man is being thrown forced into a police car, handcuffed, and claiming he is innocent.

Suddenly, a shout of some girl is heard from the other side of the house.

VOICE

Mark, please! I know what I'm doing!

JOE is confused and gets up to check it out.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

JOE walks into the room. MARK is sitting in his chair. A girl with a black and red sweatshirt is standing near the window.

It's SAM.

JOE  
(shocked from seeing her)  
What are you doing?

MARK gets visibly frustrated. JOE notices the bag of weed in his hand.

JOE  
What the hell is that?

MARK  
Look, Joe, this isn't what this looks like. This was supposed to be settled between the two of us, you weren't supposed to be involved.

JOE  
You told me you'd never touch that stuff!

MARK  
Joe, please! This isn't mine!

SAM finally speaks, noticeably upset and stressed.

SAM  
Mark, just give it back!

MARK  
I told you what I was going to do!  
That is final!

JOE  
(to the figure)  
Wait, this is your's?

SAM  
Mark! Really! You don't understand!  
I need that back!

JOE and MARK look at each other.

JOE  
Is this what that phone call was really about?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Yeah. I was going to show give it to mom and dad so they can get her some help.

(pause)

But, if-

JOE

But what?

MARK

Look, if she's in trouble we need to give it back to her!

JOE

Are you kidding?

MARK shifts back and forth between SAM and MARK.

SAM

Oh my god! Just give it to me!

SAM lunges at MARK. He attempts to fend her off, but she persists. JOE goes to assist MARK.

They all fight for the bag. SAM grabs hold of it and MAKES off down the hallway.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM-SAME TIME

JOE catches up to SAM, blocking her from the front door.

JOE

Sam, stop!

She turns and books it through the kitchen for the back door. JOE lunges at her, but she turns and counters. JOE is thrown into the kitchen table.

MARK enters and goes for the SAM. She deflects him on to the counter top, but not before he was able to take the bag. The figure kicks MARK into a chair.

SAM picks up the pair of scissors. JOE and MARK look at each other.

MARK

Sam, what are you doing?

The three pause. MARK, with the bag of weed, books it back down the hallway. SAM follows with the scissors.

INT. MARK'S ROOM-SAME TIME

MARK runs in and grabs his baseball bat on the floor. He turns and swings low towards SAM, who is rushing in behind him. She dodges and thrusts her arm into his stomach.

He coughs. JOE enters. MARK has been stabbed.

SAM pulls the scissors out, hesitates, and launches them back in his chest.

MARK coughs up blood and falls into his chair. SAM backs away. JOE rushes over to MARK. JOE holds the scissors and eases MARK into the chair. JOE can't get himself to react at all. MARK dies as JOE holds him.

JOE remains there. Frozen.

Suddenly he is pushed away by SAM. Before she can make another move, JOE has the baseball bat and whips it into her legs. She falls, but recovers and tackles JOE into the bed.

As JOE lifts his head, the bat is already being swung. It hits his head and he is thrown off the bed to the ground. He struggles for a second, but gives up and lays there.

SAM remains in the room, just standing there. She then moves and picks JOE up and drags him out of the room.

EXT. FRONT YARD/POLICE CAR-MOMENTS LATER

JOE is back, still staring at SAM. SAM notices, then realizes what she is doing. She returns the stare and begins to back away.

OFFICER MCJAMES

I said, do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?

JOE looks up at the officer, then back at SAM. She turns and begins to hurry back into the house.

JOE

Yeah, I do.

He kicks the door into MCJAMES and sprints out of the car after SAM.

OFFICER MCJAMES

Hey!

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM-SAME TIME

SAM limps through the front door, followed shortly by JOE, who shuts the door behind him quickly and locks it, still with his hands cuffed behind his back. SAM rushes down the hallway.

JOE gets to the ground and starts shimmiing his arms from around his back over his legs. MCJAMES gets to the door and begins pounding on it furiously.

JOE gets his arms around and sprints after SAM down the hallway.

INT. PARENT'S ROOM-SAME TIME

SAM is making her way out of a window as JOE runs in.

He tries to make it to her but she manages to escape. He quickly follows her through the window and out on to the bulk head doors.

EXT. BACKYARD-SAME TIME

SAM limps desperately for the woods as fast as she can. JOE hurries behind her. She is tackled to the ground before she makes it.

JOE rolls her on her back. JOE stares at her. He can't find any words.

SAM

I knew it wouldn't take long for  
you to remember it all.

JOE continues his stare.

SAM

But, I'm glad you did, cause you  
know what the cop has to do when he  
finds us now, right?

JOE sits up. Something illuminates him from behind. There's a loud report. JOE is jerked forward.

Another. Followed by two more. He falls to the side of SAM, staring her in the eyes.

MCJAMES rushes over.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER MCJAMES  
Are you alright, miss?

SAM turns to JOE, who's eyes remain fixed on her.

SAM  
Yeah, Officer. I'm alright. Just a  
bit shaken up.

MCJAMES helps her to her feet. Blood begins to poor out of  
JOE's mouth. He remains there, frozen.

CUT TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS