

The Madman Is Near

(First 37 pages)

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BRANDON'S CAR - EVENING

A man and a woman both in their late 20's, drive down a rural road with the radio on low.

BRANDON is the driver. He is flipping through the radio stations, but most have poor reception.

BRANDON

Well, you cool with a.m radio gospel?

TARA snorts and shakes her head.

TARA

Oh yes. I need a cleansing of my sins!

He stops on a station with a passionate preacher. The two of them laugh and mock the sermon.

BRANDON

Praise-uh! JeSUSSSSS-uh!!!!

TARA

TELL 'EM REVEREND!! Speak that truth!

They continue goofing off. Brandon looks ahead and his smile fades.

Nothing but woods and farmland as far as the eye can see.

BRANDON

You have any idea where we are? I dont recognize any of this. (Picks up phone). Of course we're in a damn dead zone

TARA

If I did, I would be driving. I haven't had service in like 10 minutes.

Brandon laughs and smiles at her. She smiles back.

BRANDON

you're my favorite smartass, you know that?

TARA (SMIRKS)

Really? Well, it seems like you  
need a map, not a cell signal,  
Copernicus.

BRANDON

See! There it is.

Her smirk turns into a genuine smile. She grabs his hand and he returns the favor.

The moment is interrupted by blue and red lights flashing behind them. Only Brandon notices, at first.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Tara stops smiling and looks in the rear view mirror at the police car behind them.

EXT. BAR - EVENING

Three friends in their 20's exit a dive bar. Clouds of smoke fill the moonlit sky. Heavy metal music blares in the background. Setting the tone.

About a dozen people are hanging out in front of the bar. Mostly smokers and band members packing their equipment.

The trio head toward the parking lot.

Two of them are a couple. The third wheel is JOHN. He's your typical plain black hoodie and blue jeans type. Not one to stand out in a crowd.

He finishes rolling a joint and then lights it. He takes a puff, and then attempts to pass it to the couple who are paying more attention to each other.

Since they don't notice, he takes another hit.

EDDIE is the boyfriend. A former high school jock, with the beginning stages of an adult beer gut. He gives his girlfriend a lame compliment.

EDDIE

Have I ever told you that you look  
like Jennifer Lawrence?

VAL is a beautiful redhead with a little meat on her bones. She looks at him annoyed and patronized. She looks NOTHING like her, but possesses both beauty and courage. A fighter for sure.

VAL (LAUGHS)  
Really, Eddie? Yikes.

John reaches in his pocket to grab his phone. He receives a text from BECCA, a new friend from a dating site.

BECCA TEXT  
Hey you! how's the show?

John starts typing back.

EDDIE  
What? YOU DO!

(to John)  
John, what do you think? Doesn't she look like Jennifer Lawrence?

At first he doesn't pay attention because he is typing, but then snaps out of it like a deer caught in headlights.

JOHN  
Huh? Oh, ummm.

He looks at Val who looks as if she'd do anything for a change of conversation.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Hey, hey - don't involve me!

EDDIE  
Oh come on! Help me out, here!

They all laugh. She looks at John in a pleasing way. He notices, but Eddie doesn't.

JOHN  
Um... She looks like...VAL?

Val laughs. Eddie playfully boos.

EDDIE  
What a safe thing to say! Go text that chick you don't even like.

Val cracks up and John turns red, trying not to smirk.

VAL  
Awww is that who you're talking to?

She playfully looks over John's shoulder at his phone.

VAL (CONT'D)  
Hit it and quit it! You don't need  
to put a ring on it!

John and Eddie crack up.

EDDIE  
Talk about YIKES. That was rough!

JOHN  
Oh god! Nah, I mean she's okay, but  
I dunno. Just started talking to  
her.

EDDIE  
Uh huh, Uh huh. Well listen man, no  
shame in a rebound. I mean she's at  
least SOMEWHAT cute, right?

John shakes his head.

JOHN  
You guys are crazy.

He takes another hit of the joint. The other two are curious.

VAL  
You gonna pass that or what?

Eddie pokes his head up like a child offered ice cream. John  
passes it to Val.

JOHN  
Ladies first!

He gives her a sarcastic, shit eating grin. She responds with  
a middle finger.

VAL  
I'll give you a LADY

EXT. PARKING LOT

They find John's car.

As he unlocks it, he notices shadows of people in the  
distance. He is hypnotized by them. They stand out, but only  
the silhouettes.

VOICE  
Watch out.

Only John hears this. It surprises him. He looks over at the  
other two, but they continue talking to each other.

The shadows are no longer there.

John looks down at his joint as if it were magic potion that actually worked.

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

RACHEL and KARL are a couple in their early thirties. They are sitting on the couch watching TV.

Their styles are opposite. Rachel looks like a Sunday school teacher. Perfect posture with a smile that seems painted.

Karl is more of the musician type. He wears a black beanie with dark hair peaking underneath. An electric guitar wired to a small practice amp, rests on the chair beside him.

He is clearly ill. His face pale and flush, eyes sunken and gaunt. He has a blanket wrapped around him.

Rachel looks at him nervously and places her hand on his leg.

RACHEL

I swear if you get any worse, we're going to the hospital! I don't care what you say!

He laughs with a slight cough. He places his hand on hers and smiles.

KARL

Chill. You're gonna make yourself crazy.

RACHEL

But, your last temp was 102. You're diabetic and -

KARL

I'll be okay. You're too good to me.  
(laughs)

A tea kettle goes off in the background. She looks up and gasps like an amused child.

RACHEL

Ooo! Tea's ready!

She gets up and runs toward the kitchen.  
Karl is clearly amused.

KARL

I think you're more excited about  
it than I am.

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Rachel power-walks toward the stove. The tea kettle calls out  
louder and louder.

RACHEL

Coming! Coming!

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Karl - What cabinet are your mugs  
in?

She opens and closes a bunch as she asks. The moment he  
begins to answer, she finds them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Nevermind! Got 'em!

She takes the kettle off of the burner and places it aside.

The home has a large kitchen with several windows. Most  
notably , the window above the sink. It adds to its charm.

Especially the moon which seems to highlight everything. The  
trees, the bushes....and the two dark silhouettes watching  
Rachel.

KARL(O.S.)

Were Brandon and Tara cool about  
tonight?

RACHEL

Oh yeah. They understood. They hope  
you feel better and all that stuff

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Someone is at the front door.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Brandon and Tara have just been pulled over. They sit in the  
car as they wait for the officer to approach.

TARA

Why are you being pulled over?

BRANDON

I don't know. I wasn't speeding or  
anything.

He looks in the rear view mirror to see nothing but the shining lights. The windshield is too dark to see the officer.

TARA

Weird. Maybe you have a tail light out?

BRANDON

I don't know, maybe - oh! Here he comes. Do me a favor? I have my insurance and registration in the glove box. Mind grabbing it for me?

TARA

Yeah, no problem.

She opens the glove box, finds the information and hands it to Brandon.

We see the officer walk toward the car. He looks to be in his early 30's, and is dressed in typical state trooper attire - hat and all. He taps the rear bumper with two fingers before approaching.

Oddly enough, he looks...friendly. Almost dorky like a Barney Fife type, but not to that extreme.

He takes out a flashlight and signals Brandon to roll down the window. He complies.

The officer shines the flashlight into each of their faces.

He smiles widely.

TROOPER

How're we doing, tonight?

Brandon and Tara look at each other, then nervously respond.

There's an awkward pause.

TROOPER (UPBEAT) (CONT'D)

Good, good! State Trooper Broderick with the highway patrol. I'm gonna need your license, registration and proof of insurance please and thank yooouuuu!

Brandon hands him his information. The trooper is impressed with having it prepared for him.



TROOPER (CONT'D)

Well! Well! All good and ready to go, huh? Sit tight! I'll be back.

He quickly heads back. Brandon calls out.

BRANDON

Can you tell me what I'm being pulled over for?

The officer ignores Brandon's request and enters the squad car.

Another police car pulls next to the trooper's, and the two exchange a short conversation.

The other car drives off. The trooper stays.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

He's a bit...SUNNY, huh?

TARA (SNORTS)

Better than an asshole.

They share a chuckle.

BRANDON

Is your phone working?

Both of them grab their phones, fiddle with it a moment, then sigh in frustration.

TARA

Nope. It's been charging, too. What the hell? Still NOTHING.

BRANDON

Yeah me neither. Fuck.

TARA

I guess all we can do is play it cool?

BRANDON

Yep.

TARA

Something is not right about him.

Brandon studies the car through his rear view mirror. He squints, then looks back.

TARA (CONT'D)

What?

BRANDON

His car. I mean I'm not an expert or anything, but isn't that an old model?

Tara looks back and notices as well.

TARA

Oh yeah. That's a Crown Vic, right?

BRANDON

Yeah it is.

TARA

Weird. Why would he have that?

EXT/INT. JOHN'S CAR - LATER

The three concert goers are heading out of the parking lot.

John is driving, while the other two are in the backseat - holding hands like teenagers.

John sees this in the rear view mirror.

JOHN (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Christ.

Eddie pulls out his phone. He got a message. His face lights up as he raises his fist, victorious.

EDDIE

Yes! Yes! Yes! I got it! Oh my god, I got it!

Val's face also lights up as she cheers and hugs him. John smiles , but has no clue what's going on.

JOHN

What? What's the good news?

EDDIE

I just got a promotion! I'm now head of security!

John genuinely cheers and fist bumps Eddie.

JOHN

Nice! Congrats man! That's awesome!

EDDIE

Thank you, thank you! I run it now! All mine!

John sees in the rear view mirror the genuine pride and happiness in Val's eyes. She really does seem to like Eddie.

VAL (TO EDDIE)

I'm so proud of you. I know how hard you worked.

Eddie seems to get over his over the top goofy ego for a moment. He looks at Val the same way she looks at him. John smiles.

EDDIE

Thanks babe. Really, you always rooted for me.

They kiss.

JOHN

Stop. I'm starting to get turned on

They laugh as they kiss. Eddie playfully gives John the finger.

THUD!

Black smoke covers the windshield. This gets everyone's attention.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit!!!

The car still drives, but starts to slow down. There's an empty commuter parking lot coming up on their right.

VAL

Pull in there! Pull in there!

John does so.

As they pull in, we zoom out to see the shadow people/silhouettes watching from across the street.

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rachel enters the living room while someone knocks at the door. Karl starts to get up, but she motions him to sit back down.

RACHEL

No, no - I got it! Don't get up

He laughs and stands up anyway.

KARL

I promise I can wipe my own ass! I got it.

They both laugh as he waddles to the front door.

Rachel walks behind him and giggles.

RACHEL

Dayummm! Look at that ass!

She lightly slaps his butt. He laughs and shakes his head.

KARL

Keep it up and I'll make sure you walk funny for a week.

RACHEL (SMIRKS)

Promise?

Karl looks through the peephole, but there's no one there.

He opens the front door and looks around. Nothing.

KARL

Hmm, that's weird.

RACHEL

Wrong house?

KARL

I guess?

RACHEL

Well, come back in and sit. I'll get your tea. You need to get better so you can make me walk funny.

Karl shuts the door and heads back to the couch. Rachel goes to the kitchen.

She comes back in with two mugs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, but I made one for myself.

KARL

No, not at all! Thank you so much. You really didn't have to.

She smiles and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

RACHEL  
 You're welcome. you're a good guy  
 and I -I- You've been good to me.

KARL  
 Yeah?

RACHEL  
 Yeah, I'm not used to it. Like at  
 all.

He coughs, but smiles at her. He looks exhausted, but you can  
 tell he is happy exactly where he is and who he is with.

KARL  
 I'm glad you said that. I really  
 am. The last month has just been  
 amazing with you.

RACHEL  
 Really? Ahhh so it IS mutual.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

KARL  
 Ugh, what the hell?

There is a short, yet tense silence. They're both confused,  
 yet a little nervous.

KARL (CONT'D)  
 Who is it?  
 Silence....

KARL (CONT'D)  
 Someone's playing games.

He gets up, but Rachel grabs his arm.

RACHEL  
 Wait...

She pauses.

KARL  
 Yeah?

RACHEL  
 I umm... Nothing.

KARL  
 It'll be alright.

They both walk to the door. Rachel nervously stands behind Karl.

Along the wall to the left of them is the TV, and a window above it.

Through the window, the two shadows look into the home. Unnoticed.

He looks into the peephole.

KARL (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He looks back at Rachel and then into the peephole.

A small dark shadow of what looks like a child, stands at the doorway. We don't see their face.

KARL (CONT'D)

There's a kid out there.

RACHEL

What? A kid?

Karl opens the door, but doesn't take the chain off the lock. We can see the child through the small opening of the door, but doesn't move.

KARL

Hey buddy, you okay?

Silence...

He turns on the light and they both jump and cry out.

What stands before them is a motionless child who is dressed in a Halloween costume. The mask is a skull with an attached hood and the costume itself is a grim reaper robe.

KARL (CONT'D)

sorry, you scared us a bit.

Silence.

KARL (CONT'D)

Bud?

He slowly walks toward the kid, but Rachel places her hand on his shoulder and shakes her head.

RACHEL

We need to get back inside.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Brandon and Tara are waiting for the trooper to return.

Brandon nervously taps on the steering wheel while constantly looking in the rear view mirror.

We hear the sound of a car door opening and closing.

The trooper is heading back to them.

BRANDON

Here we go.

The trooper comes up to the window. Their smiles fade.

The trooper gives Brandon back the paperwork and his ID.

TROOPER

Mr. Brandon Kelly?

(Brandon nods)

The reason I stopped you sir, is because I noticed you were swerving all over the road. Have you had anything to drink tonight?

Brandon and Tara look at each other.

BRANDON

Really? No, not at all. We were meeting up with friends for dinner, but they bailed so we're just driving around.

TROOPER

Oh I gotcha! I know it's really dark around here. Hard to see the road at night!

BRANDON

Yeah I'm not too familiar with the area.

The officer shines his flashlight in Brandon's face - blinding him.

He squints and shields his face. The officer awkwardly stares into Brandon. His piercing gaze seems to rip right through him

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Sir-

TROOPER (STERN)

Step out of the car, please.

BRANDON  
What? Why? I'm not doing anything-

TROOPER (BLURTS OUT LAUGHING)  
Oh man! I had you! I suck at  
keeping a straight face.

Brandon and Tara are not sure how to react.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Oh come on. Lighten up!

BRANDON  
(FORCING A LAUGH)  
You have quite the sense of humor,  
officer.

Tara glares at Brandon for that comment.

TROOPER  
But really, though. I gotta chat  
with you a minute. Step out, please  
kind sir!

Brandon complies hesitantly.

BRANDON  
Is everything okay? We're not doing  
anything.

TROOPER  
I'll let you know in a second. Not  
trying to be insulting Mr Kelly,  
but I'm going to need to pat you  
down.

The trooper gives him a quick pat down.

BRANDON (FRUSTRATED SIGH)  
Yeah, whatever.

TROOPER  
Got anything that's gonna poke me?  
Stick me?

BRANDON  
No, sir.

The trooper quickly searches him and of course finds nothing.

TROOPER  
Alright, thank you for that. Stand  
in front of my car for me, please.  
I'll let you know what's up.



The trooper peeks into the car to get Tara's attention.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
You have your ID with you, ma'am?

TARA  
Yeah.

TROOPER  
I'm gonna need that, please. I know, I know. I'm a pain in the ass.

She sighs in frustration and hands it to him. He glances at it.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Sit tight, Miss Snyder. I'll be with you in a moment.

She doesn't respond.

During this time, not a single car drives by. The only things surrounding them are fields and woods.

As the trooper follows Brandon, 2 silhouettes can be seen standing in the field across from where they are. Unnoticed.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD (TROOPER AND BRANDON CONFRONTATION) - EVENING

Static from the trooper's radio interrupt the evening peepers' chant. A distorted voice of a woman is heard, but her words are inaudible.

TROOPER (PULLS THE RADIO TOWARD HIS MOUTH) (CONT'D)  
All clear, over.

Brandon stops and turns around when he reaches the car.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Mr. Kelly -

BRANDON  
Brandon...

TROOPER  
Okay. Brandon. The reason I pulled you aside is because I smelled weed when I approached your vehicle.

Brandon scoffs and shakes his head.

BRANDON

Oh for fuck's sake! I don't have weed!

TROOPER

Listen. Listen. I don't wanna embarrass you in front of (looks at Tara's ID) Tara, is it? I'm so sorry, but I have to do my job.

Brandon is in disbelief. Insulted.

BRANDON

You're so full of shit.

TROOPER

Yeah?

BRANDON

Yeah. This is ridiculous. You and I both know you didn't smell anything.

The trooper stares blankly into his eyes. It's as if there was no life to him, like he's a machine. A complete 180 from the goofy, Barney Fife type.

He inches forward, close to Brandon's face.

TROOPER

I'm in control, Mr. Kelly. Not you.

He looks over at Brandon's car.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Miss Snyder, get out of the car!

Tara opens the door, but only pokes her head out.

TARA

Sir?

TROOPER

Get out of the car and put your hands where I can see them.

She nervously complies. She gets out of the car and holds her hands up.

BRANDON

What are you doing? Leave her alone.

TROOPER  
My job, Mr Kelly.

TARA  
Please. We didn't do anything.

TROOPER  
Come here, Miss Snyder.

She slowly walks toward them.

Brandon opens his mouth to speak, but the officer punches himself in the face several times. HARD.

BRANDON  
What are you doing? STOP!

He does, but blood trickles down the officer's grimace.

TROOPER  
You're a bad man, Mr. Kelly. You  
just assaulted a police officer.  
(looks at Tara)  
You see what your boyfriend did?

He takes the gun from his holster and points it between Brandon's eyes.

BRANDON  
Woah! Woah! Wha-what are you-

TARA  
OH MY GOD! PLEASE! No, no no no!

TROOPER  
Goodbye, Mr. Kelly.

TARA  
BRANDON!!!!

Brandon tries to speak and then....

POP!

The gun goes off and Brandon drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Tara screams.

The officer calmly looks over at her and puts his index finger to his lips.

TROOPER (CALMLY)  
Shhh! Quiet! You're gonna scare the animals.

EXT/INT. EMPTY PARKING LOT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

John, Val and Eddie are sitting in John's car - clam-baking. They're all very stoned. The car is completely filled with smoke. They all look like zombies.

John is finishing up a text with BECCA. He puts the phone down and takes another hit.

EDDIE  
Damn dude. she's really blowing your phone up, huh?

JOHN  
(sarcastically)  
What can I say? I'm irresistible.

Eddie snorts, but Val looks a bit paranoid.

VAL  
What if the cops come by?

EDDIE  
Come on Val. They're not going to care.

JOHN  
We're not going anywhere, and I have my med card.

Eddie is more stoned than the rest.

EDDIE  
Why didn't Tara come with us tonight?

JOHN  
She's with her new boyfriend.

EDDIE  
So? Does he not like metal or something?  
(changes subject)  
OH! We should get the tow truck guy stoned!

Val gives him a playful slap on the arm.

VAL  
he has to drive, dumbass!

They all laugh.

EDDIE

Sooo? I drive so much better  
stoned!

John nods in agreement.

JOHN

It's true!

EDDIE

How long did they say they were  
gonna be, anyway?

John's phone lights up.

JOHN

That's him now. What are you,  
psychic?

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOORWAY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The child in the grim reaper costume taunts Rachel and Karl.  
It does not speak or move.  
They are both freaked out.

KARL

Hello? You okay?

He reaches out to the kid, but then a loud commotion is heard  
coming from the kitchen.

(Several loud crashing sounds.)

KARL (CONT'D)

Shit! Someone's in there.

The child falls over on its side. They now realize the child  
is only a mannequin.

They're both momentarily stunned. Then immediately get back  
into the house and shut the door.

Karl starts coughing and grabs his chest. He is still sick,  
after all.

KARL (CONT'D)

Rach, call 911. I gotta check the  
kitchen.

As she takes out her phone, he heads toward the kitchen.

## INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

As Karl enters the kitchen, pots and pans are scattered all over the floor. All of the cabinets and drawers are wide open.

He stops dead in his tracks, confused and horrified.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Someone's definitely here!

He looks around the room to see if there are any signs of entry. The sliding glass doors in the dining room part of the kitchen are closed as well as the blinds. The window above the sink is also closed.

He backs away and turns to head for the living room.

## INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Karl is now in the living room, but Rachel is gone. Her phone is on the ground and the front door is wide open.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Rachel?

He runs to the front doorway and looks around outside. Nothing but darkness. No sign of Rachel.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Rachel! Where are you?

Karl gets back into the house and slams the door. Rachel's phone is still on the floor. However, he notices it is still on. She didn't hang up. We see the phone timer and the red light indicating its in use.

He picks it up and puts it to his ear.

KARL (CONT'D)  
H-hello? Is someone still there?

There's momentary silence. Then subtle heavy breathing.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Who is this?

Someone replies, but the voice seems artificial yet angelic. It's a male voice, but barely speaks above a whisper.

VOICE  
Who is this?

KARL  
I don't have times for games,  
where's Rachel???

VOICE  
I don't have time for games,  
where's Rachel?

The voice on the other end repeats everything Karl says.

KARL  
Enough already!!!

VOICE  
Enough already.

As he goes back and forth with the voice on the phone. A blurry figure appears behind Karl, coming from the front doorway.

They are walking slowly, but their face is out of focus. Just a blur.

A soft choking sound is heard. Karl turns around. What he sees makes him drop the phone.

KARL  
Oh my god.

He coughs a bit, clutching at his chest. His eyes start to mist.

The blurry figure is Rachel. She has been viciously attacked. Her throat is slit and there are several stab wounds on her body. Both of her hands wrap around her neck with blood gushing between her fingers.

Her eyes wide and horrified. She struggles to speak.

With a weak arm, she reaches out for him. He reaches back, but then she collapses.

He tries to soften the fall, but is too weak from his own illness to catch her.

She hits the floor, but not too hard.

He takes off his hoodie and presses it on the neck wound, but it barely does anything.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Dammit!

He reaches for the phone that was dropped and presses on it frantically.

KARL (CONT'D)  
FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT SERVICE!!!!  
COME ON!!!!

The moment this happens, Rachel's body goes limp.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Rachel? Rachel?!?!?!?

He frantically shakes her, but no response.

A soft cackle is heard coming from the hallway where the bathroom and bedroom are. This enrages him.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I hear you, you fuck!!! Come on  
out!!!!

He gently places Rachel's body on the floor and has a hard time standing up.

KARL (CONT'D)  
chicken shit!

The lights in the home go off. It is pitch black.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Alright. You wanna do it like that,  
huh?

He coughs a few more times and stumbles toward the hallway. There's a broom leaning on the wall next to the partition between the dining room and living room. He grabs it for protection.

Breathing is heard through the darkness. It does not belong to Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I can hear you. Come on out and  
fight!

He enters the hallway's black abyss ready to battle whoever is hiding.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

The Trooper has lost his mind. Brandon lays on bleeding on the ground.  
Tara is bawling hysterically.



TROOPER

I thought I told you to be quiet?  
 (to Brandon)  
 Stop being dramatic. I just grazed  
 you.

He kicks him a few times in the ribs which wakes him up.  
 Brandon winces and touches the side of his head and ribs.  
 Tara runs over and crouches beside him.

TARA

Oh my god. YOU'RE ALIVE! Are you  
 okay?

BRANDON (TO THE TROOPER)

YOU FUCKING SHOT ME!

TROOPER (BRITISH ACCENT)

It's merely a flesh wound!  
 (changes back to normal)  
 Get up, Mr. Kelly

He grabs Tara by the back of her hair and violently pushes  
 her toward the squad car.  
 She fights but no success.

Brandon struggles to get back on his feet. He winces and  
 staggers after them.

As he does this, headlights are seen coming down the road.

They all notice.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Oh how fun!

As the car gets closer, it slows down to check out the  
 commotion.

It's a middle aged couple.

The trooper walks up to the driver's side window.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Everything's okay, folks! Keep 'er  
 moving.

They look at Brandon.

MAN

Is he okay?

TROOPER

Oh he's fine! Just had a little too much to drink. Have a good night!

MAN

Okay, officer. You too.

They begin to accelerate. Brandon yells out to the couple.

BRANDON

Call 911! Call 911! HE SHOT ME!

TROOPER

GET ON THE GROUND NOW!  
(to the couple)  
KEEP MOVING!

TARA

HELP US! HE'S GONE CRAZY!

MAN (TO HIS WIFE)

call 911.

He starts to drive.

The moment she takes out her phone.

POP! POP! POP!

3 shots are fired into the car. Both are killed instantly.

Brandon and Tara both cry out.

TROOPER

LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!

The officer gets into the slow moving car. He pushes the man aside and drives toward the field.

Brandon sees this as their opportunity to escape.

BRANDON (LOUDLY WHISPERS TO TARA)

Go! Go! Go!

Tara runs toward Brandon's car. He follows, stumbling with blood running down his face.

They get into the car and notice the trooper running to his.

He fires a few shots at them as they drive away. One of the shots hits the back window, shattering it.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

SHIT!

TROOPER  
GET BACK HERE!

He fires a few more times, but they're already down the road.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT

The three get out of John's car. A humorous amount of smoke pools out from all doors. They find this amusing.

EDDIE  
Yeaaahhhh there's no way they're  
not gonna notice.

John is on the phone with the tow truck driver. He peaks his head down the road. Headlights appear in the distance.

JOHN  
Okay, yep! I see you. Right hand  
side.

EXT. TOW TRUCK ENTERS PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The three walk toward the tow truck. We don't yet see the driver, but John is the one up front since it is his car.

The door opens and out comes ADAM. A man in his early 30s. A big smile paints his face. He wears a generic trucker's hat, with his long dreadlocked hair tied in the back.

ADAM  
Hey guys! Everyone okay?

They all nod.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Alright, hop in. It'll be a tight  
squeeze, but we can make it work.

The three of them look at each other awkwardly.

JOHN  
You sure that's okay? I was just  
gonna call for ride share or  
something.

Adam pauses for a moment, as if he wasn't prepared for that response.

ADAM  
Oh them? Nahhh! They'll charge you  
an arm and a leg. You already gotta  
pay for the tow. No worries, I got  
you! My wife is in the truck too.

VAL  
Your wife?

Adam is in the middle of getting the car hooked up to the tow.

ADAM (TO LINDA)  
Hey Lin? Start it!

The tow lifts the car up. She is controlling it from inside of the truck.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Yep! My wife, Linda. We work together. I'm Adam.

He says this proudly, which puts the group at ease.

They introduce themselves.

ADAM (TO LINDA) (CONT'D)  
Say hello, baby!

LINDA is the epitome of a 60s flower child, but in her late 20s. Her smile brighter than sunshine.

She leans over the drivers seat window and waves.

LINDA  
HI THERE! I made some room for yall!

Adam hands John a clipboard.

ADAM  
Just sign over here and we can take care of the payment at the shop, cool?

John nods, signs the papers and they get into the truck. They drive off.

EXT/INT - TOW TRUCK

John, Eddie, and Val are crammed in the backseat area of the truck. It's not comfortable, but it works. Eddie has the window seat, Val is in the middle looking miserable and John is on the other side playing with his phone.

Linda is on the passenger side also playing with her phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Looks like you guys got some busted hoses.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

That wasn't oil leaking out, by the way. I think that was radiator fluid.

JOHN

Yeah, I don't know what the hell happened. I baby that car.

ADAM

Well, our guys are great. We don't charge much, either.

He notices Linda sigh in frustration.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's up, hon?

As he says this, John goes back to his phone and types out a text.

LINDA

FINALLY!

ADAM

What?

LINDA

This guy he keeps me on "read" for like 10 minutes before he responds.

The three look puzzled. Adam looks back with a proud smile.

ADAM

We're swingers. She's been trying to get some dick.

Eddie snorts with laughter and Val tries not to laugh. John is still confused.

Eddie leans over to Val and John.

EDDIE (WHISPERS)

This is some Harold and Kumar shit.

Linda heard him. He was not expecting that.

LINDA

You're right. It is. So! Which one of you is gonna fuck me?

Her and Adam crack up, but the three of them don't - even Eddie. They actually look uncomfortable, especially John.

Linda sends a text on her phone.

JOHN  
I'm sorry?

Linda looks over to Val.

LINDA  
Tell me - does the carpet match the  
drapes, Miss Val? I like tacos too,  
ya know.....

ADAM  
How original.

Val doesn't answer. She is clearly uncomfortable.

EDDIE  
You serious?

PING! John gets a text.

BECCA TEXT  
You gonna fuck me or what?

John's eyes widen with fear. He looks up at Linda, who turns around and smiles. Adam is smiling in the rear view mirror. Eddie and Val are stunned.

LINDA  
It's so nice to meet you in person,  
John. I'm Becca. Well, Linda but  
you can call me Becca.

JOHN  
There's no way...

John looks over at his friends who are just as shocked as he is.

Adam doesn't say anything, just stares in the rear view at John.

BANG! BANG!!!!

Shots are fired, blood splatters and windows shatter. The truck swerves, but stays on the road.

Blood gushes out of Eddie's throat, while Adam fires 2 more shots at John - narrowly missing his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

Linda climbs over the passenger seat and starts slashing Val with a dull pocket knife. She is only able to do minor damage before being pushed off.

Adam points the gun at Val.

When she sees the gun, she retracts immediately. So does John, while poor Eddie clutches his throat, choking on his own blood.

Eddie falls onto Val, gushing blood all over her. She wails and holds him.

VAL  
Oh my god EDDIE!!!!  
(to Adam)  
What have you done?!?!? What have  
you done?!?!?!

LINDA (COLDLY)  
He shot him in the throat, you  
annoying cunt.

Adam stops the car. Turns around and points the gun at the two of them.

ADAM  
You're gonna get out and you're  
gonna do exactly as we say.

Linda's cold demeanor turns back into her "southern hippie" self.

LINDA  
Don't worry! It's not all bad,  
lovelies! We're gonna help a friend  
out then go to a beach house.  
Doesn't that sound like fun?

She opens the glove compartment and pulls out duct tape.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
We just gotta do the ole'  
switcharoo, first. Cool?

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karl staggers from the living room into the main hallway, holding a broom out in front of him as a weapon.

It is pitch black other than the moonlight shining through the windows. We see Rachel's lifeless body laying in the background.

(heavy breathing).....

Karl stops. The breathing sounds close, but we don't see anyone.

SMASH!!!!!!

Several dishes are heard breaking in the kitchen.

He swings the broom into the darkness, but hits the wall, leaving a hole.

(heavy breathing with a cackle)

The sound is coming from the floor. He looks down to see a recording device. It plays the breathing and cackling over and over.

The moonlight shows the two silhouettes from before, standing motionlessly in the living room. Next to Rachel's body.

As Karl leans down to pick up the device, the silhouettes are out of view. When he stands up, they're no longer there.

KARL  
What the fuck?

He slams the device on the floor, breaking it. Furious, he heads toward the kitchen.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Alright enough is enough! Come on out!

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT -KITCHEN - NIGHT

Karl stumbles into the kitchen, broom in hand. Plates and bowls are smashed all over the kitchen floor.

2 dark figures stand motionless.

Before Karl could react, he rapidly blinks his eyes until they roll in the back of his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BRANDON'S CAR - NIGHT

Brandon and Tara drive away from The psychotic cop. They look back and see they're not being followed. They sigh in relief, but still in a panic.

They both stumble for their phones.



TARA

Are you okay? My god I thought you were dead!

Brandon is mildly in shock. He touches the wound and winces.

BRANDON

I - I don't know....

TARA

We gotta get to a hospital! I'll drive once we get down the road a little bit.

She takes out her phone cries out in frustration.

TARA (CONT'D)

How is my phone STILL not working?!

She slams her phone down.

Brandon tries his and has the same luck.

BRANDON

There's no way that was a cop. No fucking way. I mean you saw the car.

They drive by nothing but fields and there are no cars on the road.

TARA

There's gotta be something around here. A gas station. SOMETHING!

BRANDON

Do you really think anything will be open around here?

The car starts to gently rock and make a dull grinding noise. Brandon looks confused.

TARA

What is that?

BRANDON

Oh no, no, no, no - shit! It's stalling!

The car slows down. Brandon hits the steering wheel in frustration.

TARA

What? HOW?

Other than the moon and the night stars, it is pure darkness.  
At least just for another moment.

A subtle flashing of blue and red lights appear in the far  
distance behind them.

BRANDON  
You gotta be kidding me.

TARA  
What?

BRANDON  
He's coming.

She notices the lights, too.

TARA  
Oh no....

The car comes to a complete stop. Brandon frantically tries  
to restart it, but it wont budge.

BRANDON  
PIECE OF FUCKING SHIT CAR!

TARA  
Are you strong enough to run?

He tries harder and harder, while the police car gets closer.  
No luck.

BRANDON  
I - I think so.

The lights get closer.

TARA  
WE GOTTA GO, NOW!!!!

Tara is the first to run out of the car and into the field.  
Brandon quickly follows - stumbling.

The police car is about 30 - 40 yards away.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

Brandon and Tara are running through the field. The Trooper's  
car is seen stopped in the distance behind Brandon's.

He shines a searchlight into the field. They duck down.

BRANDON

Do you think that's actually him  
and not another cop?

As soon as he says this, The Trooper calls out.

TROOPER (O.S.)

Mr. Kelly! Miss Snyder! I know  
you're out there!

They remain crouched down.

TARA

Does that answer your question?

TROOPER

You probably think I'm stupid, huh?  
Just going to let you run away like  
that?

He snickers.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

I like the hunt. Even if you do  
escape, I know that I can find...

There's a slight pause.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Miss Tara Snyder at 128 Grove Lane,  
and Mr. Brandon Kelly at 87  
Northwood Rd Apartment 31.

(laughs)

I still have your ID's.

We don't see the trooper, just the lights. He shuts them off  
and then slowly pulls into the field.

BRANDON

What's he doing?

The car stops and the door is heard opening and closing.

TARA

We need to keep going...

In a slight panic, she starts to power walk, but makes a  
cracking noise. The Trooper is heard laughing in the  
distance.

TROOPER

You gotta be quieter than that!

Loud and fast rustling is heard coming toward them.

BRANDON

Come on!

They run deeper into the field. The trooper gives chase, but we still do not see him. The flashlight comes out and glides along the field.

EXT. CORNFIELD - TROOPER'S PERSPECTIVE - NIGHT

The Trooper is shining his flashlight through the field while jogging. He has his pistol in the other hand.

Rustling is heard coming from not far ahead.

TROOPER

You're making this way too easy!

The moment he says that, a subtle glimpse of 2 dark silhouettes of different people are walking ahead. This catches the trooper off guard and makes him immediately stop.

Curiously, he shines the light closer to their direction. We see the back of their heads disappear into the field.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

You know - Running from a police officer doesn't exactly look good for you. Why don't you come out? Trust me, you'll get off much easier.

WHISPERS (O.S.)

Murderer...

The trooper is startled momentarily, but shrugs it off and continues on.

EXT. FIELDS - BRANDON AND TARA PERSPECTIVE - NIGHT

Brandon and Tara find a spot to catch their breath. The Trooper's voice is more distant.

TARA

There's gotta be a farm or a house or something close by. There's gotta be.

They both look around to see nothing but cornfields.

BRANDON

I hope so. We need to get as far away as we can.

BRANDON (OUT OF BREATH) (CONT'D)  
I-I just need a minute.

WHISPERS (O.S.)  
Careful...

Puzzled, Tara begins to turn around and then....

THUD.

Tara winces, softly grunts and groans. A trickle of blood comes out of her nose, then mouth.

Brandon is standing behind her with a hand on her shoulder. emotionless.

INT. KARL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

We start off in darkness. Subtle sounds are heard such as footsteps and a chair being dragged.

The darkness turns into a bright blur and then we see Karl's living room.

The lights are on. He is sitting in a chair with a noose around his neck. It doesn't appear as if he could move anything other than his eyes.

His fingers slightly twitch, but nothing else. Low moans are heard trying to come out, but barely audible. His lips tremble as his eyes lazily look around the room.

Rachel is laying lifeless on the floor, but no one else can be seen.

Footsteps are heard. They're slow and heavy, but no one is around. The footsteps sound even closer.... but NOTHING.

Karl is a little more "with it". He frantically darts his eyes and tries to scream, but only comes out in muffled moans and grunts.

Rachel is laying on her back, but rises up in a sitting position like the undead.

She looks over at Karl. A shit eating grin is painted across her face.

She has a recording device in her hand, playing a soundtrack of ascending footsteps. She giggles and tosses the device on the couch.

We pan out to see the noose is attached to a wooden plank in the ceiling that is unique to its architecture.

RACHEL  
Hi, sweetheart.

FADE OUT.