

They Know Not With Whom

By

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EXT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE. EVENING.

The front door of a rustic but well maintained two story cottage in the woods is open a crack. It is carefully pulled shut from within.

A second story window instantly illuminates.

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING.

A couple lay in bed. Both are very physically fit. The woman, GLORY BLAZES has soft features. The man, HOWITZER SHANE has a rugged, militaristic appeal.

As the two gaze blissfully at the exposed wooden beams which comprise the ceiling above, only sound to be heard is the gentle hum and occasional rattle of a box fan resting upon the window sill.

Glory takes a deep breath and looks over at Shane with a beaming smile. As though instinctive, Shane turns his head to her.

GLORY

Howz?

Shane gently puts his arm around her, pulls her closer.

SHANE

Hmm?

GLORY

You know what would be absolutely grand?

Shane takes a moment to think.

SHANE

If every moment could be as blissful as this?

GLORY

Well yeah, that to. But I was thinking more in terms of a sandwich of some sort.

Shane nods his head. He closes his eyes, turns his head. After a moment, Glory glares, gently nudges him. He smiles. She nudges him again, not so gently.

SHANE

Hmm?

GLORY
You're not asleep.

SHANE
Uhm-hmm.

GLORY
Howz, we both know how this is
going to end. You're prolonging the
inevitable.

Shane pulls himself to a seated position and puts on his pants. He then pulls himself up and out of the bed.

SHANE
So what do you want.

Glory shrugs, smiles. She holds up her fist, lifts a finger for each item.

GLORY
Meat. cheese. bread.

SHANE
Mayo?

Glory balls her hand back into a fist as she glares at Shane, who backs off with a passive chuckle.

SHANE (cont'd)
Just a joke.

Shane leans in, gives her a peck on the cheek. She smiles.

GLORY
Awe!

Shane pulls himself back up, exits the room. Glory pulls herself into a seated position, covering herself with the sheet.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

Shane enters the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator, and begins to study it's contents. He nods his head as he evaluates his options.

From first Person POV, Shane is being watched.

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING.

Back in the bedroom, the door creaks open to an ominous
ambiance. Glory is now being watched from 1st Person POV.
She gets out of bed, enters the attached bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

Shane removes several items from the fridge. His intruder
moves closer. Shane examines a bag of deli meat. Quickly, he
turns to the intruder; looks down.

SHANE

No!

A small terrier turns and slinks away.

SHANE (cont'd)

Hey!

The animal stops and walks back to Shane, wagging it's tail.

Shane removes a slice of ham from the bag. He balls it up,
tosses it down. The dog snaps it up and sucks it down in a
single motion.

Shane points a warning finger at the animal.

SHANE (cont'd)

And if you tell anyone about this,
you and I are gonna have words.

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING.

A *FLUSH* is soon followed by a moment of running water.
Glory exits the bathroom. She stops suddenly with a chill.

GLORY

Howzie?

Very suddenly, a masked, knife wielding INTRUDER pops into
frame.

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

As Shane prepares a sandwich, he looks closely at a baggy of
cheese. He holds it up, stares with squinted eyes.

A *BANG* *CLASH* *BOOM* distracts him. His eyes widen as
looks up and away.

SHANE

Glory!

With the baggy in hand, Shane dashes toward the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS. EVENING.

As Shane makes his way to the top of the steps, the sound of the violent struggle intensifies.

SHANE

Hang on!

Shane urgently races for the bedroom, the door is closed.

INT. BEDROOM. EVENING.

Shane bursts into the room, looks on in shock. Blood splatters the floor, walls, and ceiling. Pan over the mess as Shane cautiously slows his tone.

SHANE

The sell by date on this was the third; do think that makes it-

The camera slowly pans over to Glory scowling down on the beaten and bloodied body of the dead Intruder.

SHANE

What's all this?

GLORY

A broken idiot.

Glory turns to look in what remains of the mirror as she replies in a casual tone. As she does, revealed is a large military style tattoo covering much of her back.

GLORY (cont'd)

So about that sandwich?

CUT TO CREDITS

INT. GUEST BEDROOM. DAY: 48 HOURS EARLIER

In an extravagant bedroom, two woman sit on a bed as though having an emotional talk.

At the foot of the bed, KENNEDY (early 20s) has the look of a college hipster. Her face in her hands, it is clear that she is laboring over a difficult decision.

Sitting Indian style behind her and gently rubbing her back in a nurturing manner is ABIGAIL (early-mid 30s.)

ABIGAIL

Kennedy, it's been nine months.
Nine months! I'm starting to wonder
if you're as committed to this
relationship as you claim.

Kennedy lifts her head, her eyes full of recent tears, her
mascara a mess. She has a blank gaze.

KENNEDY

Abby, you know that I am. It's just
I've never done anything like this.
I don't know if I can.

Abigail takes Kennedy by the wrist with a "SHH."

ABIGAIL

And you've been saying that for
almost nine months! I believe in
you. We wouldn't have come this far
if I didn't. But the time has come
for you to come out of your comfort
zone.

With a pitiful "whimper," Kennedy shakes her head, then
leans back, propped up with her straightened arms.

KENNEDY

But it's just that-

ABIGAIL

It's just that, nothing!

With a giggle, Abigail pulls Kennedy to her feet and toward
the door.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

Now come on; everybody's waiting;
and they're *dying* to watch.

Kennedy's eyes widen, her jaw drops as she attempts to pull
away.

KENNEDY

Abigail, you never said the others
were going to be here.

ABIGAIL

Well I just did.

Abigail pulls the resistant Kennedy our the door.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

Abigail and Kennedy approach a door. They walk up to it and stop. Kennedy looks on reluctantly. Abigail turns and smiles.

ABIGAIL

Hey. I'm not going to lie. The penetration *will* hurt. But as you become more experienced, you'll learn to love it.

Kennedy slowly nods her head as Abigail places her hand on the doorknob, begins to turn it. Kennedy begins to tear up.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

As Abigail and Kennedy enter a larger bedroom, they both gasp in horror.

On the King sized bed is an older man, dead with multiple stab wounds

On a love seat against the wall, a couple make out. LIZZIE has a very wholesome and all-American appearance. BOBERT has that of a skater-pseudo homeboy.

JEFFREY (20s) is smallish, bookish, and covered in blood. Bloody knife in hand, he walks toward Abigail and Kennedy. Kennedy backs away, Abigail appears disappointed.

JEFFREY

What? Fucker started getting lippy and shit, so-

Abigail angrily snatches the knife from his hand, hands it to Kennedy who reflexively takes it.

ABIGAIL

I don't want to hear about it. Jeffrey, this isn't about you. This is about Kennedy and making her first time something special.

Kennedy passively shakes her head and shrugs.

KENNEDY

It's Ok.

Abigail turns sharply to Kennedy.

ABIGAIL
No. It isn't.

Abigail turns back to Jeffrey.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
You remember your first time, don't
you?

Jeffrey smiles and nods reflectively.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Yeah. So why shouldn't she remember
hers?

JEFFREY
You're right, and I'm sorry if I
came off as insensitive.

Jeffrey turns and hollers back.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Bring out the Milf!

ABIGAIL
Bring out the- would it kill you to
show some respect?

Jeffrey shrugs his shoulders.

JEFFREY
Did she earn it?

Abigail shakes her head as Kennedy backs off in shock.
Abigail walks toward Kennedy, takes her by the hand and
leads her back toward the center of the room.

The sound of muffled cries can be heard from O.S.

Two FOLLOWERS (Gender non-specific,) "Sam" and "Nat," the
Intruder from the first scene pull a gagged and terrified
housewife in tennis gear, Mrs. VOHLSTONE (Mrs. V) (41)
toward Abigail.

Mrs. V desperately shakes her head, attempts to put up
resistance. Kennedy breathes anxiously as Abigail rips the
gag from the woman's mouth.

MRS. V
I told you, he probably deserved
this. But I haven't done anything,
I swear!

ABIGAIL
Mrs. Vohlstone;

Abigail purses her lips in agitation as Mrs. V talks over her.

MRS. V
If anything, I owe you thanks. Do you have any idea how long I've been counting the days until he dropped?

ABIGAIL
Mrs. Vohlstone-

MRS. V
It's the whole reason I-

Abigail sternly cover Mrs. V's mouth with one hand, holds her other flat just above her head.

ABIGAIL
Mrs. Vohlstone, you're all the way up here.

Abigail lowers her hand to around her knee.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
And I need you down here. Now you're going to lose your life, and that's all there is to it. But that doesn't mean that you can't keep your dignity.

Mrs. V abruptly spits in Abigail's face. Abigail takes a deep breath, sucks it up.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Or not.

A FEMALE FOLLOWER, "Kristin" quickly hands Abigail a Kleenex. Abigail dabs her face. She then abruptly slaps Mrs. V across the face.

Before either can speak, from out of frame, Kennedy quickly and unsteadily makes a slashing motion at Mrs. V with the knife.

Mrs. V "SHRIEKS" as Kennedy drops the knife, backs away. Abigail bends down, picks it up.

Abigail makes a "zip the lips" motion. From behind, Jeffrey re-gags Mrs. V. Mrs. V's muffled pleas and cries continue in the background.

Abigail pulls Kennedy away, speaks kindly and casually to Kennedy in the foreground. She hands the knife back to Kennedy, who takes it as she nods.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
We talked about this. Your first
time shouldn't be a quick slash and
gash. Make it count. Make
it...intimate.

KENNEDY
Intimate?

ABIGAIL
Intimate. Now come on.

Abigail takes Kennedy by the hands, walks her back to the terrified Mrs. V, again removes the gag. Mrs. V takes a breath, momentarily suppresses her tears.

MRS. V
You don't have to do this.

Kennedy points toward Abigail, who now types on a smart phone.

KENNEDY
Try telling her that!

ABIGAIL
(Casually w/o looking up)
She has to do it.

Mrs. V turns to Abigail.

MRS. V
I have money.

Abigail looks up from her phone, then back down.

ABIGAIL
Duh.

Mrs. V gives up, hangs her head as she sobs silently.

KENNEDY
Oh come on. Don't cry.

Kennedy shrugs with an apologetic simper. She raises her trembling hand, holds the knife to Mrs. V's stomach.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
(Mouthed, inaudible)
I'm sorry.

Mrs. V winces helplessly. Kennedy presses the knife deeper, not breaking the skin.

Mrs. V. closes her eyes tightly, her wince becomes more intense as Kennedy closes her eyes and looks away, continues to dig into her with the knife.

As the intensity hits a climax, Kennedy sorrowfully pulls away.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

Mrs. V takes a sigh of relief. Kennedy walks to Abigail, hands her the knife. Abigail puts her phone down, takes the knife with a begrudging smile, watches Kennedy walk off.

As Kennedy walks past Lizzie and Bobert, Lizzie extends a nurturing hand.

LIZZIE
(Softly)
Hey-

Kennedy just shakes her head as she b-lines for the door, holding back tears. Exits.

Lizzie looks sadly at Bobert. He places his hand on her thigh, she quickly swats it away. He puts an arm around her, she lays her head gently on his shoulder.

Jeffrey approaches the disappointed Abigail from behind, places a hand on her shoulder. Abigail turns with a sheepish smile.

JEFFREY
So should I-

Abigail holds up her hand, shakes her head. Jeffrey holds up his hands, walks away.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Alright.

Mrs. V looks up with a relieved smile, followed by an immediate "GASP," as Abigail approaches swiftly and stabs her deep in the gut.

Lizzie watches as though turned on. Bobert covers his mouth with his fist, leans back.

Lizzie pounces on Bobert; they fall off the seat as Lizzie dominates the unprepared Bobert.

With the knife held in place, Abigail gazes into Mrs. V's dying eyes. Abigail brushes a lock of hair out of the woman's eyes.

ABIGAIL

Please don't take it personal.

Abigail rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

She wants her first time to be special.

Abigail cocks her head with a mockingly apologetic simper.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

I guess you just weren't the one.

With an intense grimace, Abigail gives the knife an abrupt twist.

Mrs. V lets out a final "GASP" and a "CHOKE," goes limp; dead.

Abigail pulls the knife out. She makes a cut motion with her hand to her throat.

The Followers release the body, allowing it to flop to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

From outside the door, Kennedy looks on, a conflicted expression on her face.

Abigail takes notice, turns with a shrug.

FADE

EXT. OUTSIDE PORCH. DAY.

Kennedy sits on the porch, her knees balled up, her face buried between them.

Abigail approaches from behind, sits down next to her. Kennedy looks up, then back down.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry.

ABIGAIL
Hey, it's OK. I just thought they
were what you were looking for in a
first.

Kennedy slowly shakes her head as Abigail places her arm
around her.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
The last thing I wanted to do was
make it feel rushed, and if I did,
I'm truly sorry.

Kennedy looks up as Abigail motions for her to move closer,
she inches toward.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
When the time is right, it's going
to happen for you.

KENNEDY
I really don't know-

Abigail SHH's Kennedy.

ABIGAIL
It will.

Kennedy pulls away, slaps her hands to her knees.

KENNEDY
But what if it doesn't? What if
I'm-

Abigail's demeanor becomes suddenly stern.

ABIGAIL
It *will*.

Kennedy stares back blankly, slowly nodding her head.

Abigail's kind and nurturing demeanor returns as quickly as
it had left. She springs to her feet, reaches her hands down
to Kennedy.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Now come on. I have a feeling we've
worn out our welcome.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

With an ominous ambiance, a rusted out, late model van creeps slowly down a winding, one lane road, emitting excessive exhaust as it does.

Suddenly, a newer model minivan with a stick family of all adults on rear window zooms past, sending the rusty van off the road.

INT. INSIDE FAMILY VAN. NIGHT.

The sound of a crash is heard as Jeffrey drives the minivan. Abigail sits in the passenger side casually reading a book.

The rest of the group are seated in the back of the van.

JEFFREY
Slower traffic keep right, shit
wit.

Abigail looks up from her book with a glare. Jeffrey shrugs. She immediately returns to her reading.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
They'll be fine.

The *BLAM* of an explosion is heard off in the distance.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Just the coyotes.

Abigail continues reading as she addresses Jeffrey.

ABIGAIL
Fun fact. We came out here to
escape the hectic pace of our
everyday lives.

Abigail puts down her book, looks to Jeffrey.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Ok, that's not entirely true. We
came out here to lay low until the
authorities find some black to pin
our latest project on. And while
I'm all for- honing our craft;
those of us who need to anyway-

Abigail turns and smirks at Kennedy who sits in the back seat, right in the center of the others."

All look to Kennedy in unison with blank stares. Abigail then turns back to Jeffrey.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
-and of course having fun with it,
we should probably remain somewhat
inconspicuous while we're here.

JEFFREY
And just *where* is here, anyway?

ABIGAIL
Just up the road.

JEFFREY
How far?

Abigail points off into the distance.

ABIGAIL
Do you see that little turnoff
around the bend?

JEFFREY
I don't see anything.

ABIGAIL
Well when you see something, *that*
will be here.

EXT. OUTSIDE CABIN. NIGHT.

The minivan pulls up to a rustic cabin in a wooded area. The cabin's curtains drawn, with lights dimly illuminating them.

They begin to get out of the vehicle and explore. Abigail is the last one out. She takes a deep breath and admires it with a smile. Lizzie and Bobert walk hand in hand.

BOBERT
So where's that guy already?

LIZZIE
Guy?

BOBERT
You know, the one who's supposed to
tell us that we're-

Mockingly dramatic tone with appropriate body language and gestures.

BOBERT (cont'd)
-doomed if we don't leave this
place at once, *doomed, DOOMED!*

Lizzie playfully chases and swats Robert, he backs away while laughing.

Abigail stands several feet from the cabin, hands on her hips. Kennedy and Jeffrey stand behind her. Jeffrey walks slowly toward as Abigail speaks.

ABIGAIL

This looks as good a place any,
right?

As Jeffrey comes to a window, he peeks closely inside. The silhouettes of four people at a table can be seen.

JEFFREY

Looks like they had the same idea.
Only they got here first.

ABIGAIL

I wouldn't worry about them. They
won't be staying long.

INT. DINING ROOM. EVENING.

Mr. Shapiro/MR. S (50) sits at the head of a dinner table. He has the appearance of a well to do businessman. At the other end, Mrs. Shapiro/MRS. A (47) is earthy and laid back to the point that she appears sedated.

On either side of them sit frat boy BEAU (25) and Preppy SHELLY (25.) They appear to be a wholesome, all American family. Beau and Shelly do not seem into Mr. S' small talk, as apparent via body language.

MR. S

I suppose if you like what you do,
your good at it, and there's money
to be made, that's all that
matters. Am I right Shelly?

The Young Woman shrugs her shoulders without looking up.

SHELLY

I mean yeah, that's one way to look
at it.

MR. S

That's the *only* way to look at it.

Mr. S pinches her cheek, then gently runs his finger down to her neck. He then sneaks his hand to her knee, runs it up her skirt as she looks down uncomfortably.

Mr. S pulls back his hand. He folds his napkin and puts it over his plate. He gets to his feet and "CLANKS" his glass with his fork.

MR. S

Ok. So as my lovely wife has
learned after-

(He looks down at his watch.)

Twenty four years, twenty hours,
eleven minutes, and thirty four
seconds of- mostly blissful
marriage, I'm not one for speeches.
But I would like to thank the two
of you for joining us on such small
notice, for such a special
occasion.

Mrs. A chokes down a handful of pulls, looks up and smiles.
Beau and Shelly listen on somewhat uncomfortably.

MR. S (cont'd)

So I thought that this would be as
great a time as any to exchange
gifts, so that we may begin
enjoying them immediately.

Mr. S looks to Mrs. S, who smiles and nods as she turns to
Beau with sly eyes.

MR. S (cont'd)

So who would like to go first?

Mrs. S sits up and pulls forward.

MRS. S

Why not unwrap them at the same
time?

Mrs. S sits back and plays with her hair. She winks at Beau.
He responds with a single nod of his head.

MR. S

It would certainly make it more
interesting.

Mr. S looks back and forth between Shelly and Beau.

MR. S (cont'd)

Would that be Ok with the two of
you?

Beau and Shelly shrug. Mr. S smiles, reaches into his pocket
and pulls out a remote. He points it to a stereo, which
begins to play "Nothing But a Good Time" by Poison.

Beau and Shelly get to their feet and strip down to their respective undergarments; Beau with suspenders and leather briefs and Shelly, lingerie and a rope.

Shelly gets on Mr. S' lap, puts the cord around the back of Mr. S' neck and begins a lap dance. Beau pulls Mrs. S to her feet, the two begin to bump and grind in the middle of the living room.

INT. BEDROOM 1. EVENING.

Shelly is tied to the bed. She wears Mr. S' suit jacket over her lingerie.

Mr. S enters the room dressed in all black. He holds what looks to be a hand gun.

MR. S

The jig is up, Jamie Blond.

Mr. S' shoots her with it, spraying her with chocolate sauce. The girl looks up submissively he pounces down, and begins to lick off the sauce.

SHELLY

(Comically bad)

You win, Doctor Feel Bad. I'll do anything you want.

Mr. S pulls himself up.

MR. S

That's not what the script says.
You're supposed to say I'll die
before betraying my nation.

SHELLY

But I don't want to die.

MR. S

It's for the script, silly.
Nobody's going to kill you.

SHELLY

Oh, well in that case.

(Intense, dramatic)

I'll die before I betray my great
nation. If you're going to kill
me. For you can take my life, but
you'll never take my- "GASPS"

Shelly "GASPS," chokes up blood as Out of nowhere, an axe comes down right through her midsection. Shelly convulses wildly as she remains tied down.

Mr. S looks up, Bobert, wearing a suit and top hat pulls off the hat and hurls it, Frisbee style. It hits the man directly in the man's throat, spraying blood. He drops, dead.

Above Shelly's convulsing body, axe in hand and dressed in gold spandex and face paint, Lizzy watches on with an ecstatic grin. She tosses the axe aside.

Lizzy throws Bobert down on the bed, atop Shelly's twitching body, then pounces on him.

LIZZIE

I don't expect you to talk, I
expect you to fuck my brains out!

As the two make out, Shelly continues to convulse. Without stopping, Lizzie casually pulls out a knife, stabs Shelly in the heart. Shelly goes immediately still.

PAN THROUGH THE WALL TO THE NEXT ROOM

INT. BEDROOM 2. EVENING.

Pan through the wall. Mrs. S rubs Beau's back as he lays on the bed with a relaxing spa style ambiance.

BEAU

Your hands are like magic, Mrs.
Shapiro.

MRS. S

I do use them quite a bit. But
please, you don't have to call me
Mrs. Shapiro.

BEAU

My bad...Carol.

She flips him onto his back, straddles him. She licks her lips, gently caresses his chest.

MRS. S

What about... mom?

Beau looks up at her quizzically.

BEAU

Mom?

MRS. S

Or mommy.

BEAU

Mommy?

Mrs. S pulls herself off of Beau. She becomes emotional as she sits beside him.

MRS. S

Gregory and I never had children.
By choice, of course. I never liked
kids. But I always have had this
fantasy about having a son. A
strapping young man like yourself.
And one night when he comes home
late; hopped up on the beer, and
the dope; he passes out. Down for
the count. And me; well I have my
way with him. Just fuck him into
submission. All. Night...

Mrs. S abruptly grabs Beau by the crotch.

MRS. S (cont'd)

Long.

Mrs. S seductively raises her brow, licks her lips. Beau looks on in disgust, disbelief.

BEAU

That is really-

His tone shifts to excitement as he pulls her down atop of him.

BEAU (cont'd)

Fucking hot!

They fornicate, and soon break into wild sex. Mrs. S tears off her top, as she reaches a climax, her lips form an "O." She then stops, "GROANS." Her head drops back. Her body follows suit.

Beau continues to thrust, slowly looking up as he comes to a stop.

BEAU (cont'd)

Hey! Come on now-

Beau squints his eyes.

BEAU (cont'd)

Mrs. Shapiro? Carol?

With a "GURGLE," Mrs. S begins to bleed from the mouth. Beau looks up in concern.

BEAU (cont'd)

Mom?

Mrs. S is forced forward onto Beau; a fire poker embedded deep into her back, she tumbles off to the floor, revealing Jeffrey standing at the foot of the bed.

Beau looks down and then up, almost in tears.

BEAU (cont'd)

Mommy?

Enter Kennedy, knife in hand.

KENNEDY

Sorry kid. You're an orphan now.

Still in the bed, Beau stares back at Kennedy. As Kennedy stares back nervously, the intensity of Beau's fear slowly diminishes.

Jeffrey looks to Kennedy with anticipation. He tosses his arms in the air.

JEFFREY

Come on, Kennedy, fuck.

Kennedy takes a deep breath, hands Jeffrey the knife and leaves turns away. Beau slowly gets up from the bed, thumbs toward the door.

BEAU

So, can I-should I go?

Jeffrey thoughtfully grabs his chin.

JEFFREY

Hmm, let me think about-

Jeffrey abruptly slashes Beau across the throat, killing him instantly.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

-no!

Kennedy storms off. Jeffrey begins to follow.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Kenn-

Jeffrey stumbles over Mrs. S' body.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
- fuck! Kennedy, come on.

Kennedy stops and turns with tear filled eyes.

KENNEDY
Please don't tell Abigail.

Kennedy turns and storms out the door, Exits.

INT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. EVENING.

Abigail addresses the gang in the great room of the cabin.

ABIGAIL
Home sweet home.

Abigail turns to Lizzie and Bobert, who make out on the couch.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Lizzie, Bobert; awesome work. Extra points for creativity.

Lizzie and Bobert high five as they fornicate wildly.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
And Jeffrey, you get a bonus for lending a helping hand to a friend in need.

Jeffrey pumps his fist. Catches a glimpse of Kennedy looking at him unhappily, then tones it down.

Abigail turns to Kennedy. She throws up her arms, then slaps them back to her thighs. Kennedy passively looks away.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Kens, what can I say. When it happens, it happens. No rush, no pressure.

Abigail turns to Nat with a smile.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Pick a number, one through three.

NAT
Me?

ABIGAIL
Close enough. What say you scout the area. Even a one horse town has to have a horse.

Abigail hands "Nat" a black sack, as well as the mask worn by the Intruder (Scene 1.)

EXIT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE. DAY. END FLASHBACK.

As seen from behind, Glory is dressed in casual summer attire. Squatted at the knees, she wipes the sweat from her brow as she works on a neatly planted garden.

Shane approaches from behind with two glasses of ice tea. He gets down on one knee, reaches around Glory and hands her a glass and gives her a peck on the cheek.

SHANE

So how's that new fertilizer working?

Glory pivots, gets to her feet, and turns to him with tears in her eyes.

GLORY

Shane, I'm afraid.

SHANE

Of what, him?

Shane motions to the ground.

GLORY

Do you think he was alone? How many of them do you think there are?

SHANE

Does it matter?

GLORY

Well yeah, it does. All it takes is for one of them to snap a shot and then send it viral. Next thing you know, the tabloids are all over us.

Glory tearfully bounds into Shane's strong embrace.

GLORY (cont'd)

It's just that I love you so much, and this is all I've ever wanted.

Glory pulls away. Shane wipes away her tears.

GLORY (cont'd)

And if we lose it because a bunch arrogant little pukes think they've unearthed the find of a lifetime, I don't know what I'd do.

Glory pulls back, balls her fists. As Glory goes on, he attempts to calm her down.

GLORY (cont'd)
Ok, the first thing I'd do would be to mash their little skulls into a fine pulp as their fucking mothers watch in horror, but after that-

SHANE
Hey-

Shane gently grabs Glory by the upper arms, looks into her eyes.

SHANE (cont'd)
Hey! Nobody's going to take anything away from us. I promise.

Glory looks down timidly as Shane brushes the hair out of her eyes.

GLORY
I trust you. But I feel we should send them a little message.

Shane shrugs his shoulders.

SHANE
Works for me.

The two wrap their arms around one another, gaze into one another's eyes.

EXT. OUTSIDE CABIN/PORCH. DAY.

Kennedy sits outside the cabin.

From First Person POV, she is watched from behind. The watcher moves in closer as Kennedy stares off thoughtfully.

FLASHBACK

INT. KENNEDY'S HOME. DAY: FLASHBACK

Inside a middle class home, Kennedy is preparing to leave the house. She is dressed in a white button down shirt, black pants.

An apron lays balled up on a counter. Kennedy snaps it up. Kennedy's MOTHER (45) comes downstairs.

KENNEDY'S MOTHER

Kenna, sweet-

Kennedy stops, does not turn.

KENNEDY

What?!

Her mother pauses before cautiously walking toward her.
Kennedy takes a deep breath.

KENNEDY'S MOTHER

It's only until the spring. But you
know how much we need the money.

KENNEDY

Isn't that what you said in the
summer?

KENNEDY'S MOTHER

And I meant it. It's just that-

Kennedy turns sharply, flails her arms out.

KENNEDY

Please give me the whole it's just
the hand I was dealt speech, so I
can feel guilty on top of
worthless.

KENNEDY'S MOTHER

Nobody ever said you were-

KENNEDY

And they don't have to. But the
apologetic looks when I'm whipping
up their fuck-a-chino say it all.
And it's not fair. They're a bunch
of fucking morons who skated by
while I was working my ass off; for
this!

Kennedy's mother turns away with her head down. Kennedy
tosses down her apron, shakes her head, and follows her.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Mom! I'm sorry, that's not what I
meant. I know you've been doing
your best. It's just-

Kennedy groans, clenches her fists in frustration.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Danny had all these funds set aside for him, and for what? Five and half years worth of drinking with a bunch of losers just like him; so he could follow it up with a lifetime of selling Suburus, again, with a bunch of losers just like him?

KENNEDY'S MOTHER

Please don't-

KENNEDY

I get it. You couldn't afford to send us both, and you squeezed him out first!

KENNEDY'S MOTHER

Kennedy!

KENNEDY

No! You bet on the wrong horse. And that's done. Now I have to bet on myself.

Kennedy grabs her apron, balls it up, and storms out of the house as her mother watches, holding back tears.

EXT. OUTSIDE CABIN/PORCH. DAY.

Fade back to the present. As the Watcher approaches, Kennedy turns with a sheepish smile.

KENNEDY

Oh, hey guys.

Kennedy is joined by Jeffrey, Lizzie, and Bobert. Lizzie sits down beside her, rubs her back. Jeffrey squats down at the knees, and Bobert leans against the patio wall.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

I'm sorry I keep fucking up. I mean maybe I'm just not; you know.

LIZZIE

Don't be ridiculous. You're going to be fine.

KENNEDY

Do you really think so?

LIZZIE
Without a doubt.

Lizzie repositions herself so facing Kennedy.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Maybe this will get you going.

Kennedy looks up with an attentive gaze.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Imagine that I'm your helpless
little victim.

KENNEDY
Huh?

Lizzie nods her head eagerly.

LIZZIE
You have everything you can
possibly imagine at your
fingertips. Power tools. barbed
wire. Rusty old medieval...cutlery.

Kennedy looks up with a chuckle.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
How do you murder me?

KENNEDY
Murder you?

LIZZIE
Uh huh!

KENNEDY
I couldn't murder you. You're too
sweet.

LIZZIE
But imagine that you had to. It was
your life or mine. And you had to
be creative. And you had to make it
really painful. And bloody. Or
else they'd like kill your mother.
And start tossing puppies in the
blender.

Kennedy giggles and playfully nudges Lizzie.

KENNEDY
You're insane.

Lizzie moves forward with an intense stare.

LIZZIE
Fucking kill me, you whore!

Kennedy backs up a few inches.

KENNEDY
Ok! I don't know. Maybe slice your throat.

Lizzie grabs her throat, gurgles.

LIZZIE
It's a start. But I'm not dead yet.

KENNEDY
Maybe....stab you bunch?

Lizzie clutches her abdomen. She writhes and groans.

LIZZIE
Now I'm *really* suffering. Give it a minute. Then put an end to me.

Lizzie continues to writhe and convulse. Kennedy scoots back. Lizzie pops closer. Kennedy looks up at Jeffrey. He holds up his hands and shrugs.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Oh, hey; there's a power drill on the counter.

KENNEDY
Ok, I suppose that I- stuff it in your mouth, then up through your brain?

LIZZIE
Oooohhhh!

Lizzie grabs her head, drops back, plays dead.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Good by Lizzie, hello quivering pile of-

Lizzie springs to her feet, grabs Bobert, throws him to the ground, and pounces on him.

Kennedy looks back, shakes her head. Jeffery takes Lizzie's place. Lizzie and Bobert continue to get it on in the background.

KENNEDY
Well that was pretty-

JEFFREY
Yeah.

KENNEDY
So what about you?

JEFFREY
What about me?

KENNEDY
Tell me what lead you down this path.

Jeffrey takes a deep breath and takes a moment to reflect. He shrugs.

JEFFREY
Heavy metal, cartoon, and video games.

Jeffrey puts his hand on Kennedy's shoulder.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Hey, we're gonna head into town.
Wanna roll?

KENNEDY
Yeah. Sure. Just give me a minute.

JEFFREY
Cool.

Jeffrey gives her a pat on the back, gets to his feet. Exits.

Kennedy takes out her phone. She stares at the screen;

ZOOM IN ON A PHOTO OF KENNEDY AND HER FAMILY HAPPILY
STANDING OUTSIDE A MODEST TOWN HOME.

She clicks it off and, stuffs it in her pocket, gets up and walks inside.

As Kennedy walks inside, Lizzie sits up and watches solemnly.

INT.TOWN STORE. DAY.

The Van pulls up to a store. Kennedy, Jeffrey, Lizzie, and Robert file out, head for the store.

Robert looks through a rack of old cassette tapes. He is approached by a FEMALE BIKER. He turns, gives her a nod. She flirtatiously plays with his collar.

FEMALE BIKER

Looks like somebody took a wrong turn on his way back to the frat house.

Robert turns back to the rack, goes about his business.

ROBERT

Yeah, I taken some wrong turns. Shit happens.

FEMALE BIKER

But who knows, this one could end up so very right.

Robert continues to shop the racks.

ROBERT

Or wrong.

FEMALE BIKER

Either/or.

Robert turns the the Biker.

ROBERT

Sorry, got a girlfriend.

FEMALE BIKER

And you think you're the first guy to have that kind of problem?

At the check out desk, Lizzie glares over at them, She addresses an elderly CASHIER. The Cashier appears oblivious to all around.

LIZZIE

Is it OK if I borrow this for a few?

The Cashier does not respond. Lizzie grabs the pen, gives it a click, click.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Danka.

Robert continues to fend off the Female Biker's advance.

BOBERT

Yeah, but mine's kind of;

Robert makes twirling motions around his head with both hands.

BOBERT (cont'd)

Whoosh!

FEMALE BIKER

Don't worry. I think I can take her.

BOBERT

Yeah, but probably not, though-

From behind, Lizzie hops on the Biker's back. Lizzie stabs her in the neck several times with the pen.

The Biker "SCREAMS," falls to the ground, with Lizzie on top of her. The Biker manages to flip on her back, bucking Lizzie to the side.

The Biker, grabs the back of her neck, then inspects the blood on her hand, becoming immediately enraged.

FEMALE BIKER

You're dead you crazy little bi-

Still on the ground, Lizzie propels herself atop the Biker, stabs her over and over, well after she's visibly dead.

Jeffrey takes notice of the commotion, followed by Kennedy.

JEFFREY

Ah, shit.

Jeffrey motions to Kennedy to get in the van. She heads toward the door. Two MALE BIKERS push past her on the way.

Robert and Lizzie make out over the lifeless Female Biker. Biker 1 points at them. Both Bikers walk toward them.

As Biker 1 walks ahead, Jeffrey gets the attention of Biker 2.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Hey! Stinky!

Biker 2 turns to Jeffrey with a scowl. Jeffrey pulls two cans of air freshener from a shelf, sprays Biker 2 down, sends him staggering.

Lizzie and Bobert look at one another, kiss, and nod. They swiftly descend upon Biker 1, tackle him to the ground.

As Biker 2 regains balance, he looks up; Jeffrey pushes over a large freezer, which lands on the Biker, crushing him. Jeffrey gets on top of the freezer, begins jumping on it.

Bobert punches Biker 1 in the face as Lizzie stabs him in the chest with the pen.

Jeffrey takes one more jump atop the toppled freezer, hops down as blood trickles from beneath. He runs to Lizzie and Bobert, begins pulling them away by their shirts. They follow, stopping to make out on the way.

INT. INSIDE FAMILY VAN. DAY.

Jeffrey drives the van, Kennedy rides shotgun. In the back, the blood soaked Lizzie and Bobert sit very properly. All four have serious, stoic expressions as they stare forward.

JEFFREY
So do you mind telling me what
happened back there.

No response.

JEFFREY
Would you mind telling *Abigail* what
happened back there?

Jeffrey takes a deep breath, massages his temples.

JEFFREY
Have we forgotten the lay low part
of our little getaway? We're not
looking for any unwanted attention.

LIZZIE
Like anybody's going to miss those
scuzzos.

Lizzie looks down and notices the pen in her hand.

LIZZIE

Oops! I forgot to give that nice old man back his pen. Hey, can we double-

JEFFREY

No! Fuck! Abs is going to be *pissed*.

LIZZIE

No she won't. Not even almost.

EXT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. DAY.

ABIGAIL

You're damn right I'm pissed. That shit does not come out of the upholstery without a fight, let me tell you.

Abigail takes a deep breath, throws up her arms.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

Did Kennedy at least-

Jeffrey and Kennedy exchange solemn glances.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

No. Of course not. We may as well just put out an add in the personals.

JEFFREY

And how would we even word it?

ABIGAIL

Hell if I know. People manage to get themselves killed all the time using those things. It's worth a shot, isn't it?

Enter Kristin, Alex, and Sam.

SAM

So guess what we spied setting up shop not even half a mile away.

ABIGAIL

(facetiously)

Bigfoot?

EXT. CAMPGROUND. EVENING.

In a mostly empty campground is a tent. Beside it is a Hummer.

Pan inside the tent.

A GUY and GIRL are inside telling stories. He lays on his back, the girl atop him. A blanket drapes over them as they speak.

GUY

That shit never even happened.

GIRL

Then how do the stories spread?

GUY

Because some kid's drunk uncle tells them, and he tells them to another kid, and next thing you know, it's something that happened.

GIRL

Well there's always some degree of truth to them.

GUY

Except for the ones that are completely made up. Like all of them.

The Guy begins to pull himself up, the girl pulls to a seated position, covers herself with the blanket.

GUY

Now if you'll excuse me, I have some grass to kill.

The Guy prepares to leave the tent, turns back to the girl.

GUY (cont'd)

Who knows; I might even come back alive.

GIRL

(Giggling)

Stranger things have happened.

The Guy exits.

The Girl lays back, picks up a smart phone, begins playing with it.

The sound of "RUSTLING" and "CRACKING" is heard. Enthralled with what she is doing, the girl pays it no mind.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

The Guy stands at a tree. He looks up, looks down to unzip his fly, and begins to urinate.

EXT. CAMPGROUND, SEVERAL FEET FROM THE TENT. EVENING.

Kristin, "Sam," and "Alex" step out of the van. Jeffrey emerges from the back of the van with a pick axe.

JEFFREY

So who would like to do the honors?

Kristin and Alex nod to one another. "Rock, Paper, Scissors"

KRISTIN/ALEX

Rock. Paper. Scissors-

Kristin has rock, Alex paper. Alex pumps his fist, Kristin backs away. "Sam:" steps forward. Sam and Alex R.P.S.

SAM/ALEX

Rock. Paper. Scissors-

Sam has paper, Alex scissors. Alex holds up both hands triumphantly.

ALEX

Two for two!

Jeffrey hands him a pickax.

JEFFREY

Come on down and claim your prize.

Alex admires the axe, gives it a kiss. He walks toward the tent, flanked by Kristin and Sam.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

The Guy finishes up at the tree. He looks down and gives it a shake as he finishes up. He looks up-

(High pitched ambiance music)

Before him stands a large, Masked Man (Shane.)

EXT. CAMPGROUND. EVENING.

Back at the campground, Sam and Kristin terrorize the Female Camper. Each has a tent spike in hand. Alex attacks with a pick axe. The Camper "SHRIEKS."

The others watch from a distance. Abigail watches with a wicked grin; Jeffrey is seemingly giving play by play to the reluctant Kennedy.

Lizzie and Bobert are sitting on a log as though taking in a movie. Bobert slyly places his hand on Lizzie's bare knee; she slaps it away, points toward the action.

Female Camper dives into the collapsed tent. Sam and Kristin pin her down using the tent spikes into the fabric above her shoulders. Her muffled screams can be heard from under the tent.

She pulls her head out of the mangled tent and screams as Alex stands over her with the pick axe. The Camper screams, using her hands and arms as a shield.

Out of nowhere, an O.S. axe lobs Alex' head off. It lands on the Female Camper's chest. The axe goes flying. The Female Camper faints as Alex' body slinks to the ground.

Masked Glory stands above the pick axe, which sticks up from the earth. Kristin and Sam look at one another, then back at Abigail. Abigail throws up her arms.

Kristin and Sam pick up the tent spikes, lift them above their heads, and attack Masked Glory. Glory quickly picks up the pick axe.

As Kristin and Sam approach, Glory tosses the pick axe high in the air and grabs the heads of Kristin and Sam, slams them toward one another as the axe comes back down.

Meanwhile, the entranced Jeffrey snaps a photo of Masked Glory's visible back tattoo. He, Kennedy, and Bobert back away as Lizzie watches on with a euphoric grin.

Their faces skewered together on each end of the pick axe, Kristin and Alex drop to the ground, together, the axe holding them together.

Only Lizzie remains as Masked Glory turns and takes notice. Bobert quickly doubles back, grabs Lizzie by the collar and pulls her away, as Lizzie smiles and waves.

Masked Glory stands and watches, clenching her hands. Masked Glory turns as Masked Shane arrives on the scene, carrying the Male Camper by his collar.

Masked Shane points to the Hummer.

MASKED SHANE

This yours?

The frightened and befuddled Male Camper slowly nods his head. The Masked Shane nods approvingly.

MASKED SHANE

Nice!

He opens the door, tosses the Male Camper inside, and closes it. He then gives the window a double pound.

Masked Glory pulls the Female up by the hair, glares into her eyes.

F CAMPER

Who are you?

MASKED GLORY

Let's just say we're the vengeful
spirits who watch over these woods.
Now run. Away.

The Female camper bolts for the Hummer, jumps in.

INT. INSIDE HUMMER. EVENING.

Inside the car, the Male Camper frantically attempts to start the car. He fumbles his keys, dropping them to the ground.

F CAMPER

Fucking Christ, get us out of here!

M CAMPER

The fuck you think I'm-

He puts the key in the ignition, turns it. The motor starts. The Campers look up. The car backs up, cuts over and peels off as Masked Shane watches on. Masked Glory steps beside him. Looks over at them.

GLORY

And then there were four.

Shane removes his mask, shakes his head.

SHANE

So should we-

Shane motions off in their direction.

Pan over the carnage as the camera zooms out.

GLORY
They'll come to us.

INT. INSIDE FAMILY VAN. NIGHT.

The family car drives off. Jeffrey and Abigail react casually. Kennedy leans unhappily against the window.

Lizzie lays her head in Robert's lap. She at first appears to be grief stricken.

LIZZIE
Can you imagine how that must have
felt?

Her tone and demeanor change to excitement.

LIZZIE
An axe to my face. My lifeless body
just dropping to the ground like a
sack of potatoes. Soaked in my own
blood-- oh my God, just fuck me
now!

Kennedy pulls away from the window.

KENNEDY
Just stop!

The others all look at Kennedy. She responds with defiance.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
We're family, remember? They
deserve better. We owe them.

ABIGAIL
Oh, they'll get theirs. You can
count on it.

KENNEDY
Not them. Our own.

JEFFREY
It's a little too late for that,
don't you think?

KENNEDY
That's not what I mean. I mean give
them a proper send off.

JEFFREY
Do we have to?

KENNEDY
You should want to.

JEFFREY
Oh. Well, I don't. So now that
that's settled-

Kennedy glares a hole through Jeffrey.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
What?

Kennedy shifts her attention to Abigail with pursed lips and a raised brow. Abigail takes a deep breath and shrugs.

EXT. BEHIND CABIN. EVENING.

A make shift funeral is lead by Jeffrey, who conducts it holding a computer print out.

Kennedy watches on remorsefully. Abigail stands with her arms folded, leaned to the side in a huff. Bobert holds Lizzie. Though they appear to mourn they occasionally sneak in a group and a giggle.

JEFFREY
And it is with heaviest of hearts
that we bid farewell to Sam. And to
Alex. And to Kristin-

Abigail checks her watch, takes a deep, agitated sigh. She shakes her head and leans to to the other side. Lizzie looks up:

LIZZIE
Kirsten.

JEFFREY
Was it Kirsten? I'm pretty sure it
was Kristin.

LIZZIE
Nope. Kirstin.

JEFFREY
I think you're wrong.

LIZZIE
But I'm not.

BOBERT
Doesn't she have an ID around here.

JEFFREY
Yeah. We just buried it.

TIME LAPSE

EXT. BEHIND CABIN. EVENING.

Following a time lapse, the funeral continues. Abigail now types away on her phone. Kennedy watches on respectful though not as intently.

Jeffrey, Lizzie, and Bobert are now covered in dirt. The shovel sticks up beside him.

JEFFREY
-and so we bid farewell to Sam. And
to Alex. And to Kris-tine-

Turns his head to Lizzie who shrugs with a mocking sneer.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Each of whom we wish we could have
gotten to know better-

BOBERT
I don't know, I knew them as good
as I needed.

JEFFREY
It's an *expression*.

BOBERT
You know what they say about making
expressions;

Jeffrey turns to him, shakes his head.

KENNEDY
Now that I think of it, I don't
think Nat came back last night.

JEFFREY
So we should automatically assume
the worst.

KENNEDY
Considering the circumstances, it's
a pretty safe bet.

SHORT TIME LAPSE

EXT. BEHIND CABIN. EVENING.

Same funeral setting, only all are more tired, disengaged.

JEFFREY

And it is with heavyish hearts that
we bid farewell to Sam, Alex,
Christie-

LIZZIE

Christine.

JEFFREY

-whatever, and probably Nat.

Jeffrey looks around him. Abigail turns and walks away, holding up a "peace" sign as she does. Lizzie and Robert scurry off, hand in hand. Jeffrey speeds up his pace.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

So if there is anyone here today
who objects to this make shift
funeral, let them speak now, or
forever-

Jeffrey crumples up the paper and tosses it over his shoulder.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

-and ever, whatever, amen.

Kennedy solemnly approaches Jeffrey from behind.

KENNEDY

Seeing as you just lost four of
your so called family members,
nobody seems particularly grief
stricken.

Jeffery turns to Kennedy with genuine sincerity.

JEFFREY

When a family business such as ours
is involved, it's best not to get
too attached to your brothers and
sisters.

Jeffrey gives her a wink and gentle slap on the shoulder, walks away. Kennedy approaches the burial. She gets down on her knees. She stares at the freshly dug dirt mounds.

KENNEDY

Sam. Alex. Christine. Probably Nat.
Maybe you deserved to end up here,
but who am I to judge. I guess all
I can really say at this point is
that I sincerely hope that you
managed to let those who mattered
most know it.

Kennedy pulls out her phone, takes a moment to look at her family picture. She begins to weep,

KENNEDY (cont'd)

If I get the chance, I swear I'll
try.

INT. CABIN GREAT ROOM. EVENING.

Kennedy enters. She approaches Jeffrey, who eagerly types away on the computer.

Kennedy leans in behind Jeffrey, just as he springs to his feet, snaps, and points both index index fingers to the screen. Kennedy reflexively hops back.

JEFFREY

Holy fuck, that's them! I knew it!

Kennedy works her way back to the screen, looks closely.

Image on the computer screen of Glory's tattoo.

KENNEDY

Who are they?

Jeffrey hits a key, expanding the view to full size:

EXT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE. EVENING.

In the garden outside the cottage, an iron shovel fills in the third of four holes.

SHANE (O.S.)

So do you reckon we've seen the
last of them?

GLORY (O.S.)

Nope!

INT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. EVENING.

CLOSE UP: THE PICTURE SHOWS SHANE AND GLORY IN THEIR EARLY 20S AND CARTOON/COMIC BOOK STYLE UNIFORMS. SHANE FACES FORWARD WITH A CHEESY GRIN. GLORY FACES HIM, ARMS AROUND HIS SHOULDERS, REVEALING HER TATTOO.

JEFFREY
That's Howitzer Shane and Glory
Blazes.

KENNEDY
Who? What are they? Like,
wrestlers?

Jeffrey shakes his head.

JEFFREY
Kids.

Enter Abigail, a snide look as she sips a glass of wine.

ABIGAIL
No, they're not, like, wrestlers.
Howitzer Shane and Glory Blazes
were a pair of super soldiers.

KENNEDY
Super soldiers?

ABIGAIL
Yeah. Like the ones from the
movies, only they weren't made in a
lab. They were pumped full of the
highest level of training and
unleashed upon the good old U.S.A.
as the beautiful face of the
military.

ANIMATED SEQUENCE W/ VOICE OVER

BATTLEGROUND: ANIMATION

The following is a 1980s style animated action sequence with Abigail acting as a Voice Over:

Shane marches the troops into battle. He is flanked by Glory and a cavalier. Behind them are: a frontiersman, a figure skater with skates tied together draped around her neck, an African warrior, a race car driver, a WWII era medic, a bear, and several soldiers in assorted military garb.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

There was a whole team of them,
each with their own little niche
and corresponding costume; sorry,
uniform.

Shane and other team members sign autographs for kids as
enemy soldiers, loosely resembling Nazi soldiers approach.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)

They were beautiful, they were fun,
and the kids loved them. Parents
could even hire them for parties or
these in home public service
announcements.

The African Warrior scolds a pair of pre-teens with
cigarettes.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)

It was weird, don't ask. One of
them showed up at our neighbor's
house one day because he had a
thing for explosives.

A siege of enemy foot soldiers is lead by a pirate, an evil
clown, and an "Elvira" type. The Team fights them off:

The Frontiersman fights used a western style rifle as a
club. The figure skater uses her skates as nun chucks.

A double file line of enemy foot soldiers approach; the Bear
picks one up over his head, tosses him at the rest, who fall
like dominoes.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)

Nobody quite knew who they were
fighting and why. Only that
Washington was full of rag-tag
internal terrorists, each one hell
bent on world domination. As much
sense as that doesn't make. I can't
even imagine how much effort and
responsibility world domination
would require. Taking care of
eight; make that four big kids who
can't think for themselves is more
responsibility than I can handle
these days. But it didn't matter.
Public couldn't get enough of them.
So while the actual military were
busy saving brown people from other
brown people, these guys were

kissing babies, not to mention their mothers. Did I mention they were marketable? Incredibly marketable. Lunch boxes, Under Roos, dollies.

JEFFREY (V.O.)
Action figures.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
Dollies. You name it.

Glory stands, gives orders; from O.S., Shane tackles her, they tumble to the ground together, Glory atop Shane. Shane smiles up at her, She glares down. Shane brushes a lock o hair from her eye. She smiles at him: a camera flash goes off.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
But what really had America captivated was the love story, though blatantly contrived as it may have been. Howitzer Shane was handsome, dashing, and had a habit of making one liners so cheesy that they'd make a Popsicle stick blush. Glory Blazes was his stunning damsel in distress. They were like Luke and Laura on steroids-

BOBERT (V.O.)
Don't you mean Luke and Leia?

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
No, I *don't* mean Luke and Leia!

Shane and Glory gaze into one another's eyes, about to kiss. A camera goes off, they turn; Glory punches out the photographer.

Shane turns in the other direction, a child holds out a picture and a pen. Shane instinctively prepares to punch the child, but instead pats him on the head, signs the picture as Glory smiles.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Anyway, there came a time when they simply wanted to be together and away from the cameras and the legions of fans. Request denied.

Glory taken away by enemy soldiers as Shane runs after, but is held back by his team.

In another sequence, Shane rides off into the night on a high-speed motor cycle.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
That is, until she was supposedly kidnapped by the enemy, for like the gazillionth time. And he ran off to save her, for like the gazillionth time. And it was the last time either of them we're seen.

At a funeral with seemingly endless mourners, the rest of the team take the front row, wearing black versions of their usual attire.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
America took a moment to mourn their fallen sweethearts. But then they turned their attention to doing what we do best; tear down the heroes that they themselves built up.

A politician at a desk is verbally besieged by angry businessmen. The politician waves his arms with a smile as the businessmen shake their fists and holler.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
This isn't to say that they weren't justified upon learning just how much of their tax dollars were funding a bunch of walking, talking, action figures.

ABIGAIL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Not long after, the entire troop was supposedly shot down on a top secret mission.

A military helicopter flies over a public area. A child looks up, smiles.

From an office high above the parade, a uniformed army general stares solemnly out the window.

The helicopter explodes, getting the attention of all others present. At the above office window, the general draws the curtain.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. EVENING.

Back to the great room. The others listen on as Abigail finishes the story, back to them.

ABIGAIL

No bodies were ever found, and it wasn't long before airplanes started flying into buildings. Fucking cowards. So needless to say, they were under rug swept. And it was a no harm, no foul. They gave the country what it wanted, and got what they wanted in return. But Howitzer Shane and Glory Blazes, for obvious reasons, they had to lay extra low.

JEFFREY

Can you imagine how much money this could be worth?

ABIGAIL

Oh, lots.

Abigail turns with a devious grin.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

But we're not bounty hunters, are we?

Jeffrey hops from his seat, rushes to the complacent Abigail.

JEFFREY

You've got to be kidding. These are trained weapons.

ABIGAIL

And what's wrong with a little challenge every not and then?

Abigail pivots and turns with a smile on her face. She spreads her arms, looks around, and claps her hands together.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

So who's up first?

Kennedy gets to her feet, swiftly and defiantly approaches Abigail. She holds out her hand.

With a snide grin, Abigail reaches into her waste line and hand Kennedy the Bowie knife.

Kennedy pivots, turns, and walks toward the door as Abigail slowly follows. Kennedy exits, slamming the door behind her.

Abigail watches on with a widening grin as Jeffrey approaches from behind.

EXT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE. EVENING.

The shovel falls in the final hole. Pan up to Glory, who tosses down the shovel, which lands straight up. She wipes the sweat from her brow, looks up with a vengeful glare.

GLORY

Forgive them, lord, for they know
not with whom they *fucketh*.

Glory pulls the shovel from the ground, tosses it off screen to Shane, who catches it with one hand. He is wearing the uniform from the animated sequences, now worn and somewhat faded.

INT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. EVENING.

As the door slams behind Kennedy. Abigail turns to Jeffrey with a smug grin.

ABIGAIL

Remember Kennedy?

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

Kennedy walks reflectively through the woods.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. AM: FLASHBACK CONT

At a mall cafe, The cafe bar is one that can be lifted to enter and exit. Kennedy stands with her back to the bar, arms folded with a clear chip on her shoulder.

Abigail stands on the other side of the counter. She is dressed well with several shopping bags. She listens on attentively but somewhat patronizingly.

KENNEDY

I'm not saying I'm entitled to anything, but it's just not fair that I'm wasting away here while these trust fund brats get to go to the college of their choice, knowing damned well that they have a guaranteed job awaiting them whether they earn a doctorate from Harvard or drop out on the eve of their sixteenth birthday.

Kennedy briskly and aggressively cleans off the equipment, not quite listening to Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Hey, I feel you. You remind me of a young me, but with more want and less ambition-

Kennedy looks up for a moment with a perplexed expression.

KENNEDY

Huh?

Abigail nonchalantly shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

Oh, nothing. Just thinking out loud.

Kennedy finishes cleaning, emphatically tosses down the dishrag.

KENNEDY

And don't get me started on the quote-unquote have nots. They stand around with their hand out, then use the money taken from *my* check, money that *I* need to back to school, and *they* use it for gym shoes and video games. Fuck that!

AN impatient customer waits at the other end of the coffee bar, he peaks over toward Kennedy.

CUSTOMER

I'm waiting for my drink here!

Kennedy Sharply glares over at him, shakes her head.

KENNEDY

Obviously!

Abigail covers her mouth as she snickers.

Kennedy begins to passive aggressively steam some milk as the machine swishes and hums.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Idiot. Anyway, does nobody see how flawed the whole system is? One side wants the haves to have everything. The other side wants the have nots to be handed everything.

Kennedy removes the steamed milk, slams a pair of shot glasses down by the espresso machine, hits the button.

KENNEDY (CONT)
So who looks out for the rest of
us? What do I get?

Abigail attempts to get a word in as Kennedy puts the milk into a paper cup and then the shots.

KENNEDY (CONT) (cont'd)
Whatever's left after our
government divides the rest however
they see fit.

Kennedy walks over toward the customer, slams the cup on the bar.

KENNEDY
HERE!

Kennedy walks back toward Abigail who looks on with a mysterious smile.

The Customer gives Kennedy the finger behind her back, which Abigail notes. She shoots him a mysterious grin.

The Customer smirks back at her, walks back to the men's room.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
But whatever. I should just be glad
to have this dead end-

Abigail holds up a single finger.

ABIGAIL
Hold that thought.

Abigail walks toward the rest rooms as Kennedy cleans off some equipment.

Abigail pushes open the Women's room door. without entering, she looks around. With nobody in sight, Abigail slyly enters the men's room.

As Kennedy continues her work, the sound of a man's scream can be heard from the back. Kennedy does not acknowledge it.

After several moments, Abigail emerges, drying her hands with a large clump of paper towel.

Abigail tosses the clump in a garbage can, returns to Kennedy's station. Kennedy looks up with a smile.

KENNEDY
So where were we?

Abigail leans into the bar.

ABIGAIL
You were just getting ready to go
on break.

KENNEDY
As if. The yuppie rush is right
around the corner, and it's just
me.

ABIGAIL
They'll live.

Abigail reaches behind the counter, unlatches the half door
and holds it open. As though entranced, Kennedy removes her
apron and walks out. Abigail picks up her bags and follows.

Kennedy and Abigail walk toward the door. As the two walk
toward the door, two WOMEN enter. Abigail looks up with a
smile.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Mensroom's out of order.

The two women look at one another, then walk toward the bar
as Kennedy and Abigail approach the door. Abigail and
Kennedy EXIT the cafe, out the door.

EXIT CAFE DOOR

EXT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE. DAY.

As the sequence ends, Kennedy comes to the cottage. From a
distance, she takes it in.

Kennedy pulls out the knife, takes a moment to admire it.
She clutches her hand around it. She drops it into the
ground, handle sticking out. With the bottom of her foot,
she forces it deep into the soil below.

EXT. COTTAGE DOOR. DAY.

Kennedy rings the doorbell. She waits a moment, rings it
again.

After a short wait, she presses her face against the glass.
She backs away, jiggles the nob.

With an eerie "CRICK," the door slowly opens.

INT. INSIDE COTTAGE. DAY.

Kennedy slowly and cautiously looks around. She takes note of the staircase leading to an upstairs lost.

She continues to observe her surroundings.

KENNEDY
Who the hell do I think I am,
Goldilock-

"SLAM" goes the door behind her! Kennedy "GASPS" and turns.

Before her stands Glory.

GLORY
My thoughts, exactly.

With a terrified "SHRIEK," Kennedy drops the knife with a "CLANK." She then darts up the stairs.

As she reaches the top of the staircase:

SHANE (O.S.)
Babe, do we have any of that after
bite stuff, the kind that doesn't-

Kennedy looks up as Shane appears at the top of the staircase, she again "SHRIEKS," takes a step back, and tumbles to the bottom of the staircase, unconscious.

SHANE (CONT'D)
-Sting?

Glory looks down upon Kennedy. Shane makes his way down the steps.

SHANE
Do we need to report this to
insurance?

FLASHBACK

INT. CLOTHING STORE. MALL.

Abigail and Kennedy shop at a clothing store. Kennedy is dressed in a very casual style, perhaps jeans and a ringer tee. Kennedy picks up a floral print dress from the bargain rack.

She holds it up to Abigail, who squints squeamishly.

KENNEDY
What do you think?

ABIGAIL
Maybe if you plan to change your
name to Dolores and take up chain
smoking.

Kennedy simply looks back at her, brow furrowed in
confusion.

Abigail gently takes it from Kennedy, who puts up a mild
resistance. She places it back on the rack with a smile.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
How about we just leave this here
for somebody else to enjoy.

Kennedy has a laugh as Abigail picks up a jumper, something
in Kennedy's style.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Now this is you.

KENNEDY
I've never worn anything like that
in my life.

ABIGAIL
Maybe not the you you know, but the
you I know.

KENNEDY
The me you know?

ABIGAIL
I think you'll like her.

Kennedy takes a look at the price tag, here eyes pop open
with a chuckle.

KENNEDY
Dear god. I hope the me you know
can afford this.

ABIGAIL
She can.

Abigail looks through her pulls out her wallet, and walks
toward the check out with the jumper.

Kennedy walks swiftly after her.

KENNEDY
 Absolutely not! There's no way I
 could ask you to do something like
 that!

ABIGAIL
 And you didn't.

Abigail continues toward the check out with a smile as
 Kennedy stops, looks on.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

From the POV of Kennedy's slowly opening eyes, Shane and
 Glory stand over Kennedy. Shane's outer arm is out of frame.

Kennedy lets out a "GASP," passes back out.

TIME LAPSE

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Kennedy once again awakes. From her POV, Glory stands before
 her. Kennedy "GASPS."

GLORY
 Pass out again, and you'll be
 buried with your friends.

Shane tosses Kennedy an ice pack. Kennedy catches it, holds
 it up to her head.

GLORY (cont'd)
 So who are you and why are you
 here?

KENNEDY
 I don't have to tell you anything.

Glory passively shrugs her shoulders.

GLORY
 Can't blame me for asking.

With a "SIGH," Glory turns to Shane.

GLORY (cont'd)
 Shane, get the shovel!

Kennedy sits up, holds out her hands.

KENNEDY

Ok!

TIME LAPSE

EXT. PARKING LOT. EVENING.

Abigail and Kennedy exit the mall into the parking lot.
Abigail has several bags, Kennedy one.

ABIGAIL

Yeah, I know there's more to life,
but that doesn't mean I can't
indulge.

Abigail points to several cars, including a rusted, red
beater.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

Mine's the little red one.

Kennedy focuses on a small, red economy sedan.

KENNEDY

It's cute.

Abigail pulls out her keys: *CLICK+ *CLICK* goes a candy
apple BMW.

ABIGAIL

I think do.

Kennedy stops, turns to Abigail.

KENNEDY

What did you say you do again?

ABIGAIL

I didn't.

Abigail looks down as though embarrassed.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

I'm a Litigator. Collections,
foreclosures. You know, the fun
stuff.

Kennedy gasps in disbelief, then walks on, picks up her pace
to catch up with, Abigail, who is several paces ahead.

KENNEDY

Isn't that like a lawyer?

ABIGAIL
Lawyer is such an ugly word.

KENNEDY
So who do you work for?

ABIGAIL
Highest bidder.

KENNEDY
So you get the poor kicked out of
their homes and help the rich get
richer?

ABIGAIL
Something like that.

Abigail opens the passenger door, motions for Kennedy to get in.

INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

Kennedy acts as a Voice Over for the following sequence of scenes.

A judge bangs the gavel. A family cries as they hug one another on one side. On the other side. Abigail glad hands her client, a well to do businessman.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
So she'd win these cases. She'd get
a family kicked out of their home,
here, another would lose everything
there.

A CAMERA FLASH GOES OFF

INT. UPSCALE LIVING ROOM. DAY.

After the flash, a photographer steps away from a couch, where the businessman from the prior scene lays dead as detectives investigate.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
And after the court passed it's
judgment, Abigail passed her own.

Cont. Voice Over over a series of newspaper clippings featuring murdered businessmen/women.

KENNEDY (V.O.) (cont'd)
And it was fail proof. I mean each
victim came complete with a list of

enemies a mile long. And who was going to expect the one person seemingly on their side?

INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

Cont. of the previous courtroom scene, pan the defendants and one of their attorneys; Jeffrey.

As Jeffrey remorsefully observes his grieving clients, he catches the eye of Abigail and her clients. Abigail gives him a mysterious smile and a wink. Jeffrey's glare becomes a quizzical stare, with gradually increasing intrigue.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
Needless to say, she had no problem amassing a strong following. Some were simply in need of a cause and a mentor.

INT. UPSCALE LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The Businessman returns home. He walks to a desk with various liquor bottles and begins to pour a drink. He is suddenly attacked from behind.

He turns with a look of shock as a high school age Lizzie holds a knife and rushes him. Both fall to the ground.

As the two drop out of frame, there hang several family portraits, including:

1. The man, his wife, a son, and Lizzie at the age she is in this scene.
2. The man, a different wife, and a young and smiling girl with pigtails.

The pictures are quickly splattered with blood.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
Others were self starters eagerly awaiting an opportunity to present itself.

TIME LAPSE

EXT. BACK ALLEY. NIGHT.

A pair of THUGS beat an unseen male as a SKATER GIRL yells at him. As the Skater Girl backs away on with a smug grin, an unseen individual quickly slashes her throat. When she drops, Lizzie stands behind her.

The two thugs look up in terror. Thug 2 freezes in his tracks, Thug 1 menacingly approaches Lizzie, pointing a warning finger. Lizzie springs forth, stabs him several times.

As Thug 2 watches helplessly, the bloodied beating victim staggers to his feet, quickly snaps the Thug's neck. When the Thug drops, the beating victim is revealed as Bobert.

KENNEDY (V.O.)

And then there were those pieces
that just managed to fall into
place on their own.

With "Some Enchanted Evening" playing softly in the background, the blood soaked Lizzie and battered Bobert gaze into one another's eyes.

They walk toward one another, passionately kiss as they reach one another, causing fireworks. Zoom in on the fireworks.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Zoom out from the fireworks, revealing them on the television, which the disinterested Shane watches as Kennedy goes on.

Kennedy sits back in the couch. Glory listens attentively, leaned back against the couches arm rest.

KENNEDY

That's how she got her start,
anyway. But as time went on, I
guess it got to the point where it
was more sport than anything.

GLORY

The way I see it, murder is murder,
regardless of ideals or lack there
of.

KENNEDY

And I'm not denying that. But when
I first met Abby, I was in a bad
place. All my friends would show up

at the cafe and tell me about their amazing jobs, and I was pretty much wasting away making their cappuccino. Abby had it all figured out, and she wanted to help me do the same.

GLORY

Me, I never understood the whole keeping up with the Jones' mindset. We may not have been living the dream, but we had everything that we needed, and enough of what we wanted to make it feel special. So I guess that's why I never became a serial killer.

Kennedy giggles, playfully swats Glory with a throw pillow.

KENNEDY

But that's just it. How could I have possibly imagined that's what she was? I thought we'd be holding demonstrations in front of banks or springing lab animals from their cages and shit. And while it wasn't long before I learned the truth, I'd bonded with these people. Or at least they'd got into my head.

GLORY

Ha!

KENNEDY

Oh please. At least they killed for a cause which they believed in. You did because you were given orders to do so.

Glory puts her hand over her mouth, slowly sinks to the couch as her demeanor slows to one of remorse.

GLORY

My God, I've never thought about it that way.

Kennedy sits back, complacently folds her arms. Glory quickly gets back to her feet, her demeanor quickly shifts to reproach.

GLORY (cont'd)

Probably because it's the stupidest fucking thing I've ever heard.

Kennedy quickly looks away with with embarrassment. She turns back to Glory, lips pursed hiding a smile.

KENNEDY

It did come of as kind of arrogant
and uninformed, huh.

GLORY

Sure, if you want to put it
politely.

After a tense pause, fade to time lapse.

TIME LAPSE

INT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. DAY.

Lizzie and Bobert cuddle on the couch. Lizzie gazes off with a look of concern as Bobert runs his fingers through her hair.

LIZZIE

Do you think she's coming back?

Bobert shrugs his shoulders. Enter Abigail, a glass of wine in her hand.

ABIGAIL

Maybe, maybe not.

Abigail takes a drink from her glass.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

But you should probably get a head
start. Just in case.

Lizzie and Bobert look at own another, shrug. They get to their feet.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

Good luck.

Lizzie and Bobert join hands, walk toward the door and exit.

Jeffrey enters the room.

JEFFREY

So what, we're just sending lambs
off to the slaughter?

ABIGAIL

Jeffrey! That's a terrible thing to
say.

Jeffrey shrugs and walks away.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Although I could get used to being
an empty-nester.

Jeffrey stops in his tracks, squints quizzically.

JEFFREY
Wait, what?

Abigail takes a swig from her glass.

ABIGAIL
Just thinking out loud.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Picking up following a time lapse, Glory and Kennedy sit on the couch as though fully bonded. Glory speaks openly as Kennedy hangs on her every word.

GLORY
It was essentially an arranged
marriage, courtesy of the U.S.
government. I couldn't stand the
guy. He was the self absorbed
meatball I'd wanted to punch in the
face since junior high. I actually
did on several occasions.

GLORY (cont'd)
But I guess like most girls, guys
like him never stood a chance. I
was only into the intellectual
types. The ones who were only
interested in one thing.

The two exchange disgusted glances.

GLORY (cont'd)
I mean I'd be *throwing* myself at
these guys, and all they give a
shit about is the damned stock
market, like they're Alex P.
fucking Keaton.

The two share a laugh, fading into a time lapse. It is now evening. Glory and Kennedy walk to the door.

GLORY (cont'd)
So you do what you have to do. If
you can get them to leave by
morning, nobody else has to die.

Kennedy nods her head in agreement. Glory gets to her feet. Kennedy does the same. The two walk to the door, stop as they reach it.

GLORY (cont'd)
Alright. So do what you need to do.
Now give me a hug, and be safe. And
whatever it is that you want, I
sincerely hope you find it.

KENNEDY
That's just it. I had it, and it
was taken away.

Kennedy hides her tears behind a sheepish smile as Glory gives her an awkward hug and a pat on the back.

GLORY
And if you play you cards right, I
can assure you that it will be
right where you left it.

Kennedy smiles and nods. She exits. Glory closes the door behind her.

EXT. OUTSIDE COTTAGE. EVENING.

Kennedy takes several steps outside the cottage. She takes a deep breath, pulls out her cell phone. She takes a moment to take in her photo and begins to cry as she walks off.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Glory watches stoically from a break in the Venetian blinds. She quickly let's go, allowing the blinds to snap back into place.

Glory turns with a smile. Behind her stands Shane, shovel in hand.

SHANE
So do I just toss this back in the
shed?

INT. CABIN/GREAT ROOM. EVENING.

Kennedy enters the cabin. The room is empty and eerily quiet. She looks around cautiously.

KENNEDY
Hello? Hey guys?

Kennedy turns with a start. She takes a breath and quickly composes herself. Before her stands Jeffrey.

JEFFREY
Christ, it's me.

KENNEDY
Sorry. I've just been; well, you
wouldn't believe me if I told you.

JEFFREY
I might.

KENNEDY
Long story short, it's time to pack
up and move on.

JEFFREY
Says who?

KENNEDY
Says Glory Blazes, that's who.

Jeffrey becomes suddenly attentive.

JEFFREY
Wait, what? She let you go?

KENNEDY
You could say that. Look, they're
good people. They. have no
intention of coming after us. They
just was us gone. No more trouble,
no more bloodshed.

Jeffrey stops to think.

JEFFREY
Alright. Let's pack up the van and-

Jeffrey grabs Kennedy by the shoulders with a sudden though
slightly contrived sense of urgency.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Lizzie and Robert- they just went
to that cottage to find you, and
to- you know.

Kennedy places her hand over her mouth.

KENNEDY
We need to stop them.

JEFFREY
(slyly)
Oh, absolutely. Nobody else has to
die.

Jeffrey takes a step toward the door, turns to Kennedy.

JEFFREY

Come on! Before it's too late!

Kennedy shakes her head, follows Jeffrey. Jeffrey snaps his fingers, points back toward the desk. Jeffrey doubles back to the desk. He reaches in, holds up his phone.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Just in case; you know.

With an apprehensive squint, Kennedy puts up some resistance as Jeffrey pulls her toward the door. She soon succumbs and follows suit. They exit.

Abigail enters from the open room, watches on with a devilish grin. She clasps her hands together as it widens.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

Lizzie and Bobert walk through the woods, hand in hand.

BOBERT

It's really peaceful out here.

LIZZIE

It is, isn't it.

BOBERT

Kind of gets me thinking.

LIZZIE

It's about time.

BOBERT

What?

Bobert stops, snickers and nudges Lizzie, who returns the gesture.

BOBERT (cont'd)

I'm being serious. Just saying it could be an opportunity.

LIZZIE

Opportunity?

BOBERT

You know, do what those two did.

Lizzie stops, listens intently.

BOBERT (cont'd)
You and me could just walk away
from this, you know. Escape the
world and be like- I don't know,
wilderness.. mountain people.

LIZZIE
(Giggling)
Wilderness mountain people?

BOBERT
Yeah, you know, just you and me.

The two rejoin hands, continue walking.

LIZZIE
That would be nice.

Lizzie looks up at the heavens, her eyes dazzle with the
most genuine of smiles.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
And they lived happily ever after.

They again come to a stop.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
But we both know that won't happen.

The two look up. Bobert and Lizzy stop and stare at Shane
and Glory's cottage.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
I mean how boring would *that* get?

TIME LAPSE

Lizzie and Bobert now stand directly outside the cottage.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
So how do we do this?

BOBERT
The great equalizer, babes.

Lizzie backs away in disbelief.

LIZZIE
You brought a gun?

BOBERT
That a problem?

LIZZIE

Well, yeah. You know how I feel about those things. They suck all the craftsmanship out of the process.

BOBERT

I can get pretty crafty with the piece.

Bobert puts the gun to Lizzie's head, makes a shooting motion.

BOBERT (cont'd)

POP! POP!POP!

Lizzie stands by, arms folded. Shakes her head and shrugs.

LIZZIE

Doesn't do it for me.

Bobert puts away the gun.

BOBERT

Aight. My bad.

The two share an embrace.

LIZZIE

It's all good. We both know your-

Bobert pulls out a knife, turns Lizzie around. Makes a throat slicing motion.

Lizzie "GASPS," "GURGLES," and drops to the ground. Bobert stands over her, looks down.

Lizzie springs to her feet, grabs him by the waste, brings him in, shoves her tongue down his throat. She pulls away.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Now *that's* what I'm talking about.
Come on, let's get a room!

Lizzie grabs him by the hand, leads him into the cottage. The door is open a crack.

Pan to the upstairs window. Shane glares down on them. He and puts on his mask.

INT. STAIRWELL/UPPER LEVEL OF COTTAGE. EVENING.

Lizzie eagerly pulls Bobert up the stairs.

As they reach the top of the stairs, Lizzie forces Bobert into an open room. She hops up, arms around his shoulders, legs firmly around his waste.

She pulls hops down, stumbles back. Her expression suddenly conveys fear, apprehension.

LIZZIE

I'm not going to lie, I'm kind of scared.

BOBERT

Scared? You? Of what? All you ever talk about of how you want to die some gruesome death.

Lizzie walks back toward him, a look of hurt in her eyes. She gently takes Bobert by the collar. Looks into his eyes with sincerity.

LIZZIE

Babe, I've never said that I want to die. Because I don't. Not when I have so much to live for.

Lizzie leans in, the two kiss. Lizzie's voice becomes progressively tearful as she speaks.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

It's just that when I do die, I don't want it to be plugged up to some hospital bed while my kids sit and cry and wonder when mommy's going to get better, even though they've been told that she's not coming home, but can't quite grasp the concept;

Lizzie takes a moment to hold back her tears. Bobert embraces her, holds her tightly. She weeps openly, sniffles, takes a deep breath and recomposes herself. Pulls away.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

I want it to be all hot and exciting. You know? Like splattered all over the walls and the ceiling.

Lizzie leans in for a quick peck, pulls away. Bobert reaches for her hand as she backs toward the door.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Be right back. You be ready!

BOBERT
But hey, there's something I need
to-

LIZZIE
We've been over this. It's not rape
if I'm dead!

Lizzie flashes a wink and a blows a two handed kiss, Lizzie
backs away and out of the room.

BOBERT
Nah, wait; that's not what I wanted
to-

Bobert sighs with disappointment as he shakes his head.

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING.

Lizzy looks in the mirror. She plays with her hair, adjusts
her top, and begins to pose. She takes some flowers from a
vase. Holds them in the manner of a bride. She then drops
her head back, holds them in the manner of a dead body.

She smiles, giggles, and takes another moment to admire
herself in the mirror. She kisses her reflection. When she
pulls away, Masked Shane appears in the mirror.

She turns with a "GASP." Before her stands Masked Shane.
Lizzy watches in fear, then fascination. Lizzy backs up into
the wall, shuts her eyes right as Masked Shane glares down
upon her

Lizzy slowly opens her eyes, looks up in astonishment.

LIZZIE
Is it going to hurt?

Masked Shane shakes his head "no." Lizzie looks up eagerly.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
But it can, right?

Masked Shane cocks his head in confusion.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
And messy? Really messy.

He cocks his head again, then shrugs.

As Lizzie smiles in awe, Shane grabs her by the hair, pulls out a segment of bungee cord, about a foot long. He clips one end to Lizzy's belt, the other to a towel rack under the mirror.

Planting his foot firmly on the wall for leverage, he pulls Lizzy back as far as the cord will stretch, then let's go.

VIA THE MIRROR, LIZZIE'S EXPRESSION GOES FROM TERROR TO EXCITEMENT TO WONDERMENT AS SHE ROCKETS INTO IT.

Shane steps back as the mirror and much of the wall is obliterated on impact. Blood splatters the mirror from 1st person POV, causing a black screen.

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING.

As the scene fades back in, Bobert bursts into the bathroom with reckless abandon.

BOBERT
I love you!-

Masked Shane turns around. Bobert stares blankly back at him.

Bobert looks down at the mess; Lizzy's broken body quivers amongst the shattered mirror and crumbled wall.

Shane puffs out his chest. Bobert pays him no mind as a tear rolls down his cheek.

Bobert slowly approaches the carnage, squats at the knees.

BOBERT (cont'd)
(Softly)
I love you.

Masked Shane takes a step toward. Bobert pulls to his feet, pulls out his gun, quickly turns it on himself.

BANG,

Bobert shoots himself in the head, drops. Masked Shane flinches slightly, then shakes his head in disgust.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

As Jeffrey and Kennedy make their way through the woods.

GLORY (O.S.)
Kennedy?

Jeffrey turns to Kennedy. Jeffrey shushes Kennedy, gazes off with a look of awe.

Glory stands in the distance, casually dressed and sans mask.

JEFFREY

Holy shit, that's her! That's Glory
fucking Blazes!

As Kennedy and Glory stare blankly at one another, Kennedy slowly nods her head.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

My, god. She's ravishing!

With a devious smile, Jeffrey reaches quickly into his waistline, pulls out; a camera phone, takes several shots.

Kennedy looks to Jeffrey in disbelief. Glory looks to them with a venomous glare. Kennedy passively shakes her head at Glory. Glory shakes hers with reproach.

Jeffrey walks slowly toward the menacing Glory. He continues taking pictures as Kennedy stands by in shock.

KENNEDY

What are you doing?

JEFFREY

Making myself Pinetrest rich! Do
you have any idea how much these
are going to bring-

As Jeffrey steps under the tree, Glory pulls down a low and bent upward branch with an upward running rope as Jeffrey continues snapping pictures.

With a scowl, Glory severs the rope with a knife. Jeffrey looks up with a blank stare as the "WUSH" is heard from above, followed by an abrupt "SNAP!"

Jeffrey now stands with a bear trap clamped around his neck.

His knees buckle and his body slinks to the ground, leaving his head in the still dangling bear trap.

Kennedy stands, paralyzed with both fear and remorse. Glory quickly tosses the knife in her direction, hitting a nearby tree.

Kennedy "GASPS" and runs off. Glory watches on, then shakes her head in disappointment, turns and walks away.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

Panicked, Kennedy runs through the forest. She looks back as she does. She stops as the Cabin comes into view. She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, and walks slowly toward.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

Kennedy runs through the woods in a panic. She stops, doubles over with her hands on her knees, and catches her breath.

She looks up with a reflexive flinch.

Abigail stands before her. She extends her hands, a friendly smile on her face.

ABIGAIL
Didn't mean to scare you.

Kennedy shakes her head with a forced smile.

KENNEDY
Abigail. Thank God.

Abigail takes a step toward Kennedy, who instinctively takes a step back.

ABIGAIL
Lay off the coffee, babe.

KENNEDY
I'm sorry. It's just; that Glory.

Abigail's eyes light up attentively.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
I guess you could say that we kind
of bonded;

ABIGAIL
Bonded?

KENNEDY
Crazy, right.

ABIGAIL
Certifiably.

Kennedy chuckles timidly, Abigail returns with a devious one.

KENNEDY

One thing lead to another, and she thinks I set her up. Needless to say, she was *not* happy.

ABIGAIL

And where is she now?

KENNEDY

Who, Glory? Probably sharpening her axe and firing up the chainsaw, plotting my grizzly demise.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

On the couch, Glory is visibly upset, her eyes red and watery. Shane is beside her. They face one another, hand in hand.

SHANE

And how did it make you feel?

Glory sniffles angrily, then punches a throw pillow.

GLORY

Pissed off. Like I want to crush her little skull with my bare hands.

Shane places his hand atop Glory's head.

SHANE

Perhaps that's how you feel up here. Now tell me how you feel in here.

Shane relocates his hand, gently grazes her chest.

GLORY

Oh, shut the fuck up. You're not god damned shrink, you're a-

SHANE

Perhaps you could just answer the question.

Glory sits back, arms folded. She takes a deep breath.

GLORY

I feel angry. I feel betrayed.

Glory holds back tears.

GLORY (cont'd)
I feel hurt.

Glory begins to cry. Shane embraces her with a "SHH."

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

Back to Abigail and Kennedy in the woods.

ABIGAIL
Well I wouldn't worry about her
anymore. We're all packed up and
ready to go. In fact, Jeffrey's
loading up the van as we speak.

A sudden chill comes over Kennedy. Abigail looks up with her
brow raised.

KENNEDY
Jeffrey?

Kennedy begins to slowly back away as Abigail stalks her
with her gaze.

ABIGAIL
You know, bookish fellow.

Holds her hand at Jeffrey's height.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
About yay tall-

KENNEDY
Yeah. I was just with him.

Abigail cautiously raises her head with.

KENNEDY
And last I checked, he was in no
condition to drive.

Abigail shrugs her shoulders.

ABIGAIL
I guess he got better.

KENNEDY
Somehow, I doubt-

Kennedy backs off in terror

KENNEDY
My God, you planned this!

ABIGAIL
Planned what?

Abigail's voice rings through Kennedy's head.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
(Mental flashback)
Taking care of eight; make that
four big kids who can't think for
themselves is more responsibility
than I can handle these days.

ABIGAIL
Kennedy, you can't honestly think
that I intended for all of this to
happen;

Kennedy shakes her head as she backs away.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Kennedy, the only thing that I'm
guilty of is recognizing and
opportunity and taking advantage of
it-

Abigail quickly grabs Kennedy, leg sweeps her to the ground.
Abigail reaches behind her, pulls a knife from her waste
line, drops knee first onto Kennedy's sternum.

ABIGAIL
Everybody thinks they know what
they want; until they realize what
it takes to get it.

Kennedy drops her head back helplessly. She looks up with
tearful eyes.

KENNEDY
I just want my life back. I just
want to go home.

Abigail responds with a facetious pout.

ABIGAIL
Sorry doll; you've got the wrong
witch-

Kennedy reaches behind her, tosses a handful of dirt in
Abigail's face, stunning her back and to the ground. Kennedy
pulls herself to her feet, staggers off.

Abigail recovers and glares as Kennedy regains her balance, runs off into the woods. Abigail shakes her head.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
(Mutters to herself)
Apparently, dignity isn't even a
thing anymore.

Abigail slowly and methodically stalks off after Kennedy.

EXT. WOODS. EVENING.

Kennedy runs through the forest. She stops takes a moment to catch her breath, runs on.

Abigail comes to the same point moments later. She looks up with a smirk. Jeffrey's head hangs in the swinging bear trap.

She jostles the bear trap with a girlish chuckle. She then walks on.

EXT. WOODS/OUTSIDE BARN. EVENING.

Abigail comes to a shed, the door partially open. She walks to the door and smiles. After taking note of a large, rotting barn, she lets out a blood curdling scream. She then climbs into the storm cellar.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Surrounded by balled up tissues, Shane holds Glory's hands.

SHANE
But tell me this; did you take the
time to let her explain herself
before you attempted to skewer her
with a Bowie knife?

Glory blows her nose loudly.

GLORY
Oh, please. If I wanted to skewer
her, the bitch would have been-

Abigail's scream can be heard in the distance. Glory quickly "GASPS" and jumps.

GLORY (cont'd)
That's her!

Glory hops up from her seat, pulls Shane by the hand.

GLORY (cont'd)

C'mon!

EXT. OUTSIDE BARN/STORM CELLAR. EVENING.

Shane and Glory rush toward the open storm cellar. A scream of "HELP!" stops them in their tracks.

Glory points toward the storm cellar.

GLORY

She's in there!

Glory enters the storm cellar, followed by Shane. A moment later, Abigail emerges from the cellar. She slams the door shut, uses an old metal bar as a padlock.

ABIGAIL

Idiots.

Abigail watches on with a complacent stare. She then pivots, turns, and calmly walks toward the barn.

INT. INSIDE BARN. EVENING.

Abigail enters the barn. Inside it is dark. Faint rustling can be heard. Abigail uses a smart phone flashlight as she slowly scouts the area.

The old barn has several tarps, stalls. On a wall hang rustic tools and equipment, such as rakes, hoes, scythes and sickles which gently clink and jingle. A few feet from that wall, a long rope with a rusty bell attached hangs from the ceiling.

ABIGAIL

Kennedy?! Oh Kennn-eddy??

Abigail whistles a bar of "come out come out wherever you are" as she tears open a curtain-

*HISSS!" Abigail flinches as she confronted by an angry cat, which she quickly swats away. Abigail stops, ready to blow her top. She quickly composes herself.

Abigail continues to stalk slowly and methodically through the barn, peaking into stalls and behind tarps as she does.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

You and I can give Jeffrey...and
Bobert...and Lizzie the proper send
offs they deserve. And then you and
I can head back to civilization and

forget that any of this ever happened. I'll go back to living my life. You'll go back to making coffee and blaming the government for your failures-

Abigail stops with masked frustration. She takes a deep breath.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Kennedy, you're being ridiculous. I can assure you that you've nothing to be afraid of-

KENNEDY
You're right about that.

Abigail turns behind her, holds out her arms with a pleasant smile. Kennedy walks slowly toward.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
I have *nothing* to be afraid of. You've already taken everything there is to take.

Abigail takes a step back, hands on her haughty hips. She soon becomes the aggressor as Kennedy backs away.

ABIGAIL
Oh, I have, have I? Sweetie, I never took a *thing* from you. You gave it all away. And all too willingly I might add.

Kennedy glares back vengefully though thoughtfully.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Like the rest of them, you wanted to be me. You just weren't ready to put in the work.

Kennedy's glare intensifies as Abigail feeds off of it.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Sorry, coat tail riding will only take you so far-

Abigail quickly reaches behind her, pulls out her knife, lunges at Kennedy, who reflexively jumps back, falls to ground.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)
Now come on, let's talk about
something more uplifting-

Abigail descends upon Kennedy with a stabbing motion. Kennedy quickly rolls out of the way. Abigail's knife plunges into the rotted floorboards.

KENNEDY
You want to talk, let's talk.

Kennedy springs to her feet. Abigail attempts to pull the knife out of the floor.

KENNEDY (cont'd)
We can talk about your ruining the
lives of those who trusted you.

Abigail pulls the knife to the ground, makes another lunge for Kennedy, who dodges it.

ABIGAIL
Boring-

KENNEDY
We can talk about the lives that
they took to satisfy your blood
lust.

Abigail one more aggressive lunge at Kennedy, who dodges her.

ABIGAIL
If that's what you think, then-

Abigail's momentum causes her to stagger to the ground, face first. Abigail loses the knife as she falls. She reaches for it, grabs it, and flips to her back.

Kennedy steps on Abigail's wrist, causing her to release the knife. Kennedy quickly kicks the knife away. She plants her foot on Abigail's chest.

KENNEDY
But first, let's talk about
whatever fucked up path lead you
here.

Abigail looks up with a defeated wince, drops her head back down. She looks up again with a docile smile and a deep breath.

ABIGAIL

Sure, we can talk about that.

Kennedy becomes progressively remorseful and sympathetic as Abigail goes on.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

We can talk about my fucked up childhood. Broken home. My abusive mother and her parade of boyfriends, most of whom liked to fuck me while mom was passed out on the bathroom floor.

Kennedy removes her boot from Abigail's chest. Takes a step back.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

Yeah, we could talk about that and so much more-

Abigail cautiously pulls herself upright. Abigail flips back onto her stomach, stumbles to her feet, and bolts for the wall of tools, quickly reaches it.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

-but the truth is, I'd just be making it up as I go along.

Abigail plucks a large blade from the wall.

ABIGAIL (cont'd)

I guess I just kind of like to kill people-

Abigail looks up; her face immediately goes blank as she turns to see Kennedy take a charging leap, grab the rope, swing feet first into her.

Abigail finishes with a "GASP" as Kennedy swings feet first into her, forcing her into the wall, impaling her upon several tools, some of which run her all the way through.

Abigail drops her blade, which makes an exaggerated "CLANK" as it hits the floor.

Kennedy lets go of the rope, drops to the floor, feet first and approaches Abigail, who limply dangles and sways.

KENNEDY

I wish it didn't have to end this way.

Abigail looks up suddenly, a blood soaked sneer on her face.

ABIGAIL

I don't-

Abigail quickly grabs Kennedy, pulls her in, partially impaling Kennedy on the objects which impale her own body. The force pushes Abigail deeper into the blades, finishing her off.

Glory and Shane rush in at this very moment. Glory gazes in shock.

GLORY

No!

Kennedy looks up at Glory, then drops backward ground, leaving Abigail's body well wedged against the wall to the point that it holds steady rather than sway.

Glory remorsefully approaches the motionless Kennedy as Shane reaches out to stop her.

Glory walks on, Shane follows closely as Glory gets to her knees, grabs Kennedy by the hand. Kennedy looks up in a daze.

KENNEDY

(Slurred)

Can I come home now?

Glory looks back at Shane as Kennedy closes her eyes.

BEGIN MUSICAL SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN. EVENING.

Glory grunts as she fills a freshly dug hole with dirt.

EXT. OUTSIDE CABIN. EVENING.

Masked Shane walks to the cabin entrance, a covered body over his shoulder and a gas can in his hand.

EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN. EVENING.

Glory pats down the freshly laid dirt.

EXT. OUTSIDE CABIN. EVENING.

Shane emerges from the cabin with several magazines. He walks to the already running van.

He lights the magazines with a book of matches, tosses them into the van. He disengages the parking break, cranks the gear shift and gets out of the way as the van begins to roll.

EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN. EVENING.

Glory wipes the sweat from her brow, plants the shovel into the dirt. She turns, stoically walks away.

EXT. OUTSIDE CABIN. EVENING.

Masked Shane walks off slowly as the car rolls into the cabin.

Shane continues to walk into the distance as the cabin explodes behind him, leaving a cloud of smoke in its wake.

EXT. HIGHWAY. EVENING.

When the smoke clears, A disheveled young woman catatonically walks down the middle of a county road. Her expression blank, her movements wild and erratic. Her torso bandaged, clothing tattered, her unkempt hair covers her face.

END SOS AS A VEHICLE BEGINS TO APPROACH

She looks up at the sight of a pair of oncoming headlights. As the vehicle approaches, she is revealed to be Kennedy. Her knees buckle, she collapses to the ground.

The vehicle comes to a screeching halt. A man quickly emerges from the vehicle. A woman soon follows, her hand over her mouth. The man rushes to Kennedy's side as scene fades.

REPORTER (V.O.)

When Miss Fitzgerald was last seen, she was leaving her shift at Bean Oakerland's with an unidentified woman. And this was just hours before the body of businessman Orin Thurman was discovered in the cafe's restroom.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Shane watches the news broadcast from the couch, his feet up on the coffee table.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

Now cleaned up, but still catatonic, Kennedy sits in a police station with her head down, hands in her lap. She looks up with a hollow gaze.

Kennedy's overjoyed mother runs to her side. As she approaches, Kennedy slowly gets to her feet.

Kennedy's mother greets her with a tight embrace. Kennedy gently puts her hands on her mother's back, begins to reciprocate.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The belief is that the woman in question was responsible for Thurman's murder, and that Kennedy Fitzgerald was taken along as insurance, if you will. It is still unknown whether she was released or escaped from her captors.

INT. KENNEDY'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Kennedy's mother takes her to her bedroom. Kennedy walks in, looks around as though in unfamiliar territory. Her mother holds up a finger, leaves the room. Kennedy gently shuts the door.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Still in an advanced state of shock, Miss Fitzgerald has yet to say a word to reporters, or anybody else for that matter. Though she has yet to be evaluated by a professional, in cases of this nature, there's no way of telling when or if the answers will become available.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Shane watches the news report on TV, feet up on the coffee table.

Glory approaches from behind, brushes Shane's feet off the coffee table and places a beverage on it. She looks up at the television with disgust.

GLORY

Can we please turn that off?

Shane clicks off the television.

INT. KENNEDY'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Kennedy walks around the room, picking up various objects. Her hand shakes as she reaches for the telephone. Slowly, she dials a number.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Back at the cottage, Shane takes Glory by the hand, pulls her onto his lap. She places her arm around him.

SHANE

We both know that it's for the best
that she's gone.

GLORY

I know. But I still miss her.
Things just aren't the same.

The phone *RINGS.*

GLORY (cont'd)

Want to get that?

SHANE

Not really.

Shane picks up the phone, holds it up to his ear. He looks to Glory with a look of concern. She responds, likewise.

GLORY

Who; who is it?

Shane holds up single finger. Glory looks up in awe.

INT. KENNEDY'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Kennedy pushes her hair back, takes a deep breath, and returns to her normal demeanor as she dials.

With a smile on her face, Kennedy speaks into the phone.

KENNEDY

Hello? Oh, hey Mr. Shane. I have to
hand it to you. It's working like a
charm.

<LISTENS>

KENNEDY

So how long do I need to keep up
the whole dazed and confused act?
I'm starting to creep myself out.

INT. COTTAGE/LIVING ROOM. DAY.

SHANE

There's really no rhyme or reason to it. You can gradually come out of it, or you can just show up at your old job one day as though nothing even happened. Nobody's going to prod you too hard for fear of sending you spiraling back into an emotional oblivion. The deciding factor should be your own comfort level.

<LISTENS>

SHANE

Would you believe it's not as uncommon an occurrence as you'd think?

<LISTENS>

SHANE

Chalk it up as clerical errors.

<LISTENS>

SHANE

We know people, and they know people who know other people. And they know the clerics.

Glory reaches for the phone.

GLORY

Hey, give it here.

SHANE

There's somebody else here who'd like to talk to you.

Glory answers the phone with a beaming smile.

GLORY

Hey!

<LISTENS>

GLORY

I am so glad that everything worked out for you. So how's that lung coming along?

<LISTENS>

GLORY

Don't mention it. It was great
having you around. It was a lot of
fun.

INT. KENNEDY'S BEDROOM. DAY.

KENNEDY

I know, right? And to think you
were ready to kill me- twice!

<LISTENS>

KENNEDY

The fuck you weren't! You had the
grave all set to-

Kennedy "GASPS" at the sound of her mother's voice.

KENNEDY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Kenna?

KNOCK *KNOCK*

KENNEDY

(Hushed tone)

Oh, crap. Gotta go.

The doorknob slowly begins to turn. Kennedy quickly tosses
the phone back on the hook. She hops onto her bed, balls
herself up against the headboard, tucks her head between her
knees.

As the door opens, she slowly raises her head with a glazed
over stare.,

Kennedy's mother enters the room with a gentle smile and a
tray of food.

Kennedy's eyes focus as her lips begin to form a smile.