Snowed In

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sunrise. We see a destroyed and blood stained hallway covered in red stain hundred dollar bills. From an unseen source, a MALE VOICE cries softly. The sound of a phone dials and an OPERATOR answers. The operator’s voice cuts in and out.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
911...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Please, help us. We need help.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Sir... what...

A BLOOD-SPLATTERED PERSON with a samurai mask follows a bloody trail down a hall. The masked person passes a stairway. DEAD BODY 1 lies on the bottom.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Please. Just come. She’s bleeding.
I don’t think...

OPERATOR (O.S.)
...location?

The person passes DEAD BODY 2. An ax juts out of the body’s face. The person touches a woven necklace around the body’s neck, pulls it off, and puts it on. The person yanks the ax out of the body’s face and continues down the hallway.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I don’t know. It’s a cabin up in the mountains, near-

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Carpenter cabin... sent officers... storm is...

The male voice whimpers. The masked individual’s shiny boots leaves a trail of bloody prints.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Are you...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What?
We hear scattered noises. Adjusting a red hair scrunchy on a bruised wrist, the person turns a corner and steps on a duck stress toy. The figure stares at a closed door.

   OPERATOR (O.S.)
   Are you safe?

The person tries the doorknob of the closed door. The male’s voice stifles.

   MALE VOICE (O.S.)
   No.

The masked person picks up the ax and swings at the door. The male voice screams.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLAIRE WYNTERS (19), a delicate and almost fragile look to her, stares out a large window. She clutches a suitcase in her hands. We see both of her wrists are bandaged. One one wrist a digital watch shows the time.

   MONIKA (O.S.)
   Claire!

Claire ignores the call. A truck pulls up outside. Claire makes her way to the front door. MONIKA WYNTERS (50s) appears from the hall.

   MONIKA (CONT.)
   Do you want a catastrophe, Claire?

Monika shakes a pill sorter in Claire’s face. We see a detailed schedule plastered on the front. Claire takes it.

   CLAIRE
   I-

The front door opens to reveal BLANE WYNTERS (mid 20s), All American and almost heroic. His arm linked around KITTY "KIT" HARDY’S (mid 20s) waist.

   BLANE
   Of course, mother. That’s what this weekend is all about. Giving you a heart attack. Sending you to an early grave.

Under his breath.
BLANE (CONT.)
Setting us all free.

Monika glares.

MONIKA
There’s only enough in there for the weekend. Be responsible.

Monika turns to Kit, suddenly warm. Kit, lovely and sophisticated, smiles.

MONIKA (CONT.)
Kitty!

BLANE
It’s Kit, mom.

Monika shushes Blane and embraces Kit. ELLISON WYNTERS (50s) rushes to the scene from an unseen room, probably the kitchen.

ELLISON
They’re here already?

Ellison spots Kit and grins.

ELLISON (CONT.)
Kit Kat!

Kit laughs.

KIT
Give me a break.

Blane and Claire eye their parents, unamused. Ellison smiles at Blane.

ELLISON
When are you going to marry this girl? Give us another daughter.

Kit’s lips twitch, her smile seems more plastered on then genuine.

BLANE
Well, we gotta hit the road so...

Blane motions for Claire and Kit to get out of the house. They leave. Ellison grabs Blane’s shoulder.
ELLISON
Blane.
He hands Blane a pill bottle.

BLANE
What’s this?

ELLISON
Just extra. Just in case. Okay?

Blane seems irritated.

BLANE
We don’t need it.

Blane leaves. Ellison holds on title to the pill bottle.

EXT. WYNTER’S HOUSE - DAY
Claire and Kit reach the truck. They load Claire’s suitcase in the back. Blane exits the house as Monika and Ellison watch on from the doorway.

BLANE
You don’t have to watch us leave?

MONIKA
Who else is going on this trip?

From the driver’s seat we see SHEPLY FISHER (mid 20s), a rugged and outdoorsy type. He hops out of the truck.

SHEPLY
Hey Mr. and Mrs. Dubya! It’s me, Sheply! We’ll take good care of Claire Bear!

Monika sneers. Sheply gives Claire a big hug.

CLAIRE
Something’s poking me.

Blane pulls them apart. Sheply grins.

SHEPLY
It’s just my knife.

Sheply flashes a large knife on a holster. It rests on his hip.
BLANE

Thank God.

Claire notices movement in the back seat. Suddenly, someone in a samurai mask pops up to the window. Claire jumps back in surprise. Kit screams.

BLANE (CONT.)

Why did you bring that thing?

The person takes off the mask and we see a scrawny and wide-eyed man, DEVON CARPENTER (mid 20s). He grins.

DEVON

I have to add it to the collection.

SHEPLY

I told him to take it off.

Monika has had enough. She walks away from the doorway. Ellison waves one last time and closes the door. Claire, Kit, and Sheply get in the truck. Claire takes shotgun. Devon gets Claire’s attention.

DEVON

Hey, hi. I haven’t met you yet. I’m Devon. I’m kind of like that bad ass of the group. I’m sure you’ve heard all about me.

Kit holds back a laugh and ducks down behind the seat.

CLAIRE

Nope.

Blane hops inside the van.

BLANE

He’s the one that owns the cabin.

Kit pops back up. Hair up in a red scrunchy, thick black framed glasses, and grungy hipster clothes.

DEVON

Yep, best friend cabin trip! And guys...

Devon motions to a woven necklace around his neck.

DEVON (CONT.)

Whoever I deem the best of the best friends wins this.
Devon pumps his fist into the air. No one joins him. It’s awkward.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The truck is quiet. Kit and Blane stare at their phone screens. Devon draws a picture of a Samurai that looks like him. Claire gazes out the window. Sheply, bored, breaks the silence.

SHEPLY
Music requests?

Devon raises his hand ecstatically, his notebook flies.

DEVON
Oh, oh. Me, me. Pick me.

KIT
Prince, Bowie... um who else has died recently?

BLANE
How about my girl, T. Swift?

SHEPLY
Hmmm, I don’t know. Claire?

Claire gazes out the window.

CLAIREE
I don’t care.

DEVON
Come on. I have a great request.

SHEPLY
Fine. What?

DEVON
Only the most fabulous singer alive.

SHEPLY
That could be anybody.

BLANE
He’s talking about Tony Orlando.

Sheply, Blane, and Kit give Devon deadpan looks.
SHEPLY
I’m just... you know what?
Whatever’s on will do.

Sheply touches the van’s stereo. Claire turns her head to Sheply.

CLAIRE
I said I don’t care.

Sheply gives her a strained smile.

SHEPLY
I-I know that.

Claire peers at his expression and slides her finger across her lip. She seems clearer.

CLAIRE
Oh yeah.

Claire turns back to the window. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a yellow toy duck. She squeezes it like a stress ball. Kit frowns. Blane leans forward and taps Claire on the shoulder.

BLANE
Isn’t it-

An alarm from Claire’s wristwatch sounds. Without hesitation, Claire pulls out the pill sorter and pops a pill.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Sheply slows the truck in front of a large cabin surrounded by a forest. A tiny shed sits next to the cabin. Snow fall blankets the area. Devon whips his head up.

DEVON
I got the keys, hold on.

Devon hops out of the truck and digs through his pockets. Sheply and Blane follow. Sheply sports shiny boots. Kit scoots forward and notices Claire asleep. Reluctant, she pokes her and Claire groggily opens her eyes.

KIT
We’re here.

Claire pulls herself up to a seated position. She slowly leaves the truck. She tries to shut the passenger door behind her but it won’t close.
SHEPLY
You gotta slam it.

Claire slams it. She turns and a snow ball hits her chest. Startled, she looks at the person who threw it, Blane. He laughs.

CLAIRE
That was cold!

Claire laughs and scoops up snow to retaliate.

SHEPLY
Throw it at my bestie over there.

Devon’s eyes sparkle.

DEVON
Me?!

Claire chucks it at Sheply. She misses and hits Kit. Kit gasps.

KIT
That’s it.

Kit gathers her own snow. Blane and Devon follow suit. Snow balls fly and hit everyone. Devon chucks a large snow ball that hits Claire in the face. She holds her head down in pain.

CLAIRE
Ow!

The others, except Devon, stop and stare at her cautiously. Devon continues to throw snowballs. No one notices his whimsy, so he stops.

DEVON
What’s going on?

Blane walks towards Claire and puts his arm on her shoulder.

BLANE
Are you going to be okay?

Claire takes a deep breath, glances up at her brother, and nods. Devon walks towards Claire.

DEVON
Wait. Was that about the snowball? We’re in a snowball battle, woman. If you can’t handle the cold then step inside the kitchen-
Kit grabs Devon, steers him away, and speaks quietly.

KIT
Can you try to not upset Claire?

Devon seems to finally notice the tension in the group.

DEVON
Yeah. No, uh, no problem.

Suddenly, Kit smacks Devon on the back.

DEVON (CONT.)
Ow. What the shit?!

KIT
Kitchen?!! What kind of patriarchal bullshit was that?!

Devon looks down at the ground.

DEVON
Sorry for being a sexist pig man. The establishment needs to be a more gender neutral society and my sexist comments only perpetuate...

Kit motions for him to go on.

DEVON (CONT.)
The idea—no, the MYTH that one gender is somehow better than another.

KIT
And?

DEVON
And? And... it is a shame that women still make 70 cents to the dollar that a man makes.

KIT
Goddamn right.

The group heads for the cabin. The wind howls.
INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Devon drops his bags in the living room and rushes to a massive fireplace. A samurai sword, other weapons, and several masks rest on the mantle. Kit, Blane, Claire, and Sheply drop their bags and watch Devon as he adds the new mask to the wall.

DEVON
Perfect.

Devon turns to the others.

DEVON (CONT.)
This is the living room.

BLANE
Obviously.

DEVON
Right, um, upstairs are the bedrooms and down the hall...

Devon motions down the hall and grins.

DEVON (CONT.)
Is the the hot tub.

His grin falters when he notices no one else seems excited.

SHEPLY
Why didn’t you tell us there was a hot tub?

DEVON
I thought I did...

KIT
I didn’t bring a bathing suit.

SHEPLY
Me either.

Blane shakes his head at Devon. Devon looks down, disappointed.

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - DAY

Claire stares down at the water. Kit sits on the edge of the tub and dangles her feet in the tub. Blane and Sheply run into the room and try to push each other in the water.
KIT
Stop. You’re going to get me all wet.

BLANE
You’re welcome.

KIT
Fuck off.

BLANE
Blow me.

KIT
Lick me.

Sheply rolls his eyes.

SHEPLY
Adorable. When’s the wedding?

KIT
Wedding? What is everyone’s deal, today?

SHEPLY
What’s wrong with getting married?

KIT
Why so I can buy into the heteronormative ideal that a woman is subservient property to a man. Like having external genitalia that swings against your thighs makes you somehow better.

Sheply and Claire stare wide-eyed at Blane.

SHEPLY
Please don’t marry her.

KIT
Yes, please don’t. We can have a happy life as a strong co-habitating couple.

Devon trudges inside. He wears the samurai mask and carries the samurai sword.

SHEPLY
Nice getup.
DEVON
Thank you.

Blane stares up at Devon in disbelief.

BLANE
Why did you bring that shit in here?

DEVON
I wanted to show you guys.

BLANE
We just saw it.

DEVON
Not on me. Plus I want Lamb Chop and Claire want to see my warrior moves.

SHEPLY
Lamb chop?

CLAIRE
Warrior moves?

Sheply frowns at the nickname. Devon smiles at Claire. Claire musters a smile back.

DEVON
Try not to be too mesmerized.

Devon takes the cover off the sword and spins around. He pretends to stab invisible enemies. Sheply grins like it’s Christmas. Devon and Kit hold their heads in embarrassment. Claire seems into it.

CLAIRE
Cool.

Devon swings the sword around and loses his grip. The sword soars at Claire and barely misses her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Blane stands next to Claire who leans over and breathes heavily.

BLANE
Keep breathing. Nice and slow. Deep breaths.
Claire does as she’s told and her breaths slow. She stands up.

    CLAIRE
    I’m fine. I’m fine.

Claire takes another breath.

    CLAIRE (CONT.)
    It’s all fine.

    BLANE
    Why don’t you go to the kitchen.
    Get some water. I’ll tell that
    moron to quit throwing shit at you.

Claire lets out a small laugh, takes a breath, and nods.

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - DAY

Devon carefully sets the sword, covered again, down. Blane and Kit sit with their arms crossed. Sheply stands off to the side.

    BLANE
    What the fuck?

    KIT
    You need to be careful.

    DEVON
    I’m sorry. That’s never happened to me before– Is she okay?

Blane sighs.

    BLANE
    She’s fine. She’s just working on things at the moment. She’s great, though.

    KIT
    She is great. A great big pain in the ass.

Blane frowns at Kit.

    DEVON
    Did something happen?

Blane looks to Kit, who shrugs. He looks to Sheply who sighs.
SHEPLY
I’m gonna go... chop wood, or something.

Sheply leaves, very uncomfortable. Blane gives him a small smile.

BLANE
Here’s the thing...

Devon listens with interest.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Sheply holds up an ax and brings it down hard over a log. The log splits. Satisfied, Sheply grabs a fresh log and raises the ax again. From a window, Claire watches.

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - NIGHT

Devon stares wide-eyed at Blane. Kit nervously chews on one of her nails.

DEVON
But, she’s okay now?

BLANE
Yeah. Of course.

DEVON
Why did you bring her?

BLANE
She’s been doing really well the last few months. I wanted to let her have some fun. For once.

Kit pats Blane’s shoulder.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Claire looks out the kitchen window at Sheply as he chops log after log. She turns to the sink and fills a glass with water. She turns around to see Sheply in the kitchen.

CLaire
I thought you were just outside.
SHEPLY
Thirsty.
Sheply reaches for her glass, takes it, and downs the water.

CLAIRE
I guess chopping wood can do that.

Sheply smiles down at her and Claire blushes.

SHEPLY
So, you regret coming yet?

CLAIRE
No... kind of... I don’t know. Blane doesn’t understand. He thinks he does or at least he wants to but... My head just feels like-

SHEPLY
The static on a T.V.

Claire nods.

CLAIRE
Yeah, exactly. And- and I can’t get it stay on one station. They all just bleed together. You know that feeling?

SHEPLY
Everybody knows that feeling, Claire.

Claire seems confused. Sheply softly grabs her chin and lifts her head up.

SHEPLY (CONT.)
You know what you have to do?

Sheply hands Claire a large kitchen knife and motions to her bandaged wrists.

SHEPLY (CONT.)
Do it.

Claire stares at the knife in alarm. She turns to look out the window and we see Sheply is still outside chopping wood. Claire slides her finger across her lip. We see the kitchen is empty.
INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Blane, Kit, and Devon enter the living room. Devon appears pale. Sheply enters the living room from the front door. He dusts off his hands.

SHEPLY
Chopped enough wood to last us the weekend and then some.

DEVON
And then some what?

SHEPLY
What’s wrong with you?

Sheply turns to Kit.

SHEPLY (CONT.)
What’s wrong with him?

KIT
Your guess is as good as mine.

Blane’s eyes pan across the living room.

BLANE
Claire?

We hear Claire’s alarm go off. Blane looks past the group to the kitchen. He spots Claire with a knife in her hand. She stares at it quizzically.

BLANE (CONT.)
Shit.

Claire glances up at her brother. Blane hurries to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

Blane grabs the knife from Claire. Kit, Devon, and Sheply file in the room behind Blane.

BLANE
You’re alarm is going off.

Claire pulls out the sorter and takes a pill.

CLAIRE
I know when it’s pill time.

Claire glares at the knife in Blane’s hand.
CLAIRE (CONT.)
I was going to chop some vegetables.

KIT
What vegetables?

DEVON
There’s vegetables. I have french fries in the freezer.

Blane lowers his voice.

BLANE
Are you sure you’re okay?

Claire appears annoyed.

CLaire
Yes.

Blane sighs.

BLANE
Why don’t you go upstairs and pick out a room. That’ll be fun.

CLaire
Fun?

Blane grins.

BLANE
You’ll get first pick, the best room.

Claire looks around the room. Sheply nods eagerly and Kit shrugs.

CLaire
Fine.

Claire leaves the kitchen.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Claire holds her suitcase in one hand and her duck in the other. She gives the duck a few squeezes as she walks down the hall.
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kit and Sheply watch as Blane pulls drawers open in the kitchen. He grabs several knives and places them on the counter.

BLANE
There anymore knives in here? Anything sharp?

Devon shakes his head.

BLANE
Good. Now take down that samurai mantle.

Devon, defensive, points at Sheply.

DEVON
What about him? He has a knife.

SHEPLY
It’s on me at all times. She can’t get to it.

Devon sighs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Claire opens a few doors in the hallway. None seem to capture her interest and she moves on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Devon takes down the weapons and sword. He places them on the pile of kitchen knives. From the kitchen we hear Blane.

BLANE (O.S.)
We need to make sure all of this stuff is out of reach.

Devon walks with the weapons. He stops, and quickly hides the sword under the couch.

DEVON
I know a spot.

Devon walks down the hall.
INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sunset. Claire opens the last door in the hall. She smiles as she enters the room and closes the door behind her.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Devon returns. He’s pale. Blane, Kit, and Sheply stare at him expectantly.

DEVON
They’re hidden. Okay?

The group looks relieved. Devon suddenly appears alarmed.

DEVON (CONT.)
Wait. She’s still upstairs?

BLANE
Are there knives up there?

Devon races out of the room. Blane follows after him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large array of Tony Orlando memorabilia litters the room. A Tony Orlando mannequin sits in a corner in the room. Claire sits on the bedroom floor and leafs through Tony Orlando records and posters. Devon bursts in.

DEVON
You can’t pick this room cause it’s m-

Devon, embarrassed and nervous, looks from Claire to the Tony Orlando Mannequin.

DEVON (CONT.)
Actually, you can have this room. It’s not mine, or anything.

CLAIRED
I like this room.

Devon timidly takes a step closer to her.

DEVON
Really?

Claire nods. Blane races in, concerned. He notices the fan boy room and relaxes.
BLANE
Come downstairs. We’ll play a game or something.

Claire sighs and puts down the Tony Orlando stuff. She walks past the boys.

BLANE (CONT.)
Nice room.

DEVON
It’s not mine.

Blane laughs and shakes his head. He leaves. Devon whispers in the room.

DEVON (CONT.)
Don’t worry, Tony. I didn’t mean it.

Devon smiles reassuringly at the room and closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The storm rages outside. Devon stands in front of the couches and smiles at Sheply, Blane, and Claire who all sit. Devon holds Yahtzee in his hands.

DEVON
Are you all ready for the amount of fun you’re about to experience?

Kit enters with filled wine glasses. Sheply sneers at the wine.

SHEPLY
Where’s the hard stuff?

KIT
It’s fancier and will still get you fucked up.

Kit sets a glass in front of Claire and pours wine in to it.

CLaire
I can’t drink.

BLANE
She can’t drink.

KIT
Shit. Medication thing?
BLANE
Yeah... AND she’s not old enough.

Kit rolls her eyes and reaches for the glass. Claire picks it up instead.

CLaire
I got it.

Blane looks to Claire, hesitant.

CLaire (CONT.)
I’m not going to chug it, I’m going to dump it.

BLANE
Yeah fine, knock yourself out.

Claire frowns at him.

BLANE (CONT.)
I trust you. Go ahead.

Claire heads to the kitchen as the others start the game.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire dumps the wine and places the glass down in the sink. Claire’s alarm sounds.

BLANE (O.S.)
Alarm.

CLaire
I’m not deaf.

Claire takes a pill form the sorter. She gets distracted by the lights of a car in the distance. The storm distorts the view.

DEVON (O.S.)
Roll that dice, Mother effer!

SHEPLY (O.S.)
Just say mother fucker, be normal!

The car seems to hit something. The lights flicker. Startled, Claire drops a pill down the sink.

DEVON (O.S.)
Not even one match. Sucks to be you, Lamby!
KIT (O.S.)
It’s a child’s board game. Calm the hell down.

Claire stares intensely out the window.

BLANE (O.S.)
You take it, Claire?

Claire moves her finger over her lip, then again more forcibly. She still sees the lights. They turn off.

BLANE (O.S.)
Claire...

Claire quickly counts the pills in the sorter, worried expression on her face. She closes the sorter, no pill taken, and runs to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheply, Kit, and Devon sit around a coffee table with the board game spread out. Claire enters and almost bumps into Blane.

BLANE
What took you so long?

CLAIREDraught’s a car outside. It crashed.

Kit squeals in delight as she rolls the dice for the game. Blane seems to have trouble hearing Claire.

BLANE
Slow down.

Blane takes Claire’s pill sorter and puts it on the coffee table.

BLANE (CONT.)
What are you talking about?

Sheply rolls the dice and all come out threes.

SHEPLY
There it is. Yahtzee!

DEVON
What! You rigged it! Loaded dice!

Sheply glares at Devon. Kit sips her wine, enjoying the Yahtzee face-off.
CLAIRE
A car crashed outside.

BLANE
A car? Are you... did you...

Blane swipes his finger across his lip in imitation of Claire.

CLAIRE
I’m not... it really happened!

Devon rolls. He leaps into the air in excitement.

DEVON
Yahtzee! Yahtzee!

Claire storms away from her brother and heads to the front door. Blane follows.

BLANE
Don’t go out in a snow storm.

Blane puts his hand on the door so Claire cannot open it.

CLAIRE
I just want to show you.

Sheply peers down at Devon’s dice.

SHEPLY
That’s four fives and a two!

Claire attempts to yank the door open.

CLaire
Let me show you!

Kit notices the argument between Claire and Blane and approaches them.

KIT
Come on. Just have a seat. You’re missing a very entertaining show.

CLaire
There’s people out there!

Devon laughs wildly and flips the die with the two on it so it is now a five.
DEVON
It’s a five now!

SHEPLY
What the fuck?! You’re a fucking cheat! This is why no one likes you, man. Nobody wants to be your friend! Nobody wants your stupid necklace! We just came for the cabin!

The room silences. Devon’s grin deflates. Claire, Kit, and Blane stare wide eyed on Sheply, the door fiasco forgotten. A distant horn sound can be heard in the silence.

BLANE
Is that a...

Everyone turns towards the front door.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Claire peers out the front door. Her eyes search through the trees. Blane, Sheply, and Devon stand outside. The horn sound continues.

BLANE
Claire, you and Kit can stay here while we go see what that is.

CLaire
It’s the car.

Kit barges outside.

KIT
I’m not staying. Why do I have to stay? Because I’m a woman?

BLANE
No. It’s just... what if we need to carry someone back?

KIT
I’m certainly stronger than him.

Kit motions to Devon.

BLANE
You know what? Fine. Fine! I’m not arguing right now. We’ll all go.

Claire continues to peer mistrustfully out into the woods.
CLAIRE
I don’t want to go.

BLANE
Stay here alone, then.

Blane walks away, then, turns to Devon.

BLANE (CONT.)
Could you just...

Devon’s usual cheerful demeanor is gone.

DEVON
Um... yeah sure. No problem.

Devon turns back to the cabin.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Blane, Sheply, and Kit follow the horn sound. It gets louder as they go. A car, the one from earlier, comes into view. It has smashed into a tree.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Devon sit on a couch. Claire keeps her eyes on the window. Devon reaches his hand under the couch and touches the hidden sword.

DEVON
So... not a Yahtzee fan?

CLAIRE
I’ve never played. Seems loud.

DEVON
That’s the best way to play...
What’s your favorite game?

Claire turns from the window to face Devon.

CLAIRE
You ever play the sleeping game?

Devon shakes his head.
EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Blane, Kit, and Sheply reach the car. There’s movement in the back. In the front we see two people passed out. In the back, two other people shuffle in their seats. The driver’s head lies motionless against the steering wheel.

KIT
Are they dead?

The driver, IGNACIO "NACHO" LOPEZ (20s) breathes softly. His head bleeds freely against the steering wheel.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Devon grips the hidden sword and listens to Claire who speaks animatedly.

CLAIRE
And then they just choke you until your face turns purple and you pass out. When you wake up, you get to tell everyone what God was like.

DEVON
Oh.

Claire notices his horrified expression.

CLAIRE
Yeah, it’s stupid. I never see God.

DEVON
What do you see?

Claire, about to answer, is interrupted when the front door opens. Blane and Kit hold up an unconscious Nacho.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nacho, timid look, opens his eyes. He lies on living room floor. Claire’s face, just inches away from his, grins when she sees his eyes flutter.

CLAIRE
He’s awake.

DEVON
Get out of his face.
Devon pulls Claire back. Nacho sits up, disoriented. He looks from one couch, where Devon and Sheply sit, to another couch. Huge and lumbering, sits ED JONES (late 20s). He tightly holds two duffel bags to his chest.

NACHO
Where are we E-

Next to him sits JOSE LOPEZ (late 20s), stand-offish, he cuts off Nacho.

JOSE
These nice people found us after you crashed the car.

Next to Jose sits VERONICA PRESCOTT (late 20s) all eyeliner. She and Jose hold hands and have steaming mugs in their free hands.

NACHO
(careful)
That was... nice.

Veronica holds up her mug.

VERONICA
They gave us cocoa.

Her remark comes off condescending. Kit enters, cellphone in hand.

KIT
I called the police-

The newcomers tense up.

VERONICA
Why?

Kit eyes her suspiciously.

KIT
Because you were in a car accident... One of you was unconscious for a while... There’s got to be at least some brain there.

Nacho puts his hand to his head.

NACHO
What?

Jose glares at Nacho.
KIT
The connection was choppy but I was able to make out that they can be here in the morning. Storm should pass by then. Hopefully.

The newcomers relax. Nacho gets up off the floor. He’s wobbly. Claire steadies him and grins.

CLAIRE
Do you want some cocoa? It’s my specialty.

Claire comes off hyper and twitchy. Nacho backs away from her.

NACHO
Sure, that sounds good.

Nacho takes a seat with his group. Claire goes to the kitchen. Blane follows.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT
Claire pours cocoa powder into a mug. Blane crosses his arms.

BLANE
You’re acting weird.

Claire smiles innocently.

CLAIRE
No... I’m- it’s just exciting to meet new people.

Claire pours water into the mug.

CLAIRE (CONT.)
That unconscious guy sure is cute. Do you think he likes me?

Blane purses his lips.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Kit joins Devon and Sheply on their couch. They stare down Nacho, Jose, Veronica, and Ed.
SHEPLY

So...

Silence. Veronica gestures to the samurai masks on the mantle.

VERONICA
Those are... interesting.

More silence. Devon grins at Veronica.

DEVON
What’s your name?

Veronica smiles meekly.

VERONICA
Ver- Velma. Velma is my name.

DEVON
Wow, you never hear that name anymore.

Devon flutters his eyelids at Veronica. Jose moves his hand to Veronica’s thigh. He gives it a good squeeze, as if to claim his territory.

SHEPLY
What about the rest of you. What are your names?

Jose sighs.

JOSE
I’m John.

He points to Ed.

JOSE (CONT.)
That’s, uh, Evan.

DEVON
Evan? That rhymes with my name! We’re bound to be best friends.

Devon absentmindedly touches his necklace. Ed blinks at Devon as a response. Jose turns to Nacho.

JOSE
And this little shit is my brother, Dorito.
DEVON
You guys have the best names.

Kit, even more suspicious, frowns.

KIT
I don’t know, John’s a pretty boring one.

Jose twitches out a smile. Devon grins at his new potential friend Ed/Evan.

DEVON
I can take your bags for you. You don’t have to hold them so tightly. We don’t steal.

Devon laughs. Ed hugs the bags tighter.

JOSE
He’s really protective of his things. Security issues, I think.

Jose nudges Ed, who stays stiff.

DEVON
I get that.

Jose’s eyes fall on Sheply, then to his truck keys that sit on the coffee table. Sheply notices, picks them up, and puts them in his pocket. The newcomers get a good look of his knife on his belt.

NACHO
Where’s that cocoa.

On cue, the microwave dings. After a beat, Claire appears with a mug. Blane follows her with his arms crossed.

CLAIRE
Here you go...

NACHO
Nacho.

SHEPLY
I thought it was Dorito.

Nacho pales.

NACHO
It is. Nacho’s my... nickname.

Claire nods aggressively.
CLAIRE  
Neat. 

Blane sits himself on the couch with his comrades. Claire plops down on the floor between the two groups. More silence. Nacho sips his cocoa, twists his face in disgust, and gulps the mouthful down. 

CLAIRE  
What should we do? 

DEVON  
Yahtzee? 

KIT, SHEPLY, BLANE  
No! 

CLAIRE  
How about ghost stories? 

Claire’s eye twitches. We get a glimpse of the scene from her perspective. Everyone turns in unison to stare at her intensely. Their expressions are blank, emotionless. From the hallway a DARK FIGURE with long hair darts past. 

BLANE  
Ghost stories before bed? I don’t know. 

In reality, the only person staring at Claire is Blane. Jose raises an eyebrow. 

JOSE  
(hushed)  
Is she like lower functioning or something? 

BLANE  
No. 

JOSE  
Then what’s the problem? 

Blane nods, defeated. Claire grins. 

CLAIRE  
I’ve got a good one. 

KIT  
Why don’t we let the guests go first. I bet they’re good at making things up. 

Jose thinks.
JOSE
Okay. I got one. There once was jester who wanted to be a king. And jester loved a poor maiden who wanted to be a princess...

KIT
Ugh, princess? Why doesn’t she want to be a queen?

Jose clenches his fist, unhappy about the interruption.

JOSE
The jester and maiden befriended a troll and a lowly gnome and together they were the best of friends. But the kingdom they lived in did not like low class dreamers. They did everything they could to keep them down. Until one day, they had enough. They went straight to the power, The King. He had to go. So they chopped his head off. And why not take some of his rubies. Who cares. He’s not going to need them. But the kings guards were ruthless. Chasing down the poor group of friends. Until they became lost.

Everyone in the room seems uncomfortable with this story except for Jose, a natural story teller, and Claire, who seems enraptured.

JOSE (CONT.)
The lost group needed help. Luckily they stumbled on a happy clan of... puppies.

SHEPLY
Puppies? What kind of scary story is this?

Jose glares.

JOSE
Fine. You tell it, then.

SHEPLY
Obviously the lost group... They kill the puppies. That’s where you were going, right?
JOSE

I-

Ed frowns. Veronica and Nacho fidget nervously. Kit pipes up.

KIT
Predictable. How about the Maiden realizes she doesn’t want to be a princess. She wants to be a Queen. A strong independent Queen. So she kills the others, who are obviously bad for her. Then she spends the rubies on sensible clothes and nice house in the forest.

JOSE
That’s not-

Claire seems excited. She glistens with sweat. Blane notices.

BLANE
This is a bit much.

Devon sighs dramatically.

DEVON
Why does anyone have to kill anyone? Why can’t everyone be friends?

Claire jumps up.

CLaire
I know! The puppies were— were just in disguise. They were really monsters. Monster puppies! And they never get enough food. So they eat the lost friends. Gnawing on their intestines, ripping off their faces, devouring their kidneys. Feasts for the beasts!

Claire bursts out laughing. From her point of view everyone in the room looks at her with frozen expressions of joy on their faces. In reality, they look sickened.

JOSE
That’s not how it goes!

Nacho motions for his brother to chill. Veronica looks down at the floor and Ed stares ahead. Claire continues to laugh while Blane tries to calm her down.
BLANE
That’s very funny. Why don’t we turn it down a notch?

Blane motions to everyone in the room.

BLANE (CONT.)
Why don’t we all just turn it down at notch. Get some sleep.

DEVON
Really? It’s so early.

Devon glances shyly at Veronica. She smiles.

VERONICA
I’m pretty tired.

DEVON
But should Dorito sleep? He has a head wound.

Veronica stares at him in confusion, then looks to Nacho.

VERONICA
Oh! Well he won’t sleep.

NACHO
I’ll keep myself propped up. Maybe read.

Nacho pulls out a magazine from under the coffee table. It’s an old one with Tony Orlando on the cover. He peers at it curiously. Devon nods sadly.

DEVON
There’s extra blankets in the closet.

Blane guides a giggling Claire up the stairs. Devon and Kit follow. Sheply adjusts his pants as he stands. The keys poke out. Jose, Nacho, Veronica, and Ed stare after the keys.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blane takes off his shirt and pants and hops into bed. Kit smiles at him and seductively removes her scrunchy and puts it around her wrist. She slides off her clothes. Blane raises his eyebrows.
BLANE
Ew. Put some clothes on.

Kit laughs and jumps on top of him. She kisses him and guides his hands to her breasts. Blane moans softly and spins around so he’s on top of Kit. Kit spins them around again. She’s on top. Their kisses start soft but grow more intense as they grind their hips together.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Devon and Sheply stare at a bunk bed in a tiny bedroom.

DEVON
Top or bottom, roomie?

Sheply sneers at the bunk bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire lies on the bed in the Tony Orlando room. She grins and stares at the ceiling. Then, her smile fades. She sits up and gazes out the window as the snow falls.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blane and Kit lie on the bed, back to back. Both unsatisfied.

BLANE
I just- Claire’s acting bizarre... there’s strangers downstairs...

KIT
Okay.

BLANE
Kit...

Kit’s eyes glimmer with tears.

KIT
It’s fine.

BLANE
It won’t be like this all the time. She’s getting better.
KIT
Sure she is.

Blane wipes his own tears away. He reaches behind him for Kit’s hand. She pulls it away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica lies on the couch while Ed and Jose take up space on the floor. Nacho sits upright and leers at the masks on the mantle.

JOSE
Who the fuck takes their keys to bed with them?

NACHO
He’s suspicious.

JOSE
If someone could just remember their name. Or master the difficult task of driving...

This irks Nacho. He shifts around and doesn’t answer.

JOSE (CONT.)
Who’s goin’ up there to get them?

NACHO
Why don’t you do it?

JOSE
You won’t like what happens if I do.

Nacho stares at his brother darkly.

NACHO
I’ll do it.

JOSE
No can do. We need to get the keys and your pussy ass can’t handle it.

Jose thinks.

JOSE (CONT.)
Ed? You up for it?

Ed grunts. Veronica sits up.
VERONICA
I’ll do it.

Nacho seems against the idea but Jose and Ed nod in approval.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire stares out the window. She seems confused then turns to face the Tony Orlando mannequin. She slides her finger across her lip over and over again. Her eyes get wider and wider.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Time has passed. Veronica crawls out from a pile of blankets. Nacho grabs her hand in desperation.

NACHO
Veronica, don’t do this.

Veronica pulls away and nods at Jose. She heads towards the stairs. Ed snores away, snuggled up with the duffel bags.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Veronica opens the door and peers at Blane and Kit, asleep and still back to back. She quietly closes the door.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Veronica tip toes her way into the room. She spots the truck keys on the nightstand and reaches for them. Devon, on the top bunk, stirs.

DEVON
(sleepily)
You came? I knew you would.

Veronica jumps. She turns to him with a plastered on smile.

VERONICA
I just had to see your sweet face... to help me sleep.

Veronica closes her hand around the keys.
VERONICA (CONT.)
Well, goodnight.

Sheply reaches his hand up from the bottom bunk and grabs Veronica’s hand.

SHEPLY
What the hell are you doing?

Veronica pulls her hand away, still holding the keys. Sheply gets up.

SHEPLY (CONT.)
You’re trying to steal my truck?

Sheply steps towards her and Veronica spots the knife on his pants. She runs from the room. Sheply chases after her. Devon struggles to stand, falls off the bunk, and runs after them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica reaches the living room. Ed, Nacho, and Jose are already on their feet. Sheply and Devon enter the room.

SHEPLY
Give me the keys back.

Nacho wrings his hands. Devon leans over and picks up his samurai sword from under the couch. The newcomers jump back in surprise.

NACHO
What the fuck?! Calm down, man.

VERONICA
We just need to borrow it. There’s—there’s bad people after us. We need to get out of here.

Devon lowers his sword. Sheply isn’t as trusting.

DEVON
But the cops are coming. You don’t need to steal. They can help you.

Nacho and Veronica can’t conceal their guilty faces. Jose squints at Devon in disgust. Sheply smirks.

SHEPLY
It’s the cops, isn’t it? The "bad people?" What did you do?
Veronica and Nacho appear alarmed. Even Ed squirms, a bit.

NACHO
Nothing, man. We’ll just leave. No harm.

Nacho motions for Veronica to give back the keys. She clutches them tighter, sighs, and sets them on the coffee table.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT
Blane and Kit stir from the commotion and sit up.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
Claire turns away from the mannequin towards the sound of the noise.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Sheply reaches in his pocket. Ed leans over and picks up the duffel bags. Devon grabs one and holds his sword out at Ed.

DEVON
You’re not leaving. You’re waiting for the cops.

Devon holds on to the bag and him and Ed yank it back and forth. Nacho looks at a worried Veronica then at Jose, who appears oddly calm.

NACHO
Just stop! We’ll go!

Sheply seems to have trouble pulling something out of his pocket.

VERONICA
He’s going for the knife!

The bag opens and cash spills out all over the floor. Devon looks at the cash.

DEVON
You all rob bank?

Jose smirks and reaches into his coat. He pulls out a gun, aims it at Sheply. Sheply finally yanks out what he was reaching for, his phone. Jose fires.
INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kit and Blane hear the shot. They both drop to the floor from the bed. Blane slowly crawls to the door and peers into the hall. More gunshots. Blane shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Devon rushes into the kitchen. Shots sound off behind him. He clumsily holds his sword and ducks behind a counter.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire hides under the bed. She clutches her knees to her chest and gasps short panicky breaths.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed shoves Jose against a wall. Nacho covers his mouth and stands over Sheply’s body. Veronica moves her head back and forth between the kitchen and the staircase.

JOSE
Don’t shove me!

Jose pushes Ed.

JOSE (CONT.)
I had to do it! You want to go to prison?!

Nacho glances up from the body.

NACHO
What about the others?

Veronica focuses on the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Devon holds up his sword and peeks over the counter. He quickly crawls from the kitchen to the stairway.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica pulls out her own gun and motions to Ed and Nacho.

VERONICA
You two go upstairs. We’ll be down here.

Ed pulls out his gun and heads up the stairs. Nacho timidly pulls out his gun.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door knob turns slowly. Kit stares at it in horror. Blane grabs a inspirational picture frame off the wall and holds it up as a weapon. The door opens. Devon crawls in.

BLANE
What the fuck is happening?

DEVON
Those people, they shot Lamb Chop.

Kit gasps.

KIT
Why? Why?!

DEVON
They-

Footsteps echo in the hall. The trio tense up. The footsteps stop in front of the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ed and Nacho stand in front of a bedroom door. Ed kicks it open. They walk in.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ed and Nacho squint and peer around the dark room. Blane, Kit, and Devon are hidden from view behind the open door. Blane takes a deep breath and pushes the door with all his might. It hits Ed in the face.
INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ed stumbles out into the hall. He falls backwards and knocks down Nacho. The door slams closed. Ed fires his gun into the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Veronica and Jose search the kitchen. They hear the shots and run towards the stairs.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blane, Kit, and Devon crouch low to the ground.

BLANE
We have to get Claire.

Kit fearfully looks up at door. Devon takes his woven necklace off and hands it to Blane.

DEVON
Go get her, man.

Blane closes his hand around the necklace. He nods and puts it on. Devon squeezes his sword, determined.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jose and Veronica stare at Nacho and Ed as they try and stand from the floor. Ed’s nose bleeds.

JOSE
Quit fuckin’ around! Where did they go?

Ed points to the bedroom door.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jose and Veronica burst through the door. They spot Devon with one leg out the window. Devon shouts out the window.

DEVON
Run guys! Run!

Jose and Veronica aim at Devon and Devon drops out the window.
JOSE
Fuck!

Jose and Veronica run out of the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ed and Nacho run after Jose and Veronica as they rush towards the stairs.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Veronica, Jose, Ed, and Nacho lurch outside. They look around the woodsy area. Heavy snow fall obscures their vision. Behind them, Devon presses himself against the side of the cabin. He raises his sword.

JOSE
You two, search the right.

Jose motions to Ed and Veronica.

JOSE (CONT.)
I’ll go left. Nacho, you-

Devon swings his blade through the air and completely misses all of them. The group, except for Nacho, raise their guns at Devon. He limp runs to the woods.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A door opens to reveal Blane and Kit inside a small closet. They move into the room.

BLANE
Stay here.

KIT
No.

Blane clenches his jaw and nods.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Ed and Jose go after Devon. They fire at him as they run. Veronica turns to Nacho.
VERONICA
I’ll take the front. You stay here.

Nacho, nervous, nods.

VERONICA (CONT.)
You can do this. Don’t let them get away.

Veronica rushes around the cabin.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT
Claire stares wide-eyed from under the bed as the bedroom door swings open. A hand reaches under the bed, grabs Claire, and pulls her out. She screams and hits him over and over.

BLANE
Stop. Stop. Stop. It’s me.

It is Blane. Claire calms, blinks at him, and nods. Kit motions for them to hurry from the doorway.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT
Blane, Kit, and Claire rush down the stairs. They see Veronica through the window, her back towards them. They duck down to the floor and crawl to the back door. Blane stops and turns towards the living room.

KIT
What are you doing?

BLANE
We need the keys.

Blane crawls to the living room. Kit and Claire duck behind a large china cabinet.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Blane crawls slowly to the coffee table. He reaches up for the keys. Through the window, we see Veronica turn and look inside the cabin. Blane ducks down.
EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nacho looks back and forth from the back door. We hear several gunshots from the woods.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Devon hides behind a tree. Jose and Ed search around the area. They fire at shadows. Devon takes a deep breath and psyches himself up.

DEVON
(under his breath)
Be a warrior. A bad ass. Save your friends.

Ed passes by the tree Devon hides behind, his back to the "legendary samurai." Devon raises the sword and stabs it out. He impales Ed through his gut. Ed grimaces but doesn’t make a sound. Jose hisses in sympathetic pain.

JOSE
Fuck, Ed.

Devon takes off without his sword. Jose fires at him. Devon goes down. Ed yanks the sword out from his hip.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica turns back around and Blane reaches for the keys. He grabs them and scoots back to the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Blane hands Kit the keys. He guides Claire towards the back door, then stops.

KIT
What now?

BLANE
Medicine.

CLaire
I don’t need it.

BLANE
We don’t know how long we’ll be stuck on the mountain. The storm could run long.
CLAIRE
I’m okay.

KIT
She’s fine. Believe her.

Blane ignores them and crawls back to the living room. Kit stares after him furiously. Claire covers her eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blane sneaks into the room. He reaches for the pill sorter on the coffee table. Veronica barges inside the cabin. She skims the room.

VERONICA
Anyone in here? Listen... you can come out. Jose- John or whatever- He’s not here. It’s all just...

Veronica points her gun and looks around the room. She moves to the kitchen.

VERONICA (O.S.)
...a misunderstanding. Just come out. We’ll talk.

Blane turns to leave to room. Claire’s wristwatch alarm goes off. Blane freezes.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kit grabs Claire’s watch, rips it off, and tries to turn it off. She can’t. Blane runs to her and grabs it. He runs back to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica bursts back in the room. She spots Blane run in the room with the watch. Veronica raises her gun. Blane runs outside the front door. Veronica follows. We hear a shot.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire covers her eyes. Her breaths come out squeaky and shrill. Kit screams silently into her hands.
EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nacho hears the shot and rushes inside.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nacho enters through the back door as Kit comes out from behind the china cabinet. They stare at each other for a beat. Nacho hesitantly brings up his gun. Kit does a complicated self defense move on him. He falls like a sack of potatoes.

NACHO
Damn it!

Nacho rolls on the floor and covers his face in pain. Kit grabs Claire and they sneak out the back. Veronica, gun drawn, spots Nacho on the floor. She runs past him.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Kit runs and drags Claire around the cabin to the truck. They jump in the vehicle. Claire tries to shut the passenger door but it won’t close properly. Kit starts the car and steps on the gas. The truck, stuck, doesn’t move.

KIT
Come on!

Claire, breathes shrilly, and leans forward.

CLAIRE
Try.
(breath)
Reverse.

KIT
I know that!

Veronica fires at the truck and Kit ducks. From the trees, Jose and Ed approach the cabin. Ed has Devon’s body slung over one shoulder. He holds the sword stained in his blood.

JOSE
What the fuck?! Stop her!

Jose fires but he’s out of bullets. Ed drops the body and fires. Kit puts the truck in reverse and it backs up quickly. Jose leaps out of the way but Ed isn’t fast enough.
KIT
I hit the big one.

Claire takes a deep breath and nods. Ed stands, worse for wear but still kicking.

KIT (CONT.)
Shit.

Nacho holds his head and joins his friends. Kit puts the car into drive and speeds through the snow.

JOSE
Shoot the truck!

Nacho timidly raises his gun. Jose grabs his brother’s hand and forces him to fire. Kit dries, almost hysterical at this point.

KIT
We’re gonna make it. We’re gonna make it.

A bullet hits one of the truck’s tires. The truck spins out of control. The passenger door swings open. Claire reaches for Kit’s hand but only gets the red scrunchy around her wrist. Claire flies out into the night. The truck slams into some trees. Nacho pulls his gun away from Jose and lowers his head.

JOSE
Why aren’t you helping us?! You don’t even know these people.

Nacho shakes his head. Jose drags him over to the crashed truck. Ed and Veronica follow. Kit raises her head from the steering wheel. Blood gushes from her forehead. Ed opens the door and pulls her out.

KIT
You want me to beg, or something?

JOSE
I don’t care what you do.

Jose looks to Nacho expectantly. Nacho looks at his gun.

NACHO
I—I’m out of bullets.

Jose goes to grab Nacho’s gun. Kit stands. No fear.
I am!

Jose puts Nacho’s gun to Kit’s head. Kit closes her eyes. Jose fires the not empty gun. Veronica reaches in the truck and pulls out the keys.

VERONICA
Can anyone fix a flat tire?

Ed, bloody and bruised, nods.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Claire lies splayed on the ground, her shoes knocked off her feet. The red scrunchy rests in her open palm. Blood runs out of her mouth and nose.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Ed picks up Kit’s body and slings it of his shoulder. Veronica motions to a shed and leads Ed towards it. Jose turns to Nacho.

JOSE
Go find the other one.

NACHO
Why? She’s dead. I saw her fly out the door.

Jose hands Nacho the samurai sword.

JOSE
Go check!

Nacho, defeated, wanders off into the woods.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Nacho reaches Claire. He checks her pulse and frowns. He stands over her with the sword. He sighs, wipes some of her blood on the sword, and whispers in her ear.

NACHO
Just run away. Don’t come back, they’ll kill you. Just run.

He walks away.
EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jose drags Sheply’s body towards the shed. Sheply’s shiny boots slip off his feet. He pauses and glares at the boots. Nacho wanders back to the cabin. Jose turns to him expectantly.

    JOSE
    Where is she?

    NACHO
    Dead, like I said.

Jose doesn’t seem convinced.

    JOSE
    Where’s the body?

    NACHO
    In... several different trees.

Jose widens his eyes.

    JOSE

Jose and Nacho grab Sheply’s body and drag it away. They leave the boots behind.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Sheply’s body lies on top of a pile of the other bodies.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nacho shuffles inside the living room. Veronica and Ed sit quietly on the couch. Ed stares at the pill bottles on the coffee table. We hear Jose yell from down the hallway.

    JOSE (O.S.)
    Holy fuck, there’s a hot tub!

The others turn to the sound of his yells. Ed peers at the pill sorter on the floor. He grabs it.
EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The snow fall has ceased. We see two feet walk past Claire. They stop next to her head for a beat and then move on. Claire’s eyes snap open.

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - NIGHT

Jose pulls off his clothes and jumps into the hot tub. Veronica and Nacho stand off a bit. Ed takes off his shirt to examine his wound. It’s not pretty.

JOSE
Come on in.

Jose points his gun at his brother. Nacho glares. Ed delicately touches the gushing wound.

JOSE (CONT.)
What? It’s empty.

VERONICA
We’re out, too.

Nacho’s glares intensify.

NACHO
What are you doing?

Jose scowls.

JOSE
We’ve got time.

NACHO
We don’t even know if the truck will start. Ed needs a doctor. And you’re... soaking in a hot tub.

JOSE
I need to relax.

Nacho opens his mouth in shock.

NACHO
Relax? Are you insane? We need to get out of here!

Jose ignores his brother and dips his head under the water. Veronica touches Nacho’s back but he pulls away from her.
VERONICA
He’s having a nervous breakdown.
That has to be it.

Jose brings his head back up and spits a stream of water in the air.

JOSE
It’s been a long day. Robbed a bank, killed a security guard, killed a bunch-

Nacho sits down.

NACHO
You killed a cop?

JOSE
Fuckin’ Paul Blart, Bank Cop.

Nacho gives Veronica an accusatory look.

NACHO
Why didn’t you tell me?

JOSE
Why the fuck would anyone tell you? Your job is to drive. And, I don’t know, cry like a bitch.

Nacho covers his face.

JOSE (CONT.)
Don’t blame me, little bro. That fat ass should’ve been on his lunch break.

Nacho screams into his hands. Ed opens the pill sorter he brought in. Nacho squints at him.

NACHO
What’s that?

Ed holds up a pink pill. Jose grins.

JOSE
Holy shit. Jimmy’s brother took those.

NACHO
The guy who thought he was a glass of orange juice?

Jose laughs. He stiffens up and widens his eyes.
JOSE
(mockingly)
Don’t spill me. Don’t spill me.

VERONICA
Who do you think the crazy one in
the group was?

NACHO
Hard to say...

Nacho shrugs. Ed presses his wound and flinches. He stands and leaves the room.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Claire, disoriented and barefoot, walks slowly towards the cabin. She has Kit’s red scrunchy around her wrist. She passes a pile of chopped wood and an ax.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ed holds a washcloth to his hip. A breeze rustles his hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire passes by the kitchen. We see Ed leaned over the sink. Claire walks into the hallway as Ed turns around and enters the living room. He spots the front door open. His eyes widen.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire walks up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ed spots wet footprints on the ground.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire paces the hallway. She looks down at her hands and we see she holds her stress duck in one hand and the ax she passed earlier.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Ed grabs the samurai sword and heads upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT
She turns towards the stairs and her gaze fixes on Ed. Ed grips the sword and raises it. Claire straightens up, spins the ax around in the air, grabs it, and plunges it in his chest. Ed loses balance and grabs at Claire’s bandages. They rip as he plummets down the steps. The stress duck falls with him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT
Ed lands at the bottom of the staircase. His head bent in an unnatural angle. The sword lands next to him and the stress duck bounces off his chest.

INT. HOT TUB ROOM - NIGHT
Jose, Nacho, and Veronica hear a loud thud.

VERONICA
What was that?

Jose shrugs and yells over of his shoulder.

JOSE
Eddy, what the hell ya doin?!

No response. Jose hops out of the hot tub and dries off.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT
Claire breathes heavily and stares down at the body. She rushes down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
Claire runs into the Tony Orlando room. She holds her head, as if in pain. We see the word, "kill" carved repeatedly on her once covered wrists. Some old scars, some fresher. She paces and smacks herself in the head.

CLAIRE
What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?
The Tony Orlando mannequin spins its head around and faces Claire.

TONY ORLANDO MANNEQUIN
Kill them.

Claire faces the mannequin. She almost screams until a hand from behind her covers her mouth. It’s Blane. His shoulder bleeds and the woven necklace is absent but he’s mostly intact.

BLANE
Don’t scream.

Claire bursts into quiet tears.

CLaire
I thought you were dead, Blane. And the mannequin was talking to me.

Blane eyes the mannequin darkly.

BLANE
Don’t listen to him. Listen to me.

Claire nods.

CLaire
What do we do?

Blane turns to an old record player.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Nacho kneels over Ed. Jose and Veronica stare open mouthed at the body.

VERONICA
Do you think he fell?

Nacho shakes his head.

NACHO
He must have. Lost a lot of blood... why was he going upstairs?

Jose laughs. Veronica and Nacho turn to Jose in disbelief.

JOSE
What? Be happy. We don’t have to split the money four ways anymore. Just fuckin’ sucks we don’t have anyone to fix the tire.
Nacho turns away from his brother and checks for a pulse.

JOSE (CONT.)
It’s funny if you think about it.

NACHO
No it isn’t!

Veronica looks to Nacho.

VERONICA
Is he alive?

NACHO
No.

Nacho looks up the stairs in suspicion.

JOSE
What are you looking for? The idiot fuckin’ fell. Built like a tank and can’t walk up a simple flight of stairs.

Jose laughs again, a little more hysterically. Tony Orlando and Dawn’s "Knock Three Times" blasts from upstairs. Fear grows on the trio’s faces.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire turns the volume up on a record player. She fluffs the long feathered hair on the mannequin and turns it so it faces the wall. Blane nods at her.

TONY ORLANDO (O.S.)
Hey girl, what you doing down there? Dancing alone every night while I live right above you.

Claire and Blane hurry from the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jose grabs the sword next to Ed’s body. Nacho and Veronica continue to look up the stairs.

TONY ORLANDO (O.S.)
One floor below me you don’t even know me. I love you.
NACHO
Maybe it’s an alarm?

Veronica opens the china cabinet and grabs a plate. She smashes it and takes a big chunk. She holds it like a knife.

TONY ORLANDO (O.S.)
Knock three times on the ceiling if you want me. Twice on the pipe if the answer is no.

Jose and Veronica slowly walk up the stairs. Nacho stays behind.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire opens a window in the hall. She looks behind her towards the staircase.

TONY ORLANDO (O.S.)
Oh my sweetness...

Claire stomps down on the ground three times then jumps out the window.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jose, Veronica, and Nacho hear the stomps. Jose raises the sword and Veronica raises the plate piece. They hurry upstairs. Nacho finds a smaller plate piece and hurries after them.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Claire tries to shut the window behind her but she slips and slides down the sloped roof. The ax falls to the ground. Blane, already on the roof, grabs her wrist. She dangles a few feet from the ground.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jose and Veronica walk in front of Nacho with their weapons raised. They follow the sound of the music. The open window causes a breeze to blow the curtains in front of Devon’s bedroom door. Tony Orlando crones on.

TONY ORLANDO (O.S.)
If you look out your window tonight pullin’ the string with the note...
Jose glances out the window but doesn’t see anything.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Blane’s grip slips and Claire falls into a pile of snow.

   BLANE
   Sorry.
Claire sits up. Blane jumps down and lands nest to her.

   CLAIRE
   It’s okay.
Blane grins and points to the circuit breaker.

   CLAIRE
   We could just leave.

   BLANE
   No. They killed our friends.
Claire stands and they head over to the circuit breaker.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
Jose, Veronica, and Nacho enter the dark room. They spot the mannequin in the corner. The trio walk towards it.

   JOSE
   Turn around.
The mannequin doesn’t move.

   JOSE
   Turn around!
The music stops as the power goes out.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Claire and Blane move away from the circuit breaker. Blane picks up Sheply’s left behind shiny boots. He offers them to Claire.

   BLANE
   Can’t go around barefoot.
Claire seems surprised by her exposed feet. She wiggles her toes, then slips on the boots.
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jose slices at the mannequin. Veronica join in and stabs it several times. Nacho holds back. The mannequin falls over. Jose raises the sword over his head, brings it down, and cuts the mannequin’s head off. He continues to slash at the fallen figure. Veronica and Nacho stop him.

NACHO
It’s a mannequin.

VERONICA
What the fuck!?

The trio spin around the room. Their weapons raised.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Blane enter the cabin. Blane nudges Claire and points to the bags of cash. Claire grins and picks them up.

CLAIRE
I’ve got an idea.

Claire grabs one of the samurai masks off the wall and puts it on. She offers another to Blane.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jose, still in nothing but his boxers, shivers in the kitchen. Nacho and Veronica, fully clothes, seem fine. Nacho peers out the window. Veronica sets down her plate piece. She searches through drawers.

JOSE
Nacho, go get my clothes.

NACHO
Get ’em yourself.

Jose grabs Nacho by the collar.

JOSE
Since your too much of a pussy to do anything, you’re gonna be my errand boy. Now go get them.

Jose pushes his brother. Nacho looks to Veronica. She awkwardly looks away. Nacho leaves. Jose turns to Veronica and smirks.
JOSE (CONT.)
You still flirtin’ with him?

Veronica searches through another drawer and then slams it.

VERONICA
Where the fuck are the knives?

Jose frowns.

JOSE
Are you?

VERONICA
Yes, goddamn it.

JOSE
He offer his share yet?

VERONICA
Anything to get me away from you.

Jose laughs heartily.

JOSE
So romantic.

VERONICA
Shut up. I don’t want to do this. Ed’s dea- Ed’s out. We don’t need extra.

JOSE
I want it.

Veronica kicks the stove in frustration.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nacho passes the living room with Jose’s clothes. A flickering light from the fireplace catches his attention.

NACHO
Shit. Shit!

Nacho rushes to the fire place.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica and Jose rush in the room and stare into the fire with Nacho. Veronica screams bloody murder and sinks to her knees. In the flames we see one of the duffel bags of money.

JOSE
Get it out!

Jose shoves Nacho towards the fire. Nacho tries to reach in, thinks better of it, and grabs a fire poker. He pulls the bag and stomps out the flames. Veronica continues to scream.

JOSE (CONT.)
Is the money okay?

Nacho uses Jose’s clothes to open the back. The money appears black and charred. Jose grabs the bag. He screams, pulls his hands back, and holds his fingers.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A cabinet door slowly creaks open and Claire and Blane step out. Claire she opens a drawer and grabs a marker. She writes something on the counter top. Blane watches her write. He nods in approval. Movement outside distracts her but Blane grabs her head and turns it back to the counter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jose flips the coffee table and throws various objects at the wall in fury. He angrily puts his clothes back on but falls over a few times. Veronica sobs next to the charred bag of money. Nacho stands next to her and pats her back.

JOSE
I’m gonna kill that mother fucker!

Jose kicks a wall repeatedly.

NACHO
Stop, man...

JOSE
I’m gonna find him and rip his fucking head off!

Jose storms out of the living room towards the darkened kitchen.
INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jose throws items around in the kitchen. Nacho walks in and places a hand on his brother’s shoulder. Jose pushes him off.

JOSE
Everyone’s dead! Who’s doing this.

Jose stares down Nacho.

JOSE (CONT.)
Right? You killed that girl, right?

NACHO
Y- yeah. I... a girl couldn’t do these things.

Veronica enters, angry.

VERONICA
I could.

NACHO
Yeah but... your not... average.

VERONICA
You didn’t kill her.

NACHO
I- she was practically dead. It’s not her.

Jose throws his head back and screams.

JOSE
We’re in the kitchen, motherfucker! Come on! Let’s see how tough you are!

Nacho pleads with Veronica with his eyes. She moves away from him and approaches the counter. She notices something scribble on it.

VERONICA
What does that say?

NACHO
What?

Nacho pulls out his phone and lights up the counter. The trio stare at the message. It says, "I have your money, come and find me."
JOSE
Oh, I’ll fucking find you! You motherfucking piece of fucking shit eating-

Jose’s rant intensifies.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT
Claire and Blane, hide behind the china cabinet. Blane uses facial expressions to mock Jose’s outrage. Claire giggles quietly.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT
Jose opens drawers and cabinets desperately. Veronica helps. Nacho stands, dumbfounded.

NACHO
Let’s leave. We’ll walk.

Veronica turns to Nacho in anger.

VERONICA
Without the money? And go where? I didn’t do all of this for no reason. Don’t tell me it was for no reason.

NACHO
It’s not worth dying for.

JOSE
We’re not gonna die. We have weapons!

Jose holds up the sword and grins wildly.

JOSE (CONT.)
I’m lookin’ for ya right now, bitch!

Jose gallops out of the room.

INT. SHED - NIGHT
The bodies of lie in a pile in the middle of the floor. We hear a burst of heavy breaths.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jose spins around the room. He turns and points the sword at Nacho and Veronica as they enter.

JOSE
You two look upstairs. I’ll check the shed. I’ll bet that cunt’s in there. Thinks I’m afraid of some dead bodies. I killed those bodies!

Veronica and Nacho back away from Jose in terror.

JOSE
Go look!

NACHO
No, man. I’m leaving. You two can do whatever you want.

JOSE
Good. More money for me.

Nacho scoffs and heads for the front door.

VERONICA
Wait.

Jose stares at Veronica in confusion.

VERONICA (CONT.)
If the money’s not in the shed. We’ll go-

JOSE
What!?

VERONICA
Fine, I’ll go.

Jose clenches his teeth.

JOSE
It’s either there or upstairs. You two better look.

NACHO
Or in the woods, or buried, or anywhere!

JOSE
No, no way. It’s here. She wants to play. I’m ready.
Jose wildly paces and grins.

**VERONICA**
Can you at least leave us the sword.

Jose frowns then tosses it to her.

**JOSE**
I’ll get that dead guy’s knife. It’s on him, right?

**NACHO**
I think.

**JOSE**
I’ll get that. Stab that fucker up close and personal.

Jose pretend stabs the air and walks out of the cabin.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Jose turns a corner around the house and sees Claire with her mask on. She turns, ax in hand. Blane stands beside her with his mask on.

**JOSE**
You don’t got the balls.

Blane whispers in Claire’s ear.

**BLANE**
You going to let him talk to you like that?

Jose laughs. Claire raises the ax and swings. Jose jumps back in legitimate surprise. He grabs for the ax. They fight over it. Claire pushes up the weapon so the bottom hits Jose in the Adam’s apple. He screams but no sound comes out.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Veronica and Nacho push the china cabinet in front of the back door.

**NACHO**
Now we just have to watch the front door.
VERONICA
What about upstairs? You going to check?

They both raise their heads to the ceiling.

NACHO
Fuck that. I’m not getting murdered. Tell ya what. I’ll watch the stairs, you watch the front door.

Veronica nods.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Jose holds his throat and runs to the back door. He tries the knob but the door won’t budge. Claire runs behind him with the ax raised over her head.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Veronica and Nacho stand back to back. They spot the back doorknob as it moves. They tense up. The turning stops and they relax.

NACHO
I hope your boyfriend made it to the shed.

Veronica scoffs.

VERONICA
I can’t wait to get away from him.

Unseen by the two, Jose runs past the window as Claire chases him with the ax.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Claire swings the ax at Jose. She slashes his hand. Two fingers fall off. He holds his hand and tries to scream but no sound comes out. Claire raises the ax again. Jose lowers his head, runs, and tackles her. They wrestle and roll towards the trees.
INT. SHED - NIGHT

More heavy breaths come from the pile of bodies. The bodies shift a bit as a survivor moves around.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nacho turns and stares at Veronica in disbelief.

NACHO
Oh really? Can’t wait to get away? You’re not getting my share.

Veronica gapes at Nacho.

VERONICA
I - I don’t want it! I don’t want to be with that fucking psycho anymore. I - I want to be with you.

Nacho rolls his eyes.

EXT. SNOWY LEDGE - NIGHT

Jose and Claire roll towards a steep ledge. Claire holds the ax handle down on Jose’s neck. He pushes the handle with all his might and Claire tumbles down the ledge with the ax. Jose stands, holds his hand to his body, and limps back to the cabin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nacho shakes his head at Veronica.

NACHO
So you like me, huh?

Veronica shrugs.

VERONICA
You’re pretty cute, I guess.

NACHO
So poetic.

Nacho grabs Veronica and kisses her. Through the window we see Jose. His face twists in rage. He storms away. Veronica pushes Nacho away, disgusted.
NACHO (CONT.)
That’s what I thought.

Nacho turns away from her and folds his arms.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Jose limps slowly to the shed. Determination on his face.

EXT. SNOWY LEDGE - NIGHT
Claire dangles off the ledge. She holds her ax handle, lodged against the sloped hill. She pulls herself up.

INT. SHED - NIGHT
Jose makes his way to the body pile. He reaches into the pile and shuffles the bodies around until he finds Sheply. He lifts Sheply’s shirt and discovers the knife case on his belt. The case is empty. Jose turns the body over.

JOSE
(raspy)
The fu-

A hand bursts up from the pile. It holds the knife and sinks the blade into Jose’s exposed neck.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Claire steadily makes her way to the shed. She follows a trail of blood droplets. She stops and stares at a long haired person in her way. The person, the Tony Orlando Mannequin, puts it’s hand out to stop her. It points to the cabin.

CLaire
You’re not real!

Blane runs past, out of nowhere.

BLANE
Go back to the cabin!

CLaire
Oh... okay.

Claire turns and follows Blane.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nacho grabs Veronica’s hand and guides her to the front door.

   NACHO
   Let’s go.

Veronica hesitates.

   VERONICA
   But maybe Jose found the money.

   NACHO
   Fuck the money.

   VERONICA
   I don’t-

The door opens. Claire, masked and intimidating, stands in the doorway. Her ax held high. Veronica pulls out the sword and holds it out towards Claire.

   VERONICA (CONT.)
   Just get out of here! Leave!

Claire hits the sword with the ax and the sword breaks. Nacho and Veronica scream and back up.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jose holds his neck and crawls away from the survivor. The survivor, face unseen, stabs Jose continually in the back, shoulders, and legs. Jose whisper screams.

   JOSE
   Ignacio!

His legs give out and he falls face first into the snow. The survivor brings the knife down and flays chunks of skin off poor Jose.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Veronica and Nacho put up their hands. Claire moves closer. The Tony Orlando Mannequin walks to the center of the room. He pulls out a microphone and sings "Knock Three Times." Nacho and Veronica don’t seem to notice him.
TONY ORLANDO MANNEQUIN

*Hey girl what you doing down there...*

NACHO

We’re sorry. Y- you can keep the money.

Claire swings the ax. Veronica and Nacho move to the hallway. Tony smiles and follows them still singing.

TONY ORLANDO MANNEQUIN

*Knock three times on the ceiling if you want me...*

The Tony Mannequin grooves while he sings.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nacho and Veronica move backwards to the back door. The china cabinet blocks their way. Claire swings again. Veronica and Nacho sink to the floor and cower under their raised hands. Tony continues to serenade them.

TONY ORLANDO MANNEQUIN

*Oh my sweetness... means you’ll meet me in the hallway...*

VERONICA

(calmly)

Please don’t do this. I- didn’t want to do this. They made me. He made me.

Nacho gasps. Blane, behind Claire, puts his hand on her shoulder.

BLANE

They deserve it. Just do it.

Kit, Devon, and Sheply suddenly appear behind Claire.

SHEPLY

Do it for me, Claire Bear.

Claire can’t seem to concentrate.

CLAIRE

What? I can’t...
DEVON
I’d use a sword but... an ax will do just as well.

NACHO
Please stop. We’ll leave.

VERONICA
Please let us go.

KIT
When you’re done we can live happily ever after. Blane and I can get married. We can be sisters.

Claire turns to Kit.

CLAIRE
You don’t want to get married.

Kit grins. Claire, very confused, puts her hands over her ears. Tony sings even louder.

CLAIRE (CONT.)
Could you just shut up?! Everybody shut up!

The scene goes quiet. Nacho and Veronica shake in fear and Claire lowers the ax.

VERONICA
See you- you’re a good person.

The sound of smashed glass comes from the kitchen. Veronica and Nacho turn towards the sound. Veronica breaks her calm.

VERONICA (CONT.)
Jose! We’re in the hall!

Claire raises the ax again and swings down on Veronica’s stomach. Veronica screams, then looks at her stomach. She holds it and sobs. Nacho screams and sobs along with her.

NACHO
What did you do?!

The kitchen door swings open. Claire, without looking, swings the ax at the intruder. The ax sinks into the survivor’s face. Blane grabs Claire’s hand.

BLANE
Why can’t you just see the truth?
Nacho opens a drawer on the china cabinet and finds the pile of hidden knives and other weapons. He picks them up and throws them at Claire.

CLAIRE
Blane? What do you mean...

Claire turns to look behind her. Tony, and everyone else, is gone. A knife hits her temple. She goes down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
We see the mantle with the Samurai masks. Only one is gone from the collection.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT
Flashback: We see Claire completely alone in the Tony Orlando room. She covers her own mouth while she stares at the unmoving mannequin.

CLAIRE
I thought you were dead.

She’s alone.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Flashback: We see Claire’s sweater caught on a nail on the sloped roof of the cabin as Jose looks out the window. No Blane.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT
Flashback: We see Claire make mock funny faces and giggle by herself behind the china cabinet.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT
We see a couple police cars make their way slowly up the snowy road.
INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nacho tries to pull the china cabinet out of the way but it won't budge. Veronica’s appearance has deteriorated. She’s pale and shivers.

    NACHO
    We’ll go through the front.

Nacho grabs Veronica’s hands and he drags her towards the living room. Unconscious Claire blocks their path. She stirs. Nacho halts.

    VERONICA
    Oh god.

Nacho whips his head back and forth desperately around the room. He notices a closet and drags Veronica over.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Sunrise. Nacho lies Veronica down carefully and sits down beside her.

    NACHO
    Hold on.

Nacho clutches the phone with one hand and holds Veronica’s with the other. He dials and puts the phone to his ear.

    NACHO (CONT.)
    Please, help us.

Nacho squeezes the phone.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire sits up and touches her head. Blood pools out of her blown off ear. She stands. Claire follows a blood trail down the hall. She passes Ed’s body.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Nacho shakes Veronica’s hand as her eyes droop closed.

    NACHO
    Please. Just come. She’s bleeding. I don’t think...

Nacho closes his eyes tightly.
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire passes the survivor. It’s Blane. We see she actually swung the ax into his face. She grabs the woven necklace around his neck, yanks it off, and pockets it. She bursts into tears.

CLAIRE
I’m alone. I don’t... what do I do, Blane?

Blane’s corpse raises his hands and yanks the ax from his face. He hands the ax to Claire. She takes it. The shiny boots leave a trail of bloody prints.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Nacho clutches Veronica’s hand harder.

NACHO
I don’t know. It’s a cabin up in the mountains, near-

Nacho reaches up and pulls various articles of clothing off hangers. He presses them against Veronica’s massive wound.

NACHO (CONT.)
What?

Nacho hears footsteps. He whimpers.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire adjusts the mask and Kit’s scrunchy on her wrist as she walks down the hall.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Nacho holds the clothes tightly to Veronica’s abdomen. Veronica’s breaths come out shallow.

NACHO (crying)
No.

The closet doorknob turns back and forth. Nacho screams.
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire hits the door forcefully. She grunts with each hit. The gash in the door grows and Claire reaches her hand in. She immediately pulls in back out and holds her hand in pain.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Nacho holds a twisted and bloody wire hanger. He turns to Veronica. Her eyes stare off into nothingness. Nacho shakes her.

NACHO
Veronica? Wake up, Veronica.
Veronica? Veronica!

Veronica does not respond. The ax swings continue against the door. Nacho sits her up, hugs her, and cries into her chest.

NACHO (CONT.)
Don’t leave me alone.

Veronica stays limp. Nacho sets her down lightly. He stands and grabs the hanger rod in the closet. He pulls it off the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire swings the ax once more and pulls the door open. She is met with a smack to the face with the rod Nacho swings at her. The mask flies off her face and she drops the ax. Nacho appears surprised.

NACHO
Why didn’t you just leave!?

Claire kicks his knees. She leaps on top of him.

CLaire
I can’t believe I thought you were cute.

NACHO (CONT.)
Get the fuck off of me!
Claire scratches and bites him. Nacho pushes her up and off. He stands and hits her over the head. Claire falls to the floor and Nacho runs to the back door. He pulls the china cabinet again. It tilts over. Plates and glass shatters. A duffel bag, hidden on top of the cabinet, topples to the floor.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The police cars make their way up the hill. The cabin is visible.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nacho looks from the bag to Claire, who moves to get up from the floor. Nacho grabs the bag. He jumps over Ed’s body and runs up the stairs. Claire shakes her uncovered head, grabs the ax, and chases after him.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Nacho races down hallway. He spots the window at the end of the hall and leaps through it. Claire hurries after him. She jumps through the window without hesitation.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Nacho lands on the ground with a thud. The bag lands next to him. We hear police sirens in the distance. He turns his head and sees Jose’s mangled body inches from his face. Nacho screams. He turns to see Claire after him and gets to his feet. He grabs the bag and runs to towards the cover of the trees.

EXT. SNOWY LEDGE - DAY

Nacho reaches the ledge and carefully tries to walk down it. Claire catches up and swings the ax at him. Nacho turns around and swing his duffel bag at her. The blade swings through the air and hits it’s mark.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Claire slowly walks back to the cabin. She steps over Jose’s body and doesn’t seem to notice.
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire walks back inside and sits down next to her brother’s body. She holds his hand.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Police cars park in front of the cabin. OFFICERS exit their vehicles and move to the front door. They knock.

OFFICER 1
Police. You reported an accident?

No response. The officers notice the large amount of blood highlighted in the snow. Officer 1 nods to the other cops. He pulls out his gun and he kicks in the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Claire looks up from her brother’s hand as the officers barge in. They point their guns at her.

OFFICER 1
Put your hands up!

Claire follows the order. The officer’s stare at the massacre in horror.

EXT. SNOWY LEDGE - DAY

One of the officers approaches the ax that juts out of the duffel bag on the ground. He squints at it in in confusion.

EXT. SNOWY LEDGE - DAY

Flashback: The blade hits it’s mark. Claire stares at the ax as it juts out from the duffel bag. Nacho stands frozen in fear.

CLAIRE
Run away. If you come back, I’ll kill you.

Nacho runs.
EXT. FOREST - DAY

Nacho races down the side of the mountain. He looks behind himself a few times in fear and trips in the snow. He stands, wipes tears from his face, and runs faster than before.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ellison and Monika walk quickly down the hallway. They approach a room guarded by an officer. Through the small window on the door, we see Claire. She stares off.

ELLISON
Let us in.

YOUNG OFFICER 1
No visitors.

ELLISON
We’re her parents.

A POLICE CHIEF approaches the officers.

POLICE CHIEF
Let them in.

The Young Officers step aside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Claire lies on a hospital bed, her hands restrained to the sides. She gazes at a corner of the room and absentmindedly tries to shovel jello in her mouth with a spork. Ellsion sits on the side of the bed. Monika stands far away from her daughter.

ELLISON
Claire?

Claire turns her gaze towards him.

CLaire
Hi.

She looks past her father, glances at her mother, and searches the room.

CLaire (CONT.)
Blane didn’t come?
Ellison’s expression saddens. Monika’s expression twists into rage.

MONIKA
He didn’t come because you killed him!

Claire seems taken aback. Ellison tries to calm his wife.

ELLISON
Monika, please.

Monika charges over to Claire, grabs her shoulders, and shakes her.

MONIKA
Tell me you did it! Tell me!

Ellison pulls Monika away. Monika storms out of the room.

ELLISON
I...

Silence fills the room.

ELLISON (CONT.)
The police told me that the people that kil- that caused all the trouble, had robbed a bank earlier in the day. They said there were four suspects but they only found three at the cabin.

Claire looks at Ellison surprised and confused.

ELLISON (CONT.)
Where’s the fourth person?

She fixes her gaze at the corner then back at Ellison.

CLaire
There were only three.

ELLISON
Are you...

Claire seems unfocused.

ELLISON (CONT.)
Claire. Are you sure?
CLAIRE
Yes.

ELLISON
Okay. I believe you.

Ellison backs up from the room.

ELLISON (CONT.)
I’ll visit you again before they take you to the new hospital.

Claire nods sadly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT

Claire watches Ellison leave. In the corner of the room stands the Tony Orlando Mannaquin. It grins.

CLAIRE
Go away. I hate you.

She looks away.

BLANE (O.S.)
Claire.

Claire turns back and sees Blane has taken the mannequin’s place. He sports the ax wound on his face and smiles warmly.

CLAIRE
They told me you were dead.

Blane frowns.

BLANE
That’s a lie. Are you going to let them lie to you?

We hear the jaunty tune of Tony Orlando and Dawn’s "Knock Three Times." Claire shakes her head "no" and grabs her spork. She hides it under her covers.

FADE OUT