

MALEVOLENT

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DRAFT 4
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INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight beams inside an empty typical teenage girls bedroom through half-open curtains.

MUFFLED SOBBING.

KATIE PARTRIDGE, 18, hides underneath her bed. Hands tight to her mouth, her eyes tearful. Extremely frightened.

The door CREAKS open.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

A figure wearing two black shoes enters. He stops just inside the doorway.

The MAN IN BLACK (dressed all in black, face unseen) grips a blood-soaked butcher knife in his hand.

He slowly paces the room. Opens the wardrobe. Closes it. He walks around the bed in deliberate slow manner.

Katie remains in fear, tears roll down her cheeks, her hands wrapped even tighter over her mouth.

The footsteps stop.

Silent moments pass.

Katie eyes the open door.

A few more moments pass. Silence.

Katie looks towards the door again. Hope. A chance.

Katie scans the view of the room as best she can. No sight of anyone else in the room.

She braces herself. Cautiously, she makes a small movement.

Reassured by silence, Katie shuffles more. She pulls herself slowly from under the bed.

From the top of the bed, The Man In Black GRABS Katie's hair with his hand. He cuts her throat.

He releases her head, it drops to the floor. A puddle of blood seeps from Katie's slit throat.

The Man In Black calmly gets off the bed. He drags Katie's body from beneath the bed.

Convinced she is dead, he calmly walks out of the door.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black walks casually down the staircase.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

The Man In Black stops in the lobby. He examines the security lock on the front door. It's still intact.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A muted television beams the only light into the room.

Two dead bodies sit upright on the sofa.

RICHARD PARTRIDGE, 44. Throat cut. His head dangles behind.

Next to him sits PATRICIA PARTRIDGE, 41. Numerous bloody wounds to her torso.

The Man In Black pauses for a moment, admires his work.

MAXWELL PARTRIDGE, 16, lay outstretched on the floor. Several bloody stab wounds in his back.

The Man In Black walks calmly over Maxwell's corpse and in to the kitchen.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Another body, STEVEN TODD, 21. Stabbed multiple times. A large puddle of blood covers the kitchen floor.

The Man In Black walks through the puddle with no concern and takes a seat near the kitchen table.

The only light is from the living room television set.

The Man In Black pulls a packet of cigarettes from his trouser pocket. He lights one.

His lighter illuminates half his facial details. 20-25, shaven with black laid back hair down to his neck. Normal.

He smokes in relaxed fashion, admiring the dead body of Steven Todd on the floor.

He tips his cigarette ash into the puddle of blood.

He takes out a mobile phone from his pocket.

Switches it on. Display light illuminates that the cover of the phone is feminine.

Display clock reads: "19:13".

The Man In Black flicks through the contact pages.

Various names appear until "**HOME**" pops up on the screen.

The Man In Black dials. Landline telephone rings in the livingroom.

He lets it ring three times. Ends the call.

Dials "**DAD**". A cell rings out in the livingroom. Dials "**MOM**". Same result.

The Man In Black flicks through various names until he comes across "**STEVE**". Dials.

A loud harmonic ring tone.

The Man In Black looks at Steven's body. Giggles.

The Man In Black ends the call. Places the cell back into his pocket.

He leaves the house through the back door, closing it firmly on his way out.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BACKSTREET - NIGHT

The Man In Black walks past a row of fenced-up back garden houses, leaving bloody footprints on the ground.

A DOG BARKS bark as he walks off into the distance.

EXT. BATCHWOOD STREET - NIGHT

Residential street packed with AMBULANCES and POLICE CARS. Siren lights clash with the glow of orange street lamps.

MEDIA CREWS line up at the garden path of a particular house, held back by a barrier of crime scene police tape.

Curious neighbours gather around the area.

EXT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two PARAMEDICS bring a zipped-up body-bag from the front door.

Cameras flash from the awaiting media as the Paramedics take the body-bag into the back of an ambulance.

News reporter, SANDRA KINGOM, 35, tries in vain to quiz the Paramedics as they return morbidly back to the house.

SANDRA KINGOM

(talking to camera)

We have now just seen *another* body taken from the Kennedy house here down at Batchwood Street. That makes it FOUR dead bodies, I repeat FOUR bodies have now been found in this grisly discovery.

Two POLICE OFFICERS obstruct Sandra on their way towards the house. Sandra gives them a dirty look, quickly returning to her previous expression of grave concern.

SANDRA

From what information we have gathered here at Yatesville Local News, Y.L.C., is that the bodies were found about an hour ago at 6pm by a concerned neighbour. As soon as we get some more details, we will inform you straight away. Back to the studio.

Camera man JAMES COLLINS, 43, gives a "cut" signal, lowers his cam. He has a headset on with a small microphone.

JAMES

Awesome stuff, Sandra.

Sandra lights a cigarette, quickly refreshes her make up.

SANDRA

Awesome? I'll tell you what's awesome, James.

She checks her hair in the small mirror in her compact.

SANDRA

Awesome is that this town has never had anything like this happen to it in it's entire bumpkin history. Even more awesome is the fact we were the first to cover it.

James grins. He receives feedback through his headset.

JAMES

Yep... OK... will do.

SANDRA

(anxious)

Well? What did they say?

JAMES

The channel loved the broadcast. Y.L.C. news ratings are gonna hit the roof, Sandra, and you're the one that's gonna get the credit.

Sandra clenches her fist in victory.

SANDRA
There really is a God.

INT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Busy with police officers and paramedics. A FORENSIC TEAM are also resident.

Flashing cameras occasionally go off.

DETECTIVE DON RISCO, 54, (balding, short, long trench-coat) and OFFICER KEN OWLSEN, 29, (tall, handsome, well-built) stand in the hallway.

OWLSEN
God damn news channels got here just as we did, been hassling us for answers ever since.

RISCO
What do they know so far?

OWLSEN
That it's a homicide. They know the names involved but we've not allowed them to release them as yet. Relatives are still being notified, they have a right to know before the nation finds out.

Risco nods in agreement.

INT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Risco and Owlson enter inside.

A crime scene unit busy at work. Blood stains cover the floor.

A male body lies flat on the floor, face up. His torso has multiple blood stains on his shredded shirt.

OWLSEN
That's Richard Kennedy, sixty-five years old. Father of the house. Apparently, he'd invited his daughter and her husband round for the day.

Risco puts a hand to his chin and rubs it gingerly.

RISCO
Where's the daughter?

OWLSEN

Her body's been taken to the morgue. A few moments before you got here, Detective Risco.

Risco takes a look around the living-room, careful not to disturb the scene.

RISCO

How was the daughter killed?

OWLSEN

Rosemary Johnson was stabbed. In her back, multiple times. We're gonna need a coroner to be sure -

RISCO

Was her body found in here?

OWLSEN

In the kitchen. Traces of blood indicate she might have been trying to get away to the back door but didn't make it, the son of a bitch got to her first.

Risco walks into the kitchen, where there are a few other members of the crime scene unit. Owlson follows.

INT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Risco crouches, examines the kitchen floor, blood marks surround it. He carefully walks to the open back door.

RISCO

The daughter, how old was she?

OWLSEN

Twenty-eight. Her husband, Timothy Johnson, his body was found upstairs in the spare bedroom.

RISCO

Let me take a stab at this one. He was butchered too, right?

Risco walks over to the kitchen sink.

OWLSEN

Correct.

Risco grabs a cup and goes to turn the kitchen sink on.

He is staggered to find a decapitated woman's head staring up at him from inside the basin.

Risco staggers back in shock, and clumsily into a member of the crime unit.

OWLSEN

By the way, that's the head of the mother, Elizabeth Kennedy. Sixty-three yesterday.

Risco, composing himself, takes a hanker-chief from his pocket and wipes sweat from his forehead.

RISCO

Where's the body?

OWLSEN

In the back garden. Cut up. I don't think we've found the left leg just yet. It's a real mess...

Risco cuts Owlsen off.

RISCO

I get the picture, Owlsen.

(beat)

So, lets say the murders happened sometime around five to six 'o clock this evening?

Owlsen nods in agreement. Risco strokes his chin, analysing.

RISCO

And a neighbour, a Mrs. Pillins, called the police due to her hearing several loud screams... right so far?

OWLSEN

That's right. We got here at six twenty-two PM. Discovery of the bodies and you were called in. What next?

The two walk through the living room and into the hallway.

INT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Another body-bag is being taken through the front door to a frenzy of camera flashes from the awaiting press.

Risco looks sternly at Owlsen.

RISCO

I have never seen anything like this in this town before.

OWLSEN

I've never seen anything like this before, period. Yatesville is a quiet town.

(beat)

Do you think it was a local?

Risco shrugs his shoulders.

RISCO

At this point, I have no idea. Could be a family member or close friend. Someone obviously had a serious grudge against this family.

OWLSEN

What do we do now?

RISCO

There's a killer on the loose, and they couldn't have got very far. Let's get people off the streets and behind closed doors for safety's sake.

Risco and Owlson head to the front door.

EXT. KENNEDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Risco and Owlson walk down the garden path to a blaze of camera flashes and calls from various media that are restrained by other police officers and a yellow tape barrier that surrounds the house.

As Risco and Owlson head to their vehicle, Sandra and James manage to get through and surprise them.

SANDRA

Detective Risco, can you confirm that the entire family that live in that house have all been murdered?

Risco ignores her and gets inside the drivers side. Owlson pushes back James, other Officers join to clear them off.

The Y.L.C. crew are pushed aside as Owlson joins Risco in the passenger seat of the car.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

DETECTIVE RISCO

Not exactly the time for a statement.

OFFICER OWLSEN

When in the hell will that Sandra Kingom learn? God, she would take a simple story of a cat stuck in a tree and make it out to be an escaped panther on the prowl.

DETECTIVE RISCO

They're only doing their job. Time for us to do ours.

Media cameras flash once more at another body-bag being carried back down the path from the Kennedy house.

EXT. BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

Some house back gardens have small fences, most are open.

A desolate pathway leads down the backstreets. Street lights flicker, some out of action. The flickering lights give off an eerie orange glow.

The Man In Black walks down the path. He stops at the sight of one of the open gardens.

He walks up the pathway to the back door.

INT. MANDELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

GINA MANDELL, 75, sets two plates on a table.

She checks the oven.

GINA

Lisa better bring home some of that soft fudge. I don't like the toffee. Gets stuck in my teeth.

INT. MANDELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE MANDELL, 76, half asleep in his chair. A classic horror movie plays on TV.

INT. MANDELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gina re-checks the oven. What-ever-the-hell is inside looks destroyed, let alone cooked.

Man In Black grabs her from behind, muffles her mouth.

He forces her to her knees, twists her head round as far as possible, breaking her neck.

He lets her body slide down onto the floor into a heap.

Man In Black walks slowly toward the living room.

INT. MANDELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Man In Black walks behind George and grabs his head.

He twists his head hard and fast, snapping it instantly.

George's head slumps loosely to the side.

Man In Black takes a seat beside George's dead body. He places his arm around him.

A BUZZING sound.

Man In Black pulls out the cell phone he stole from Katie.

TEXT MESSAGE: **HEY! WHERE R YA?**

The Man In Black grins. He types a reply.

TEXT MESSAGE: **JUST KILLING TIME.**

He sends the message. Giggles.

He lights a cigarette and pats George on his shoulder as if he were consoling him.

The cell vibrates in his hand. He's surprised. Confused.

He looks at the message.

TEXT MESSAGE: **WELL? U STILL COMING OR WHAT?**

He stares at the message for a moment. He looks questionably/for guidance from George.

He types a reply.

TEXT MESSAGE: **WHERE TO?**

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is very much like a typical teen girls bedroom.

A MUSIC STATION plays on a small television set.

KRISTY WESTLAKE, 18, lies on her bed with a mobile phone in her hand.

She looks at the message that has just been sent to her.

TEXT MESSAGE: **WHERE TO?**

Kristy makes a confused expression before dialling on her phone in response.

INT. MANDELL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM

The Man In Black remains sitting next to George, his arm around his shoulder as if consoling him.

The mobile phone vibrates in The Man In Black's hand. A ring tone shatters the silence.

The Man In Black looks at the display screen.

It is an incoming call from "**Kristy**".

The Man In Black lets the phone ring... before placing it to his ear and answering the call.

INTERCUT WESTLAKE BEDROOM/ MANDELL HOUSE LIVINGROOM

MAN IN BLACK

(husky)

Hello, Kristy.

KRISTY

Hi... umm... is Katie there?

MAN IN BLACK

No.

Kristy hesitates, taken aback by the response.

KRISTY

Can I speak to Katie please?

MAN IN BLACK

No.

KRISTY

OK.. is this Steven?

The Man In Black remains silent. The muted television gleams in his menacing, confused eyes.

KRISTY

(sarcastic)

Cos' Steven, I'm Kristy, I'm like the person who has invited you both round tonight?

There is a long silence.

Kristy looks bemused.

MAN IN BLACK

Yes.

KRISTY

Yes what?

MAN IN BLACK

Yes, I'm on my way.

KRISTY

(uneasily)

OK great... well... umm... nice to finally actually get to speak to you. I was calling Katie 'cos you guys are running late?

MAN IN BLACK

(calmly)

Late for what, Kristy?

KRISTY

(agitated)

Jesus, didn't Katie tell you? She said it was cool...

MAN IN BLACK

(abruptly)

Tell me where.

Kristy pauses for a moment.

KRISTY

Let me talk to Katie.

A small moment of silence.

MAN IN BLACK

Katie's dying to talk to you, but she's flat out at the moment. Listen, tell me where to meet and I'll be there shortly.

KRISTY

Well... ask Katie. We're having a party once my parents are gone. We were gonna finally meet up, I'm surprised she never told you, Mr. Mysterious.

The Man In Black's eyes gleam menacingly.

KRISTY

You still there?

The Man In Black removes his arm from George's shoulder.

He breathes heavy, agitated. Angry.

KRISTY

Hello?

MAN IN BLACK
Tell me the address.

Kristy giggles down the phone.

KRISTY
God... you are weird, man! It's
thirty-six Ascot Avenue. OK?

The Man In Black turns off the mobile phone.

END INTERCUT

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Kristy, stunned, removes her mobile from her ear and places it on her bed.

She looks worried.

KNOCK KNOCK

Kristy looks to her door.

JACK WESTLAKE, 40, pokes his head inside the door.

KRISTY
Oh God, Dad, you scared me!

JACK
Sorry honey... I did knock.

Kristy regains her composure.

KRISTY
It's OK, I was just on the phone.

Jack smiles warmly.

JACK
What a surprise. You're gonna cost
me my living on that damn thing.

Kristy smiles back, trying to reassure her Dad she's OK.

JACK
Now, we're only going to be out for
a few hours, it's our anniversary
so the last thing I want when I get
back is some pot head smoking
whatever it is they smoke these
days sitting in my livingroom,
understand, young lady?

Kristy looks at Jack with a deadpan expression. She's heard this before.

KRISTY

Sorry to break the mould, Dad, but I'm really not into the drug scene just yet.

JACK

As long as you keep that attitude I will always sleep safe and sound.

He leaves the room and closes the door behind him. Kristy mockingly rolls her eyes and falls playfully back on her bed as if she's had enough already.

EXT. YATESVILLE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A small station, typical for a small suburban community.

INT. YATESVILLE POLICE STATION - RISCO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Risco sits at his desk, a paper cup of coffee in his hand as he strokes his chin with his other, looking deep in thought.

Owlsen stands opposite.

OWLSEN

We've got the chopper out and Y.L.C. are going to run the story.

RISCO

Good.

OWLSEN

Are you sure that's the best thing to do? People are going to be scared to go outside, it could create panic.

Risco takes a big sip of his coffee before crushing the empty cup and tossing it into a nearby bin.

RISCO

(matter-of-factly)
If it prevents people from going outside, we've achieved our aim.

OWLSEN

What I meant was, we could be looking at people being over protective. Paranoid.

Risco sits back in his chair and strokes his chin once again.

OWLSEN

It could create a bigger problem. Maybe we're being over sensitive, Don. Maybe keeping a lid on it--

RISCO
 Four bodies found in Yatesville,
 and you think I'm being
 oversensitive?

He stands up and straightens his tie.

OWLSEN
 Next move?

RISCO
 Next move is to get a bunch of
 officers round as many houses as we
 can to explain what is going on.

OWLSEN
 (questionably)
 House to house?

Risco stares at him sternly.

OWLSEN
 Right, you got it.

RISCO
 Then, I'm gonna have to explain to
 the captain what we have done, and
 how we plan to proceed.

OWLSEN
 The captain's away, Don, he won't
 be back until Monday.

Risco makes a move for the door, carrying his trench coat
 over his arm.

He nods for Owlsen to follow him.

RISCO
 Once he turns on the news, he'll be
 back alright.

EXT. ASCOT AVENUE - WESTLAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Kristy stands at the front door, cheerfully waving goodbye to
 her Mom and Dad.

Jack Westlake sits in his car, his wife, HANNAH WESTLAKE, 38,
 sits in the passenger seat.

Hannah talks to Kristy through the rolled-down window.

HANNAH
 OK Kris, you've got the number to
 call if you need to contact us, OK?

Kristy nods and gives a smile.

KRISTY

I've got it, Mom, for the one hundredth time! Just go out and enjoy yourselves!

HANNAH

OK, hun. We won't be late.

Hannah rolls the window up and waves to Kristy as the car reverses from the drive way and onto the road.

Kristy remains at the door until the car drives off down the street.

Kristy breathes a sigh of relief. She takes a quick look around the street before going inside and closing the door.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristy stands in the hallway. Alone. Although she's wanted the house to herself, she's a little bit spooked by the sudden emptiness and silence. Silent apart from...

A grandfather clock, based against the staircase and next to a basement door, rhythmically TICKS.

The hallway extends all the way down to the kitchen and to the back door, which is shut.

To the immediate left of the hallway, there is a doorway leading to the living-room.

Kristy makes a false cough as if to compose herself and walks into the living-room.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Kristy walks in and sits down on a settee.

There is another single chair which is just in front of the living-room window. The curtains are drawn.

Magazines and a remote control sit on top of a coffee table in the centre of the room.

The television is turned off.

At the top of the living-room, nearby another large window with drawn curtains, is a large dinner table with six chairs surrounding it. A doorway leads into the kitchen itself. Lights are off.

Kristy nestles herself into the settee, trying to adjust her nerves.

A CREAKING noise from the kitchen.

Kristy, anxious, looks at the doorway leading to the kitchen.
A faint CREAK from upstairs.

KRISTY
(to herself)
Get a grip, girl.

Kristy grabs the remote from the table, switches on the television.

She switches it to MTV. A random musician plays. Or, more likely, some kind of reality TV show.

Kristy turns the volume up a little louder than it is currently set, and takes a seat on the single chair, huddling up with her legs crossed.

Kristy looks anxious. She keeps peeking at the doorway leading into the kitchen.

Kristy takes her mobile phone and before she can do anything with it, realizes the battery is running low.

PHONE DISPLAY: **BATTERY 1%**

Kristy sighs. She places the phone on the table. She heads to where the television is.

Her phone makes a "BEEPING" sound and cuts out.

She kneels down and grabs a phone charger from behind the television, where a bunch of plugs are connected into a multi-plug adapter.

She pulls out a wire and connects it into her phone.

Kristy leaves her phone by the television set and gets back to her seat.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - KRISTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

POV

Climbing through an open window. Managing to land onto the floor gently.

Looking around slowly in the darkness. The door of Kristy's room is open and light from the hallway makes the objects in her room more clear.

Moving, slowly, forward towards the door.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Kristy, still watching the television, takes a look at a clock that sits on top of the fireplace.

It is **eight-forty**.

Kristy sighs, sits up and makes a move for the door leading to the hall.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristy heads to the staircase. She pauses.

She looks down the hallway at the dark kitchen.

She hesitates, seemingly worried.

Eventually, Kristy walks up the staircase, the sound of MTV filling the silence.

Kristy is halfway up the stairs, when a sound of BROKEN GLASS SHATTERING in the kitchen makes her freeze on the spot.

Frozen in fear, she holds tight to the bannister rail as she looks down at the hallway.

Empty.

She looks to the front door. Then to the top of the staircase. The top of the stairs are closer.

Kristy continues to look down at the hallway, wide-eyed.

A shadow of a man slowly emerges from the kitchen, illuminating across the hallway.

Kristy RUNS to the top of the staircase.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristy dashes towards her bedroom.

She stops in horror.

A tall figure stands in the doorway.

Kristy SCREAMS. She turns back, runs towards the bathroom.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kristy rushes inside, SLAMS the door shut. She locks it.

Kristy, panic stricken, looks around the bathroom, searching for something to protect her.

Toothbrushes. Toothpaste. Deodorant cans.

Kristy grabs a can and removes the lid, before pointing it at the door in an aiming pose.

KRISTY
(tearfully)
Oh God...

A KNOCK on the door.

Kristy tenses up, kneels down, keeping the deodorant spray can aimed high at the door.

The door handle moves. A shove against the door.

A muffled voice.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing?

Kristy suddenly relaxes for a second.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Kristy!?

Kristy keeps the deodorant can aimed at the door, but she's not as scared as she was. She's confused, growing angry.

KRISTY
Ben?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Ben... yes, it's me, Ben. Kris...
I'm sorry I scared you, OK... It
was a dumb joke... please...

Kristy jumps up from her position and unlocks the door.

She opens it.

Standing at the doorway, is BEN STEWART, 19. A tall guy and of muscular build. Ben gives off an expression of feeling extremely stupid.

BEN
Sorry?

Kristy's seething.

KRISTY
You stupid prick!

Ben holds his hands up apologetically.

BEN
I'm sorry OK, I was just fooling
around.

KRISTY

Use some of this.

Kristy shoves the can of deodorant into Ben's chest before storming off into her room.

EXT. BATCHWOOD STREET - NIGHT

Busy with people, all seemingly queuing up in rows as the Westlake's car comes to a stop amongst a jam of vehicles.

The familiar sight of flickering blue and red police lights serenade the scene.

A HELICOPTER can be heard above.

A road-block has been formed further down the road.

INT. WESTLAKE CAR - NIGHT

Jack and Hannah look on surprised.

HANNAH

I told you we should have taken the other road...

Jack frowns at Hannah with a cynical glare.

JACK

No shit.

The cars ahead of the Westlake's turn back and drive off as police officers head to each car, giving them instructions.

HANNAH

Some anniversary this is turning out to be. I wonder what happened?

JACK

Probably kids. They drive like maniacs these days. It was only a matter of time.

Hannah lights a cigarette, rolling down her window as another car drives past.

HANNAH

We can be grateful Kristy doesn't hang around with animals like that.

Jack nods in agreement.

The car ahead of them diverts back to where it came from, presumably following the instructions given.

A Police Officer beckons the Westlake's further.

Hannah taps Jack's hand, smiling.

HANNAH
We are getting old, aren't we.

Jack smiles back.

JACK WESTLAKE
That, we certainly are.

Jack drives the car toward the Officer and stops. They're in range of seeing the KENNEDY's house and the commotion that surrounds it.

HANNAH
Oh my God...

Both Jack and Hannah look stunned by the sight.

The Police Officer approaches the car.

Jack rolls his window down.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry Sir, I hope you don't mind
but I need to ask you a few
questions.

Hannah coughs slightly as she puts her cigarette out in the ash tray.

The police officer looks at Hannah and nods.

POLICE OFFICER
And you too, Ma'am.

Jack and Hannah both look at the officer.

JACK
What seems to be the problem?

The Police Officer shines a bright hand-held torch into the car.

POLICE OFFICER
You live around here, sir?

JACK WESTLAKE
Just down the road at Ascot Avenue.

HANNAH
What is it... a ten minute drive
from here?

Jack nods.

The Police Officer takes a look back at the Kennedy's house before retuning his glance back at them.

JACK

We're on our anniversary, officer.
We were going out of town, to
Kensingwood, to have a meal, maybe
see a film.

POLICE OFFICER

Not tonight.

Jack and Hannah look at the Officer, surprised.

POLICE OFFICER

There's been an incident here which
will mean you will have to go
directly home.

Jack looks at the Officer inquisitively.

HANNAH

Go home?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes, ma'am.

Jack and Hannah exchange quizzical expressions.

JACK

Well, what's happened?

POLICE OFFICER

In the interest of public safety,
you need to go straight home.
Orders from above, not my decision,
I'm sorry for ruining your evening.

HANNAH

Can't you tell us why?

The Police Officer takes a look back again, but this time at
the gathering row of vehicles behind the Westlake's.

The Police Officer returns his head in a little further
inside the Westlake's door window.

POLICE OFFICER

(softly)

There's been a murder.

Jack and Hannah look open mouthed in shock.

JACK

Oh my God.

POLICE OFFICER

Yep. Now get on home, please. Turn
on the news when you get inside.
You can hear it all about it then.

The Police Officer steps away from the car and signals the vehicle behind them to follow on.

The Westlake's take a turn at the road block and head back home. Speeding.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Kristy sits on the single chair, Ben lazes across the settee.

MTV plays from the television. Despite the God-awful music there is an awkward atmosphere between the two.

BEN

Look... Kris...

Kristy looks at Ben once, a sharp glare, before returning her fed up gaze at the television set.

BEN

I'm an idiot OK. Look, I was out of line to do that, but I thought it would be funny.

Kristy sits up and faces Ben.

KRISTY

Funny? Breaking in my house and scaring me to death? That's funny to you, Ben?

Ben takes out a cigarette and then offers one to Kristy. She reluctantly accepts.

KRISTY

Psycho boyfriend.

Ben laughs before Kristy shoots him with another glance that quickly silences him.

Ben passes a lighter to Kristy, which she keeps in her pocket.

A few more moments pass as the two idly watch the television.

KRISTY

So... how did you get up into my room anyway?

Ben, tipping his ash onto a table coaster, looks at Kristy relieved she seems to be talking to him again.

BEN

You left the ladder outside you're window, numbskull, it should be pretty obvious...

KRISTY
 (shouting)
BEN!

Ben falls back to the settee, his cigarette falls and lands on one of the settee's pouches.

Ben picks it up quick, not before it leaves a scolding burn.

Kristy stands up, infuriated.

 KRISTY
 My God... What is wrong with you?
 Get a frickin' ash tray!

Ben stands up, and heads off into the kitchen.

The kitchen light springs on.

 BEN (O.S.)
 OK, OK... Some party this is
 turning out to be.

Kristy sits back on the chair and, realizing she doesn't have an ash tray, tips her cigarette ash on the table coaster.

 KRISTY
 You made a real mess of my mom's
 table, Ben...

No answer.

Kristy looks back at the television set.

She takes the remote and switches the channel.

Ben calls out from the kitchen.

 BEN (O.S.)
 So where is Katie and her new
 boyfriend?

Kristy gazes at the television set.

 KRISTY
 I dunno... I talked to him though.

Ben walks through the doorway to the kitchen and enters the living room, a can of beer in his hand. An ashtray is his other.

Ben takes a seat on the settee. Kristy looks at Ben, amazed.

 KRISTY
 That's my Dad's beer.

Ben shrugs his shoulders before taking another huge gulp.

KRISTY
Jesus, Ben...

Ben laughs as he looks at Kristy.

BEN
He's got a twelve pack in the
fridge. So what?

KRISTY
So what? I mean you just fuc...

Ben intervenes.

BEN
No... I mean what's he like.
Katie's boyfriend?

Kristy sits back and smokes the rest of her cigarette, then
leans forward to the table to stub the cigarette out in the
ash tray.

KRISTY
I only spoke with him on the phone.
He seemed... weird.

Ben laughs.

KRISTY
What?

BEN
Give the dude a chance. You haven't
even met him yet.

Kristy looks at Ben seriously.

KRISTY
I didn't even finish what I was
saying, Benjamin.

Ben nods, sits back down, sipping on his beer.

KRISTY
I'm just saying... He seemed kind
of... out there.

BEN
Out there?

Kristy nods.

BEN
OK. Thanks. That's some great
information. He was probably high.

Kristy kicks at Ben, playfully.

KRISTY

He did say they will be here soon.

BEN

Hopefully he brings whatever he was smoking along with him.

Ben looks at Kristy, they both laugh.

KRISTY

Hey, anyway, how did you get in my kitchen?

Ben looks over at Kristy, confused.

KRISTY

You know, before you "broke in" my room.

Ben looks seriously at Kristy, taking a sip of his beer before placing it on the table.

BEN

What are you on about? You left a ladder outside leading to your window.

KRISTY

No, I didn't.

Ben leans forward and looks at Kristy.

BEN

You left the ladder outside. That's how I got up to you're room. How else do you think I got up there?

KRISTY

(agitated)
No, I didn't.

BEN

You left your window open?

Kristy nods.

KRISTY

Yeah, I always do. But I'm not going to put a ladder leading up to my room am I?

BEN

So, you are saying your Dad did? I know it's his 'cos I've seen it behind your shed.

Kristy looks flustered, and stands up.

KRISTY

Why would my Dad do that?

Ben shrugs, takes a sip of his beer.

KRISTY

Shit.

BEN

What now?

Kristy heads to the television set and unplugs her phone from the charger.

She tries to turn her phone on, but it's dead.

Puzzled, she grabs the phone charger, pulls it out from behind the assortment of wires behind the television set... and realizes the phone charger plug was not connected.

KRISTY

Who unplugged this?

BEN

You sure it was even plugged in?

Kristy connects the charger plug to a wall socket and connects her phone.

KRISTY

My Mom probably took it out.

(mimics her Mom)

*Gotta save on the electricity bill,
might be a fire hazard...*

BEN

Oh, great. Beth and Zack have probably been texting you and now they probably think it's too dodgy to come over.

(beat)

Great party, Kris.

Kristy switches on her phone. Waits impatiently for it to load up.

BEN

I still want to know why you have a ladder directly outside your bedroom window. And here I am thinking you wanted to play some kinky Romeo and Juliet shit.

Kristy shakes her head at Ben.

KRISTY

I want to know why you won't admit you get off on scaring me.

Multiple MESSAGE RECEIVED tones sound from Kristy's phone.

DISPLAY SCREEN: **3 MISSED CALLS, 3 UNREAD MESSAGES**

Kristy looks at Ben.

KRISTY

Here we go.

BEM

Kris, I'm sorry if was a dickhead earlier, OK. But what do you mean I was in your kitchen earlier?

Kristy looks back at her phone.

BEN

Are you gonna tell me?

Kristy turns to Ben. She takes a sip of his beer.

KRISTY

You smashed something in my kitchen when you broke in. I saw your shadow.

BEN

You think I'm going to do that? That I'm going to scare you that much?

KRISTY

Well if it wasn't you, or one of your moron friends, who was it? Was there any thing broken in the kitchen?

Ben takes the can of beer from Kristy, and finishes it off.

BEN

I didn't notice anything when I grabbed a beer, did you see anything when you got the ashtray?

Kristy sways her head, no.

BEN

I heard a smashing sound when I got in your room, to be honest I thought that was a signal.

KRISTY

What?

BEN

I thought it was a signal for me to creep downstairs and... role-play.

Kristy shoots him a look of disgust.

KRISTY
Why are boys so weird?

She takes a look at her missed calls.

KRISTY
Well, in any case, Katie's tried to
call me twice. Beth and Zack called
once.

Kristy finds her text messages.

Ben gets up, dejected, and heads to the kitchen.

BEN (O.S.)
I'm gonna check kitchen security.
Don't mind if I grab one of you're
Dad's beers, do you?

Kristy reads through her messages.

KRISTY
(distracted)
No.. no.. go for it... they won't
be home until midnight. Just as
long as you put it back when Zack
gets here.

Kristy reads through the messages.

FROM BETH: **BE AT YOURS ABOUT 10...**

KRISTY
Beth and Zack won't be here until
ten, but Zack managed to score some
booze. You owe my Dad two,
remember?

Kristy looks at the clock.

KRISTY
God, it's half-nine now. We're
gonna have to just down as much--

Kristy looks up at the quiet kitchen. The light is on but
Kristy can not see Ben.

Kristy reads the other two messages.

FROM KATIE: **WHY ARE YOU NOT ANSWERING MY CALLS?**

Kristy sighs. She looks back at the kitchen, expecting Ben to
come through the doorway any moment.

KRISTY

Ben?

Nothing.

Kristy takes a look at the final text message.

FROM KATIE: IM GOING TO MAKE YOU SUFFER LIKE THE WHORE YOU ARE

Katie drops the phone, a look of shock on her face, as a SMASHING sound, similar to the one before, comes from the kitchen.

KRISTY

(worried)

BEN!

Kristy keeps her gaze fixed on the kitchen doorway.

KRISTY

(angrily)

BEN, CUT IT OUT!

Kristy rises to her feet, never removing her eyes from the kitchen doorway.

She moves slowly to the door nearest the hallway.

Her eyes are wide open in panic, her breathing accelerating.

Constantly looking at the kitchen doorway...

Kristy gets within a foot of the hallway door. She's ready to run to the front door.

She turns and BUMPS straight into a figure.

Kristy falls back, she looks up in fear.

The Man In Black, face half-concealed in darkness, stands at the hallway door, his menacing eyes gleaming down at her.

EXT. BOUNDINGS ROAD - NIGHT

The street is desolate.

A helicopter can be heard from above.

A police car drives slowly from the top of the street.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Owlsen drives, Risco sits in the passenger seat, anxiously looking out of the window.

OWLSEN

Looks like we've got Boundings Road sealed up tight.

RISCO

I'll be happier when I see a road block set up.

OWLSEN

It's gonna take time and manpower to set up road blocks across the entire town. At least it looks like people have been watching the news, staying off the street.

The police car makes a turn and drives through another street lined with houses.

OWLSEN

You know, whoever did this, could be miles away by now.

RISCO

Let's hope so for the sake of our community. On the other hand, we risk passing responsibility to somewhere else.

OWLSEN

Christ, Don, we're not responsible for this. We don't even know if this nut-ball was just passing through and decided to go ape-shit.

Risco burrows his head in his hand for a moment.

OWLSEN

Did you speak with the captain?

RISCO

I got him on his mobile. He was eating at a restaurant.

OWLSEN

What did he say?

RISCO

Food was bad.

Owlsen looks at Risco, not impressed with his remark.

A POLICE VAN stops at the top of the road.

OWLSEN

That's the guys now.

EXT. BOUNDINGS ROAD - NIGHT

Owlsen drives their car to the top of the street and pulls up alongside the police van. Two POLICE OFFICERS await them.

Owlsen and Risco get out of the car, walk over to greet them.

RISCO

Listen, I want you two to set up a road block, seal this entire area.

One of the police officers nods and heads to the boot of his van.

Risco speaks to the other officer.

RISCO

Stop anyone that drives up here. I want you asking them where they live, why they are here, who they are. ID, insurance, the lot.

Owlsen heads to the back of the car to help out with the other officer, who has pulled two large traffic cones from the back of the van.

Before Risco can continue giving his orders, the Officer interrupts.

POLICE OFFICER

Isn't this all a little paranoid?

Risco frowns at the Police Officer.

POLICE OFFICER

I mean, Detective, you're setting up a roadblock on practically every street in Yatesville.

(beat)

Is that even legal?

RISCO

If you'd seen what I have tonight, you wouldn't even ask.

The RADIO in Owlsen's police car CRACKLES to life.

Owlsen dashes towards the car and jumps inside.

RISCO

(to the police officer)
Just do it.

OFFICER

Anything you say, Detective...

Risco walks back to the police car.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Risco slides into the passenger seat as Owlsen replaces the radio receiver.

RISCO

So are you the bringer of good or bad news?

OWLSEN

That was HQ, we've got an old lady reporting her concern over her neighbours. Not too far from here.

RISCO

Details.

OWLSEN

Apparently, she's worried about the fact their back door is wide open and she hasn't heard a thing from them all night.

(beat)

She is concerned because she just watched the news and there is apparently a killer on the loose.

RISCO

Let's check it out.

Owlsen starts the engine and drives the police car back down the street they just came from.

RISCO

It could be nothing. We have to expect people watching the news to be a little paranoid...

Risco lights a cigarette.

OWLSEN

I remember saying something similar.

RISCO

Hearing that news of a killer is on the loose in Yatesville is like being a kid and walking into Santa's grotto, only to find him smoking crack and molesting prostitutes.

(beat)

It's unusual and pretty damn heartbreaking.

Owlsen frowns at Risco.

OWLSEN

You have an interesting way with words, Don.

Risco ignores the comment.

EXT. ASCOT AVENUE - WESTLAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Westlake's car heads into the driveway. The car parks.

Jack and Hannah get out of the car.

They head to the house front door.

There seems to be no lights on.

HANNAH

It's not even ten yet. You think Kristy's having an early night?

Jack looks at Hannah, his eyebrow raised in fatherly suspicion as he fiddles with the door keys.

JACK

I hope so.

The door opens, darkness awaits.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is pitch black darkness.

Jack and Hannah walk inside, closing the door behind them.

Jack and Hannah fumble taking their coats off. Hannah searches for the light switch.

HANNAH

She could have left the light on for us.

Hannah's hand eventually finds the switch and the hallway lights turn on.

Jack heads straight for the kitchen.

JACK

I know what we need. A nice glass of wine.

Hannah chains the lock on the front door and then walks up one of the steps of the staircase.

HANNAH

A glass? How about a bottle?

Jack laughs.

Hannah calls up softly to Kristy from the bottom of the staircase.

No reply.

HANNAH

(to Jack)

There's no way Kristy's asleep at this hour.

A slight FUMBLING sound can be heard from the livingroom.

A MUFFLED sound quickly follows.

JACK (O.S.)

Someone's broken a glass in here. And they've done a crap job of cleaning it up.

Hannah is more intrigued by what she heard.

She steps down from the staircase and into the hallway, looking into the darkness of the livingroom doorway.

Concerned, she calls out to Kristy gently.

HANNAH

Kris?

Jack walks back down the hallway from the kitchen with two glasses in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other.

He hesitates when he sees Hannah at the doorway of the livingroom, obviously concerned.

They glance at each other. *Something's wrong.*

The light switches on inside the livingroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristy sits upright on the settee, squirming. Hands tied thickly together behind her back with black duct tape. Her knees and feet are also bound by the tape.

Tape covers her mouth. Tears drip from her mascara smudged eyes down her reddened cheeks.

Her wide bloodshot eyes look up at Hannah and Jack, trying to warn them.

At the end of the settee sits Ben. He too, is tied in the same way. Ben, however, has a bloody bruise on the top of his head. Although conscious, he looks groggy.

The Man In Black sits in between the two, twiddling a large butcher knife in his hand as if it were a toy.

He looks up, at a startled Jack and Hannah.

His face is now clear in the light. He's good-looking, attractive, dark features. Mesmerising eyes. This guy could have been a male model... but he's chosen to do *this*.

Jack rushes into the living room, but before he can grab Kristy, The Man In Black slides his knife towards her throat.

Kristy gulps heavily, tears stream from her eyes, she begins to mope.

Jack pauses.

MAN IN BLACK
(calmly)
Sit.

The Man In Black looks over at Hannah.

MAN IN BLACK
You too.

Jack and Hannah remain motionless, shocked, terrified.

MAN IN BLACK
(angrily)
I SAID SIT DOWN.

Jack backs away hesitantly, sits on the chair.

Hannah remains standing in the doorway, unable to move, unable to grasp what is happening.

MAN IN BLACK
Please, come inside.

Hannah walks slowly into the room, stunned.

MAN IN BLACK
(to Hannah)
On the floor.

Hannah sits on the floor, near the fireplace, nearest Jack.

Jack can't take his eyes off Kristy, he is stunned.

He leans forward as if to reassure her.

JACK
Kristy... are you OK, honey...

MAN IN BLACK
 (angrily)
 NO, SHE IS NOT OK. DOES SHE LOOK
 FUCKING OK?

The Man In Black places his knife round Kristy's neck, GRABS her hair, pulls her head back violently.

Jack immediately backs off, Hannah SCREAMS.

MAN IN BLACK
 SHUT UP!

Hannah stops screaming, instinct telling her disobeying this monster would result in her daughters death.

MAN IN BLACK
 (calmly to Hannah)
 Good. Keep quiet. Please.

Man In Black traces his knife across Kristy's gulping, trembling throat.

Hannah, tears rolling from her eyes, gasps open mouthed. She looks at Jack. *Do something!*

JACK
 Look... whatever you want...
 money... please... take whatever
 you want, just please don't hurt my
 daughter...

The Man In Black looks at Jack, his eyes protruding a dark intense stare. He cocks his head to one side, looks questionably at Jack.

MAN IN BLACK
 I'll take whatever I want anyway. I
 don't need your permission.

Jack tries to keep this crazy guy as stable as possible.

JACK
 Of course... absolutely... you take
 whatever you want--

MAN IN BLACK
 You will do what I want you to
 do...

The Man In Black nods towards the still-groggy Ben next to him.

MAN IN BLACK
 ...And you will do it without
 question. Your bitch daughter's
 life depends on it.

The Man In Black stands up. He takes a roll of black duct tape that is on the coffee table.

He passes it to Jack, whose trembling hands accepts the roll.

MAN IN BLACK
Tie your wife's hands behind her
back. Tight.

Jack hesitates.

The Man In Black resumes his seat in the middle of the settee and grabs Kristy again by her hair, placing the knife under her throat once more.

The Man In Black looks sternly at Jack.

Jack moves from his seat and gets on his knees next to Hannah, who is still sobbing quietly.

Jack begins to out stretch the roll of tape with a silence breaking RIP sound.

MAN IN BLACK
Do it so I can see. No cheating.

Jack reassures Hannah, placing his hand on her shoulder.

JACK
(whispering)
It's gonna be OK, hun.
(beat)
We're gonna be OK, I promise.

Hannah offers her hands behind her back, and Jack begins to tie them together with the strong tape as The Man In Black instructs.

MAN IN BLACK
Tighter. Don't worry about how much
tape you use.

The Man In Black seems satisfied.

MAN IN BLACK
Feet next, just as tight.

The Man In Black looks over at Kristy, forcing her to look at him with his grip on her hair.

He circles the knife playfully around her throat, careful not to cut.

MAN IN BLACK
(softly, creepily)
I bet you're glad I heard them
coming now, aren't you... Lucky I
saw them coming up the driveway...

Lucky I heard them arriving... You didn't tell me, did you? Why didn't you tell me, Kristy? Why didn't you tell me?

Kristy begins to panic, her nostrils flaring.

Jack looks up, pleading at The Man In Black.

JACK
For God's sake, leave her alone,
please!

The Man In Black looks back to Jack.

MAN IN BLACK
(angrily)
This whore should have told me you
filthy pigs were coming back so
early.

He stands up and BOOTS Jack in his face hard, sending him to the floor.

Hannah, her feet and hands tied, looks around and screams.

The Man In Black REPEATEDLY kicks at Jack's stomach and his chest, beating him savagely.

Jack drifts half-conscious. Hannah screams, delirious.

Man In Black places his knife on the coffee table. He grabs Hannah by her hair.

Kristy looks on in horror, but also at the knife...

Ben, next to her, is stirring awake.

The Man In Black PUNCHES Hannah in her face hard, and she falls to the floor knocked out, her nose red and bleeding.

The Man In Black looks at Kristy, noticing how she was looking at the blade.

MAN IN BLACK
(to Kristy)
I'll deal with you in a minute.

The Man In Black grabs the roll of tape and begins to strap a roll around Hannah's mouth.

He ties three straps worth before tearing the tape off and dropping her back to the floor.

He walks over to Jack, who is regaining consciousness and begins to do the same. Tying the tape tightly around his mouth and head, then his hands and his feet.

The Man In Black drags Jack to the chair. He props him up.

The Man In Black grabs the knife from the table. He looks at Kristy menacingly.

MAN IN BLACK

You should have told me you're
parents were coming home early. Why
didn't you tell me? WHY?

Kristy struggles on the settee, but her movements are restricted to squirming. She looks on, terrified.

Ben, next to her, regains full consciousness. He realizes the situation. Struggles to break free.

The Man In Black approaches Kristy, LAUGHTER can be heard.

The Man In Black pauses, stopping to listen.

The laughter, a LITTLE GIRL'S GIGGLE, is coming from outside. Round the back.

A loud KNOCK on the back door.

The Man In Black looks confused for a moment. He pauses, stares at something only he can see.

He snaps back to reality.

He realizes who it could be.

He snarls back to Kristy.

MAN IN BLACK

Looks like your house guests have
arrived, Kristy.

EXT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

The back-yard has a small size garden, a shed, with a pebblestone pathway that leads to the back door of the house.

There is a no fence or barrier from the back streets connected so it is easy to walk into.

BETH RAWLINS, 17 years old, and ZACK CAMBRIDGE, also 17, are waiting at the back door.

Zack has a bag with him, weighed down with bottles.

Beth is smoking a cigarette and looks freezing cold.

BETH

God's sake Kris, hurry up!

Beth knocks again on the door a couple of times.

ZACK

Chill out, Beth. She's probably getting her clothes back on.

The door opens slowly.

Both Zack and Beth are taken aback when they see who has opened it.

It is The Man In Black.

ZACK

Hi... where's Kristy?

The Man In Black opens the door wide and beckons them to come inside with his hand.

Beth whispers to Zack as they slowly walk inside the kitchen, which has no lights on.

BETH

It must be that Steve guy...
y'know, Katie's new boyfriend?

ZACK

The weirdo?

Beth hush him with her hand, acting out of politeness.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

There is a large table in the middle of the room that light from the living room illuminates.

Beth and Zack walk past The Man In Black and in to the living room, oblivious.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth and Zack stop in their tracks as soon as they enter the room.

Kristy and Ben are still on the settee, Jack on the chair and Hannah on the floor. All are tied up and gagged with tape.

The distress on everyone's face is clear.

BETH

Oh my God...

Zack drops his bag and the alcohol bottles inside SMASH on the floor.

Beth, open mouthed in shock turns to run to the kitchen with Zack.

The Man In Black stands in the way of the now closed door, blocking their way.

Knife in his hand, The Man In Black looks at the pair frowning.

ZACK

Shit! RUN!

Zack and Beth run down the hallway, heading for the front door screaming and yelling.

The Man In Black immediately follows, walking calmly, a distant looking gaze in his eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The only light is coming through the door way from the living room as Zack and Beth make it the front door.

Beth hurriedly searches for the handle which is difficult to see in the darkness.

BETH

Oh shit... C'MON!

Beth finds the handle.

Zack looks back, as The Man In Black walks within feet of them.

ZACK

C'mon Beth... HURRY UP!

Beth pulls hard to open the front door, but it will only open a few inches much their stunned expressions.

The safety chain is in place.

BETH

No!

Zack grabs hold of Beth and pushes her up the stairs just as The Man In Black STABS Zack in his SHOULDER.

Zack falls on the staircase, his face expressing severe pain. So painful, Zack can not even yell, his mouth opens but with only gasps for air.

Beth screams and she looks down and watches The Man In Black grab hold of Zack's forehead.

The Man In Black then SLITS Zack's THROAT from ear to ear.

Blood gushes from the deep cut in Zack's throat as his eyes roll back into their sockets. His body begins to convulse violently for a few moments.

Shocked into paralysis, Beth faints, collapses on the staircase. It's too much for her.

EXT. LAUNDERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The door of the Launder's house opens up slightly with a chain attached.

A worried looking elderly woman, MRS. LAUNDERS, 75, peers through the gap.

Risco and Owlsen are at the door.

OWLSEN

It's OK ma'am, we're the police.

Mrs. Lauanders squints her eyes at the two suspiciously.

MRS. LAUNDERS

How do I know that's true?

Owlsen takes his ID from his pocket and shows it to her.

OWLSEN

You made a call to the police?
About your concern for your
neighbours well-being?

Mrs. Lauanders closes the door.

Risco and Owlsen look at each other as if they feel this might be a waste of time.

The door re-opens and Mrs. Lauanders stands at the door way looking quite angry.

MRS. LAUNDERS

Well, you sure took you're time.

OWLSEN

Yes, ma'am, we're sorry about that,
we've had a busy night.

Owlsen looks to Risco, and so does Mrs. Lauanders. She points in Risco's face rudely.

MRS. LAUNDERS

Who the hell is that?

Risco backs away slightly.

RISCO

My name is Detective Donald Risco,
I'm here to help.

(beat)

Now, Mrs. Lauanders is it?

Mrs. Launders nods.

RISCO

Now we all know each other, would you mind letting us know what seems to be the problem?

MRS. LAUNDERS

(curt)

I don't have a problem.

Risco looks up at Owlsen.

OWLSEN

Mrs. Launders, you called the police concerned about you're neighbours. We would like to know what the concern is.

Mrs. Launders looks up to Owlsen with a flirty smile.

MRS. LAUNDERS

Well see here Officer, that's why I called you, see.

Mrs. Launders then looks at Risco with distaste.

MRS. LAUNDERS

It's not me that has the problem.

OWLSEN

Would you mind, Mrs. Launders... letting us know, we really are very busy tonight.

MRS. LAUNDERS

Well, next door, the Partridge's, they left their back door open. And I haven't heard a noise from them all night.

Owlsen nods.

OWLSEN

Go on, Mrs. Launders.

MRS. LAUNDERS

Well, I'm not one to begrudge anyone's fun, but usually they make a lot of noise. What with the television they have and all...

Risco takes a look over at the Partridge house.

RISCO

This is the one, Mrs. Launders?

Mrs. Launders nods.

MRS. LAUNDERS

That's the one. What with the news of this maniac out there somewhere, I felt it right I call the police.

OWLSEN

Have you tried to contact them at all?

MRS. LAUNDERS

That's your job, sonny boy. Not mine. It's up to you and that... Columbo wannabee guy you got working with you.

OWLSEN

OK, thank you Mrs. Launders. We're grateful for you looking out for your neighbours. Is there anything else we can do for you?

MRS. LAUNDERS

Well, yes. You can catch the maniac that's out there. But I doubt that's possible if the rest of the police are as slow as you two.

Mrs. Launders closes the door leaving Owlsen stunned.

Risco walks over to the Partridge house.

RISCO

I think she likes you.

Owlsen follows to the Partridge house where Risco knocks on the door.

OWLSEN

I think she took a shine to you personally.

Risco knocks on the door again. No answer.

Owlsen peaks through the window.

OWLSEN

Lights are off, but I can make out the TV's on.

RISCO

Let's take a look round the back.

EXT. BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

Risco and Owlsen walk cautiously to the back garden of the Partridge house.

EXT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Risco and Owlsen walk up the path leading to the wide open back door, the wind gently rocking it back and forth.

OWLSEN
(disgust)
Uhhg... that smell...

Owlsen stops in his tracks. There is something on the path.

RISCO
I smell it.

Risco looks down at the path.

They are both walking in a path way of blood.

RISCO
Now I see it.

They both pull their guns from their holders.

OWLSEN
What do you want us to do, Don.
Call it in?

RISCO
No time for that. Let's go.

Risco takes the lead as he walks to the back door.

Owlsen follows close behind.

A puddle of blood leads from the doorway.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen floor is a pool of blood as Detective Risco enters inside.

Blood-strings cling to his shoes, a SQUELCHING sound made by each footstep.

Risco notices the body of Steven Todd.

The body is lying on the ground, surrounded by blood. His torso is leaned up against a cupboard. His eyes wide open in a death-gaze, blood drooping from his mouth.

Risco, disgusted, composes himself. Owlsen enters the kitchen.

OWLSEN
Oh... my...

Owlsen retreats outside. The sound of him throwing up can be heard.

Risco walks to the back door.

RISCO
(whispering)
Owlsen...

Owlsen stands in the garden, holding his stomach, sickened.

OWLSEN
(breathlessly)
I'm alright, I just need a minute.

RISCO
Get to the car... call back up.

Owlsen darts off down the blood-ridden path way.

Risco heads back inside the house.

He walks towards the door way leading to the livingroom.

He pauses.

RISCO
Holy mother of God.

INT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The living room is illuminated by the muted television set. A news channel reports on the Yatesville murders.

Blood surrounds the surface of the floor.

The body of Maxwell Partridge lying flat on his chest, stab wounds in his back.

Richard Partridge sits on the sofa with his head dangling. Throat cut. Glistening blood drools to the floor.

The body of Patricia Partridge is sat is next to Richard. Numerous wounds to her torso.

Risco, leading with his gun, walks inside the livingroom.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black drags Beth's body along the hallway to the basement door.

He tries to open the door but it refuses to budge.

He runs his hand through his hair in frustration. He walks back to the livingroom door way.

He takes a look at the dead body of Zack at the bottom of the staircase. A knife lodged in his torso.

Man In Black rips the knife from Zack's body.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Man In Black walks inside, scans the room.

Kristy looks up at him, quickly glances back down to avoid any eye contact.

Ben has managed to get himself onto the floor, but his restraints have made it impossible for him to move any further. He lies flat on his chest, squirming.

Jack remains in the chair and looks on helplessly.

Hannah has remained flat on the floor, although now conscious, she too is squirming due to her restraints.

The Man In Black, knife in hand, walks over to Ben.

Ben looks up. The Man In Black towers over him.

MAN IN BLACK

That looks uncomfortable down there.

Ben tries to speak through his taped gag but it is useless, only muffled sounds can be heard.

MAN IN BLACK

I'm sorry... I can't seem to understand you.

The Man In Black grabs Ben by his hair and DRAGS him along the livingroom floor.

Ben's face scrunches up in agony.

MAN IN BLACK

You didn't seem to like the seating arrangements I made for you, so let me try and make amends.

A RIPPING sound.

Followed by a THUD as Ben drops to the floor, free from The Man In Black's grasp.

The Man In Black has torn a large clump of Ben's hair from his head.

He looks at the hair for a moment before dropping it to the floor and gazing at Ben.

Ben's eye widen in horror as The Man In Black kneels down and places his blood-soaked knife near to his stomach.

Teasingly, he lowers it until he SLICES the tight tape restraint bounding him at his knees, freeing his legs.

The Man In Black grabs Ben and forcefully props him up onto his knees, his feet and hands still tied.

He points to the hallway.

MAN IN BLACK

Move... Hop to it... like a little bunny rabbit.

Ben struggles to shuffle to the hallway.

The Man In Black approaches Kristy. He looks at her with an unnerving smile.

MAN IN BLACK

(whispery)

I'm going to take the gag off you now, Kristy. I have something to ask you.

Kristy looks up, her eyes bloodshot red from her tears.

MAN IN BLACK

(calmly)

But should you scream or wail like a child, then I will have to cut you up to shut you up. Nod if you understand.

Kristy nods her head.

The Man In Black picks at the taped gag and peels a little so he can get a firm grip.

MAN IN BLACK

This will hurt.

Kristy closes her eyes tightly in expectation of pain.

The Man In Black RIPS the tape off in one quick swoop, making Kristy's eyes water even more.

Her lips are slightly cut and bleeding from the ferocity of the tape gag's removal.

She chokes, before taking much need deep breaths of air.

MAN IN BLACK

Now, Kristy.

Kristy, rolling her lips inside her mouth to numb the pain, looks up.

MAN IN BLACK
Where is the key to the basement?

KRISTY
There... there isn't a key...

SMACK!

The Man In Black slaps Kristy's face hard enough to make her teeth chatter, reducing her to tears.

Jack and Hannah's muffled protests grow louder in the background.

The Man In Black grabs Kristy's hair and forces her to look up at him. He stares down menacingly at her.

MAN IN BLACK
I will not ask again.

He looks over at Jack, tauntingly twiddling the knife in his hand.

MAN IN BLACK
Maybe Daddy here will be more co-operative. Which means I have no further use for you, Kristy...

KRISTY
(pleading)
I'm telling you the truth...
there's a latch on the door...
that's all... there's no key, I swear...

The Man In Black lets go of Kristy's hair, pushes her away.

He walks to the hall doorway. Ben is just about to shuffle himself reluctantly through.

The Man In Black KICKS Ben in his back, sending him falling face first onto the increasingly blood-soaked carpet.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black walks to the basement door.

He searches for a latch.

Surprised, he finds there is one right near the door knob.

The latch is released with a CLICK. The Man In Black pulls the CREAKING door open slightly. He grins.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Kristy looks at Jack and then at Hannah.

KRISTY
(whispers)
What do I do?

Jack, keeping his eye on the door way, looks at Kristy with fear in his eyes. He shakes his head, clueless.

KRISTY
Scream?

Jack expresses that he can't make out what she said.

Kristy mouths the words slower and a little louder.

KRISTY
Should I scream?

Jack shakes his head in furious disapproval.

MAN IN BLACK (O.S.)
No talking, Kristy. Last warning.

Kristy sighs, frustrated.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black opens the basement door wide open. He looks inside.

A staircase leads down into darkness.

The Man In Black grabs Beth's body and hauls her over his shoulder.

Before taking a step inside the basement, he looks over at Ben, who is still struggling on the floor.

MAN IN BLACK
Don't worry. I'll be back for you.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Man In Black carefully walks down the steps.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ben, lying in the puddle of Zack's blood, rolls over onto his side. His nose flares for air.

He tuns to the living room, and can see Jack staring right at him. The two exchange quick glances. Jack's expression reads: 'You are our only hope'.

Ben looks at the open basement door.

He manoeuvres himself to sit up.

Ben shuffles to the staircase wall.

He uses the grandfather clock as leverage, manages to stand, but he is still incapacitated by the tape around his knees.

Ben pauses for a moment, gathering what breath he can through his nostrils.

He rubs his tied-hands against the wall, trying to scratch the tape, but to no avail.

Ben looks to the front door. A possible chance of escape.

Then he notices the chain-lock. It would be impossible to unlock it with his hands tied in this way.

Sweat drips from Ben's blood covered face. The TICK-TOCK of the Grandfather clock seems to intensify.

He looks at the basement door. He hops towards it.

One slow hop at a time. Making sure to keep his balance.

Ben's drained by the time he makes it to the basement door.

He looks at the darkness inside the basement... before hopping behind the door.

He closes his eyes momentarily, praying this plan works.

Ben backs into the door so that it closes with a BANG!

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Jack strains, trying to see what is going on in the hallway.

Kristy and Hannah look at each other, faces of fear.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ben leans his back against the closed basement door, searching with what free fingers he has for the latch.

Ben's fingers fumble blindly, desperately for the latch.

Ben groans frustrated as his fingers trace the edges but he's unable to get a firm grasp of the device.

The TICK-TOCK of the grandfather clock increases his anxiety.
His fingers BRUSH the latch.

Ben, eyes-wide in panic, eagerly attempts to slot the lock back in, but the job is made a lot harder by the sweat and blood mixed on his fingers, making them slip.

FOOTSTEPS... From behind the basement door.

SLOWLY but LOUDLY. Getting ever CLOSER.

Ben's frustration grows, as once more, his fingers SLIP from the latch.

FOOTSTEPS closer to the door. Must only be a few steps away.

Ben looks to the heavens in what must be his last opportunity to lock the door...

FINDS THE LATCH and LOCKS the door!

Just in time... as something THUMPS the basement door, making it tremble.

Ben, relieved, hops to the livingroom as repetitive THUMPING sounds hammer away behind the basement door.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristy watches stunned as Ben hops his way inside. He collapses by her side.

KRISTY

Ben! What's going on!? What's happening out there!?

Ben, exhausted, directs his eyes to her, then lower to the taped gag around his mouth. Kristy gets the message.

KRISTY

I'll get this off you.

Kristy leans forward and BITES at the edge of the tape around Ben's mouth.

Kristy grimaces as she gnaws around Zack's blood that surrounds Ben's face.

The THUMPING sound on the basement door continues, becoming heavier and louder.

Kristy panics, her bites unintentionally drawing blood from Ben's face.

Finally, Kristy manages to grip a loose bit of tape with her teeth. She pulls hard. The tape loosens and she is able to pull the whole gag from Ben's mouth.

Kristy sobs with relief. Ben draws breath open mouthed.

Ben looks at Kristy, gratefully.

BEN
I locked that guy in the
basement... I don't know how long
it's gonna hold him. We got to get
this us off our hands. Roll over.

Kristy rolls as much as she can to her side as Ben manoeuvres himself to her bound hands.

Ben attempts to bite at the tape, but it is too thick.

After several failed attempts, Ben gives up.

BEN
(angry)
FUCK!

KRISTY
What now? We can't just give up!

BEN
(frustrated)
We gotta get our hands free! Any
suggestions?

Ben uses the settee to help get himself back on his feet.

KRISTY
You got an idea?

BEN
Yeah... make as much fuckin' noise
as possible. I'm gonna try
something. We don't have much time.

Ben, running on adrenaline, hops towards the kitchen.

Kristy yells out loudly.

KRISTY
HELP! HELP US!

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ben hops in to the kitchen. The light switch is on the wall at head height.

Ben rubs his head against the light switch and the kitchen light springs on.

Taking a breath, Ben looks down the hallway.

The THUMPING noise has stopped from the basement.

Ben hops over to the back door.

He tries to open the door by pulling down the handle with his fingers but he can't get any weight behind it.

BEN

Shit.

Ben looks around the kitchen, but there seems to be nothing of any use whatsoever.

He looks to the electric cooker/stove. He hops towards it and leans against it for a moment.

Ben leans his back against the cooker and using his fingers, manages to turn one of the rings of the cooker on.

KRISTY (O.S.)

Ben... what are you doing?

BEN

Something stupid.

(beat)

Keep screaming.

The ring on the cooker heats up quickly, glowing fiercely.

Ben shifts his body in proportion against the cooker.

Ben gulps hard, closes his eyes in anticipation of pain. He lowers the tape on his hands onto the red-hot cooker ring.

BEN

(agony)

AHHHGGG!!!

A SIZZLING sound and spirals of smoke rise from the cooker ring as the heat BURNS the tied tape, palms of his hand also.

KRISTY (O.S.)

(concerned)

Ben!?

Ben jumps back from the cooker after a few moments and falls to the floor on his knees.

Agonized tears of pain run from his eyes.

Half of the tape bound on his hands has been burnt through, and it is smoldering.

Weak enough to break, Ben breaks free after a couple of attempts and his arms fall free by his side.

He tears at the tape at his feet, desperately ripping it off.
Ben stands up and rushes to the living room.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben darts towards Kristy. She stops screaming, euphoric, relieved he is free.

CHOP!

A sound of wood being broken and splintered from the hallway.

BEN

Oh shit.

Ben quickly tears the tape from Kristy's hands before attacking the tape bound around her feet.

CHOP!

More wood being broken.

KRISTY

(panicking)

God, Ben... please... hurry...

Ben tears at the tape on her feet as Kristy claws the tape free from her knees.

Jack and Hannah watch on, terrified eyes, muffled encouragement.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The light from the kitchen brightens the hallway. The basement door is being splintered and chopped from the inside.

An AXE blade is seen periodically as it chops through the door.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kristy is free of her binds. She rushes to Jack. She removes his gag. She tries to unwrap his hands and legs.

Ben is busy trying to remove the tape from Hannah. He too, removes her gag first.

JACK

(gasping)

Get out of here... RUN!

CHOP! CHOP!

KRISTY

I'm not leaving without you both.

Hannah lets out a SCREAM.

Everyone looks towards the doorway.

The Man In Black stands in the doorway with an AXE.

Ben spots Kristy's mobile phone underneath the television stand unit.

Jack, still bound, looks at Kristy.

JACK

RUN!

The Man In Black lurches forward. He grabs Kristy by her hair and forces her to kneel. He raises the axe in his other hand.

JACK

NO!

Ben grabs the mobile phone and stands up, dialling 9-1-1.

He faces The Man In Black, pointing the phone in his direction as if a weapon before replacing it back to his ear.

BEN

It's over you son of a bitch, let her go!

The Man In Black looks at Ben, fire in his eyes.

BEN

I've just called the police, they're gonna be here any moment so your best bet is to leave her alone and get the fuck out of here!

A female emergency services operator's voice can be heard from the mobile phone.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1 emergency, how can I help?

The Man In Black, infuriated, feigns calmness.

MAN IN BLACK

Stop the call.

Ben shakes his head, smiling nervously at the change in situation. He senses he has the power, the control.

Ben talks directly to the mobile phone, keeping his eyes on The Man In Black.

BEN

(loudly)

Police... get the police to thirty-
six Ascot Avenue right now...
there's a guy trying to kill us...

The Man In Black calmly releases Kristy.

She crawls to the doorway.

The Man In Black droops his head, as if defeated.

Ben releases a nervous giggle. He's won.

The Man In Black LUNGES at Ben with incredible anger, the axe raised high above his head.

Ben can only look in shock as the axe HAMMERS down into his head, splitting it in half like a melon.

Blood flies into the air with small chunks of brain and skull fragments as the axe chops as far as the top of his chest, almost splitting him in two.

Everyone in the room screams in horror, apart from The Man In Black who drops the axe, leaving it imbedded in Ben as his body falls to the floor.

The Man In Black, covered in Ben's blood, grabs Hannah by her throat and aims her head back and forth towards Jack and Kristy. *If he puts any more aggression into this he could snap her neck.*

MAN IN BLACK

(seething)

You make one more move, Kristy, and you'll be trying to put your mother's head back on her neck like she was a Barbie doll...

Kristy, shaken, remains motionless at the doorway.

The mobile phone has been dropped on to floor, but the operator is still on.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(concerned)

Are you still there...? Hello?

The Man In Black grabs the mobile phone with his free hand.

He switches the phone off with disgust and throws it across the room.

He looks at Jack and Kristy, his eyes gazed in confusion and anger. He breathes fast, looks wild, pumped up from his attack on Ben.

MAN IN BLACK

(hissing)
That makes things more complicated
for me, Kristy.

Jack tries to take The Man In Black's gaze from Kristy.

JACK

Look... there's money if you want
money, as much as you want... just
please don't hurt my family.

MAN IN BLACK

(furious)
I don't want your worthless money!

KRISTY

(pleading)
What do you want?

Licking drips of Ben's splattered, running blood from his
covered face, The Man In Black giggles childishly. *Insanely.*

Kristy looks up at Jack, tears rolling down her cheeks.

The Man In Black stops his giggling in an instant.

MAN IN BLACK

(dead-pan serious)
I want your blood all over my body.

EXT. PARTRIDGE HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Owlsen waits at the top of the garden, nervously smoking a
cigarette.

Risco appears from the back door.

A series of police sirens can be heard in the background,
becoming closer.

OWLSEN

Christ, Don, I was getting worried.

Risco joins Owlsen at the top of the garden. He looks pale
and shocked.

OWLSEN

You OK?

RISCO

(solemnly)
No.

Owlsen puffs his cigarette, looking around into the distant
dark back streets.

OWLSEN

We've gotta find this bastard.

Risco squeezes the top of his head as if trying to get rid of the visions of what he has just seen inside the house.

RISCO

Four bodies downstairs. A girl upstairs. He might be doing this to another family right now.

Owlsen's radio begins to CRACKLE into life.

H.Q. ATTENDANT (V.O.)

All units in close proximity to Ascots Avenue, please respond.

Risco takes a look further into the back streets. Darkness.

RISCO

That's a small walk from here.

Owlsen answers the radio.

OWLSEN

This is Officer Owlsen with Detective Risco at the Partridge house in Boundings road. What's the situation at Ascots?

Risco, looking pretty dejected and downbeat, stares down at the ground as he runs his hand through his head.

He stops, and his eyes widen.

H.Q. ATTENDANT (V.O.)

We've got a distress call from thirty-six Ascot Avenue, you are advised to proceed with caution.

Risco looks at Owlsen.

RISCO

Stay here.

Risco runs down the path.

OWLSEN

What the hell are you doing?

RISCO

You're the first Officer on the scene, you need to tell back-up what's happened.

Owlsen looks at Risco. He looks as if he has found a new sense of belief for some reason. Confused, not for the first time tonight, Owlsen just.. *Goes with it.*

He acknowledges the call in from the radio.

OWLSEN

Detective Risco is heading over to
Ascots, ten-four.

He places the radio back in his belt before placing his hands
on his hips. *What is going on?*

Risco points down at the ground. Although difficult to make
out at first, there is faint bloody footprints.

In fact, there are several leading through the back streets.

RISCO

I'm going to follow this trail as
far as it goes, and I'm willing to
bet I end up at Ascots Avenue.

OWLSEN

What? This is ridiculous. This is
like something out of a Scooby-Doo
cartoon.

RISCO

This is real life. It's happening.

OWLSEN

Just call control and let them
know, we can get some squad cars
over there before you.

RISCO

No. Just don't do that.

OWLSEN

You wanna let me know why?

Risco strokes his chin. Maybe this whole thing is catching up
with him. Maybe he knows something else. Maybe he's just odd.

RISCO

I have a feeling. If this guy...
feels rushed... he's going to do
something crazy.

OWLSEN

(sarcastic, confused)
Well that's reassuring. You're
telling me this psycho has killed
ten or so people in one night but
God forbid if we rush him. That
might make him do something crazy.

RISCO

I'm asking you to trust me. Please.

Risco rushes down the back streets, following what he can of the footprints.

Owlsen sways his head, lights another cigarette.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DARK

The Man In Black leads Kristy by the back of her neck to the basement door.

The door is smashed and splintered, with pieces of wood scattered on the floor.

He directs her to the basement door and forces her to enter.

MAN IN BLACK
(gentle serious concern)
Careful. You don't want splinters.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Hannah squirms, remains tied.

Jack tries harder than ever to free himself, but to no avail.

He shouts out to The Man In Black.

JACK
Leave her alone, you piece of shit!
Take me, you son of a bitch, take
me!

Hannah screams out repeatedly. She is crying and frustrated, in fear for her daughter.

HANNAH
Somebody help us! Help us!

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BASEMENT - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Kristy takes slow steps downwards. The Man In Black directs her from behind with a tight grip on the back of her neck.

The staircase CREAKS loudly with each step.

Kristy seems resigned to her fate. She has stopped sobbing and her face is miserable and sullen.

INT. BASEMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Kristy is forced to stop as The Man In Black switches on a lantern that sits on a shelf.

The light is faint, but it illustrates/ illuminates the room well enough.

There are shelves along the walls, with various items from paint cans to plugs.

The walls look old, stone, cold and cobwebs surround them.

Hanging from nails in the walls are various gardening tools.

Kristy looks around the room frightened of what she might see. She notices a wall at the far end of the room that looks different somehow.

The light flickers, making it difficult to make out any thing with detail.

The Man In Black forces Kristy to walk to the wall.

As she is lead over, she looks down finding herself walking through a liquid of sorts.

The light flickers again, revealing that it is blood she is walking through.

Kristy grimaces.

The Man In Black forces Kristy up against the wall. He SMACKS her round the face, cutting her nose.

He presses his face close to hers, practically eye to eye.

Kristy closes her eyes tightly.

He moves in, as in to kiss her.

Kristy spits angrily in his face.

He moves back, as if emotionally hurt.

KRISTY

Fuck you.

Man In Black turns away.

He stands in the darkness.

Hangs his head low.

Kristy senses her chance. *Maybe this freak has a crush on me?*

KRISTY

Just talk to me, OK? We can...

Man In Black snaps back to her face. An evil grin. Those horrific gleaming eyes. *Is he even human?*

MAN IN BLACK

This is where the fun starts,
Kristy.

KRISTY

W-why are you doing this to me?

The Man In Black steps away from her. He SMACKS her face, sending her crumpling to the blood ridden floor.

MAN IN BLACK

(rambling)
You *betrayed* me, Kristy. You *all*
betrayed me...

He savagely KICKS Kristy in her stomach, leaving her breathless on the ground.

MAN IN BLACK

But don't worry, Kristy. The shows
not over for you yet.

Another brutal KICK in her stomach.

MAN IN BLACK

You brought me here, Kristy. You
wanted this to happen. Now I will
give you what you want. I will
entertain you, Kristy.

He walks slowly towards the staircase, muttering obscenities.

He stops at the staircase, turns back and looks at Kristy.

MAN IN BLACK

I love you.

EXT. BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

Street lights illuminate an orange glow. The alley is deserted, the wind picks up hastily.

Risco gazes down at the row of back gardens as he stops at the Mandell house.

He walks towards the open back door.

INT. MANDELL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Risco enters the room. He immediately spots the body of an elderly woman lying flat on the floor.

Her head is twisted in an unnatural way, her eyes open but gazing into nothingness.

A noise of BUBBLING can be heard, steam HISSESS from the cooker/stove as a saucepan boils on one of the cooker rings.

Risco turns the dial down. He keeps an eye on the livingroom where a television can be seen playing.

He draws his gun, walks slowly to the doorway.

He can see the face of George Mandell, his head abnormally bent back over the sofa.

Risco looks unsurprised. He's used to this now.

RISCO
(to himself)
Son of a bitch. I should have
killed you years ago.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The Man In Black walks in to the room from the hallway. He grips a blood covered butcher knife.

He stares into space, distant.

He looks at Jack and Hannah.

Both look up at him in anger and desperation.

JACK
What have you done with my
daughter?

HANNAH
If you've hurt her...

The Man In Black remains in the doorway, knife by his side.
Whatever he's seeing, he's indulged.

He has a weary look on his face. As if a million thoughts are going through his mind.

MAN IN BLACK
It is time for one of you to go
down to the basement.

JACK
Look here you bastard! I will kill
you if you've hurt my daughter I
swear to God!

The Man In Black looks over to Jack.

JACK
Burn in hell, you piece of shit.

The Man In Black puts a bloody finger to his lips.

MAN IN BLACK

Quiet.

JACK

Face me like a real man... one on one, you chicken shit.

The Man In Black looks at Jack, his expression changes from calm to angry in a second.

He grips his knife tightly. He STABS Jack in his THIGH.

Jack yells in pain as the blade sinks half inside his leg.

The Man In Black TWISTS the knife.

He removes the knife with a quick thrust, blood spraying in to the air from the wound momentarily before the blood begins to ooze and drip down Jack's thigh.

Hannah screams.

MAN IN BLACK

(to Jack)

You will be the last. The last to die.

(beat)

But the most slow and painful.

The Man In Black STABS again at Jack's wound and leaves the knife imbedded in his thigh.

Jack's head leans back as he screams out in unbearable pain.

The Man In Black walks over to Hannah, and grabs her tightly by her throat with one hand, whilst removing the tape from her feet with the other.

MAN IN BLACK

Time to meet your daughter for the last time.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kristy wakes up on the floor of the room, bruised. Red marks cover her beaten face.

She coughs, before feeling her stomach in pain.

Kristy adjusts her eyes to the gloom of the room and looks to the stairwell.

Underneath the stairwell is a body, blood drenched with massive gashes and cuts to her torso. One of her legs is separated from her, strings of flesh only slightly keeping the limb attached.

Kristy realizes it is Beth. She sits up, startled.

The blood on the ground leaks from Beth's body.

A CREAKING sound from the stairwell.

Followed by descending FOOTSTEPS.

The Man In Black leads Hannah down the stairwell, his hand firmly around her neck.

Kristy looks up at Hannah, both share a tearful glare at each other.

MAN IN BLACK

This is it, Kristy. This is what you want.

KRISTY

No! Please... Please leave my mom alone!

Kristy tries to get up from the floor to grab at The Man In Black, but she is too weak from her beating. Her legs fail her and she slumps back down to the floor.

Hannah sobs.

HANNAH

Let her go! Please... I'll do anything you want... just let her go...

The Man In Black strokes Hannah's hair with his knife gently, all the time looking down at Kristy.

MAN IN BLACK

Hush.

He slowly brings his knife to Hannah's neck and gently traces the blood covered edge along her throat.

KRISTY

Please not my mom... Please...

The Man In Black SLOWLY SLICES Hannah's throat, blood flows like water down her chest on to the floor.

He drops Hannah's dead body to the ground, staring at Kristy.

Kristy bursts in to a near hysterical fit, grabbing at her dead mother on the ground.

The Man In Black looks down at the scene for a moment, savouring the moment as if some kind of sick victory.

KRISTY
 (spitting anger)
 I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU!

The Man In Black smirks, turns his back calmly and walks to the staircase.

He pauses at the bottom of the stairs, looking back at Kristy holding on to her mother crying endlessly.

MAN IN BLACK
 It's for you, Kristy. All for you.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black emerges from the basement.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

The front door. CONCERNED VOICES from outside: *"Hey, what's going on in there?"*, *"Everyone alright?"*.

Jack YELLS for help in the livingroom.

The KNOCKING on the front door continues.

The Man In Black looks confused, agitated.

He walks towards the front door.

The Man In Black looks at Zack's body lying on the staircase.

He calmly opens the front door as far as the chain lock will allow.

MAN IN BLACK
 What do you want?

There are three concerned people on the doorstep, an ELDERLY MAN, an ELDERLY WOMAN and the other is a GUY in his thirties.

ELDERLY MAN
 Who are you? Where's Jack?

Jack's YELLS can be heard clearly.

The three back away from the doorstep, shocked.

MAN IN BLACK
 (mockingly)
 Run! Run!

The Man In Black slams the door shut.

He paces towards the kitchen.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Man In Black grabs the table. He moves it towards the back door, blocking it.

The Man In Black paces around the kitchen.

Anger and frustration builds within him. Desperation.

He swipes the cutlery and dinner plates from the draining-board onto the floor, punches a wall-mounted cupboard until he breaks a hole in the door.

He stops and regains his breath, staring at his hands.

His knuckles are swelling, bleeding and bruised.

The Man In Black storms in to the livingroom.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Man In Black grabs Jack by his throat and squeezes hard until his face turns red.

Jack struggles for breath.

The Man In Black drags Jack from his chair by his neck and throws him onto the floor in a furious rage.

He looms over him.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black drags Jack through the hallway to the basement door.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Man In Black pushes Jack down the staircase.

Jack lands at the bottom of the stairs, knocked-out.

The Man In Black walks down the staircase.

STAIRCASE

The Man In Black approaches the bottom of the stairs.

From in between the bannister rail, a PAIR of GARDEN SHEARS are thrust into the back of The Man In Black's lower leg, just below his knee.

The BLADES tear through his leg and emerge from the other side.

The Man In Black yells out in pain as he falls from the last few steps and onto the hard ground. He lands a couple of feet away from Jack.

Kristy emerges from the side of the stairwell, a look of anger on her face as she looks at The Man In Black struggling on the floor.

He looks up, pain etched on his face and a boiling anger in his eyes as he spots Kristy rushing to Jack.

Kristy tries to wake up Jack, tearing the tape from his bound feet.

KRISTY
C'mon Dad, please! Wake up!

Jack remains motionless.

The Man In Black grabs the handle of the shears and begins to pull the blades out of his leg, inch by inch.

Kristy frees Jack's feet and hands.

She struggles with the tightly woven tape around his legs.

She looks over at The Man In Black.

He LURCHES towards her with the garden shears in his hands.

Kristy dodges out of the way as The Man In Black stumbles and misses her, stabbing the ground instead.

Kristy gets to her feet, rushes up the staircase.

Her foot is GRABBED by The Man In Black, causing her to fall down on the staircase.

She twists round and as he is about to get to his feet, she KICKS at his face forcing him to lose his grip on her foot.

Kristy RUNS up the staircase.

The Man In Black gets to his feet and limps after her.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristy darts out of the basement. She turns to the kitchen where she can see the back door is blocked by the table.

The footsteps of The Man In Black limping up the staircase behind her grow louder, closer.

Kristy runs to the front door.

Kristy gets to the door and in a hurried frenzy, tries to open the door.

The chain lock is on, preventing the door from opening fully.

KRISTY

Come on!

Just as she is about to unlock it, The Man In Black emerges from the basement. He dashes towards Kristy.

Kristy runs up the staircase.

She trips over Zack's body.

The Man In Black gains on her.

Kristy gets to her feet, runs up the stairs.

The Man In Black pauses in pain, grabbing hold of his heavily bleeding leg.

MAN IN BLACK

(livid)

There's no escape, Kristy. It's fate. We're destined to be together.

He limps up the staircase.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kristy runs from the top of the staircase and into a room, slamming the door shut, locking it.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kristy dashes past a double bed, a large closet and heads to a window which overlooks the street.

She pulls back the curtains and opens the window.

Several people have gathered by the drive-way, waiting for someone to arrive as their attention is on the road.

Kristy screams out from the window.

KRISTY

Please! Help me!

The group gathered below look up, shocked.

Three of the group below are the same trio that knocked on the door earlier.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh my goodness... Kristy?

KRISTY

Help me... he's gonna kill me!

ELDERLY MAN

The police are on their way!

Limping FOOTSTEPS from the hallway.

Kristy ducks down and dives under the bed.

EXT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Risco rushes down the garden path to the back door.

He tries to open the back door but to no avail.

POLICE SIRENS approaching wail in the background.

Risco tries to force the door open but it only opens a few inches.

He can see through a small gap that there is a table blocking the door.

Risco pulls his gun from its holster and points it at the livingroom window.

He fires a shot. The window SMASHES into pieces.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Man In Black, at the top of the stairs, hears the SMASHING sound from downstairs.

He stops in his tracks, his eyes glistening with rage.

The Man In Black limps towards the Westlake's parents room door.

He stops at the door, and tries to open it. It is locked.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Risco climbs through the window as carefully as possible.

He enters inside, gun gripped tight in his hand.

The first thing he spots is the body of Ben, the axe imbedded in him, and the mass of blood surrounding the floor.

Risco looks through the doorway leading to the kitchen.

He can see the table lodged against the back door, the carnage of broken cutlery on the floor.

Risco cautiously ventures further in to the room.
He notices wraps of duct tape scattered around.
A mobile phone on the floor, its case broken.
Risco walks back to the doorway leading to the kitchen.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Risco notices more wraps of the duct tape on the floor.
He moves towards the hallway, gun aimed ready to shoot.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Risco walks cautiously towards the smashed basement door.
His attention is grabbed by the light from the livingroom
illuminating the puddle of blood at the end of the hallway.
He walks towards it. A hand protrudes from the bottom of the
staircase. Reaching out.
He walks past the basement door, glancing quickly to see that
there is only darkness within.
He walks towards the "hand". Risco realizes it is the hand of
Zack's dead body.
POLICE SIRENS wail from outside.

EXT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

An increasingly large gathering of people. Three police cars
stop outside.
Owlsen steps out of one of the police cars.
He walks up to the drive way, looking up at the window where
Kristy had yelled out from.
From seemingly out of the blue, a news van arrives with the
Y.L.C. logo on the side.
Sandra Kingom, the news reporter, and her camera man James
Collins, jump out excitedly getting their equipment together.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Risco stands at the foot of the staircase.
He looks up at the imposing darkness.

He takes a step up.

His eyes begin to adjust to the darkness. He can make out a barrier that surrounds the top of the staircase.

He takes each step with caution, trying not to make a sound.

He peers through the stairway balustrade. An open door at the top of the staircase. The bathroom.

To the left, another room with a door open. Further down the hallway there is another door. This one is closed.

Risco reaches the top of the staircase.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Risco peeks inside the bathroom.

Empty.

Satisfied, he moves towards the open door next to the bathroom, Kristy's bedroom.

He peeks inside.

Empty.

Risco moves cautiously towards the closed door at the end of the hallway.

He stretches his shaking hand to the door handle.

He tries to open it.

Locked.

Risco steps away, feels blood on his hand. It has come from the handle.

He composes himself, aims his gun at the handle of the door.

FIRES a shot.

The door opens from the impact, the lock destroyed.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Risco enters inside.

He turns to the shower. The curtain is drawn.

Risco reaches to draw the curtain...

From behind the sheet, The Man In Black rips the curtain aside, lunges at Risco.

Risco FIRES his gun. The shot PINGS against the wall.

The Man In Black pins Risco to the floor, furiously beating him with his fists.

Risco FIRES his gun again. This time the shot hits home. The Man In Black flails backwards, clutching his arm.

Risco frantically crawls out of the doorway.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Risco clambers to his feet, The Man In Black lurches at him from behind, wrapping his arm around his neck.

Risco drops his gun, it falls through the hallway balustrade and down the stairs, bouncing off the wall and onto the downstairs hallway.

The Man In Black strangles Risco with his arm, choking him.

Risco struggles but he's unable to do anything.

The Man In Black relaxes his death-grip.

Risco's head drops to the floor, his eyes glazed.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Man In Black walks into the room.

A MUFFLED SOBBING can be heard.

The Man In Black walks towards the closet.

He aggressively opens the door.

KRISTY'S POV (UNDERNEATH THE BED)

We can see the shoes of The Man In Black pacing around the bed. We can hear his FOOTSTEPS.

Back and forth, back and forth. As if in some routine. As if planned.

The pacing stops. The footsteps are gone. No sight of his shoes.

There is no sound. Nothing...

Nothing but the growing crowd from outside. The sound of angry locals TALKING, SHOUTING and YELLING. Baying for blood. An audience. Live on television to top it off.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - PARENTS ROOM - NIGHT

The room looks and sounds quiet.

A moment passes.

BANG!

A repetitive BANGING sound from downstairs, the front door.

EXT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Two POLICE MEN batter themselves against the door, trying to smash it open.

Owlsen watches, worried about what's happening inside.

A large crowd have formed. A lynch mob of sorts.

Sandra checks her microphone, ready to go live on air.

James, the camera man, gives her the signal, counting down from three to one with his fingers.

SANDRA

Yatesville Live News here, I'm
Sandra Kingom, giving you the up to
date moments on the story that has
gripped the nation over the last
couple of hours...

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kristy crawls out, slowly, from underneath the bed.

She gets to her knees.

The CLOSET door BURSTS open.

The Man In Black, an almost demonic smirk on his face, races towards Kristy.

Kristy runs for the door.

The Man In Black grabs Kristy by her hair before she can escape, pulls her back inside the room and onto the floor.

He straddles her, grabs her neck with both hands, throttles her.

Kristy kicks, thumps and screams, but to no avail.

The Man In Black gazes down on Kristy as he squeezes harder. A sick, twisted, evil glint in his eyes.

BANG!

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS use a mini-battering ram to break open the front door.

A heavily-armed SQUAD move in.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Risco clammers dizzily to his feet.

He notices the Squad coming up the stairs. He gestures them to keep their positions.

The Squad stay where they are, weapons poised.

Risco stands at the doorway to the Westlake's parents room.

He gazes inside the dark room. He can't see anything, but he can hear Kristy's anguished squeals.

RISCO

It's over.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Man In Black emerges, keeping his grip on Kristy's neck.

He holds her in a headlock, drags her in front of him to the doorway. *As if some kind of bargaining chip.*

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Risco, unarmed, backs off.

The Man In Black, with Kristy in his arms, walks slowly from the room.

He looks directly in Risco's eyes. *He remembers him.*

Risco tries to take advantage of Man In Black's lapse, he moves towards him...

The Man In Black tightens his grip on Kristy's neck.

Risco moves back.

Man In Black nods towards the Squad on the staircase.

MAN IN BLACK

Get them out... Or she dies.

RISCO
Listen... You're not getting out of
here. You need to let her go. We
can help you.

The Man In Black shuffles back.

Kristy is terrified, but her tears have run out.

MAN IN BLACK
I told you... Get them out of here.

The Squad move down from the staircase slowly.

It is just Risco, The Man In Black and Kristy.

MAN IN BLACK
So...

The Man In Black walks towards Risco, forcing Kristy along in
front of him.

Risco backs off.

RISCO
I'm unarmed... We can talk about
this... somewhere where no one can
get hurt.

MAN IN BLACK
But... I want to hurt people. Come
to me.

RISCO
What?

MAN IN BLACK
Walk to me now.

Risco takes a step and approaches The Man In Black.

MAN IN BLACK
Kneel before me.

Risco hesitates before he kneels down in front of him.

The Man In Black places his free hand on Risco's head and
begins to squeeze. Hard.

As he does, Risco struggles to get free. His hands grabbing
The Man In Black's arm trying to push it off but to no avail.

With veins bulging in The Man In Black's hand, he SQUEEZES
inhumanly hard.

He releases his grip and Detective Risco falls to the floor.

Keeping his grip on Kristy, The Man In Black begins to walk forward towards the staircase.

He looks back at Detective Risco and sneers.

MAN IN BLACK
Maybe next time.

He giggles childishly as he leads Kristy down the stairs.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Squad at the front door, guns aimed at The Man In Black.

The Man In Black keeps Kristy as the target as he walks them both to the bottom step, and over the body of Zack.

INT. WESTLAKE HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Man In Black, somewhat skillfully, manoeuvres Kristy so she remains the target of the Squad, as if expecting a sniper hit.

MAN IN BLACK
Dear little Kristy... You have
ruined my plan... Ruined.

Backing off into the hallway, keeping Kristy as a shield, The Man In Black stops for a moment smirking at the police officers/ Squad in front of him.

MAN IN BLACK
I am God... You can't touch me...

From the basement, Jack rushes out.

Jack STABS The Man In Black in his NECK with the SHEARS.

The BLADES come right out of his throat, handle deep.

Kristy falls free from his grasp.

Jack grabs Kristy, picks her up and rushes her into the kitchen, away from any harm.

The Man In Black, still as a statue. As if pain has not registered yet. Completely still. *Odd.*

The Squad OPEN FIRE.

Multiple gun shots enter The Man In Black as he falls to his knees directly opposite the basement.

The Man In Black, covered in bloody bullet wounds, makes his last breath, before his bloodshot eyes gaze into nothingness.

He drops to the floor.

EXT. NASINHUM MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

A sign: "NASINHUM MENTAL INSTITUTION", welcomes you to the entrance of the large plush hospital.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. NASINHUM MENTAL INSTITUTION - CORIDOOR - DAY

Detective Risco walks down the overwhelmingly white and clean hallway.

The STAFF look at Risco, but let him pass through as if a familiar face. *They know him.*

He approaches a door with the number "427" written above.

There is a small window on the door which he looks through.

A FEMALE DOCTOR walks past and notices Detective Risco at the door. She recognizes him.

FEMALE DOCTOR

My, oh my!

Detective Risco turns round and faces the Doctor.

FEMALE DOCTOR

You here again?

Detective Risco nods uncomfortably.

FEMALE DOCTOR

It's a damn good job you do, Detective. Letting these people out and about. You give them their freedom back, let them get a taste of the real world again. Help them back into society, I think it's amazing!

The doctor rambles on and on as Detective Risco looks on through the window at the figure in a straight jacket, twitching and staring through blank eyes.

FEMALE DOCTOR

It's an awful shame what happened to that young girl, ain't it? What with that maniac killing her family and her Dad dying just a few days later. My heart goes out for that little one, it really does. But at least she's alive.

A tear drops from Risco's eyes as he look at Kristy Westlake.

DETECTIVE RISCO

Re-living that night every day for
the rest of your life? You can
escape the ordeal. But you can't
escape the memories.

FADE OUT.