

MIDNIGHT LAKE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PENITENTIARY - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A persistent rain drenches the Oregon State Penitentiary. A PRISON GUARD steps forward as a black sedan appears.

MITCHELL (42), a bespectacled man clad in a dull gray suit, rolls down the vehicle's window and flashes his ID.

MITCHELL

Mitchell, Department of Corrections.
Superintendent Elliot's expecting me.

The guard checks the ID, nods his head, and opens the gate. The sedan drives into the penitentiary grounds.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

ELLIOT (54), a gruff man with gray hair, shivers from the cold and shields himself with an umbrella.

ROLAND (32) and INVERNESS (35), two Oregon State Police officers, stand by the sheltered doors of the building.

The black sedan parks by a corrections van and a police cruiser. Mitchell exits his vehicle and opens an umbrella.

MITCHELL

Is he ready to go?

ELLIOT

Almost. Come with me.

Elliot shepherds Mitchell inside the building.

INT. PENITENTIARY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elliot and Mitchell walk down the bland concrete passageway.

ELLIOT

Who filed the petition for a
psychiatric review hearing, anyway?

MITCHELL

ACLU. You have to admit, his recent
behavior warrants a review.

ELLIOT

Just 'cause the guy giggles like a
lunatic doesn't mean he is one.

MITCHELL

Well, since you put it so eloquently...

ELLIOT

I'm serious. He's just pulling the wool over everyone's eyes. God, if they let him go...

MITCHELL

Look, even if his sentence is commuted, his chances of being released are next to none.

ELLIOT

If we hurry up and execute him, his chances are zero.

MITCHELL

You're really bent out of shape over this, aren't you?

ELLIOT

All I'm saying is, if there's one person who deserves the needle --

Two NURSES burst through a pair of swinging doors. One sobs as a stream of blood gushes out her nose. The other rushes her injured colleague past both men.

Elliot and Mitchell watch the nurses as they scurry down the corridor. The men share an anxious look and head for the swinging doors.

INT. PENITENTIARY - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Elliot and Mitchell enter the cold and dreary room. A DOCTOR (40) and four more NURSES are gathered around a gurney.

Six more PRISON GUARDS, their hands atop their holstered service pistols, anxiously look on from nearby.

Someone clad in blue prison denims, his face obscured, is held down in the gurney by several leather straps.

The nurses try their best to hold the large prisoner still as he frantically squirms and whimpers like a child.

The doctor, a syringe in hand, struggles to hold the prisoner's arm steady as he prepares to inject a solution.

DOCTOR

Hold still or I'll break the needle!

The doctor finally injects the solution. The prisoner wails like a child who has received his first shot.

His desperate wriggles eventually cease and his childlike screams are replaced by painful sobs.

The exhausted doctor flings the syringe into a wastebasket and uses a handkerchief to wipe his brow.

MITCHELL

What happened to the nurse?

DOCTOR

One of the straps wasn't secure.
Don't worry, he's under control now.
I've injected him with Thorazine,
three hundred milligrams.

ELLIOT

Will that keep him under?

DOCTOR

He'll sleep like a baby. Just don't
rock the cradle.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Four more PRISON GUARDS load the sedated prisoner into the back of the corrections van. Elliot and Mitchell look on from nearby while shielded by their umbrellas.

Two guards enter the front of the van while the other two join the prisoner in the back. Mitchell whistles and waves at Roland and Inverness as they head for the police cruiser.

MITCHELL

Keep the cherries on. I want him in
Portland as soon as possible.

Roland and Inverness nod and enter the cruiser. The police lights atop the vehicle flash as they are turned on.

The cruiser leads the van from the scene. Elliot and Mitchell look on as both vehicles disappear into the night.

ELLIOT

You don't really think they'll
commute his sentence, do you?

MITCHELL

Doubtful, but even he's entitled to
due process.

ELLIOT

To hell with due process. We can't execute the bastard soon enough.

MITCHELL

Would you prefer someone take the law into his own hands?

ELLIOT

Honestly? I'd welcome it.

Mitchell shakes his head in disappointment.

MITCHELL

Then you're no better than he is.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The driving rain continues to pour from the heavens above. A sign identifies the wooded area as Interstate 5. The police cruiser and the corrections van emerge from the darkness.

A FEMALE DEER leaps out of the woods and onto the road in front of the van. The vehicle sounds its horn in response. The doe, blinded by the headlights, remains frozen in place.

The van slams on its brakes, swerves out of the way, and skids across the pavement. The vehicle drives off the road, overturns, and lands upside-down in a drainage ditch.

The female deer disappears into the woods as the cruiser comes to a stop. Roland and Inverness exit their vehicle and survey the scene. The former takes hold of his police radio.

ROLAND

Dispatch, this is Unit 27. We have a 12-16 on Interstate 5, north of Woodburn.

The officers grab their flashlights and approach the van.

INVERNESS

I'll check the cab, you check the back.

Roland heads for the rear of the van. Inverness crouches down beside the front door of the vehicle and peers inside.

The two guards in front, still strapped in their seats, moan as blood flows from the cuts to their faces.

INVERNESS

Hold on, help's coming. Roland, we've got two injured in front!

Roland shines his flashlight toward the back of the van. Both of the vehicle's rear doors are slightly ajar.

ROLAND

Back doors are busted open! Better stay on your toes, Inverness.

Roland, flashlight in one hand and service pistol in the other, prepares to open one of the van's rear doors.

ROLAND

Hey, everyone all right in there?

Inverness tends to the injured pair in the front of the van when a horrific scream cuts through the night. He grabs his service pistol and heads for the rear of the vehicle.

Inverness recoils in shock as Roland lunges out from behind the van. A torrent of blood shoots out of the puncture wound in his throat and sprays all over his partner's uniform.

Roland collapses to the pavement and struggles just to breathe. Inverness rushes toward the back of the van and fully opens one of the vehicle's rear doors.

The two guards in back moan as they lay sprawled inside. Inverness fully opens the other door. The gurney is empty, its straps broken, and there is no sign of the prisoner.

Inverness tightly grips his service pistol and shines his flashlight toward the nearby trees. He frantically scans the woods but does not find any trace of the prisoner.

He rushes back to his partner and kneels down beside him. Roland's body trembles as he goes into shock. Inverness scans the area and grabs hold of his police radio.

INVERNESS

Dispatch, this is Unit 27! 12-99!
Officer needs help! We have an
officer down...

A childlike giggle cuts through the night. Inverness quickly spins around and finds someone behind him.

The prisoner, shrouded by darkness, grips a thick and heavy tree limb. He swings the branch at Inverness's skull...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE - INTERSECTION - DAY

A red luxury sedan turns off the interstate onto a tree-lined two-lane county road next to a billboard.

The large sign reads: Welcome to Midnight Lake County! The Best Kept Secret in the Pacific Northwest!

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY

ADAM (21), a tall and strapping blonde, sits behind the wheel as classical music plays over the radio.

SHAUNA (21, African-American), statuesque with a well-toned physique and short black hair, leafs through a magazine.

The symphony comes to an end, a musical motif plays, and a female NEWS ANCHOR begins her broadcast.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

You're listening to Oregon Public Radio. This is the news at noon. The manhunt is on for Williamson Gott, the serial killer who escaped custody after an accident last night on Interstate 5 north of Woodburn --

Shauna abruptly turns off the radio.

ADAM

Shauna, I was listening to that! Don't y'know the driver controls the radio? That's an established rule.

SHAUNA

Adam, this is our last week of vacation before fall semester. I just wanna relax and have some fun, not listen to the prattling press pimp police-popping psychos.

ADAM

Ah, alliteration. Always annoying. Besides, weren't you the one gawking at the scene when we drove past a little while ago?

SHAUNA

Curiosity's a felony now? Let's just relax and try to enjoy the weekend, okay? God knows it's gonna be our last vacation in a while.

ADAM

Eight months to earn our degrees, a few more months to find jobs and get settled. We're growing up, sweetie.

SHAUNA

Growing up, huh? Guess this means you'll actually let us have a serious discussion about --

ADAM

Hey, what's this?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

A tow truck slowly pulls a mangled sports car out of the drainage ditch next to the road.

SHERIFF NOLAN (54), a soft-spoken man with salt-and-pepper hair, looks on from beside his patrol car.

The red luxury sedan slows to a stop. Adam rolls down his window, whistles, and calls out to the sheriff.

ADAM

Sheriff Nolan! Hey!

Nolan smiles warmly and approaches the vehicle.

NOLAN

Adam! Great to see you again. How've you been?

ADAM

Oh, I'm all right. Been busy, I guess. What happened?

NOLAN

One of our more enlightened youths decided to play Speed Racer and lost. He'll be okay, at least until his father finds out what he did to the car. Who's your friend?

ADAM

This is my girlfriend, Shauna.

SHAUNA

Just your girlfriend?

ADAM

Well, not just... I mean...

SHAUNA

Nice to meet you, Sheriff.

NOLAN

Pleasure to meet you, too. What brings you folks up here?

ADAM

Uncle James went down to Phoenix for a convention. He said we could spend the weekend at his place.

NOLAN

A chance to unwind before fall semester, I see.

SHAUNA

God knows we need it. I certainly do.

The tow truck removes the sports car from the ditch and hauls it away from the scene.

NOLAN

Well, don't let me get in your way.

ADAM

See you 'round, Sheriff.

NOLAN

If you have any problems, you know where to reach me.

ADAM

Your number's still 911, right?

Nolan waves goodbye as the sedan heads down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

The red luxury sedan pulls into the long driveway of a palatial two-story home nestled amongst the trees. Adam and Shauna exit the vehicle and eye the property.

SHAUNA

Wow, this is your uncle's place?

ADAM

He owns several acres on this side of the lake. You don't get to be a successful developer without knowing how to scoop up undervalued land.

SHAUNA

Didn't you say this place had a guesthouse?

Adam points out one of the pair of gravel-lined paths which cut into the woods on either side of the house.

ADAM

Yeah, that path leads to the guesthouse. The other one leads to an old pier by the lake.

The couple removes two duffel bags and two grocery bags from the sedan's trunk.

ADAM

My uncle wants to replace it, but can't get past the county commission. Y'know, I just read an article in Reason Magazine 'bout the rampant waves of overregulation --

SHAUNA

God, this is gonna be a long weekend.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

A sign sets the speed limit at 55 miles per hour. A minivan races past the notice and zooms down the road.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

GORDON (20, Japanese-American), a slender man with an attractive ethnic look, sits behind the wheel. KIM (20), a perky and curvaceous blonde, sits next to him.

BRYAN (21), an engaging redhead with a ring on a necklace, sits behind the couple. PAIGE (21), an appealing light brunette with a similar necklace, sits beside him.

Gordon hums to himself and impatiently taps the steering wheel. Kim glances over at him, shakes her head, and quietly tut-tuts in response.

KIM

You're goin' too fast, Gordon.

GORDON

Quiet, Kim. We're late enough already.

PAIGE

The lake's not going anywhere. Besides, the sign back there --

GORDON

I know what the speed limits on the highways are, Paige.

BRYAN

We're not on the interstate anymore. This is a county road --

GORDON

Same difference, Bryan. Relax, we'll be there in no time.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

The minivan races past a dirt road cut into the trees. A county patrol car, with lights and siren turned on, emerges from the path and gives chase.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

The siren echoes throughout the interior of the vehicle.

KIM

Oh! Busted!

PAIGE

We told you to slow down.

GORDON

Shut up.

BRYAN

Told you this was a county road.

GORDON

Shut up!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Both vehicles pull over onto the edge of the road. DEPUTY KINGSLEY (36), a lean and athletic blonde with a quick temper, steps out of the patrol car.

A bumper sticker on the minivan reads: I'm majoring in Beerology and Partynomics! Kingsley takes notice of the sign and wearily shakes his head.

KINGSLEY

Gonna be one of those days.

Kim playfully sings a tune for Gordon.

KIM

You're goin' to jail! You're goin' to jail!

GORDON

Knock it off. Don't make me gag you.

KIM

Hey, we haven't done that in a while.

BRYAN

Oh, God.

PAIGE

Don't start.

GORDON

Well, once we get to the lake, I'll break out the ropes and --

Kingsley taps on the minivan's window. Gordon rolls down the glass pane and glances at the deputy's nametag.

GORDON

Afternoon! What can I do for you, Officer... Kingsley?

KINGSLEY

Deputy Kingsley. Know why I pulled you over?

GORDON

It wasn't speedin'. It couldn't have been speedin'. I know 'cause I always obey the speed limit and I'd never --

KINGSLEY

Really? You see the sign back there?

GORDON

Well... Sure.

KINGSLEY

What'd it say?

GORDON

Uh... Sixty-five?

KINGSLEY

Fifty-five. Know how fast I clocked you?

GORDON

Fifty-four?

Gordon grins. Kingsley glares. Gordon no longer grins.

KINGSLEY

Sixty-eight. You're not from 'round here, are you?

GORDON

No, we came up from Corvallis.

KIM

Go Beavers! Woo!

Kim smiles. Kingsley glares. Kim no longer smiles.

KINGSLEY

Oregon State, huh? I didn't know they accepted students who can't read. License and registration, please.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The room, like the rest of the house, is modern and upper-middle class in design. A swinging door separates the area from the rest of the home.

Adam stores some groceries and other supplies in the nearby kitchen cabinets. Shauna retrieves a lemon meringue pie and places it in the refrigerator.

SHAUNA

Don't let anyone touch the pie. They never leave me a slice.

ADAM

They'll leave you one this time, I promise.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam and Shauna enter through the swinging door. The large room features a seating area oriented around a fireplace.

A door near a large bookshelf leads outside. A staircase on the opposite side of the room leads upstairs.

SHAUNA

Not too shabby. Not too shabby at -- Wait, where's the TV?

ADAM

No TV. Guess we'll hafta spend the weekend talking to one another.

SHAUNA

Just talking? I had some other ideas
in mind.

The couple entwine in a passionate embrace until a car horn cuts through the air. Adam retrieves a set of keys from his pocket and hands them to Shauna.

ADAM

Check who's here, sweetie.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Shauna exits the house and finds the minivan parked in the driveway. Gordon and Kim, with duffel bags in hand, step out of the vehicle.

SHAUNA

Hey! What took you guys so long?

KIM

We ran into the welcomin' committee.

Gordon waves his speeding ticket in the air.

GORDON

Yeah, they gave me a souvenir.

KIM

Where's the boy-toy, girlie-girl?

SHAUNA

Adam's putting our stuff away... and
don't call me that.

Gordon scans the nearby area for a moment.

GORDON

Didn't he say there was a guesthouse?

Shauna gestures toward the guesthouse path.

SHAUNA

Yeah, just follow that path.

KIM

There's a master bedroom, right?

SHAUNA

I dunno. I guess.

Kim plucks the keys from Shauna's hand.

KIM

Great! We call dibs! C'mon, Gordon,
let's break the place in!

She scurries down the path and disappears into the woods.

GORDON

Looks like duty calls. Good thing I
stopped by the pharmacy before I
left. Prophylactics, massage oil,
peanut butter, muscle ointment...

Shauna smirks as Gordon slowly walks away. Bryan and Paige,
packsacks in hand, approach as Adam exits the house.

ADAM

Bryan! Paige! How are you?

BRYAN

Couldn't be better.

PAIGE

Your uncle's very fortunate. This
place is gorgeous.

ADAM

The lake's just as nice. Hey, where'd
Gordon and Kim go?

SHAUNA

They went to, y'know, break in the
guesthouse.

PAIGE

Ugh. Do those two only think of sex?

BRYAN

You just learned that now?

ADAM

Well, if they're too disgusting for
your tastes, you can share this house
with us. Bedrooms are upstairs. Pick
out whichever two --

SHAUNA

Two? They can share one, can't you?

PAIGE

Shauna...

SHAUNA

Please, after three years I can tell
you're both dying to get horizontal.

Adam cringes while Bryan and Paige share a wry smile.

SHAUNA

Barry White playing on the stereo, a little whipped cream action, maybe you break out the handcuffs and --

BRYAN

You really need a hobby. Seriously.

Bryan laughs and enters the house. Paige starts to follow but pauses to rest a hand on Shauna's shoulder.

PAIGE

Thank you for the suggestion, really, but I think I'll leave the porn star antics to an expert.

Paige disappears inside the house. Adam covers his mouth and vainly tries not to laugh.

SHAUNA

Did... Did Paige just call me a slut?

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - DAY

Gordon and Kim emerge from the wooded path and approach the two-story home. The structure is nearly identical in size and layout to the lakeside house.

A large axe lies on top of a tree stump positioned near the back door. A woodpile stands off to one side of the house just in front of the nearby trees.

KIM

This is the guesthouse? Looks better than my parent's place.

GORDON

I'm more interested in what the bedroom looks like.

Kim opens the back door and leans against the doorframe.

KIM

You always think about sex?

GORDON

Don't you?

KIM

Sure, but shouldn't we spend a little time on our feet this weekend?

Gordon approaches and wraps his arms around her.

GORDON

Oh, I suppose you're right. After all, there's lots to do here.

KIM

Like what?

Gordon repeatedly pauses to kiss her on the lips.

GORDON

Well, there's swimmin', divin', canoein', kayakin'... We both know how much you love watersports.

The couple giggles as they disappear inside the house.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Adam and Shauna are in the midst of a conversation.

ADAM

For the last time, you are not a slut.

SHAUNA

Thank you.

ADAM

Not in public, anyway.

SHAUNA

What?!

Adam hems and haws until he gestures toward the driveway.

ADAM

Oh, look who's here!

An old and beat-up pickup truck pulls into the driveway.

ADAM

Y'know, I wasn't sure they'd make it without killing each other.

SHAUNA

Those two, stuck in the same truck for hours? Must've been fun.

XERINA (25), a very tall brunette with a well-built physique and US Army dog tags around her neck, hops out of the truck.

DEENA (20), tall and slender with her long black hair in a low ponytail, also exits the vehicle.

XERINA
Wassup, bitches?!

DEENA
Language!

XERINA
Blah, blah, blah! Get our stuff!

Deena climbs into the truck bed and unloads two large bags and a mountain bike. Xerina strolls over to Adam and Shauna.

SHAUNA
Hey, Xerina. See the trip went well.

XERINA
Yeah, right. If I hafta listen to any more of Deena's bitchin', I'm gonna lose it.

Adam gestures toward the guesthouse path.

ADAM
Hope you brought a sedative. You're sharing a room in the guesthouse.

XERINA
Oh, great. This vacation's fantastic.

Deena, bags and bike in hand, joins the others.

DEENA
Good afternoon!

SHAUNA
Enjoy the drive?

Deena cautiously turns toward Xerina.

DEENA
Will you hit me if I say no?

Xerina glares at Deena for a moment. She playfully punches her friend in the shoulder and the group shares a laugh.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Several COUNTY DEPUTIES and POLICE OFFICIALS mill about the spacious and well-lit room. Nolan appears and marches toward the front desk where two others await.

LINDEN (42), a typical soccer mom, anxiously taps her foot and crosses her arms. LINDEN'S SON (16), a morose teen, idly stares at the floor.

NOLAN

I've talked to the county attorney, Mrs. Linden, and he's agreed not to press criminal charges.

LINDEN

Oh, thank goodness. Thank you so much, Sheriff.

Nolan pats Linden's son on the shoulder.

NOLAN

I trust we won't have this conversation again, now will we?

The boy stares at his shoes and shakes his head no.

LINDEN

Don't worry, he won't be getting behind the wheel for a very long time. Let's go.

Linden takes her son by the arm and drags him away.

LINDEN

Oh, you just wait 'til your father hears about this!

Nolan looks on as mother and son leave the scene. Kingsley arrives and joins the sheriff by the front desk.

KINGSLEY

Lettin' him go, huh?

NOLAN

The repair bill for the car should be punishment enough.

KINGSLEY

Yeah, definitely gonna be one of those days.

NOLAN

We'll both feel better once the OSP catches that escaped prisoner.

KINGSLEY

Williamson Gott? He's in Washington.

NOLAN

Washington?

KINGSLEY

Just saw a news bulletin. His mother lives in Tacoma and the OSP thinks he's headin' north to --

NOLAN

Tacoma's an awful long way away, Kingsley.

KINGSLEY

Where else would he go, Sheriff?

Kingsley shrugs his shoulders and walks away. Nolan thinks to himself for a moment and dismissively shakes his head.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Xerina and Deena stand across from Adam and Shauna.

XERINA

What, we ain't good enough for your house?

ADAM

Well, you should've shown up earlier.

XERINA

Hmm. So, everybody here?

ADAM

No, we're waiting for two more... Oh, here they are.

A compact car with a mountain bike on its roof pulls into the driveway. NELSON (19), short and slight of build with a fauxhawk and hip-hop style clothes, exits the vehicle.

He stands on the ledge of the driver-side doorway and leans against the open door. He flashes a gang sign with his hands and bellows out to no one in particular.

NELSON

Aw, yeah! All the fellas in the area better depopulate, 'cause their gals and I 'bout to copulate!

Nelson cackles as he hops down from his perch and approaches the others. Xerina eyes him with a look of contempt.

XERINA

Oh, shit. It's the comic relief.

Adam pats Nelson on the back as he joins the group.

ADAM

Hey, Nelson. This is Deena and Xerina.

Nelson whistles as he proceeds to eye Xerina up and down. She quickly responds with a steely glare.

NELSON

Damn, girl! Ain't ya a tall glass of water!

XERINA

Excuse me?

NELSON

C'mon, baby, that ain't no way to treat yo' boyfriend.

XERINA

You realize you're an insult to blacks and whites everywhere, right?

NELSON

Aw, yeah! Tall and feisty! Betcha worth the climb, too!

THOMAS (21), tall and slim with short brown hair, discreetly exits the compact car. He prepares to remove the bike from the roof of the vehicle.

DEENA

Sorry to interrupt such a compelling conversation, but aren't you going to introduce your friend?

NELSON

Yo, that's my homeboy! Say 'sup to the peeps, Tommy!

Thomas meekly waves hello and quickly turns his attention back toward his bike.

SHAUNA

Wow. Quite the people person, huh?

Adam cheerfully pats Xerina on the shoulder.

ADAM

Well, since you two've hit it off, why don't you show Nelson the way to the guesthouse. Bye!

Adam and Shauna scamper back toward the house. Nelson saddles up next to Xerina.

NELSON

Yo, baby, we squeakin' the springs in my bed or yo's?

XERINA

Oh, God, this is already the worst day of my life.

Nelson nips at Xerina's heels as she marches away from the area. Deena smirks as the pair disappears into the woods.

She turns toward the compact car where Thomas struggles to retrieve his bike from the roof of the vehicle.

DEENA

Need a hand?

THOMAS

Yes.

She helps him remove the bike from atop the car.

DEENA

I'm Deena, by the way.

THOMAS

Thomas.

DEENA

I know. Nelson introduced you.

THOMAS

Oh.

DEENA

Nice bike. Avid rider?

THOMAS

Yes.

DEENA

Cycling around the forest will be a nice change of pace, won't it?

She waits for a reply. He stays silent.

DEENA

Once I get settled, I'm going for a ride around the lake. You're welcome to join me.

THOMAS

Okay.

DEENA

Swell. Come on, the guesthouse is this way.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Xerina and Nelson enter through the back door. The room is very similar to its counterpart in the lakeside house.

A softball bat rests in a wicker basket in one corner. A door near the base of the staircase leads to a basement.

NELSON

No TV? Aw, man! How we gonna watch porn together, yo?

XERINA

Huh?

NELSON

Couples porn, baby. Get us in the mood, yo.

XERINA

Y'know, I served with a guy just like you in Afghanistan. He got shot in the face. Good times.

Gordon and Kim giggle as they stumble down the stairs. He buttons his shirt while she fixes her smeared lipstick.

KIM

Oh! Hey, Xerina!

GORDON

Who's your friend?

NELSON

Nelson, yo. 'Sup?

XERINA

Speak to him slowly. He's a special-needs kid.

NELSON

C'mon, girl, only special needs I be thinkin' of are yo's.

XERINA

Lame! I'm goin' upstairs.

NELSON

Right behind ya, baby.

XERINA

Stop followin' me.

NELSON

Lovin' the view from back here.

He trails behind as she trudges up the stairs. Gordon and Kim share a bemused look and break out into laughter.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - PAIGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Paige, alone in the modest room, puts her things away. Bryan appears and knocks on the open door.

BRYAN

All settled?

PAIGE

Just finished.

The couple sits down on the bed next to each other.

PAIGE

Barry White, whipped cream,
handcuffs... Really?

BRYAN

Oh, you know Shauna. She teases
because she thinks we're prudes.

PAIGE

Why, because we're waiting to get
married before we...

BRYAN

Let's face it, relationships like
ours are strange these days.

PAIGE

Personally, I blame Angelina Jolie.

The pair shares a laugh. He takes her head in his hands, looks deep into her eyes, and softly kisses her.

ADAM (O.S.)

Puritans gone wild!

Bryan and Paige stop and find Adam in the open doorway.

PAIGE

Very funny.

ADAM

Sorry, couldn't resist. Shauna and I are headed to the lake. You coming?

BRYAN

Sure, we'll just get changed.

Adam takes his leave. Bryan softly kisses Paige on the forehead and departs. She thinks to herself for a moment.

PAIGE

Puritans gone wild. That's not even proper grammar.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The modest room features a pair of single beds. Nelson lies on one and leafs through a magazine. Thomas, clad in biking gear, grabs a helmet and water bottle.

NELSON

Yo, man, ridin' by yo'self?

THOMAS

No.

NELSON

No? Who ya goin' with?

Thomas looks down and shuffles his feet.

THOMAS

Deena.

NELSON

Aw, yeah! Mackin' on these fine bitches already, playah?

THOMAS

No.

NELSON

Just teasin', yo. See ya later.

Thomas glares in response. Nelson waves him off.

NELSON

Get outta here, fool!

Nelson eyes Thomas as he leaves the room and spots Xerina in the hallway. A sly grin washes over his face as he sets his magazine aside and heads for the door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Nelson exits his bedroom and stands across from Xerina.

NELSON

Aw, yeah. Ya be frontin' 'round yo' friends, but now we all alone --

XERINA

I still hate you.

NELSON

Can't fool me, baby. Yo, tell me all the nasty things ya want me to do to that body.

She sneers. He leers. She looks away for a moment until a seductive grin slowly washes over her face.

XERINA

Know what I want?

NELSON

Aw, yeah.

XERINA

Know what I need?

NELSON

Aw, yeah!

She replaces her grin with a look of contempt.

XERINA

I gotta take a leak.

Deena, clad in biking gear, steps out of the nearby bathroom door and passes between the pair.

Xerina quickly slips into the bathroom. Nelson tries to follow only to have the door slammed in his face.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The room is similar to its equal in the lakeside house. A large stand-alone closet is positioned across the sink.

Deena enters through the swinging door. Gordon and Kim are in the midst of a conversation with Thomas.

GORDON

Sure you don't wanna hit the lake first?

THOMAS

No.

KIM

Who can blame you? After all, you get to spend quality time with such a cute companion.

DEENA

Well, I'm just trying to be... Cute?

KIM

You're adorable! Don't you agree, Thomas?

Thomas widens his eyes in trepidation.

THOMAS

Hmm?!

GORDON

Should we start sendin' out the wedding invitations?

DEENA

What? No! Stop it, you two!

Shauna knocks on the front door and enters the room.

SHAUNA

Hey, guys. Adam and I are headed to the lake. Who's coming?

GORDON

Sounds good. We'll get changed.

KIM

Yeah, let's go upstairs and tell the lovebirds.

Gordon and Kim exit through the swinging door.

SHAUNA

Lovebirds?

DEENA

Xerina and Nelson.

SHAUNA

Sarcasm. The lowest form of wit. No, not sarcasm.

THOMAS

The pun.

SHAUNA

That's right. So, Deena, planning on any... Tom foolery?

DEENA

Ugh. Let's go before this... punny business continues.

Shauna smiles as Deena leads Thomas out the front door.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

A small and rundown wooden pier juts into the scenic lake. Bryan and Paige, clad in shorts and a one-piece swimsuit respectively, emerge from the wooded path.

They slowly walk down the length of the platform and stop at the edge of the pier. He sets a small bag down as she admires the scenery.

PAIGE

Wow, this is so beautiful.

BRYAN

Nice to get back to nature, isn't it?

PAIGE

I could stand here all day.

BRYAN

Suit yourself.

He dives into the lake. She laughs and follows suit.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Thomas and Deena slowly walk their bikes down the driveway.

DEENA

Adam told me the road's about ten miles or so and goes all the way around the lake.

THOMAS

Oh.

DEENA

He also said several trails cut through the nature preserve nearby.

THOMAS

Hmm.

She leans against her bicycle and tilts her head.

DEENA

You don't say much, do you?

He looks down at the ground sheepishly.

THOMAS

No.

She smiles warmly in response.

DEENA

I'll have to do something about that.

She hops on her bike and pedals out of view. He straddles his bicycle and trails behind her.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Nelson, still fully dressed, arrives and sits down on one of the pier's support posts. He places a small cooler between his feet and retrieves a bottle of beer from inside.

Xerina, clad in a one-piece racing swimsuit, appears and performs some pre-swim stretches. He leers. She glowers. He diverts his eyes.

Shauna and Kim, both in large T-shirts, arrive and head for the end of the pier. Adam and Gordon, both clad in shorts, lag behind the pair.

KIM

Wow, this place is pretty. Not as pretty as this, of course.

Kim, a broad grin on her face, removes her shirt and exposes the skimpy bikini hidden underneath.

SHAUNA

Yeah, that's okay. Not as beautiful as this, though.

Shauna, a smug look on her face, takes her shirt off as well and unveils a bikini just as sparse.

KIM

That looks lovely on you. Too bad it highlights your stretch marks.

SHAUNA

Well, at least you can't see the saddlebags on my thighs.

KIM

What the hell did you say?!

SHAUNA

Did I stutter, tubby?!

Gordon and Adam quickly step between their girlfriends.

GORDON

Ladies, please! Settle down!

ADAM

Stop acting like children!

SHAUNA

She started it!

KIM

You did!

GORDON

You two need to cool off, okay?

ADAM

Hey, that's not a bad idea.

Shauna shrieks as Adam shoves her into the water. Kim laughs until Gordon pushes her into the lake as well. The ladies furiously scream at the not-so-gentlemen.

GORDON

They look mad.

ADAM

You say that like it's a bad thing.

The men share a smile and dive into the water. The women swim up to the pair and swiftly pummel them.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Deena and Thomas ride their bikes down the stretch of road.

DEENA

Isn't this wonderful? A beautiful day. Surrounded by nature. Wonderful.

THOMAS

Yes.

DEENA

I'd ride more often, but I'm usually swamped with work at the newspaper.

THOMAS

Oh.

DEENA

You probably face similar problems,
don't you?

She waits for a response. He stays silent.

DEENA

When I get my degree, I'd like to
live in a rural area like this. You
know, a place where I can be alone
with my thoughts and finally get to
work on my novels.

She waits for a reply. He remains silent.

DEENA

Have you made any post-grad plans?

THOMAS

No.

DEENA

Really? Nothing? Not where you want
to work, or live, or anything?

Thomas shakes his head no. Deena looks away dejectedly.

DEENA

This is going to be harder than I
thought.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Xerina finishes her stretches and heads for the end of the
pier. Nelson grabs her hand as she passes by. She quickly
pulls it away from his grasp.

NELSON

Yo, ya got sunscreen? Suckas be dyin'
of skin cancer 'cause --

XERINA

Yeah, I got the memo.

NELSON

Waterproof, yo? If it ain't, gonna
wash right off ya.

XERINA

Yes. Now, shut your stupid trap.

NELSON

Yo, ya miss anywhere? 'Cause it's
easy to miss spots... Sensitive
spots... Sensuous spots...

Nelson grins as he reaches for her inner thighs.

NELSON

Yo, lemme make sure --

XERINA

Touch me and die.

Nelson quickly pulls his hand away.

NELSON

You right, baby. Let's save our
sexual energy for tonight, yo.

XERINA

Know what your problem is?

NELSON

What, baby?

XERINA

You're all wet.

Xerina leaps off the pier and performs a cannonball into the water. The large splash drenches Nelson from head to toe. He smiles to himself and sips on his bottle of beer.

EXT. FOREST - TRAIL - DAY

Deena and Thomas weave their way through the thick forest as they ride their bikes down the dirt path.

EXT. FOREST - CLEARING #1 - DAY

Deena and Thomas hop off their bikes as they arrive on a small clearing with an elevated view of the lake below.

She wraps her arms around herself and admires the scene. He turns away and heads for the nearby trees.

DEENA

Hey, where are you going?

He motions toward the woods.

DEENA

Why?

He gestures at the trees more emphatically.

DEENA

Oh. Oh! Sorry!

She smirks to herself as he disappears into the woods. She looks back toward the lake and takes in the view.

A loud snap echoes from the nearby trail. She quickly spins around and looks toward the source of the noise.

EXT. FOREST - TRAIL - DAY

Deena appears at the end of the path and cautiously scans the area. She meticulously eyes the tall trees and assorted shrubs for a moment.

She turns to leave when a series of loud crunches cut through the air. She spins back around as several shrubs down the path loudly rustle.

She turns to run only to trip on a tree root and tumble to the ground. She sits up and looks on in fear as something pushes its way through the shrubs.

A majestic MALE DEER emerges from the woods. Deena rises to her feet with a look of awe and wonder on her face. She takes a few cautious steps toward the animal.

DEENA

Hey. Hey, there. Don't be afraid.

The male deer tilts his head and stares at Deena for a moment. The buck slowly steps forward and approaches her. She extends her hand toward the animal.

Deena smiles as the male deer calmly leans forward and sniffs her hand. An arrow pierces the air and plunges into a tree just above the buck's head.

Deena yelps in shock as the male deer rears up on his hind legs. The buck wails as he bowls her over with his antlers and quickly disappears into the woods.

Deena collapses to the ground and clutches her ribs in anguish. She struggles just to breathe and slowly pulls herself back onto her knees.

A man clad in an orange jumpsuit leaps out of the nearby woods in front of her. She recoils in terror as he slowly steps forward with a large hunting knife in hand.

The man giggles to himself as she whimpers and raises her hands defensively. He stops when a furious growl echoes through the woods.

The man turns around as Thomas leaps into view with a large tree limb in hand. He swings the branch and clubs the stranger in the stomach.

The man wails in pain, drops the hunting knife, and collapses to the ground. Thomas rushes over to Deena's side and extends his hand.

THOMAS

Deena!

She takes his hand and he pulls her back onto her feet. The pair tries to flee the scene when someone else in an orange jumpsuit emerges from the woods.

BLAKE (44), a slim man with shaggy blonde hair and a thick moustache, blocks their path. He glares at Deena and Thomas as he grips a crossbow in his hands.

BLAKE

What the hell you doin'?! You all right, Pierce?

Deena and Thomas turn around and look back at the first man in orange. PIERCE (46), a sturdy man with gray hair and a beard to match, wearily raises his head.

PIERCE

I'll live, Blake. I'll live.

Blake helps Pierce back onto his feet.

BLAKE

What about you, honey? You okay?

Deena grits her teeth and glares at the men in orange.

DEENA

You nearly hit me with that arrow.

Blake removes the arrow from the tree.

BLAKE

Sorry, these trails are usually abandoned this time of day. If we knew anyone was here --

DEENA

Why are you hunting in these woods, anyway? Isn't this a nature preserve?

PIERCE

You ain't from 'round here, are you?
Deer population in the area's outta
control. State's authorized a special
hunt to cull the population.

THOMAS

Permits?

PIERCE

They're still in my truck. We could
show you, but it's a long walk --

Deena reaches into her pocket and retrieves a cell phone.

DEENA

I'm calling the police.

BLAKE

You sure you wanna do that, honey?
After all, the only person here who's
broken the law's your boyfriend.

THOMAS

What?

PIERCE

Assault and battery's a serious
crime. Don't worry, we'll overlook
this. No reason to involve the police
in this... misunderstanding, right?

Deena and Thomas exchange a pensive look. He drops the tree
branch on the ground and puts an arm around her shoulders.
Blake and Pierce look on as the pair leaves the scene.

BLAKE

I don't think they bought the story.

PIERCE

Me neither. Think they'll tell Nolan?

BLAKE

I'm worried they'll tell Kingsley.

PIERCE

C'mon, let's bag one before we go.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Adam, Shauna, Gordon, and Kim swim in the lake. Nelson sits
on the pier's support post and nurses his beer.

Bryan and Paige climb out of the water and sit on the end of the pier. The couple grabs a pair of towels from their bag.

PAIGE

Boy, I'd love to live in a place just like this. A couple of dogs running around the yard, a couple of children swimming nearby...

BRYAN

Well, with the size of our student loans and the cost of housing in the area, don't get your hopes up.

PAIGE

What's that supposed to mean?

Bryan fingers the rings which dangle from their necklaces.

BRYAN

Remember what I said when we gave each other these?

PAIGE

I remember.

BRYAN

I'm just asking for a little patience, okay?

PAIGE

So, I should stop searching for good baby names?

The couple shares a laugh, places an arm around each other, and enjoys the scenery. He perks up his head, shields his eyes, and looks across the lake.

BRYAN

Did you bring your binoculars?

PAIGE

I think so. Why?

BRYAN

Something's going on across the lake.

EXT. JENKINS HOUSE - BACK - DAY

JENKINS (38), steam coming out of his ears, marches Nolan toward a small shed not too far from the lake.

JENKINS

Once I find out who did this,
Sheriff, I swear to God --

NOLAN

Settle down, Mr. Jenkins. What
exactly happened?

Jenkins opens the shed door. Several bags of dried food have been shredded and their contents spilt onto the floor. Numerous canned goods have been knocked from their shelves.

JENKINS

The sons of bitches tore the place
apart! It's gonna take the whole
weekend to clean up this mess!

NOLAN

How'd they get inside?

Jenkins shows Nolan the front of the battered shed door.

JENKINS

They tore the padlock off with a rock
or something. Christ, it's gonna cost
thousands to fix the shed and replace
all the stuff they stole.

NOLAN

What's missing?

JENKINS

Canned goods, camping supplies... I
can deal with that, but my snow gear?
You know how much a quality ice axe
costs? Like the insurance company's
gonna cover this without a fight.

An electronic chime cuts through the air. Jenkins retrieves a cell phone from his pocket.

JENKINS

That's my wife. Excuse me, Sheriff.

Jenkins answers the phone and steps out of view. Nolan peers inside the shed and examines the battered door with a concerned look on his face.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - REST AREA - DAY

Wooden picnic tables and benches rest in the grassy area. Deena and Thomas dismount their bikes, grab their water bottles, and lean against a table shaded by a tree.

Deena tries to drink from her bottle only to stop as her hands tremble uncontrollably. Thomas looks on as she sets her drink down on the table and shakes her head.

DEENA

My goodness, I'm shaking like a leaf!

She rubs her forehead and takes a few deep breaths.

THOMAS

Deena?

DEENA

Yes?

THOMAS

Thanks.

DEENA

Hey, I should be thanking you.

THOMAS

Still... I just wanted to say... I want to thank you for... For taking me... For inviting me to... If you didn't... I wouldn't... I'm not very good at this.

DEENA

Thomas?

THOMAS

I'm sorry, it's just I'm terrible at meeting new people. Other than Adam, Shauna, and Nelson, I don't know anyone here.

DEENA

Well, you know me.

The pair shares a smile.

THOMAS

Yes, I do. It's just... When I meet new people, I can't think of anything to say --

DEENA

Say no more. The first time I met the rest of the group, I just stayed in the background and tried not to draw attention.

THOMAS

What did you do with your hands? I'm never sure what to do with my hands.

DEENA

I usually hold them behind my back.

THOMAS

Oh, I should have thought of that.

DEENA

This is nice.

THOMAS

What?

DEENA

A two-way conversation.

THOMAS

Oh.

Deena laughs good-naturedly and Thomas follows suit.

DEENA

Come on, I'll race you back to the house.

She puts an arm around his shoulders and leads him away.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Kim bobs in the lake when Gordon pops up out of the water behind her. She yelps as he unties her bikini top.

Paige and Bryan look on from the pier as Kim frantically reties her top and chases after Gordon.

BRYAN

I remember when we were like that.

PAIGE

We were never like that.

BRYAN

I meant without a care in the world.

The pair quietly looks over the lake for a moment.

PAIGE

You realize this is the last time we'll all be together, right?

BRYAN

What? Why would you say that?

PAIGE

You know how it is. Once we graduate, we'll all go our separate ways.

He puts an arm around her shoulders.

BRYAN

Not all of us.

PAIGE

True, but can you say that about Adam and Shauna?

BRYAN

Why not? They've been together so long and been through so much, I know they'll have a long future together.

PAIGE

Only if Adam stops avoiding Shauna's marriage talk. I've had more marriage discussions with her than he has.

BRYAN

You're not running off to Vegas with her, are you?

PAIGE

No thanks. Still, can you say the same about Gordon and Kim?

BRYAN

We... We shouldn't do this. I mean, talking behind their backs --

PAIGE

They're not lasting past graduation, are they?

BRYAN

They haven't developed the maturity to form a real relationship yet.

Gordon bobs in the lake and scans the water. He yelps as something below the surface tugs at his legs.

Kim cackles as she pops up out of the lake with Gordon's shorts in hand. Paige drolly turns to Bryan.

PAIGE

What makes you say that?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The male deer stands next to a shrub and munches on some of its leaves and twigs. Pierce slowly rises up from behind a group of bushes a fair distance away.

He eyes the buck through a pair of binoculars. He trades the field glasses for a crossbow, carefully takes aim at the majestic animal, and fires.

The launched arrow narrowly misses the male deer and plunges into a tree. The buck rears up in shock and disappears into the nearby woods.

Pierce stands up and angrily slams his crossbow onto the ground. He stewes to himself for a moment, picks his weapon back up from the ground, and marches off.

EXT. FOREST - CLEARING #2 - DAY

Pierce emerges through the woods and arrives in a small clearing surrounded by tall trees. He sets his crossbow aside and cautiously eyes the area.

Smoke billows from an abandoned campfire. A tent and some camping supplies are scattered about. A group of empty food cans are piled by the remnants of the blaze.

Pierce cautiously approaches the tent and looks inside only to find it abandoned. He glances at a tag sewn onto the shelter which reads: Jenkins.

He crouches down and sorts through the camping supplies. He stops in his tracks and retrieves a featureless white ski mask from underneath the pile.

PIERCE

What the hell's going on here?

Someone clad in blue prison denims quietly emerges from the woods. The man slowly approaches Pierce from behind with a large tree limb in hand.

The man steps on a twig and a loud crack cuts through the air. Pierce perks up his head in alarm, grabs the hunting knife from his belt, and spins around.

The man swings the branch and clubs his target on the side of the head. Pierce wails in pain as he drops the knife and collapses to the ground.

Pierce trembles uncontrollably as he vainly tries to crawl to safety. He looks back as his attacker approaches the pile of food cans.

The man reaches through the cans and retrieves a large ice axe from the bottom of the pile. Pierce looks on in terror as his attacker slowly approaches with the weapon in hand.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Blake rests on one knee and fiddles with his crossbow. He stops as a frantic scream cuts through the woods. He sets his weapon aside and heads off in pursuit.

EXT. FOREST - CLEARING #2 - DAY

Blake arrives and spots Pierce facedown on the ground.

BLAKE

Pierce? Pierce?!

Blake rushes over to his friend's side, kneels down, and cautiously reaches out to him. He stops as a pool of blood spills out from underneath Pierce's face.

Blake trembles with fear as he grabs hold of his friend and rolls him over. Pierce's lifeless face is missing its eyes and a torrent of blood flows from the vacant sockets.

Blake wails in horror and falls backward into a seated position. The man in prison denims appears and quietly stands behind him.

The man reaches down and clamps a hand over his target's mouth. Blake looks up in terror as his attacker swings the ice axe down upon him.

Blake's tries to scream as the pick of the weapon slams through his stomach. The man pulls up on the ice axe and rips his victim's stomach open.

He releases his grip and Blake's lifeless body collapses to the ground. The man surveys the scene for a moment and approaches Pierce's corpse.

He kneels beside the body and examines the orange jumpsuit for a moment. The man sets the ice axe aside and starts to remove the attire from Pierce's corpse.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Shauna and Adam idly bob in the water. Kim swims over with Gordon's shorts still in hand.

ADAM

You still have that?

KIM
It's my trophy.

ADAM
Where is Gordon, anyway?

KIM
Who cares? I got the last laugh --

Kim shrieks as she is pulled underneath the water. Shauna and Adam look on indifferently as several air bubbles rise to the surface.

SHAUNA
What just happened?

ADAM
I think she drowned.

SHAUNA
Oh, well. No big loss.

Kim bursts through the surface and wraps her arms around her bare torso. Gordon rises out of the water with her bikini top and bottom in hand.

GORDON
Who's laughin' now?!

Gordon throws the attire further out into the water. Kim throws the shorts at her boyfriend's face and frantically swims after her clothes.

EXT. FOREST - LAKESHORE - DAY

The man, now in the orange jumpsuit, emerges from the shadows with the ice axe and ski mask in hand. He stands by the edge of the woods and eyes the lake.

He looks on as Adam, Shauna, Gordon, and Kim cavort in the water. He tightens his grip on the ice axe and giggles to himself like a mischievous child.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Deena races onto the driveway and skids her bike to a stop.

DEENA
I win!

Thomas arrives and slows his bike to a stop beside her.

THOMAS

You started to race back on two, not three!

She grins impishly while he smiles and shakes his head.

THOMAS

Okay, I'll grant you this one but only this one.

DEENA

Good. That means you still have to put our bikes away.

She hops off her bike and heads for the guesthouse path.

THOMAS

Wait!

He dismounts his ride and quickly grabs hold of her bicycle before it falls over. He smirks to himself as he wheels the bikes away from view.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Xerina swims up to the pier and climbs out of the lake. She turns to Paige and Bryan as she dries herself with a towel.

XERINA

Anyone wants me, I'll be in the guesthouse rinsin' off the muck.

Nelson, the cooler on his lap, whistles as she walks by. She blindly flashes her middle finger back at him in response.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - DAY

Deena emerges from the wooded path and heads for the back door. She reaches for the doorknob when a loud crash cuts through the air.

She spins around and spots several logs as they tumble down the woodpile. The trees behind the pile loudly rustle for a moment only to quickly fall silent.

She takes a few cautious steps forward and eyes the area around the woodpile. She scans the nearby woods but does not see anything out of the ordinary.

A hand reaches out from behind her and firmly clamps down upon her shoulder. She yelps in fear, spins around, and is confronted by...

XERINA

Whoa! Relax!

DEENA

Don't sneak up on me like that!

XERINA

Oh, yeah, 'cause I'm world-renowned for my stealth. Wassup?

DEENA

There's something in the woods.

XERINA

I don't see nothin'.

DEENA

I'm telling you, I saw something. It must've been very big because the trees were shaking like crazy.

XERINA

Well, whatever it was, it's gone now.

DEENA

Are you sure?

XERINA

I'd bet my life --

Two hands reach out from behind the pair and firmly clamp down upon their shoulders. Both women wail in shock, quickly turn around, and discover...

THOMAS

Sorry.

XERINA

Now, that's stealth!

THOMAS

What's going on?

DEENA

There's something in the woods, like a bear or something.

XERINA

Wait, now you saw a bear?

DEENA

Well, what else could it have been?

THOMAS

I don't think they'd allow bears in the area with people living here.

DEENA

But, aren't the rest of the houses on the other side of the lake?

XERINA

Well, while you two figure out what to do 'bout the invisible bear problem, I'm gonna take a shower.

Xerina enters the house and closes the door behind her.

THOMAS

What do you want to do?

DEENA

I think we should talk to Adam.

He places an arm around her shoulders and leads her down the wooded path. A hand silently reaches around the corner of the house and grips the side of the structure.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The room features a large tub outfitted with a shower and a window which overlooks the backyard below. Xerina enters but neglects to lock the door behind her.

She removes a bath towel from the linen cabinet and hangs it over the shower curtain rod. She stretches for a moment and slowly peels off her swimsuit.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The knob on the back door slowly turns. The door creaks open and someone quietly enters the house.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Xerina drops her swimsuit on the floor and kicks it aside.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The sound of footsteps echoes down the corridor. A shadow travels along the wall and stops outside the bathroom door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Xerina turns on the shower, steps inside the tub, and closes the translucent curtain behind her. She grabs a bar of soap and lathers up her body.

The bathroom door slowly opens and someone quietly enters the room. The intruder abruptly yanks the bath towel off the shower curtain rod.

XERINA

What?! Who's there?! Who's there?!

She screams in terror as someone pulls the shower curtain aside. The intruder throws a cooler's worth of algae and muddy lake water at her face.

Xerina, covered from head to toe with the nasty concoction, stays quiet and still for a moment. She coughs up some of the dirty water she inadvertently swallowed.

She takes refuge behind the shower curtain and wipes the muddy mixture from her eyes. The intruder, with her towel and swimsuit in hand, pauses by the open door.

NELSON

Next time, leave the door locked, yo.

He sprints out of the room. She responds with a scream.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - DAY

Nelson laughs hysterically as he bursts through the back door of the house. He nearly runs over the panicked Deena and Thomas and collapses onto the ground.

DEENA

What happened?! We heard a scream!

NELSON

Aw, yeah! I just nailed that sucka good! Yo, ya shoulda seen 'er face --

XERINA (O.S.)

You Goddamn bastard!

Nelson, Deena, and Thomas look up at the bathroom window. Xerina, naked save a small hand towel clutched to her chest, shivers as she glowers down at her attacker.

XERINA

You'd better get outta here before I get dressed, 'cause the payback's gonna be a bitch!

NELSON

Whatcha gonna do to me, yo? I already seen ya naked, girl.

XERINA

Why dontcha come up here and find
out, you little prick?!

Nelson steps forward and stands below the bathroom window.

NELSON

Yo, baby, since I be a sucka for
naked bitches ya can have yo'
dignity... I mean, yo' swimsuit back
and we be even.

XERINA

If you think you're gettin' off that
easy --

NELSON

Ya gonna get me off?! Ya be nasty,
girl!

She growls in anger. He laughs uproariously. She steps away
from the window and disappears from view.

THOMAS

That wasn't very nice.

DEENA

You'd better apologize before she --

NELSON

'Fore she do what, fool? She be all
talk, no action.

XERINA (O.S.)

No action?

Nelson, Deena, and Thomas again look toward the bathroom.
Xerina pours a glass of yellow liquid out the window.

XERINA

How's that for action?!

Nelson staggers away from the window as he coughs and spits
out the liquid. He regains his senses and slowly looks up at
Xerina with a mix of anger and embarrassment.

NELSON

Piss? Piss?! Ya poured piss on me, ya
crazy ho!

XERINA

Told you payback'd be a bitch! Ha!

She slams the bathroom window shut. He whimpers and frantically wipes his face with the stolen towel.

Deena and Thomas look on as Nelson quickly disappears down the wooded path. The pair blankly stares at one another.

THOMAS

We have to share the house with those children?

DEENA

Come on, we have to talk to Adam about that bear.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Adam, Shauna, Deena, Thomas, and Nolan are on the driveway.

ADAM

Oh, for God's sake! How many times do I hafta tell you people?! There are no bears here! None, okay?!

SHAUNA

You sure, Sheriff? Like sure sure?

NOLAN

I haven't heard of a bear in these woods in, what, eight years now? Still, we'll contact Fish and Wildlife just to be safe.

Thomas gently rests a hand on Deena's shoulder.

THOMAS

There, do you feel better now?

DEENA

A little, I guess.

ADAM

Sorry to bother you, Sheriff. Won't happen again.

NOLAN

That's okay, I was in the area. If you have any other problems --

SHAUNA

We know your number.

The sheriff tips his hat and heads for his patrol car.

SHAUNA

C'mon, let's head to the back before
the others eat all the s'mores.

Thomas puts an arm around Deena as Adam and Shauna lead them away. Nolan heads for his patrol car and opens the door.

The sheriff leans against the door and thinks to himself for a moment. He shakes his head and enters his vehicle.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - BACK - DAY

Xerina, Kim, Gordon, Paige, and Bryan sit on logs around a campfire. Xerina, Paige, and Bryan make s'mores while Kim and Gordon wash theirs down with wine coolers.

The group perks up their heads as Nelson, clad in new clothes, arrives with his cooler in hand. He takes a seat next to Xerina and drops the container on the ground.

Xerina glares at him as she readies her s'more. She prepares to munch on the treat when Nelson plucks it from her hand and takes a bite.

NELSON

Aw, yeah. Yo' creamy center tastes so
good, baby.

Kim and Gordon smirk while Paige and Bryan look confused. Xerina remains silent as Nelson retrieves a beer bottle from his cooler. She perks up as he imbibes.

XERINA

Can't get enough of the yellow stuff,
huh?

Nelson chokes on his beer. Kim and Gordon giggle while Bryan and Paige try to repress their smiles.

BRYAN

Okay, now that's out of the way, did
you want to go swimming again later?

PAIGE

We've done enough for one day, but we
could still relax out on the pier.

GORDON

I know a better place to relax.

KIM

Together in a king-size bed?

GORDON

Have we ever just relaxed in bed?

KIM

You could always lie down while I...

Kim whispers in Gordon's ear and the pair playfully peck and paw at each other. Paige and Bryan put some distance between themselves and the amorous couple.

NELSON

Aw, yeah. Yo, we should be hittin' it like that.

XERINA

Haven't you suffered enough?

NELSON

We all know ya want me deep inside, girl. Problem's ya keep puttin' barriers 'tween us.

XERINA

Yeah, they're called... panties.

Kim and Gordon burst into laughter. Paige and Bryan, despite their best efforts, cannot help but chortle.

A horrified look of embarrassment washes over Nelson's face. He quickly manages to sport a half-hearted smile.

NELSON

Ya got me, ya got me.

Adam, Shauna, Deena, and Thomas arrive on the scene.

ADAM

Hey, you started without us!

SHAUNA

Did you people eat all the s'mores?!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

The county deputies and police officials mill about. Nolan enters via the main doors and approaches the front desk.

DEPUTY CASEY (35), a cheery full-figured brunette, works the dispatch radio. Kingsley stands across the desk from her.

CASEY

Copy that, Sutton. Dispatch out. Hmm, maybe there is a bear by the lake.

KINGSLEY

Please, it's obviously the same guy who broke into the Jenkins' shed.

NOLAN

What's going on, Casey?

CASEY

The Hayes' shed was trashed while they were out.

NOLAN

Was the door broken into?

CASEY

They forgot to lock it. Live and learn, I guess.

KINGSLEY

It wasn't a bear but, since Fish and Wildlife's settin' up traps anyway, I may as well let them know.

NOLAN

Once you're done, Kingsley, I want you to do a full sweep of Midnight Lake Road.

KINGSLEY

The whole thing? Why?

NOLAN

It's just... Better safe than sorry.

KINGSLEY

Whatever you say, Sheriff.

Kingsley steps away from the scene.

NOLAN

Casey, has the OSP issued any bulletins?

CASEY

No, why? Were you expecting something?

NOLAN

Oh... Just curious, I guess.

Nolan walks away with a concerned look on his face.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - BACK - DAY

The ten friends are gathered around the campfire. Nelson puts out the blaze with his cooler's ice-water contents.

SHAUNA

Thanks for leaving me one, guys. Now, if anyone touches the pie...

ADAM

Can't believe I never brought you guys up here before. We'll come back next year, promise.

Adam rises to his feet only to stop and wince in pain. He sits back down and places a hand against his lower back.

SHAUNA

You hurt your back again?

ADAM

Damn. Didn't think it'd stiffen up so quickly.

Shauna grabs his hands and pulls him onto his feet.

ADAM

Thanks, sweetie. Should head back to the house. Lay down for a while.

SHAUNA

C'mon, you lay on the bed and I'll give you a massage.

She slowly leads him back to the house.

PAIGE

His back still bothers him? When did he injure it, four months ago?

BRYAN

You don't just bounce back after taking a spill as bad as he did.

KIM

How's your back feel, Gordon?

GORDON

Fine, Kim. Why?

KIM

Well, just to be safe, I think I should give you a massage, too.

GORDON

I see. Well, now you mention it, I think I need a full-body rubdown.

PAIGE

Oh, no.

BRYAN

Here they go.

Gordon and Kim gleefully scurry down the guesthouse path. The others watch with a mix of embarrassment and bemusement.

THOMAS

Are those two always like that?

DEENA

Sadly, yes.

NELSON

Upstairs off-limits, yo. Guess I'll be hangin' outside.

Nelson glumly begins the trek back to the guesthouse.

THOMAS

He seems less animated than usual.

DEENA

I'm guessing it's because of...

Deena looks at Xerina while she stiffens up in response.

XERINA

What?

THOMAS

She's just worried about --

XERINA

Nelson? You guys actually have sympathy for the little prick?

THOMAS

Well, your idea of retribution was rather excessive.

XERINA

The guy drenched me with a cooler of pond scum.

DEENA

And you responded by pouring... something else on him.

Xerina opens her mouth to respond but stays silent. She calmly rises to her feet.

XERINA

Oh, hell, I'll go talk to the guy.

She starts the long walk to the guesthouse.

PAIGE

Hmm. I wasn't expecting that.

THOMAS

Once they talk things over, I'm sure they'll declare a truce.

BRYAN

Unless he uses the opportunity to hit on her again.

DEENA

If he values his life, he won't dare.

Bryan and Paige walk back to the house while Thomas heads for the guesthouse path. Deena smiles to herself as she rises to her feet.

She turns to leave when a loud crunch emanates from the nearby woods. She stops in her tracks and looks toward the source of the noise.

An orange blur briefly appears amongst the trees before it disappears into the forest. She points toward the woods and calls out in a panic.

DEENA

There's something in the woods!

Bryan, Paige, and Thomas rush over to her side.

THOMAS

What? What is it?

DEENA

I saw something! Right there!

PAIGE

Something where?

BRYAN

I don't see anything.

DEENA

I'm telling you, I saw something!

Tears quickly well up in Deena's eyes. Thomas places an arm around her. She buries her face in his shoulder.

THOMAS

Don't worry, you're safe with me.
Now, what did you see?

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Kingsley stands across from Deena, Thomas, Paige, and Bryan.

KINGSLEY

An orange blur.

DEENA

It was definitely orange and moved really fast.

KINGSLEY

Boy, that could be anythin', like...
Oh, I don't know... A fox?!

DEENA

A fox?! It was not a fox!

KINGSLEY

Well, let's see. Was it orange like a fox? Was it fast like a fox?

Deena glumly looks away. Kingsley addresses the group.

KINGSLEY

Look, you wanna get loud, get drunk, get high... Whatever, I don't care, but this is the second time you've dragged us out here just 'cause she thought she saw somethin'. Drag us out here a third time and there's gonna be trouble. Now, unless one of you has a better explanation --

THOMAS

I do.

Deena looks at Thomas with alarm.

THOMAS

We were biking through the woods earlier when we --

DEENA

Thomas! Remember what they --

The deputy waves Deena off and turns to Thomas.

KINGSLEY

Hold up, hold up, hold up! What the hell you ramblin' on about?

THOMAS

We had a confrontation with two men in orange. I thought one of them was trying to hurt Deena, so I... Well, I struck him with a tree branch.

DEENA

He didn't mean to hurt anyone, sir. He thought I was in danger and he --

KINGSLEY

Danger?

DEENA

One of them almost shot me with a crossbow and --

KINGSLEY

Crossbows are illegal in Oregon. What were they doin'?

THOMAS

Hunting.

KINGSLEY

In a nature preserve?

DEENA

They said they had permits.

KINGSLEY

Who were they?

THOMAS

One had shaggy blonde hair and a moustache while the other --

KINGSLEY

Gray hair, matchin' beard?

PAIGE

You know who they are?

KINGSLEY

Those sons of bitches.

The deputy grumbles to himself as he stalks his way over to his patrol car. The others look on as he steps into the vehicle and drives away.

BRYAN

I'll take that as a yes.

Thomas places a hand on Deena's shoulder.

THOMAS

Are you going to be okay?

DEENA

Just take me back to the guesthouse.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - DAY

Nelson sits on the tree stump and leafs through a magazine. Xerina looks on from the shade of the wooded path. She steels herself and approaches.

XERINA

Hey.

NELSON

Yo.

XERINA

Look, I just wanted to... What happened back there... I was just bustin' your balls, y'know?

NELSON

Yeah.

XERINA

We even now, or you gonna try another stupid stunt?

NELSON

Nah, don't feel like gettin' pissed on again. Literally.

She takes a few steps toward the back door of the house. She stops and walks back over to him.

XERINA

Don't take this the wrong way, but why are you such a jackass?

NELSON

Yo, why'd I take that the wrong way?

XERINA

I'm serious. Why d'you act like such a douchebag all the time?

NELSON

A wise man once said, "The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference."

He sets his magazine aside and stands up.

NELSON

Look at me. I got the body of a ten-year-old girl. Women always say they want a man with personality. Yeah, sure, long as it's wrapped up in a Brad Pitt or George Clooney.

XERINA

Girls don't find you attractive, so you annoy the hell out of them?

NELSON

It's better to be hated than ignored, 'cause someone who hates you at least notices you. Once they notice me --

XERINA

They wanna kill you! Jesus, that's no way to hook up with somebody!

NELSON

Yeah, well, ya don't have to deal with constant rejection.

XERINA

You kiddin'? I can't tell you how many so-called dates end up with me hangin' out with the guy's buddies at a bar or somethin'. That's what I get for bein' built like a strong safety.

NELSON

So, whadaya do?

XERINA

There's billions of people in the world. You'll find someone who likes you just the way you are. I'm goin' inside. You comin' or what?

He nods his head and follows her inside the house.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Adam, shirtless, lays facedown on the bed. Shauna straddles his body and massages his lower back.

SHAUNA

There. How do you feel?

ADAM

Much better, thanks.

He rolls over as she continues to straddle him.

ADAM

How can I thank you, sweetie?

SHAUNA

Well, maybe you can be a man and stop avoiding a discussion about marriage.

ADAM

Marriage is an outdated institution which has outlived its usefulness.

SHAUNA

In other words, you're too chicken to discuss commitment.

ADAM

I went to Oregon State to be with you. Oregon State! That's commitment.

She points at her barren ring finger.

SHAUNA

You see a ring on this finger? When you put one here, that's commitment.

ADAM

Let's not fight, especially since I'm defenseless and prone to injury. What can I do to make you love me again?

SHAUNA

Well, I have an idea.

She removes her shirt, exposing the skimpy bra underneath, and tosses it onto the floor.

ADAM

Okay, sounds good to me.

She lies down on top of him and the couple lock themselves into a passionate embrace.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Deena and Thomas enter through the back door of the house.

THOMAS

Are you sure you're all right?

DEENA

Yes. Maybe. No, not really.

THOMAS

Are you always this jittery?

DEENA

No, I don't understand it. This place... I don't know what it is, but I've felt a weird vibe ever since --

THOMAS

The men in orange?

DEENA

No, it's something else.

THOMAS

Maybe it's just the transition from the city to the woods. There so much noise in the city nothing stands out, but the woods are so quiet any noise gets your attention.

DEENA

I guess you're right. It doesn't help I'm the only one seeing and hearing things. I feel like an idiot.

THOMAS

Come on, don't say that.

DEENA

Well, have you noticed anything unusual around here?

THOMAS

No, I can't say I have.

A series of rhythmic thumps emanate from the floor above. The noises are joined by ecstatic moans.

DEENA

Please tell me you can hear that.

THOMAS

Unfortunately, yes.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Xerina angrily scrubs a cast-iron skillet clean in the sink. Nelson idly sits on the counter next to her.

NELSON

Yo, I look like I eat fried foods?

XERINA

Somebody used it and didn't wash it.

Deena and Thomas enter through the swinging door.

DEENA

So, how are you two?

NELSON

Me? Fine. 'Er? Not so much.

A cell phone on the kitchen counter rings.

THOMAS

That's mine. I'll just be a moment.

Thomas answers the cell phone and turns away from the others. Xerina slams the skillet down into the sink.

XERINA

You use somethin', you clean it. You don't just dump it in the sink and wait for someone else to do your job.

DEENA

She says after doing someone else's job.

Xerina insincerely smirks at Deena. Thomas turns toward the others as he speaks into his cell phone.

THOMAS

What happened?.. Where is he now?.. Is he okay?.. I'll be there as soon as I can... Okay, Mom. Bye.

Thomas, ashen-faced, puts the cell phone away.

THOMAS

My... My father... He's had a heart attack. Mom said he's fine, but they're keeping him in the hospital to make sure.

Nelson hops off the counter and retrieves his car keys.

NELSON

Yo, take my car. I'll bum a ride from someone else.

THOMAS

Yes, yes, thank you... I have to get some things.

DEENA

Let me help you.

Deena puts an arm around Thomas and leads him out of the room. Nelson and Xerina exchange a concerned look.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Deena walks Thomas toward the compact car. He opens the door of the vehicle but stops as she raises her voice.

DEENA

Thomas, I just want to thank you for everything you've done for me today.

THOMAS

I was just doing what friends are supposed to do, Deena.

DEENA

Still, thanks.

THOMAS

Take care of yourself, okay?

DEENA

Okay. I hope we'll see each other again soon.

THOMAS

I hope so, too.

The pair looks at one another for a moment, not quite sure how to say goodbye. The two friends finally embrace one another and share a warm hug.

He steps inside the car and backs out of the driveway. She stands at the end of the property and waves goodbye as the vehicle heads down the county road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

The compact car heads down the desolate road. A large black pickup truck with a box cap and tinted windows emerges from the nearby woods and cuts in front of the vehicle.

The car sounds its horn and slams on its brakes. The vehicle skids across the pavement, clips the back corner of the truck, and comes to a stop.

Thomas steps out of the car as the pickup idles on the road nearby. He glances at the damaged front corner of his vehicle and turns toward the truck.

The driver's face is obscured but his orange-clad arm leans out of the pickup's open side window frame. Thomas takes a cautious step toward the truck.

THOMAS

We... We need to talk.

Thomas waits for a reply but does not receive one. The pickup slowly inches away from the scene.

THOMAS

Look, this isn't my car. We need to exchange insurance...

The truck accelerates as it heads down the road.

THOMAS

The police are looking for you!

The pickup slams on its brakes. Thomas looks on nervously as the vehicle backs up and stops nearby. He steels himself and slowly walks toward the truck.

THOMAS

They know you've broken the law. I don't think you want to flee the scene of an accident, too. Look, we can still resolve this in a calm and rational manner. Right?

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

The driver reaches across the red upholstered seat of the vehicle and grabs hold of a blood-stained ice axe.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE - EVENING

The sun hangs low in the blood-red sky. Adam and Shauna lazily swim in the water. Deena, a sweater wrapped around her shoulders, sits at the end of the pier.

Bryan, Paige, Nelson, and Xerina eye her with concern from the middle of the pier. The first two approach Deena and sit down next to her.

BRYAN

How are you?

DEENA

Oh, I'm fine.

PAIGE

You've been sitting here for over an hour. You're not fine.

BRYAN

You're still thinking about Thomas, aren't you?

DEENA

It's silly, but... He was opening up, coming out of his shell, and now... I'm worried about him.

PAIGE

Sometimes, bad things happen to good people for no reason.

The group sits quietly for a moment and takes in the view.

BRYAN

Well, it's getting late. Why don't you come back to the house with us?

DEENA

Thanks, but I think I'll stay here a little longer. Watch the sunset.

Bryan and Paige rise to their feet and take their leave. Deena stares out at the water while lost in thought.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - EVENING

The black pickup truck sits abandoned on the side of the desolate road. A patrol car arrives on the scene and parks on the shoulder nearby.

Kingsley steps out of his vehicle and angrily marches toward the pickup. He stands next to the truck and directs his ire toward the nearby woods.

KINGSLEY

Blake! Pierce! Get out here!

He waits for a response but does not receive one. He eyes the pickup and focuses on the damaged back corner.

KINGSLEY

Looks like somebody had an accident!
Maybe I should have this truck towed!

He waits for a reply but does not hear one. He retrieves the police radio from his belt.

KINGSLEY

Dispatch, it's Kingsley. Send a tow
truck to the ravine along Midnight
Lake Road.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bryan and Paige enter through the back door.

PAIGE

I don't remember seeing Deena so
glum. It doesn't help Thomas calmed
her down when she was frightened
earlier.

BRYAN

Deena just needs some alone time.
She'll be fine by tomorrow.

He sits on the couch and picks up a magazine.

PAIGE

I wonder if there's any pie left.

BRYAN

Oh, you're asking for it now.

PAIGE

It'll be our little secret. Did you
want some, too?

BRYAN

If it's not too much trouble.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Paige enters through the swinging door and heads for the refrigerator. She retrieves the remaining half of the pie.

PAIGE

Great! There's still some left!

BRYAN (O.S.)

Give me a small slice, okay?

She rests the pie on the kitchen counter and scans the nearby drawers. She stops in her tracks as the front door slowly swings open.

She looks on as the door fully opens only to reveal no one on the other side. She cautiously approaches the doorway and peers through the opening.

WILLIAMSON (45), the prisoner clad in the ski mask and orange jumpsuit, steps into view. Paige recoils in shock as he raises the ice axe into view.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bryan leafs through his magazine when a pained moan emanates from the next room. The noise is followed by a dull thud.

BRYAN

Paige? Paige?!

He leaps to his feet and heads for the swinging door.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Bryan rushes into the room only to slip and fall to the ground opposite the sink. He briefly writhes in pain and starts to push himself off the ground.

He stares at his hand and is taken aback to find it soaked with blood. He looks toward the sink and discovers Paige's lifeless body facedown on the floor.

Her throat has been ripped open and blood flows from the wound all over the floor. Bryan, a panicked look on his face, scrambles to his feet.

Williamson enters through the front door and marches toward his next target. He grabs Bryan from behind, slams him against the wall, and places a hand over his mouth.

Bryan's eyes widen in terror as his attacker raises the handle of the ice axe into view. Williamson thrusts the spike of the weapon into his victim's throat.

A gush of blood flows from Bryan's mouth and the wound in his throat. Williamson releases his grip and looks on as his victim falls to his knees and flops facedown onto the floor.

Williamson tilts his head and eyes his two victims. He examines the blood-drenched ice axe in his hand and giggles like an excited child.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SQUAD ROOM - EVENING

COUNTY DEPUTIES and POLICE OFFICIALS huddle around several workspaces. Nolan and Kingsley stand in the middle of the large and spacious room.

NOLAN

I caught nine jaywalkers and four speeders there in one hour. The city needs to install a proper crosswalk before somebody gets killed.

KINGSLEY

Tell Mayor Chomsky it'll be good for tourism. She'll send a work crew out there tomorrow.

NOLAN

Did you find Blake and Pierce?

KINGSLEY

No, but they'll turn up eventually.

NOLAN

Were there any OSP bulletins while I was out?

KINGSLEY

No. Why you keep askin'?

NOLAN

Just wondering if there was any news about that escaped prisoner.

KINGSLEY

Williamson Gott? I told you, they're lookin' for him --

NOLAN

In Washington, I know. Then again, he escaped not too far from here. Maybe you should do one more sweep of the lake before calling it a night.

KINGSLEY

Is that really necessary? I've been
out there once already and --

DEPUTY SUTTON (28), petite with short blonde hair tucked
behind her ears, approaches the pair.

SUTTON

Sorry to interrupt, Sheriff, but
we've received reports of illegal
dumping along Midnight Lake Road.

NOLAN

Let me guess, Dillon again?

SUTTON

Apparently so.

NOLAN

Thank you, Sutton. Kingsley?

KINGSLEY

I'm on it.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Gordon, exhausted and clad only in boxer shorts, staggers
into the room. He retrieves a bottle of orange juice from
the refrigerator.

He drinks the juice straight from the bottle. Someone
quietly enters the room via the swinging door. The person
suddenly grabs Gordon from behind.

KIM

Boo!

Gordon coughs up orange juice as he spins around. Kim is
clad only in a skimpy T-shirt and cotton underwear.

GORDON

Whatcha tryin' to do, gimme a heart
attack? I almost choked to death!

KIM

On orange juice? God, you crybaby!

GORDON

Hey! Is it wrong for a man to cry? Is
it wrong for a man to hurt inside?

KIM

No. No, it's not. That's why I'm
gonna take you upstairs and...

His eyes light up as she whispers in his ear.

GORDON

Well, since you put it that way...

He quickly scoops her up in his arms. She squeals and wriggles free from his grasp.

KIM

No! Hop in bed and wait for me.

GORDON

I hafta wait? That's criminal!

KIM

Stop whinin'. I just wanna chance to slip into somethin' more comfortable.

She backs away with a mischievous grin on her face.

GORDON

You are tryin' to gimme a heart attack, ain't you?

She laughs and slips behind the swinging door. He puts his hands together and mouths a thank you to the heavens.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Kim, small bag in hand, enters and locks the door behind her. She retrieves some skimpy lingerie from inside the bag.

KIM

Let's see Shauna pull this off.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

The large bedroom's sizable windows let in the late-day sun. A closed door leads to a master bathroom. Gordon bursts into the room and dives onto the bed.

GORDON

At this rate, I'm gonna hafta stop by the pharmacy again.

He reaches for a box of condoms on a nearby nightstand only to knock it to the floor. He flops down on the bed and grumbles to himself.

He nabs one of the condoms from the ground and sits up on the bed. The master bathroom door is now open and Williamson stands right behind him.

Gordon turns around, finds the masked killer, and opens his mouth in horror. Williamson slams the pick of the ice axe straight through his heart.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Kim, clad in a terrycloth robe, opens the mirror-covered medicine cabinet. She retrieves a bottle of mouthwash, takes a swig, and gargles.

She puts the bottle away and closes the medicine cabinet. She tilts her head, carefully examines her reflection, and smirks to herself.

KIM

Eh, this'll do.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

The curtains are now drawn over the windows and the lights are turned off. Kim, a sly grin on her face, enters the darkened room and drops her robe to the floor.

KIM

Like what you see?

There is no response. She giggles to herself and approaches a floor lamp near the foot of the bed.

KIM

Speechless, huh? How 'bout now?

She turns on the floor lamp. The light reveals blood-soaked bed sheets which cover a body underneath. Kim, terror on her face, pulls the bed sheets aside.

Williamson sits upright in the bed and drives the adze of the ice axe deep into her thigh. She shrieks in agony, knocks over the floor lamp, and falls to the ground.

She whimpers in despair and frantically crawls toward the door. He methodically rises out of the bed and kicks his victim onto her back.

She opens her mouth wide and unleashes a hellish scream. He drives the pick of the ice axe through her mouth and out the back of her head.

He kneels over her body, giggles to himself, and gently caresses her cheek. He quickly pulls his hand away, shakes his head, and waggles his finger at the corpse.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NOLAN'S OFFICE - EVENING

The walls of the tidy and organized office are plastered with numerous awards, citations, and family pictures. Nolan sits behind his desk and speaks into a telephone.

NOLAN

I know you haven't issued any bulletins, but... Look, is there someone up north I can talk to?

Sutton, file folder in hand, knocks on the open door.

SUTTON

Sheriff?

He quickly waves her inside. She enters and places the file folder on the desk. He listens to the telephone and scribbles on a notepad.

NOLAN

Thank you very much. Goodbye.

He hangs up the phone. She glances at the notepad.

SUTTON

The Washington State Patrol?

NOLAN

Just looking for information.

SUTTON

You're not still worried about that prisoner, are you?

NOLAN

He escaped right on our doorstep, Sutton. It's my job to be worried.

She nods in response and takes her leave. He picks up the telephone, glances at the notepad, and dials.

NOLAN

Hello, could I speak with Captain Polanski please?

EXT. LAKE - EVENING

Adam and Shauna swim in the lake. Deena quietly sits at the end of the pier. Xerina, hysterical, and Nelson, piqued, sit on two support posts next to one another.

NELSON

Yo, it teaches balance, coordination,
flexibility --

XERINA

Did you have to wear a tutu?

NELSON

That's smart comin' from 1989's
Little Miss Princess Oregon.

Xerina tries to be stern but cannot help but smile.

XERINA

Hey! Don't go there, man! Don't!

NELSON

Okay, no mo' child beauty pageant
talk.

XERINA

And no more ballet talk.

Adam and Shauna climb out of the lake. Nelson stands up and
glances toward the sun as it sinks toward the mountains.

NELSON

Mosquitoes be out soon. I'm headin'
back to the guesthouse. Ya... Ya
wanna come with me?

XERINA

That sounds like...

Adam and Shauna eavesdrop as they towel themselves dry.
Xerina takes notice and drastically changes her tone.

XERINA

...the lamest come-on I've ever
heard!

NELSON

What?

XERINA

You really think I'd be stupid enough
to fall for your bullshit? Get your
ass outta here!

Nelson, incensed, struggles to respond. He instead turns
heel and marches down the wooded path. A self-satisfied
smirk appears on Xerina's face.

SHAUNA

Man, that guy never quits! Why'd you invite him, anyway?

ADAM

What can I say? Little man makes me laugh.

XERINA

Just remember to laugh at him, not with him.

Shauna and Adam start the trek back to the lakeside house. Xerina's smirk is replaced by a look of regret. She turns around and finds herself face-to-face with Deena.

DEENA

What on earth is the matter with you?

XERINA

Oh, c'mon. What's the big deal?

DEENA

You tell him to stop acting dumb, and he does. You tell him to just be himself, and he does. Then, you treat him like dirt for no reason?

XERINA

Adam and Shauna were right there --

DEENA

When did you start to care what others thought about you?

XERINA

Oh, what d'you want me to do 'bout it now?

DEENA

You don't need me to tell you what to do.

XERINA

You're jokin', right?

DEENA

Am I laughing?

XERINA

Know what I hate most about you? The fact you're always right.

Xerina starts the long walk to the guesthouse. Deena heads back to the end of the pier and stares out at the lake.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Nelson lies on his bed and reads his magazine. A wooden chair is wedged below the knob of the closed door.

The knob slowly turns and the chair creaks as someone tries to enter the room. Nelson briefly glances at the door.

NELSON

Get lost.

The door is pushed harder. The chair's creaks grow louder.

NELSON

Get outta here!

The door is no longer pushed and the chair no longer creaks. There is a gentle knock on the other side of the entrance. Nelson throws the magazine down and rises to his feet.

NELSON

Ya gimme that whole speech 'bout
bein' myself, ya stab me in the back
to save face with yo' friends, and
then ya wait 'til there's nobody
'round to apologize?!

The query is answered by another gentle knock.

NELSON

Yo, you wanna say somethin'?! Say it!

He flings open the door and finds the masked killer on the other side. Nelson opens his mouth in shock. Williamson slams the pick of the ice axe through his ear.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - EVENING

Xerina emerges from the wooded path and stands before the house. She steels herself and heads for the back door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Xerina enters the room, marches her way up the stairs, and disappears from view. The basement door slowly creaks open and a beam of light emanates from behind the opening.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Xerina knocks on the partly closed door and enters. She moves the wooden chair aside and examines the spotless room. The sound of a door slam emanates from the floor below.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Xerina sprints down the staircase but finds the room empty. Another loud slam emanates from the kitchen.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Xerina enters the room but does not see anyone. She stands in the middle of the floor with a puzzled look on her face.

XERINA

What the hell's going on here?

Williamson bursts out of the stand-alone closet with the ice axe in hand. Xerina, eyes as wide as saucers, presses her back against the kitchen sink.

XERINA

Oh, God! Please, mister, don't kill me. I don't wanna die. Please, mister, I'm just a girl. Please don't kill me. Please!

Williamson giggles as he raises the ice axe and moves forward. Xerina's fear is replaced with a sly and determined smile. She discreetly slips her hand inside the sink.

He surges forward and swings the ice axe. She suddenly grabs the cast-iron skillet from the sink and blocks the blow. He recoils in shock and surprise.

Xerina strikes Williamson in the head with the skillet. She growls and tackles him to the ground. The ice axe slips out of his hand and skitters away.

She straddles him and swings the skillet at his head. He grabs hold of her arm and blocks the blow. The pair wrestles over the utensil.

Williamson eventually knocks the skillet from her hand and throws her onto the floor. Xerina places her feet against his chest and pushes him away.

He flies backward and slams against the wall. She spots the ice axe on the floor nearby and scrambles for it. He recovers and leaps on top of her.

Williamson crawls over her body and reclaims possession of the ice axe. Xerina grabs hold of his arm and tries to wrestle the weapon away.

Williamson eventually manages to pull himself back onto his feet. Xerina continues to brawl with him even as she climbs onto his back.

She tightens her grip as he frantically spins around. He backs up and slams her against the wall. She defiantly screams and continues to fight.

Williamson crushes Xerina against the wall a second time. Her screams are replaced by pained moans. He backs up and slams her into the wall a third time.

He flips her forward and sends her to the floor with a thud. He straddles her and swings the ice axe at her chest. She grabs his arm and blocks the blow.

Williamson slowly moves the pick closer and closer to her chest. Xerina twists his arm away and bites down on his wrist. He howls in pain and drops the ice axe.

She grabs hold of the ice axe and swings it at him. The adze of the weapon opens up a sizable cut on his right leg just above the knee.

Williamson howls in pain as Xerina swings the ice axe again. He grabs her wrist and blocks the blow. The pair fights over control of the weapon.

He climbs on top of her and delivers a solid forearm to her face. The blow instantly breaks her nose and causes the back of her head to bounce off the floor.

Williamson seizes the ice axe and charges forward. She pushes him away with her feet once again. Xerina scrambles toward the front door as blood pours from her nose.

She tries to rise to her feet but stumbles and falls back down. Xerina, still in a daze, tries to pull herself up once more. Williamson lunges forward and dives at her.

She lets out a scream as he plunges the pick of the ice axe deep into her lower back. She wails as he drives the weapon into her torso a second time.

Xerina rolls over onto her back and tries to kick him away. Williamson, despite her valiant efforts, slams the pick into her abdomen three more times.

Her body falls limp and the life disappears from her eyes. He breathes heavily, struggles just to sit up, and eyes his latest victim for a moment.

He giggles to himself until he grabs his injured leg in pain. He looks at his own blood now smeared on his hands and whimpers like an injured toddler.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BASEMENT - EVENING

Williamson noticeably limps as he carries Xerina's body over his shoulder. He trudges his way down the steps into the cold and gray room.

He drops the corpse onto the floor next to Gordon, Kim, and Nelson's bodies. He examines the wound to his right leg and moans to himself.

The cut above his knee is very deep and bleeds profusely. Williamson takes the belt from Kim's robe, wraps it around his knee, and stalks his way back up the stairs.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Adam and Shauna sit on the couch and leaf through magazines. The former sets his periodical aside and stretches his arms.

SHAUNA

Tired already?

ADAM

It's been a long day.

SHAUNA

It's eight o'clock.

ADAM

What can I say? You wore me out.

He stands up and places a hand against his lower back.

ADAM

I'm heading straight to bed. The rest should do my back good. Can I get a kiss goodnight?

SHAUNA

You really hafta ask?

She embraces him and gives him a gentle kiss.

SHAUNA

Night. I'll be up in a bit.

He marches upstairs. She heads for the kitchen.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Shauna enters the spotless room and is immediately bowled over by a foul odor.

SHAUNA

Ugh. What died in here?

She grabs a nearby air freshener and liberally sprays the area. She opens the refrigerator and recoils in shock.

SHAUNA

Oh, my God!

She reaches inside the refrigerator and retrieves what is left of the lemon meringue pie.

SHAUNA

They actually left me some pie.

She places the pie and a wine cooler on the counter. She cuts herself a slice and returns the rest to the fridge.

Shauna, her plate and wine cooler in one hand, uses a fork to grab a bite of pie as she heads for the swinging door.

SHAUNA

Must be my lucky day.

She leaves the room and fails to notice as blood seeps out the bottom of the kitchen base cabinets.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The sun disappears behind the mountains and brings the day to a close. Deena clutches the sweater around her shoulders and walks away from the pier.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

DILLON (48), with a beard as ratty as his clothes, stands in front of an old pickup truck and across from Kingsley.

DILLON

The landfill was closed! What was I supposed to do?

KINGSLEY

I don't know, Dillon. Go there tomorrow?!

DILLON

Well, whaddaya want me to do now?

KINGSLEY

I'm givin' you twenty-four hours to remove every last piece of garbage from the ravine.

DILLON

I can't do that! Besides, there was already garbage down there! Some guy tossed his old jeans and stuff --

KINGSLEY

Every last piece or I haul your ass downtown. Understand?

Dillon grumbles to himself and steps inside his truck. Kingsley watches as the vehicle drives off.

The deputy takes a few steps toward his patrol car. He stops and looks back at the nearby ravine.

EXT. FOREST - RAVINE - NIGHT

Kingsley carefully makes his way down the steep slope. He reaches the bottom of the tree-shrouded gully and discovers several rusted appliances and car parts.

He scans the darkened area with his flashlight. The beam reveals a patch of blue denim. The cloth is pinned below an old washer and is surrounded by empty food cans.

He examines the empty cans for a moment. He tries but fails to pull the patch of denim free. He closely inspects the fabric with a concerned look on his face.

He scans the nearby trees with his flashlight. The beam shines on and around a group of boulders nearby. Light creeps through the crevices between the large rocks.

Thomas, Blake, and Pierce's bodies are slumped against the far side of the boulders out of Kingsley's view. Thomas's chest is riddled with numerous puncture wounds.

Kingsley meticulously eyes the nearby woods but fails to find anything of note. He shakes his head and trudges his way up the slope of the gully.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Kingsley enters the vehicle and thinks to himself. He grabs hold of the nearby police radio.

KINGSLEY

Dispatch, it's Kingsley. I've sent Dillon on his way.

CASEY (V.O.)

Copy that, Kingsley. Calling it a night?

KINGSLEY

No, I'm gonna do one more sweep of the lake before I turn in.

CASEY (V.O.)

Sheriff finally got to you, huh?

KINGSLEY

Maybe, Casey. Maybe. Kingsley out.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Kingsley's patrol car drives off into the darkness.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Deena emerges from the wooded path and spots the large axe on the ground next to the stump. She places the tool back on its perch and walks toward the house.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deena enters the room, takes a few steps, and stops in her tracks. An eerie silence envelops the house. A distressed look washes over her face.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Deena enters through the swinging door and finds the kitchen silent, deserted, and spotless. Her concerned expression only worsens.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deena knocks on the open door and enters only to find the room quiet and abandoned.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deena knocks on the closed door, enters the unlit room, and turns on a nearby light switch.

The room is deserted and the bed sheets have been removed. She wearily slumps against the doorframe.

DEENA

Thomas, why can't you be here when I
need you?

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deena descends the staircase and paces about in the middle of the room. She notices the basement door is slightly ajar and light seeps through the open crack.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Deena opens the door and heads down the staircase. She stops halfway down the stairs and looks into the room below. She opens her mouth as terror washes over her face.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Deena tears out of the house and heads for the wooded path.

EXT. PATHWAY - NIGHT

Deena looks over her shoulder as she sprints down the path. She faces forward and runs smack into Williamson. She opens her mouth to scream.

He drives the spike of the ice axe through her left shoulder. Her lifeless body falls to the ground. He giggles, kneels beside the body, and softly caresses her cheek.

He quickly recoils, waggles his finger, and shakes his head at the body. He grabs his victim by the wrists and drags her into the nearby woods.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna places her empty wine cooler bottle on a nearby end table alongside her discarded fork and plate. She sets her magazine aside and marches up the stairs.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shauna stops outside the master bedroom, looks down the corridor, and finds the other bedroom doors open. She walks down the hallway with a puzzled look on her face.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - PAIGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shauna appears in the doorway and finds the room abandoned. She folds her arms and thinks to herself.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Shauna exits the house and finds the sedan, minivan, and pickup truck still in the driveway. She scans the area but does not see anyone. She heads for the guesthouse path.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Shauna whistles to herself as she emerges from the wooded path and approaches the house.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna enters and takes a cursory look around. She opens the swinging door and briefly peers into the next room. She quickly jogs up the staircase.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shauna walks down the corridor and looks inside each room but fails to find any sign of humanity.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Shauna exits the house and marches toward the wooded path.

SHAUNA

Where the hell is everybody?

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Shauna emerges from the guesthouse path. She stops dead in her tracks as she eyes someone outside the house.

She looks on in horror as Williamson drags Bryan and Paige's bodies into the nearby woods.

She remains frozen in fear for a moment. She regains her senses and immediately retreats toward the guesthouse.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Shauna arrives via the wooded path and sprints toward the back door of the house.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna slams the back door closed and locks the deadbolt. She leans against the entryway and catches her breath.

She turns off the lights in the room. She rushes over to the wicker basket and grabs hold of the softball bat.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shauna bursts into the room and locks the front door's deadbolt. She turns off the lights and quickly retreats through the swinging door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna crouches next to an end table and grabs a telephone. She dials 911 only to find there is no dial tone.

She slams the phone down, rubs her temples, and moans in despair. She breathes heavily as tears well up in her eyes.

SHAUNA

Okay... Okay... Think... Think... Go
back, get Adam, drive away... Go
back, get Adam, drive away... You can
do this... You can do this...

A thump emanates from the other side of the back door. Shauna tenses up and cowers behind the end table. The knob on the back door starts to jiggle.

Shauna takes a step toward the swinging door. She stops and looks at the bat in her hands. She tightly grips the weapon and creeps toward the back door.

The doorknob jiggles more vigorously. Shauna reaches out and slowly turns the deadbolt. She quickly flings the now unlocked door wide open.

Shauna screams bloody murder and mightily swings the bat. The weapon harmlessly strikes the doorframe. There is no one behind the door.

Shauna stops in her tracks with a look of confusion on her face. She looks down at the ground and discovers the injured and disheveled...

DEENA

I fell down.

SHAUNA

Deena?!

Shauna quickly drags Deena inside and locks the back door.

DEENA

There is something in the woods.

SHAUNA

I know.

DEENA

Everyone's dead. He's killed everyone.

SHAUNA

Listen to me. You have a phone?

DEENA

My cell phone's in my room.

SHAUNA

Oh, thank God! Go upstairs, lock yourself in the bathroom, and call the sheriff. I'll go back to the house, wake up Adam, and --

DEENA

He's dead!

SHAUNA

What?!

DEENA

Everyone's dead, Shauna! Everyone!

SHAUNA

Did you see him?! Did you see him?! Then he's not dead, all right?! He's not dead!

Deena sobs as Shauna gently strokes her head.

DEENA

Please, don't leave me. Please, don't leave me.

SHAUNA

We won't leave you, I promise.

Deena nods and places a hand on Shauna's shoulder.

DEENA

Be careful.

SHAUNA

I will.

Deena disappears up the staircase. Shauna grips the softball bat, peers out the back door, and exits the room.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

A patrol car emerges from the darkness and slows to a stop behind the compact car. Kingsley exits his vehicle and examines the car.

The deputy shines his flashlight upon the vehicle's interior. He moves forward and focuses the beam on the damaged front corner of the car.

He returns to the rear of the vehicle, aims the beam of his flashlight at the license plate, and retrieves the police radio from his belt.

KINGSLEY

Dispatch, it's Kingsley. I need you
to run a license plate for me.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna enters and finds the room deserted. She closes the door but neglects to lock the deadbolt. She turns off the lights and heads for the swinging door.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shauna enters and finds a streak of blood on the floor. She covers her mouth and dry heaves for a moment. She turns off the lights and exits through the swinging door.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shauna enters the darkened room and closes the door behind her. Adam's body lies motionless in the large bed. She crouches beside him and whispers in his ear.

SHAUNA

Adam. Adam, wake up.

He does not respond. She shakes his body.

SHAUNA

Adam? Oh, God. Adam?

ADAM

What?!

He bolts upright in bed. She lets out a frightened yelp. He irritably turns on a nearby nightstand lamp.

ADAM

What the hell are you doing?

She immediately turns off the lamp.

SHAUNA
Keep the lights off!

ADAM
What's the matter with you?

SHAUNA
Keep your voice down!

ADAM
Sweetie, what the hell's going on?

SHAUNA
Listen to me. Bryan and Paige are
dead, Deena's been stabbed, and --

ADAM
Oh, for God's sake! You should be
ashamed of yourself, especially after
what happened last night --

Tears of terror and frustration well up in Shauna's eyes.

SHAUNA
I'm serious, Goddamn it! I saw a man
with a mask drag Bryan and Paige
away... That serial killer! It's
gotta be him! We've gotta get out of
here right now!

ADAM
You're... You're serious?

SHAUNA
Yes!

Adam trembles as he slowly sits up and gets out of bed.

ADAM
Okay... Okay... Gimme a minute.

He grabs his car keys from the nightstand and gets dressed.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

Kingsley idly scans the nearby trees with his flashlight.
Casey's voice blares from his police radio.

CASEY (V.O.)
Dispatch to Kingsley, you copy?

KINGSLEY
Copy, Dispatch. You run those plates?

CASEY (V.O.)

Your vehicle's registered to Nelson
O'Malley, 1240 Southwest E Avenue,
Corvallis.

A concerned look washes over the deputy's face.

KINGSLEY

Corvallis... Casey, I'm gonna report
a 12-28. Send backup to the Fulton
property by the lake.

CASEY (V.O.)

Copy that. 12-28, suspicious
circumstances reported. 12-50,
request backup at 2000 Midnight Lake
Road.

Kingsley marches over to his patrol car and opens the door.
Casey's frantic voice blares over the radio.

CASEY (V.O.)

Code 3! Code 3! 12-49A! Possible
homicide at 2000 Midnight Lake Road!
All units please respond!

Kingsley hurriedly enters his vehicle and turns on the
police lights and siren. The patrol car quickly turns around
and races down the road.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna descends the stairs and leads Adam into the darkened
room. She turns and faces him as she nears the back door.

SHAUNA

He could be anywhere, so stay on your
toes --

Someone rises up and appears behind Shauna.

ADAM

Behind you!

Adam pushes her out of the way and tackles the shadowy
figure to the ground. Shauna scrambles to her feet and turns
on the light switch.

The light reveals Adam and Williamson as they fight each
other over the ice axe. The men continue to struggle as they
rise to their feet.

ADAM

Get the hell out of here!

Shauna ignores him and tightens her grip on the softball bat. She rushes forward but, thanks to the frenetic movements of both men, is unable to strike.

Williamson throws Adam to the ground. Shauna charges forward and swings the bat. The masked killer ducks the blow and swings the ice axe in return.

She blocks the ice axe with the softball bat. The force of the blow knocks the weapon from her hands. The bat rolls underneath the couch and out of view.

He swings the ice axe again. She dives out of the way and stumbles to the floor. He stands over her, raises his weapon, and prepares to strike.

Adam scrambles to his feet and leaps onto his back. Williamson spins around and tries to toss him away. Shauna searches for the softball bat to no avail.

Williamson backs up and crushes his attacker against the wall. Adam collapses to the ground and clutches his back. Shauna spots her empty wine cooler bottle.

She grabs the bottle and smashes it over the masked killer's head. He moans in pain, drops his weapon, and collapses to the floor. She steps forward and reaches for the ice axe.

Williamson regains his senses, grabs the ice axe, and swings the weapon. Shauna evades the blow and heads for the swinging door. She stops as Adam cries out in anguish.

Shauna turns around as Williamson kneels beside her defenseless boyfriend. He giggles to himself, raises the ice axe, and prepares to deliver a fatal blow.

SHAUNA

Stop!

Williamson halts and looks back at the wide-eyed Shauna. He leaps to his feet. She retreats through the swinging door.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Shauna bursts through the front door and glances over her shoulder as she rushes toward the guesthouse path.

SHAUNA

C'mon, you son of a bitch! C'mon!

Williamson exits the house and spots her by the entrance to the path. She quickly disappears into the woods. The masked killer, despite his limp, chases after her.

EXT. PATHWAY - NIGHT

Shauna looks over her shoulder as she hurries down the path.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Shauna emerges from the woods and sprints toward the house. The large axe rests on the tree stump.

EXT. PATHWAY - NIGHT

Williamson tears his way down the path in pursuit.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Williamson arrives through the woods and heads for the house. The axe no longer rests on the tree stump.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Williamson flings open the back door and enters the darkened room. A loud slam emanates from the kitchen. He scurries toward the swinging door.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Williamson enters the room and finds it deserted. He marches his way toward the front door. He stops in his tracks and slowly faces the stand-alone closet.

He tilts his head, giggles to himself, and waggles his finger. He raises the ice axe and slowly steps forward. Shauna bursts out of the closet with the large axe in hand.

She screams and mightily swings the axe. He dives out of the way at the last moment. She takes a large chunk out of the counter instead.

He scrambles toward the swinging door. She takes another swing but misses. The head of the axe plows through one of the base cabinets.

INT. GUESTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Williamson rushes into the room and heads for the back door. The axe smashes through the swinging door just behind him.

EXT. GUESTHOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Shauna exits the house just as Williamson disappears down the wooded path. She grits her teeth, tightens her grip on the axe, and sprints after him.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Williamson limps and labors as he emerges from the path and stumbles inside the house. Shauna arrives on the scene a moment later and sprints up to the closed back door.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna bursts into the room. Williamson hides behind the door and trips her as she enters. The axe slips from her grasp and lands several feet away.

He raises his ice axe and charges forward. She plants her feet against his chest and pushes him away. He flies backward and slams into the wall.

She desperately crawls toward the large axe. Adam slowly and painfully pulls himself off the floor. Williamson rises to his feet and starts toward Shauna.

Adam dives forward and takes the masked killer down by the ankles. The men fight each other over the ice axe. Shauna grabs the large axe and scrambles to her feet.

The men pull themselves off the ground and continue to brawl with one another. Shauna finds she cannot strike Williamson unless she harms Adam as well.

She turns the axe over in her hands and wields it like a club. She frantically swings the handle of the weapon and rains several blows down upon both men.

The men bump into Shauna and knock her to the ground. Williamson strikes Adam in the side of the head with an elbow, pushes him away, and raises the ice axe.

Adam wails as the pick of the ice axe drives through his left shoulder. Williamson hurls his victim against the large bookshelf and sends him to the floor.

Williamson turns around as Shauna swings the large axe at him. He blocks the blow with the ice axe. The force of the impact knocks the weapon from his hand.

The ice axe lands on the floor next to Adam. Shauna swings the large axe at the masked killer's head. Williamson ducks the blow and slips behind her.

She turns around and swings the axe once more. He grasps the handle of the weapon with both hands and stops the blow. Shauna and Williamson stare into each other's eyes.

Shauna screams with fury as he tries to wrestle the axe away from her. Williamson violently jerks the handle back and forth but she stubbornly refuses to release her grip.

He violently slams her against the wall. She struggles to maintain her grip. He brutally flings her against the wall again and again and again.

Shauna releases the axe and crumples to the floor. She looks for something she can use to defend herself to no avail. Williamson towers over her and raises the large axe.

Adam leaps to his feet and growls as he slams the pick of the ice axe through the back of Williamson's right shoulder. The masked killer shrieks in pain and drops the large axe.

The axe head lands precariously between Shauna's legs and buries itself into the floor. Williamson crumples to his knees and grabs his injured shoulder.

Shauna scrambles to her feet and pulls the axe out of the floor. Adam cradles his injured arm and leans against the bookshelf next to the open back door.

Shauna clutches the axe and stares back at Williamson as he meekly whimpers in anguish. She slowly reaches toward him and pulls off the ski mask.

Williamson, plain and round-faced with balding brown hair, looks more like a friendly uncle or neighbor than a cold-hearted serial killer.

Shauna and Adam stare back at the killer with dumbfounded looks on their faces. Williamson, in a manner like a petulant child, raises his voice.

WILLIAMSON

You've been bad! You've been bad
people! Bad people need to be
punished!

The faint sound of a police siren echoes through the night.

ADAM

Oh, thank God. Just stand over him.
Make sure he doesn't move, Shauna.
Shauna?

Shauna, a look of restrained rage on her face, stares daggers at Williamson. She drops the ski mask onto the floor and tightens her hands around the axe handle.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

A patrol car skids to a stop at the end of the driveway. Kingsley, service pistol in hand, sprints toward the house. He stops as a hellish scream cuts through the air.

INT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shauna continues to scream as she slams the axe down upon Williamson's head. The blade slices through his skull and buries itself six inches into his cranium.

She pulls the weapon free and allows the lifeless body to flop onto the floor. She continues to yell as she drives the axe into the corpse four more times.

Each blow she rains down causes a torrent of blood to spray all around her. Shauna hyperventilates as she stops the assault and takes a step back.

Kingsley bursts through the swinging door and turns pale at the sight of the horrific scene. He quickly regains his composure and barks at Shauna.

KINGSLEY

Drop the axe!

Shauna blankly stares at Kingsley and looks at the bloody axe in her hands. She drops the weapon, slumps against the wall, and slides down into a seated position.

She places her head in her blood-soaked hands and quietly sobs. The deputy slowly retrieves his police radio and speaks with an uneasy voice.

KINGSLEY

Dispatch, it's Kingsley. 12-49 confirmed.

Kingsley tries to put the radio away but instead drops it on the floor. Adam covers his mouth in horror, weeps in despair, and staggers out the back door.

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Adam collapses to the ground in hysterics. He looks up as someone arrives from out of the darkness. Deena cradles her injured arm and looks at him with great apprehension.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

REPORTERS, VIDEOGRAPHERS, and PHOTOGRAPHERS crowd around a police barricade at the end of the driveway.

COUNTY DEPUTIES, STATE POLICEMEN, and COUNTY CORONER OFFICIALS mill about the property.

Sutton leans against the open door of a patrol car and speaks into the vehicle's police radio.

SUTTON

I'll inform Sheriff Nolan and Captain Yamanaka. Sutton out.

She approaches the sheriff as he eyes the scene from nearby.

SUTTON

Sheriff, Upton and Owens just found Blake, Pierce, and the missing boy in the ravine. That makes nine in total. Well, nine not including... What are you going to tell the families?

NOLAN

I... I don't know.

SUTTON

If you'll excuse me, I have to inform Captain Yamanaka.

NOLAN

Yes, of course. Thanks, Sutton.

Adam and Deena, their wounds treated and bandaged, quietly sit in the open back end of an ambulance. Nolan approaches the pair and breaks out a warm and friendly smile.

NOLAN

How are you two holding up?

The pair tries to return his smile but cannot.

NOLAN

You just want to go home, I know, but we'll have to keep you in hospital at least for the night. I do have some good news. Your families will be here within the hour. I'm sure you'll feel a whole lot better once you see them, won't you?

Adam and Deena nod in response and look toward the house. Kingsley leads the forlorn Shauna out the front door.

ADAM

Where are you taking Shauna?

NOLAN

The county attorney wants to see her.
I'm sorry, Adam, it's not my call.

Kingsley sits Shauna down in the back of his patrol car. He rests on one knee and gently places a hand on her shoulder.

KINGSLEY

They can't touch you if it was
self-defense. Understand?

Shauna slowly raises her head, blankly stares at him for a moment, and looks down once more. Kingsley shuts the door and steps behind the wheel of the vehicle.

The patrol car passes through the police barricade. The assembled media frantically jam their cameras against the vehicle's back window.

Shauna stares straight ahead and ignores the assembled press. The patrol car disappears into the night. Nolan warmly smiles as he turns to Adam and Deena.

NOLAN

You two sit tight and you'll be on
your way, okay? Okay.

Nolan walks away to tend to other matters. The pair sits quietly for a moment until Deena starts to cry. Adam places an arm around her shoulders.

ADAM

Don't cry, it's over now. Everything
will turn out all right, you'll see.

DEENA

All right? All right?! Nothing's all
right! It's never going to be all
right! Ever!

She wraps her arms around him and continues to sob. He gently strokes her head and stares off into the distance.

Adam knows Deena is right.

FADE OUT.

THE END