

The Missing Dinner Guests

by:
Benjamin Gilton

1150 N. Normandie Ave. #307
Los Angeles CA 90029
Bjgilton@yahoo.com
(323) 377 - 6138

EXT. CABIN, WAY BACK IN THE WOODS - DAY

Lovely log cabin, nestled in thick forest.

Fireplace SMOKE lightly bellows out of the chimney. However, it gets heavier and heavier buy the moment - SOMETHING is revving up under that roof.

BLASTO! - Front door CRASHES OPEN - Out runs a girl all fucked up, scabby and dirty from several days of captivity.

Her stride is somewhere between running and limping.

In motion, and underneath all that grime is OPHIE (20's), a name short for Ophelia. Under these circumstances, it's outright impossible to determine her hair color.

Gripped in HER FIST, she squeezes tightly to a little SILVER CROSS, swinging on a thread-thin silver chain.

She runs barefoot down the stony driveway, hurting her feet.

Behind her, before the DOOR swings completely closed -

BLASTO, it crashes back open. Out stumbles a FRANTIC MADMAN, crazy eyes, who is wearing a DEER'S HEAD mask.

OPHIE

Ahhhhhhh!

The KILLER'S shirt is stained and sweated through, appearing as if he'd been COOKING a madman's feast, till - that is, the main course attempted to escape.

In his hand, he squeezes a claw-hammer.

They both gallop straight at us.

As the madman catches up with the bloodied girl, WE SEE a giant, angry hand extending toward her. She continues to run as fast as she can.

Then she is snatched backwards, gripped by a handful of her hair.

She lets out an EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM!

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

This bright, sunny afternoon finds MICHAEL (20's) sitting behind the steering wheel of his workman's pickup truck.

Eats a roast beef sandwich while watching customers come and go through the parking lot of Von's Market.

With his mouth full, chewing, he cranes his neck to see -

MICHAEL

What do we have here?

Out the windshield he watches a YOUNG CASHIER, who we've already met as OPHIE (short for OPHELIA). She is a 20 year-old Russian native with blonde hair. She is dressed as an "off-duty" Von's cashier.

Alongside of her walks her BOYFRIEND (also 20's). He is six foot, 250 pounds - thug-ish Russian kid. Not handsome in the least, and probably as dumb as a bucket of forks.

MICHAEL

What the hell is she doing with that kid?

As she walks, Ophie's wispy BLOND HAIR, freshly shampooed, blows in the breezes. Around her neck, a SILVER CROSS necklace glistens in the sunlight.

As the young Russians pass, Michael arranges his REARVIEW MIRROR to keep her in sight without making it too obvious.

Michael continues to admire her, while chewing his sandwich.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Behind the cash register, Ophie scans groceries for a customer. Jimmy's short-list of groceries are on-deck.

Then it's his turn - BEEP - BEEP, she scans -

She looks up, SIZZLING eye contact, speaks with a heavy Russian ACCENT -

OPHIE

Hello. How are you tonight sir?

Mike gives a look, tension, maybe she recognizes him too.

He smiles, like, "let's cut the shit, okay."

MICHAEL

You are sure you want to be with...
That guy?

OPHIE

What do you mean? My English is not so good.

PARKING LOT OUTSIDE

How the BOYFRIEND would be if he were waiting for her to get off work. Russian guy, 6 foot 3. Dumb as a jar of pickles.

Bored, he digs in his ear for something to do. Inspects his finger to see what came out.

OPHIE'S CASH REGISTER LANE

MICHAEL

You know exactly what I mean.

She blushes - indeed she knows what he means, but her relationship is... Well it's just complicated, okay.

OPHIE

It's more complex than that...

MICHAEL

I'm just saying... I think you should look over all your available options is all -

She's tickled but -

OPHIE

I don't think Sergie would allow.

Jimmy arches his eyebrows and strikes a pose -

MICHAEL

How about you and me... Say, we just pretend like what "Sergie" wants don't count.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, REMODELED HOUSE - DAY

Work-in-process remodel under way.

BUDDY on a ladder listening to iPod headset. He's using an ELECTRIC SANDER to BLAZE out the wood trim around a window.

SOUND EFFECTS - noise of dueling electric sanders.

Pull back to reveal double-barrels pointed at the back of his head. Ominous cold steel of a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN, inches away from his scalp.

Buddy bobs and sways, he's totally oblivious that there's imminent death nearby.

BUDDY
(sings)
...cold darkened night... on a
train bound for nowhere...

From another room, sound - CRASH - grabbing BUDDY'S attention. He switches off the sander and drops his headset -

BUDDY
Dave! What fell?

No answer from the house. Odd for it to be this quiet.

BUDDY
Dave? ... Kevin?

Buddy, alone in the room. He descends the ladder, and cautiously walks down the hall.

BUDDY
Guys? Where are you?

He is investigating, room by room, and eventually he SEES -

Dead bodies laying everywhere. From room to room, he's stepping through an elaborate job-site massacre.

All the corpses are carpenters, electricians, painters. Most heads have been shot-gunned - but something else peculiar -

BUDDY
Uhhhggg -

Bloody hammers, bloody tools. Broken saw blades. He stares, jaw dropped agape, probably going to get sick.

Grisly ritualistic torture left-over residue.

FLASH TO - MOMENTS EARLIER - KILLER'S RITUAL

What the killer must have looked like preparing his odd ritual. Kneeling over a fallen construction guy. Rolling dude over prepping his throat. Bulging JUGULAR VEIN.

KILLER
Oh, that's gorgeous.

From a white cloth, killer unwraps an ORNAMENTAL BRASS HORN. He plunges it into the neck of the fallen man, blood gushes out, draining into a black backpack lined with plastic.

BACK TO - BUDDY, MOMENTS BEFORE DISCOVERING MASSACRE

He's back on the ladder, as previously, painting or sanding, oblivious to everything. Working in absolute silence.

BUDDY

(sings)

...know when to walk away, know
when to run...

The Madman of the hour lurks right over Buddy's shoulder, shotgun aimed and trembling. Splattered in blood from room after room of killing. The bloody horn hangs from a chain from his belt.

Likely framing up the final victim of the day's massacre, However...

Q: "Why didn't he kill me?"

EXT. JOBSITE - EARLIER

Now that we're outside, we see that we are on Cape Cod, for what it's worth. (shows the travel they have ahead of them.)

10 a.m. jobsite coffee break. All the workers smoke cigarettes, and guzzle hot coffee. Some chomp on apple fritters.

Fella's are jabbering away about sarcastic bullshit -

CONSTRUCTION GUY

...Yeah? Well that's not what your
wife told me last night.

"Ha ha's" echo throughout the crew, all that is except for STANLEY GIBBONS (40's), who we've seen now also goes by the name, "the KILLER."

Stanley has the expression on his face, thinking perhaps, "These guys are all a bunch of assholes."

None the less he keeps quiet, sipping coffee and watching carefully. Then he -

Stanley leans to co-worker, Buddy -

STANLEY

You got an extra cigarette there
buddy?

Buddy goes for his pack of Marlboro Reds, opens and sees - WE ALL SEE - just ONE CIGARETTE left. This is a crucial moment. What would you do?

STANLEY

Ah never mind - it's your last..

BUDDY

No that's okay, you take it. I'll
get another pack after lunch.

Stanley leans his fingers in there and plucks it out.

STANLEY

Thanks buddy.

BACK TO - BUDDY ON LADDER - MOMENT OF TRUTH...

He's all alone in the room. He pulls his iPod earphone out of his ear and calls out -

BUDDY

Dave?

CUT TO:

EXT. JOBSITE - DAY

Strolling down the driveway, Stanley, with black backpack swung over his shoulder. It drips blood.

At the end of the driveway is a sweet-ass muscle car. Stylishly rusted-up 60's MUSTANG BOSS. Engine thundering.

In there is SHEILA GIBBONS (30's) apple of anyone's eye who dares to look at her.

She lights up a cigarette and puts it between Stanley's lips when he enters the car.

SHEILA

There's my boy. Honey, d'ya quit
your job?

STANLEY

Yeah baby, I did.

SHEILA

Did you give them two weeks notice?

STANLEY

Yes. Well, no, not really.

She eyes him up and down, taking note of blood splattered all over his work clothes, and we ain't talking just a little neither -

SHEILA

Did you happen to pick up your final paycheck?

STANLEY

Naw, that dumb son of a bitch hadn't gone to the bank yet.

SHEILA

Ahhh - that's alright, who's worrying about money anyway?

STANLEY

(He nods towards the half-built house.)

Nobody in there, anymore -

As the car revs up and pulls away -

SHEILA

How about we cash in some of that vacation time?

STANLEY

That's about exactly what I was thinking too.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

Michael and Ophie enjoy a picnic lunch in Griffith Park. Surrounded by lush grounds, wide open lawns and within view of the Observatory.

Beyond them, in the distance is the imposing view of the Angeles Crest Mountain range. Awe inspiring.

OPHIE

This place is much more beautiful than where I grew up..

Michael stuffs a sushi roll in his mouth -

MICHAEL

Where you're from can't be all that bad.

OPHIE

Yeah? Why's that?

MICHAEL

Because. Because there was just enough magical ingredients floating around to make you.

And she is gorgeous, especially now getting a look at her - the way she sparkles in the waning daylight. Eyes shimmering like green pools at the bottom of a wishing well.

OPHIE

Awe -

She's smitten - she's very grateful to have a beautiful American boy digging her. He's like her 20-something Martin Sheen in black leather jacket - think Bad Lands.

After more food -

MICHAEL

So, did you always dream about coming to America and landing a job at a grocery mart?

OPHIE

You turkey - of course not. By the way, what makes your occupation so important?

MICHAEL

Hey now, I assistant manage the hardware store. And what's more, I'm due a promotion in 6 to 8 months.

(beat)

But my secret is... I never wanted to be anything, so I'm on the "fast-track" to that. You can't be a failure if you don't have any goals. You know?

OPHIE

That's awful. Lazy American.

She pours him a nick of wine, and one for herself.

OPHIE

But what I really want to be is an
"au pair" - is that the right word?

MICHAEL

You want to take care of rich
 people's kids?

OPHIE

(smiling wide)

Exactly - and live in their
 gorgeous mansions. Take care of
 the lovely children.

MICHAEL

That doesn't sound too bad, I
 suppose, as long as you have pool
 privileges and an all-access pass
 to the "Frigidaire."

Sipping wine, they look out over the ANGELES CREST MOUNTAIN
 RANGE. Big Bear Mountain sits just beyond there too.

OPHIE

It's so beautiful. Is that snow up
 there?

Mike shoots her a big grin, smitten -

MICHAEL

I'll take you up some time. You'd
 really love it.

OPHIE

I don't want to go in the snow - I
 hate snow.

MICHAEL

Maybe we'll go in the springtime.

She bats her eyes at him.

OPHIE

You're very nice.

Picnic at the Griffith Observatory concludes in setting sun.

PARKING LOT

Off to the side, inconspicuously, in a Lincoln Town Car.
 Tinted back window lowers, exposing the face of Sergie. He's
 been spying on his 'ex' and that bastard American girlfriend-
 stealer.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Michael and Ophie exit to the sidewalk, she's the prize girl on his arm. She carries the popcorn box, and tosses some at him, as they're having a mock-disagreement about the film.

OPHIE

I'm telling you, he was not also the waiter - that was a different actor altogether...

MICHAEL

You are wrong, but I don't care. Because you are so beautiful. (breath-taking).

She plucks popcorn out of his hair.

OPHIE

Sorry for throwing my snack foods at you.

VIEW DOWN THE SIDEWALK

We SEE Sergie and his young cohorts. Lincoln Town Car parked at a meter, stake-out style. They've been waiting all night for this.

As Mike and Ophie pass - three car doors pop open, and alcohol bottles roll out - TINK - TINK on the concrete.

The leather coat goons approach Mike and Ophie from behind.

SERGIE

Hello lady Ophelia -

Mike and Ophie spin around, not expecting such a sudden intrusion -

MICHAEL

(tugs her)
Come on - let's keep moving.

SERGIE

What? No kiss for your brother?

HUH?

She speaks to Sergie and the boys briskly in RUSSIAN - we have no idea what they are saying - but anger quickly flares.

Sergie spits on the side walk, offended - and walks up on them quick - like he's going to bitch-slap her.

Michael steps forward, blocking Sergie's advance.

Yelling in Russian, and quickly the goons grab Michael and Ophie and drag them to the alley.

Sergie looks up and down the block at startled street walkers.

SERGIE

Mind your own business - eh?

People keep walking, diverting their eyes. Pretending they saw nothing. The exact opposite of Neighborhood Watch.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

As one goon holds Michael, the other holds Ophie. Sergie approaches, now like a mafia man, he's slicking his hair with his hands and fingers.

SERGIE

Out there on the sidewalk just now, Mr. American, you looked like you were getting ready to make a "hero" move. Tell me, were you getting ready to make such a move? Be like an American Super Hero or something?

Struggles -

MICHAEL

Look man, I'm just out showing the young lady a good time. She wanted to go to the movies, so I took her - that's all.

(beat)

This is unnecessary.

SERGIE

Let's just say - it's not for you to say what is and isn't necessary.

MICHAEL

Okay, sorry.

SERGIE

Were you planning to be a big "hero" tonight?

MICHAEL

...no...

Ophie curses and spits at Serge -

OPHIE
 (speaking Russian)
 You son of a bitch Sergie - let us
 go.

Serge hauls off and punches Michael with everything he's got - Mike feels it all the way to his tingling toes, and eyes roll back.

They drop him to the concrete and kick him profusely.

When it finally stops, Michael looks up to see the guys dragging Ophie away with them.

OPHIE
 No goddamn it!

Michael can't do anything but trickle blood, while laying there in a back-alley mud puddle.

CUT TO:

INT MIKE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Michael's MOTHER (50's) has terminal cancer.

Her head is wrapped with a flower-print kerchief. Though her eyes are vibrant, still full of life, her face and body tell the opposite tale, hollowed out like an old set of bones.

He helps prop her up on pillows so she can sit up. He brings her freshly prepared pea soup.

MOTHER
 Thank you sweetie - you are so
 kind.

Michael has not healed up from the beating from Sergie. He's covered in cuts and bruises, and pale as a ghost.

MICHAEL
 Can I get anything else mom?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK from the door - "strange at this hour."

MOTHER
 You can get the door.

TO THE DOOR - OPENS -

On the porch stands Ophie, looking quite worse for the wear herself. She got the shit kicked out of her too. Bumps and bruises and scrapes. Her eyes are filled with tears, which she does her darnedest to choke back.

When it comes time to say something she can't get any words out. Michael just stares at her.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Who is it dear?

MICHAEL
(to Ophie)
What are you doing here?
(beat)
I don't think this is such a good idea?

OPHIE
I have nowhere to go.

FLASH TO:

INT. OPHELIA'S FAMILY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sergie and the goons take turns **TORMENTING** Ophie. Roughing her up with slaps and pushing her around.

Then they take turns sexually assaulting her.

INSERT - photo, family portrait. Parents in their 50's, as well as OPHIE and SERGIE. From this, we can rightly assume they are indeed brother and sister.

BACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Ophie shudders on the cold porch.

OPHIE
It's not safe for me there.

MICHAEL
Well I don't think you should be here either -

By now, Mother has positioned herself so she can view the door. Though she has not met Ophie, she can assume this is the "one" Michael's been beaming about for weeks -

MOTHER

Come on in darling. Forgive my rude son. You'd think I'd have taught him some manners by now.

MICHAEL

No, it's alright Mother, she was just leaving. She's not been invited.

MOTHER

I'm inviting her. By all means, Ophelia, that's your name, right dear?

OPHIE

That's correct ma'am.

MOTHER

What a beautiful name. Come right in this instant. If this meat head won't invite you - you can come into my house as my guest, I'd be honored to have you.

OPHIE

I'd be honored to accept.

She winks at Michael as she passes him -

Reluctantly, Michael steps aside, and Ophie enters. A glimmer enters her eye.

MOTHER

Michael has prepared for us - tonight - the greatest pea soup you could ever wish to taste.

(beat)

Michael, be a little lamb and get your wonderful friend a bowl of delicious soup.

OPHIE

Thank you. Nice to meet you ma'am.

MOTHER

Absolutely. Please, make yourself at home, and stay with us just as long as you like.

OPHIE
 (to Michael)
 Thank you, don't mind if I do.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, MICHAEL'S HOUSE - LATER

In SHOWER, Ophie lets hot water beat down her head, splashing off her shoulders, rolling over her scrapes and gashes.

She takes soap and washes carefully her "sore" from sexual assaults "lower region."

INT. BASEMENT, MICHAEL'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mike's room is the basement converted into a bachelor pad. SCARFACE POSTERS, and the SOPRANOS - tough guy shit.

He has a FOLD-OUT couch, rather than a bed, which he lays across. The LAVA LAMP being the only light in the room.

He stares at the ceiling, wondering "WTF" is going on.

SHOWER WATER OFF

Moments later, Ophie exits the downstairs bathroom, wrapped in Mike's MOTHER'S ROBE. She towels off her wet head.

When she comes across Michael -

OPHIE
 Hi.

He rolls away from her to face the other direction.

OPHIE
 Okay, playing tough -

Not to be deterred, she drops her towel and robe, climbing into the bed, underneath the covers with him. She presses her wet body against his. He is wearing dorky pajamas - silly-ass.

He's stubborn though, so to get his attention, she climbs on top, straddles him. She uses her hand to slip his penis into her vagina.

SILVER CROSS NECKLACE swinging from her throat, he admires it closely.

Bruises bumping into bruises, She rides him softly till they both climax.

LATER - LAYING ACROSS BED

They hold each other - seeing GLOWING STARS on the ceiling. He's taken the time to design ACTUAL CONSTELLATIONS.

MICHAEL

You wear a beautiful necklace. So do you have like a strong faith or something?

OPHIE

I believe in God, if that's what you mean.

MICHAEL

Where do you think God is? I mean, do you believe that he's everywhere? Like he could have just watched us have sex? Like he could be listening to us talk about him right now?

OPHIE

Maybe he's feminine gender, did you ever think of that?

(beat)

I've heard it said that God is either everywhere all at once or nowhere at all.

MICHAEL

That's not very comforting. The big eternal "maybe."

Moments of soft silence. LAVA LAMP kicks up a dance.

MICHAEL

How long were you and that guy boyfriend and girlfriend?

She nuzzles deeper into his chest with her face, hoping to avoid the new line of questioning -

OPHIE

I don't want to think about him ever again.

She closes her eyes tightly, hoping to fall asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

WE SEE, the flicker off the screen. MOVIE WITHIN A MOVIE. It's called "The Classic Rock Killers" - a spruced-up HOLLYWOOD version of the "Jobsite Massacre."

Stanley and Sheila GIBBONS sit in "prime" seats (aka middle-middle). On their laps they have an assortment of goodies. One chocolate candy, one non-chocolate candy. Box of popcorn and medium Sprite to split.

STANLEY

This is fucking awesome.

SHEILA

Shhh.

She nibbles Gummy Bears. While he gives her a sarcastic look.

Then the intrusions start up. Like, a DUDE a few rows up - checking iPhone for updates on Facebook.

STANLEY

Oh shit, here we go again.

(huge pet peeve)

Why is this son of a bitch even at a movie theater? Just stay home with your little fucking pocket computer, dude.

SHEILA

Shhh - Honey - Keep your temper. Here, eat some Raisinets and try to enjoy the show.

Two TEENAGE GIRLS, a couple rows back keep talking to each other, somewhat hushed, about some dude named "Johnny." Soon her phone rings, albeit ringer at low volume, but still -

GIRL

Hey - it's Johnny calling.

(she picks it up)

Hello Johnny...

She proceeds to have a conversation on her phone.

Stanley - totally about to SNAP. What's worse, he spills his Sprite on his legs. Sheila shoves popcorn in his mouth.

SHEILA

Relax.

STANLEY

Don't do that, don't tell me how to react.

To top it all off, there's a group of young adults in the way-back, and SOUNDS OF BABY CRYING. To calm baby, young parents give it KEYS, which baby shakes gleefully.

SOUNDS of KEYS JINGLING, and GOO GOO LAUGHTER.

Stanley's eyes tell all that need to be told.

SHEILA

Don't do it -

STANLEY

They brought a goddamn baby to an R-rated slasher film.

Somebody nearby gives a little - "shhhhh."

SHEILA

(whispers)

Don't blow this Stanley - I'm enjoying this film.

STANLEY

You've already seen it. Thrice.

He hands her all the snacks.

SHEILA

Please -

STANLEY

Excuse me just a minute -

(beat, hushed)

I'm gonna send these sinners to the Westside of God.

This is when the BRASS HORN first comes out. Stanley disappears into the darkness -

Sheila slouches down in her seat, wanting to soak up every last instant of enjoyment, as she knows her "evening out" will now be very short-lived.

Across the way, the guy with the GLOWING iPhone -

THEATER VICTIM

* gargle - gargle *

And within seconds - HARSH SCREAMS can be heard.

At first, the commotion can be attributed to ON-SCREEN VIOLENCE, but the EARSPLITTING CRIES continue far longer than necessary. Then is cut off, just as sure as a SEVERED WINDPIPE gets really quiet really quick.

CLOSE ON CHAIR BACKS - three in a row, as Stan plunges the sharp horn into one after another - BLOOD POURING out, which Stanley does his best to collect into his backpack.

And soon, as the theatergoers catch the drift of "real-life" violence/murder - chaos reigns -

CROWD VOICE #1
He's killing people!

And as patrons get to their feet and climb over each other for the exits, Stanley goes on a MASS KILLING SPREE - swinging blades with extreme prejudice.

CROWD VOICE #2
Aaaaaahhhhhh!

Sheila sits tight, placing popcorn on her tongue, trying to stay focused on the screen. Meanwhile, terrified people dash in front of her and climb over her, running for dear life.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Through the sea of chaos, Stanley and Sheila calmly walk to their rusty MUSTANG.

If anyone's paying close enough attention, we now see the parking lot looms under a cool starry night in New Mexico.

Sheila still totes theater snacks, while Stanley carries the backpack, it's dripping blood.

As no one could see what the hell was going on inside the theater, police have yet to arrive, and no faces were established (recognizable). THE KILLER COUPLE is permitted to pass through the crowd just as easily as anybody.

Sheila pouts a "pissed-off" look on her face.

STANLEY
(in the dog house)
Look - Sheila, I'll take you to another movie, okay.

SHEILA
Forget it - you asshole - the fucking night's ruined.

STANLEY

Don't. Just don't call me an asshole, alright.

SHEILA

Whatever.

She lip-syncs the word "asshole."

INSIDE MOVIE THEATER

Massive carnage - nearly a DOZEN CASUALTIES bleeding out in seats and strewn through the aisles.

DYING VICTIM

Uhhg - help -

In some seats there are holes carved right through the back of the chair. Blood still trickling through.

DYING VICTIM #2

I'm hurt really bad. Over here -

WE COME UPON one chair in particular, a BABY FOOT.

Then the foot starts kicking - we pull back to reveal the baby sitting there, calm as can be. Looks around, then jangles his keys. Too bad for him, his folks have been sliced to ribbons.

PARKING LOT

Stanley fires the engine, and the car comes to life.

Sheila stares out the window, depressed at the state of her marriage, as the car slowly pulls away - headlights off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM OF OPHIE'S DREAM - NIGHT

Ophie sleeps soundly on a big bed. Cozy white comforter wrapped around her.

What follows is a DREAM SEQUENCE -

SOUND - PHONE RINGING - Eerie ring tone.

Ophie wakes up and reaches for her phone, "is it my phone?" and as she checks it - IT'S DEAD.

RING TONE sounds again - and Ophie looks around - "where is that coming from?"

She slides into her slippers and exits the bedroom -

KITCHEN -

WE ARE IN a COUNTRY HOUSE

Hearing the ring tone, it's like a ghost ring echo, and Ophie continues to explore.

OPHIE
Out the window?

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE OF OPHIE'S DREAM - NIGHT

Back door cracks open - Ophie's slippers step out, into the dew-topped grass.

A large backyard - not another house can be seen through the mist. But way out there - a little blinking red light as...

RING TONE SOUNDS -

The phone appears to be haphazardly tossed deep into the back meadow. Ophie approaches, the bottom of her long NIGHT SHIRT picking up the moisture from the blades of grass.

She arrives at the phone, "BRRRING - BRRRING" - sounds.

She bends to scoop up phone, putting it to her ear.

OPHIE
Hello?

There is a presence, but it does not speak.

OPHIE
I said 'hello.'

And then all of a sudden, as the wind picks up -

PHONE VOICE
Turn around.

She slowly does, and is OVERWHELMED by a quickly-advancing MAN FROM THE MIST - faceless, blocked by the shadows.

He pushes her down into the tall grass. He climbs up top of her, mounting. At first it appears to be a rape, but as it plays on, it morphs into calmness, generating a rhythm. Dance-like, expressive, non-violent.

She's having multiple ORGASMS as she clutches her SILVER CROSS, tight in her fist. He gets a firm grip around her throat, simulating a choke out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, WEALTHY HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

Ophelia BLASTS into "awake" - like she'd been holding her breath for previous two minutes -

The palm of her hand is bloody from gripping the silver cross.

When she inspects under the blankets, she sees that her CROTCH-AREA of her night-dress has been SOAKED THROUGH and through with orgasm secretion. "Woman's wet dream."

But she has to play that off in a beat, as two children storm into her room, it's morning time at the "Jones Household" - and little twin boys burst into her world shouting -

KIDS

Miss Ophelia - Miss Ophelia!

OPHIE

Good morning Sirs Jules and Christopher. Where's little Miss Jamie?

KIDS

Pshaw - Where do you think? Where she always is...

COMPUTER ROOM, DOWN THE HALLWAY

Sitting at the computer, JAMIE JONES (10), fully engrossed into the internet - perhaps a chat on Instant Message.

OPHELIA'S BEDROOM

Little Christopher turns Ophie's hand over, inspecting the blood on her palm.

KIDS

Miss Ophelia, what's wrong with your hand?

Blood - she moves her hand out of view -

OPHIE

Just a little scratch - nothing at all.

(MORE)

OPHIE (CONT'D)

Get your shoes and socks together
and meet me at the breakfast nook!

She ushers them along.

Alone, she undresses from the soiled nightshirt, wrapping it tight in other dirty clothes, hiding them away.

INT. KITCHEN, WEALTHY HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

Lady Ophelia prepares a gourmet waffle experience for the three kids.

It's a wholesome morning with sunshine filtering through the windows. Ophelia feels good within her new surroundings and occupation.

Out the window, SCHOOL BUS quickly approaches. She gets the younger twins up and at em. With backpacks - kisses to the tops of heads, Ophelia ushers boys out the door.

OPHIE

Okay now, good days to the both of
you young gentlemen. I'll be
waiting right here for when you
arrive home.

Back to remaining kid, Jaimie, whose got a major case of the
SNIFFLES.

OPHIE

And for you, missy, first some cold
medicine, and then we'll watch
Spanish-language Soap Operas all
day long. How's that sound?

A sparkle from the young girl's eye.

JAIMIE

Hell's yeah!

Ophelia makes toward the cupboard, looking for Jaimie's
medicine.

LOUD BANG, CLATTER - from just outside the sliding glass door
- something OMINOUS from out there on the back patio.

OPHIE

What the heck was that?

JAIMIE

I don't like this. Don't open
them.

Nervously, Ophelia rolls open the blinds - revealing...

CONTORTED FACE - pressed against the window - ghoulis.

It's MICHAEL, playing a silly prank.

He steps back and taps on the glass - "let me in."

FLASH TO:

INT. MAKE-SHIFT PRISON CELL, INSIDE CABIN - DAY

Michael's DIRTY FINGER taps on the wall/window right above Ophie's head, waking her up from what must have been a "passed out" state.

She wakes, SNAPPED out of a dream, coming back to this world, she's shocked -

OPHIE

Ahhh - what is it?

The space is crammed, like a cellar, or a meat locker.

Michael and Ophie look emaciated, covered in filth. Cuts, scabs and bruises. Neither appear to have eaten in days.

They look as though they've been in captivity for a month.

MICHAEL

Okay, Ophie, listen very carefully to me -

The look in her eye is that of utter horror, as he explains -

MICHAEL

We're not both making it out of here - I'm very sorry about that - I'm so sorry.

NOISES PEAK UP from next room - animal noises, no, CHILD NOISES, squealing. Young Jaimie screams bloody murder.

Over the screaming, there's also sounds of clunky boots, pacing, STOMPING. A human wearing combat boots. A monster...

Immediately, tears of terror roll down Ophie's face as she comprehends what's going on in the next room over -

MICHAEL

Focus on me. My face.
(beat)
Focus on my words...

Ophie does what she is told. Trying to compose herself, rubbing away tears.

MICHAEL

When they come for us, I am going to step forward. And when I do, I want you to run. And that's all you do, run. You'll make it...

Michael picks the lock of Ophie's handcuff, using her SILVER CRUCIFIX. When Ophie's wrists break free, she rubs the sore spots.

And just like that, the...

Child goes quiet (is silenced - as if by a blade).

OPHIE

(bites her own hand)
Oh my god, oh my god.

BOOTS, making their way, briskly to the door.

MICHAEL

When I say "run" - I want you to run your ass off -

BOOTS stop, then the DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Initiating Michael to make his move -

MICHAEL

Run Ophie! Go - go - go!

WE WATCH Ophie as she struggles to get off the floor. She stumbles, finally runs her ass off towards the cellar door at the opposite side of the room.

Commotion, physical struggle behind her - sounds of Michael heading off, then battling the monster figure -

MICHAEL

Run! Ru---

CRACK - broken sounding skull. CRACK - CRACK - Sounds that would be made while getting clobbered over the head with a claw hammer.

Ophie shudders at the noise. She reaches the door - Twists on the knob - it's STUCK - then, breaks open -

Bursting out, Ophie runs outside into the bright sunlight -

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN, WEALTHY HOUSEHOLD - DAY

Michael's CLEAN, smiling, shining (beaming) face. He taps the glass again - tap, tap -

MICHAEL
Oh, come on - let me in.

Ophie doesn't appear as though she's going to yield to him.

JAIMIE
Awe, he's cute, let him in.

Ophie disapproves of Michael's intrusion. However, none-the-less, she slides open the glass door.

OPHIE
(curtly)
Michael, you shouldn't be here while I'm working.

MICHAEL
Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's just that I was in the neighborhood -

OPHIE
Be that as it may...

MICHAEL
(looking around room)
Wow, nice digs. Would ya look at this place. You're getting along plenty well here at the Joneses.

OPHIE
Yes I am thank you. And would not enjoy getting my 'tits in a ringer' over having a guest when I'm not supposed to.

"Tee hee hee" - little girl's reaction to 'tits.' And Michael addresses the child -

MICHAEL
You wouldn't say anything would you Jaimie? You wouldn't rat me out?

JAIMIE
No, I would not.

MICHAEL
See, she's a sweet kid.
(beat)
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Plus I want to do something. Come on, let's hang out.

Jaimie lights right up at the mere mention, she for one would love an adventure -

OPHIE

Oh, no. We absolutely must not. Miss Jamie is home sick today from school.

Michael examines the child -

MICHAEL

Hmmm. You don't look too ill to me.

Jaimie cracks a grin.

MICHAEL

You're not really sick today, are you Jaimie?

JAIMIE

Not really, not completely sir.

MICHAEL

(to Ophie)

See - what did I tell you?

OPHIE

(to Jaimie)

You're in big trouble now you little scrumpette!

Jaimie giggles her ass off, thinking she's really pulled a fast one.

Michael looks longingly at Ophie - batting his big doe eyes. And Ophie, to her core, has a tough time saying 'no.'

OPHIE

Well - Jaimie's been going on and on for days about this mountain adventure hike.

Out the window, beckoning them, is the towering mountain range over the city, beautiful. The same one that they admired that day of the picnic.

JAIMIE

Can we go? Can we? Can we?

OPHIE

I suppose we could, but only for a short one.

MICHAEL

Yes!

JAIMIE

I even have a map printed out.

Triumphant, Michael gloats, satisfied for exactly one second before attempting to sweeten the pot -

MICHAEL

I guess, then, the only other question is 'to take... or not to take... the Jones' mad-pimping SUV?'

FLASH - INSIDE JONES' GARAGE

Parked in the middle is Mr. and Mrs. Jones' pristine CADILLAC ESCALADE - almost "cherry" enough to be in a Rap Music video.

BACK TO KITCHEN -

Ophie rolls her eyes -

OPHIE

Oh, definitely 'not to take.' The Joneses would kill me.

Eyes shoot over to Jaimie, who agrees -

JAIMIE

They'd definitely kill her.

INT. LITTLE JAIMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Opening drawers and pulling out supplies for a day hike. Boots, sweater, hip pack, stocking cap and mittens.

OPHIE

You know this isn't such a great idea -

JAIMIE

It's a fine one - we'll be home just in time to greet the others.

INT. OPHELIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ophie goes through closet and drawers, pulling items she needs for hike. Collecting sweater, boots, comfy socks.

OPHIE

You know, we really shouldn't be doing this -

MICHAEL

This will be fun. Let out your wild side for once. Come on, an exploration.

He sees something she might need in the dirty clothes. Reaches in and accidentally extracts her SOILED NIGHT DRESS. Stain still very evident on the crotch-region.

BY EXPRESSIONS: He knows what it means - she knows what it means - they've had this conversation before. Minor tiff - with no words directly exchanged.

MICHAEL

Another dream?

He glances at her, casting "shame" bullets.

OPHIE

Not like I can help it.

She snatches it and stuffs it away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE, ANGELES CREST - DAY

Michael's pickup truck creeps to a halt. Break lights, exhaust coming out the pipe. Engine shuts off and Michael, Ophie, and Jaimie all exit the car.

They look up the woodsy path.

MICHAEL

So, what do you think?

JAIMIE

This is really great.

Ophie's still giving the "arms-crossed" hesitation.

OPHIE

I'm not so sure I love you're sense of adventure. And it looks cold.

MICHAEL

Awe - shut it, this will be tons of fun.

From the truck-bed, they pull an adventure day pack. Michael tosses it over his shoulder and they set out along the forest trail.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - LATER

They walk along, 1st thing noticeable is they are no longer on the nature path. They are exhausted, and totally famished.

By the height of the sun in the sky, they should have probably been back to the car by now. Daylight is dimming.

OPHIE

Now I know - I think - we're lost.

MICHAEL

Of course we're not lost - this is totally a planned diversion. Still an adventure.

OPHIE

Haven't seen the trail in hours.

Ophie looks plenty concerned.

JAIMIE

I'm really hungry Miss Ophelia -

OPHIE

I know sweetie. The rest of the energy bars are back at the truck - if we can ever find it - as soon as...

MICHAEL

Oh - we'll find it.

A few more paces into the woods - and Jaimie's little finger pops up, pointing along the horizon line -

JAIMIE

Look! A gingerbread house!

Deep in those woods, surrounded by nothing but trees, bushes, rocks and deer shit - a little wooden house, with a string of smoke trickling out the chimney.

MICHAEL
Do you smell that?

Ophie nods yes, finding a rare opportunity to smile.

MICHAEL
Damn, I wonder what's cooking?
Smells heavenly -

OPHIE
Hopefully they've got a phone here.

A sweet little place - the kind from calenders featuring cartoon bears. However, knowing what we know of this genre, WE KNOW this place has a touch of evil within. The kind of place where sweet-looking grandparent-types prepare children into stews.

ONTO PORCH

They tap at the front door. When there's no response, they peek into the windows.

JAIMIE
Something smells so good.

Wiping away window dust, Michael gets a good look into the dining room. Where within a mighty table is set, the most festive DINNER SETTING imaginable. Table set for FOUR.

Pies cooling on the counter top.

MICHAEL
Check this out -

Ophie continues along the porch, walking with Jaimie, and as soon as she crosses the corner, she snatches Jaimie back by the arm -

SWINGING DEER CARCASS FROM TREE - CAMERA FLASH -

Ophie immediately backs away -

CAMERA FLASH -

Older man, holding DIGITAL CAMERA, down on his knees snapping photos of the innards of the deer he's recently gutted. The actual point of interest, the subject of his photography, is blocked from our view by the back and belly of the deer.

Buzzy FLIES swirl around his activities.

Old Man notices girls right away and jumps to his feet. Speckled with blood, he approaches swiftly - HEAVY BOOTS -

WILLIE IVERSON

Hey you!

Ophie and Jaimie whizz backward towards Michael's side -

MAN STOMPS ONTO THE PORCH, six-foot-two. Meet WILLIE IVERSON (60's), wearing overalls, with long-johns under. He's a giant "bear" of a man with a mean-looking biker goatee which collects tea-colored strings of chaw spittle. Silver streaks in his hair. Looks like a retired WWF Wrestler.

He also looks like he'd carve them up with a dull knife.

WILLIE IVERSON

What did you two just see?

OPHIE

Nothing. Trees. It's been a long time since we seen a house sir.

He spits his chaw off the side of the porch, eyes never leave the youngsters -

WILLIE IVERSON

You lost or something?

MICHAEL

Sorry Sir, we weren't trying to trespass - we were just seeing if - hoping - somebody was home...

WILLIE IVERSON

My question is - why?

OPHIE

You are right. We got lost, sir.

MICHAEL

We were praying you might have a phone, my girlfriend is going to be in tremendous trouble if she doesn't phone her work.

OPHIE

I'm already in pretty 'serious' trouble.

Willie just stares at them with a snarl on his face. He looks like if he were holding a shovel, he'd use it right away to smash all their heads in.

Spits again. And then he advances -

Interrupted by - Screen door SPRINGS SOUND - (creak)

WOMAN'S VOICE

What have we got here, Willie?

GERTRUDE IVERSON (60's) makes her way onto the porch. She wears an old fashioned dress, apron and bonnet. Like a pilgrim wife. She's got rosy cheeks and an unmistakable gleam in her eye. Almost other-worldly, like she just stepped out of an antique photograph of a Civil War wife.

With oven mitts, holding a pie. She gives the youngsters a quick look up and down -

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Well I should say...

(beat to soak in their
appearance)

Quit giving these kids your "grumpy
old man" face, and invite them in.
Poor souls look like they are
starving to death.

Willie's expression humbles - hat in hands, "okay ma."

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Papa Iverson - here - and I, we
were supposed to be having dinner
guests tonight, but for one reason
or another, they've not yet made
it. Of course they called several
hours ago, saying they were driving
the main road in, and that we could
expect them soon. Though we
haven't seen hide nor hair of
them...

(sparkles a smile)

..And I've gone to all this trouble
to prepared such a delicious meal.
Please say that you'll join us - in
their place...

The three youngsters pass expressions between themselves,
finally arriving at "awe, what the heck?"

MICHAEL

Sure.

OPHIE

We would be honored.

JAIMIE

And we are starving to death.

Grown ups all go - "ah ha ha" at Jaimie's "cuteness." Except
for Willie, that old s.o.b.'s still scowling.

As the procession heads through the door, Michael takes an off-shoot direction, trying to get a look at what Willie was photographing about the dead deer - general curiosity.

Willie Iverson heads him off -

FLASH OF - Just a hint - HUMAN FINGERS poking out of the deer's cut open stomach.

Not that Michael gets a very good look before running into Iverson's chest -

WILLIE IVERSON

Wash up Champ. Supper's almost on.

Inside heads Michael, throwing caution to the wind, into the homey little cottage.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Little girl, Jaimie, alone at the mirror. Carefully washing her hands. Soap, suds, rinse repeat. Humming a little ditty.

JAIMIE

La, la, la -

A SHADOW SWOOSHES by, catching her attention from the corner of her eye.

She thinks she's glimpsed movement in the other room, so she follows into THAT room - a dark room.

JAIMIE

Hello? Anybody?

She flicks on the light, flickering then exposing -

OFFICE/DEN -

Sparsely decorated. Empty of any presence, however, there is a computer in the corner. Screen-saver rolling.

INT. HALLWAY, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Ophelia searches room to room, looking for disappeared kid -

OPHIE

Jaimie?

INTO OFFICE/DEN -

Finds Gertrude and Jaimie in there. Gertrude kneels and talks quickly and quietly to Jaimie. Strange "closeness" developing. Something "off" about their immediate familiarity.

Ophie becomes possessive, pulling Jaimie away. Suspicious, yet polite. Maybe it's just low blood sugar clouding her perception -

OPHIE

Mmmm. How about that dinner? Are we about ready?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Young Jaimie and I were just discussing the importance of proper caution around strangers. Weren't we dear?

JAIMIE

Yes we were. And luckily the Iverson's aren't strangers anymore, are they Ophie?

Ophie just smiles nervously, holding Jaimie's arm.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Now let's go see about the food shall we?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

An amazing feast upon the table. Jamie especially shovels it in - working on her "seconds."

MRS. IVERSON

Eat up young lady - we like our children nice and plump around here.

Mike and Ophie look up for an (awkward) uncomfortable pause -

MRS. IVERSON

It keeps the wild chill of the winter woods out of your bones.

POV - Michael eyeing his dinner plate - MEATS - potatoes, some cranberry sauce (especially the meat). His look at the plate has TRACERS on it, spectra-colored, like he's hallucinating a wee bit.

MICHAEL
 (sweat trickles his
 forehead)
 This meal is amazing.

Mr. And Mrs. Iverson exchange glances and smirk.
 Ophelia is gobbling gobbling gobbling dinner up.

OPHIE
 Absolutely - my regards to the
 chef.

GERTRUDE IVERSON
 (flattered)
 Very glad you like it.

MICHAEL
 (almost bug-eyed)
 Wow - this is so tasty. What is it?
 Pheasant? Elk? Do you all have a
 lot of wildlife up here?

Gertrude giggles into her napkin.

GERTRUDE IVERSON
 Dad's a very good hunter. He's
 always dragging home some gamey
 meat or another. Isn't that right
 Willie?

Willie looks up over his forkful -

WILLIE IVERSON
 (looks at his wife
 gratefully, then -)
 So why don't you tell us what you
 three were doing out there in our
 woods.

MICHAEL
 (comical)
 Oh really? I didn't realize those
 were your woods.

GERTRUDE IVERSON
 What I think Daddy's trying to
 inquire is, what brings you to our
 area? We don't hardly ever see
 foot traffic all the way out here.

Ophelia finishes chewing, then -

OPHIE

This was supposed to be Michael's idea of a romantic getaway date I guess.

MICHAEL

That's right -

GERTRUDE IVERSON

You look like a great couple to settle down and grow fat together. I should know - I have an eye for these things.

WILLIE IVERSON

And this is your youngster?

OPHIE

Oh no, I'm a nanny. I take care of Jaimie here, as well as her two brothers.

(beat)

...whose parents are going to absolutely kill me when they get home to realize their kids have spent the afternoon unsupervised. If those kids have made any messes, the Joneses will probably insist I'm tossed into jail.

Nervous chuckles around the table.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm really sorry about dragging you away from your responsibilities. I figured the trail was going to be a little simpler.

OPHIE

That said, as soon as we finish dinner, I need to use your phone, Mrs. Iverson, and call her parents, so they know that I haven't kidnapped their oldest.

WILLIE IVERSON

Tell you the truth, I'm not even aware of any trails around here. Not that I get out and do much exploring myself. Not with these gimpy son's of bitches for legs.

MICHAEL

The trail's hopefully not that far away.

OPHIE

So, about the phone?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

The bad news about that is we don't have a phone in the house -

JAIMIE

They have the internet -

MICHAEL

You do? Maybe we could -

GERTRUDE IVERSON

We have a computer, yes, which lovely Jaimie has observed in the other room, however, there's no connection.

Jaimie looks like she'd say something, but she bites her lip.

WILLIE IVERSON

The closest phone is at an old service station about three clicks up the road.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Dear, I think you mean "down" the road. He always gets turned around with directions, don't you Willie?

He shoots her a look. A little bit of food in his beard.

OPHIE

I hope I don't lose my job over this.

MICHAEL

No worries Ophie - after dinner, I'm sure that Mister Iverson would be more than happy to give us a lift to the gas station, if not all the way back to our car.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Owe - more bad news -

WILLIE IVERSON

Sorry son, that's not in the cards tonight either.

MICHAEL

Sir?

WILLIE IVERSON

See, I got that old pickup truck out there by the wood pile and it runs like a daisy top.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Had it for over 30 years, gotten the regular checkups and all.

WILLIE IVERSON

Only problem with the vehicle is - both headlights got bashed out by some piece of shit hooligan, probably some cheese-eater around your age.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Daddy, with the language - we have impressionable ears at the table.

By now, Jaimie is shoveling pie into her mouth, hardly aware there's a conversation going on at the table at all.

WILLIE IVERSON

Sorry mum.

MICHAEL

Well shoot - what do we do? I guess we could walk down to the phone... What's three miles anyway.

WILLIE IVERSON

Up to the station.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

No dear, it's down.

(beat)

Tell you kids what - I'm sure that the family, what's their names?

MICHAEL

The Joneses.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

I'm sure that the Joneses are aware what a capable young lady you are Miss Ophelia, and that you are under complete control, safely with their precious young daughter.

(beat)

(MORE)

GERTRUDE IVERSON (CONT'D)

Of course there has been a minor set back, a mere inconvenience. I wouldn't go so far as to call it an "accident"... which they may be very well worried happened.. They're probably fearing for the worst.

WILLIE IVERSON

Of course they'll be worried something terrible happened - they're parents.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

That's not helping much Daddy.

WILLIE IVERSON

Just saying it as I see it.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Kids, in my humble opinion, best you hang tight up here for the night - less you go stumbling around the woods in the pitch black.

WILLIE IVERSON

There's not even a moon out tonight.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

You can stay up in our guest quarters. Then at first light we can see you off on the right footing.

Michael and Ophie aren't the world's easiest sell on this idea of staying over -

OPHIE

Well...

MICHAEL

Thank you, that's very generous, but I really don't think so -

WILLIE IVERSON

Listen up - if you feel it might better help your chances, you're more than welcome to stumble out into those woods, in the pitch black. I betcha anything, you'll eventually accidentally stumble upon the right path.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Nevermind him, he's just being his
grumpy old codger self -

WILLIE IVERSON

Not that you'll know the path, even
if you're standing right on it.
That is even, if the coyotes don't
get you first -

Mike and Ophie become closer convinced the right course of
action might be to stay in the warm house.

WILLIE IVERSON

Otherwise, mother can put up some
blankets, and turn down some beds.
You could get some sleep and we'll
be off to your car at first light.

Ophie and Michael re-examine each other - really what choice
do they have? The Iverson's have made a convincing argument.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

It's settled then.
(beat)
Coffee anyone?

JAIMIE

(pie all over her face)
Me!

Around the table - "Ah ha ha."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN, IVERSON'S CABIN - LATER NIGHT

Tea kettle WHISTLES. Gertrude takes it off the stove - pours
hot water over an ancient coffee filter devise.

Willie is out back, rocking quietly - puffing smoke out of
his corncob pipe.

Ophie's looking out the window. She's so anxious, she'd
nearly shatter if you touched her too quickly.

Michael approaches -

MICHAEL

Ophie, it's going to be okay babe.

OPHIE

No it's not.

MICHAEL

Yes it is, look - everybody is safe
- we're doing the right thing
considering the circumstances.

OPHIE

Hmmm.

MICHAEL

I'll take the heat for making you
go exploring, and they'll realize
you did the right thing to keep
Jaimie safe after we got lost.
You're job will be fine.

He takes her into a hug, which she resists, but eventually
hugs back.

OPHIE

I hope you are right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

We are in OPHIE'S DREAM SEQUENCE. She walks along the empty
road in her night shirt. Barefoot on the cold concrete.

When she exhales we can see her breath.

PHONE RINGS - it's a payphone sound - but out of sight.

Curiously, Ophie follows the sound of the ringing payphone,
looking and looking.

And then she comes upon the DEER CORPSE strung upside down -
FLASH of a camera flash, but she looks around and she is all
alone, no photographer.

PHONE RINGS again, and it's coming from the deer.

Ophie approaches, flies buzzing - PHONE RINGS.

She reaches into the sliced open stomach, the innards have
been hallowed out.

Her hand disappears deep into the deer's rib-cage, as does
half her forearm.

CLICK - we hear, receiver lifted off the cradle.

Her hand recoils from the deer carcass, and in her fist is
the bloody PAY PHONE handset, which she props up to her ear.

OPHIE

Hello?

MYSTERY MAN, whose been standing behind her, waiting, leans over and whispers into her other ear -

MYSTERY MAN

Don't go back to the cabin.

Then he grabs the phone from her hand, wraps the cord around her neck and SEXUALLY ASSAULTS her, pulling up her night shirt and heaving into her violently.

Again there is beauty to it as well, Ophelia receives multiple orgasms while being asphyxiated with the phone cord.

MYSTERY MAN

Don't go back to the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Ophie sits up straight in bed, grasping for breath. She has RED WELT phone cord marks on her neck. Veins bulging, eyes red and bloated.

Michael stirs as she convulses.

MICHAEL

(sleepy)

What is it? Are you alright?

She's frantically spinning the crucifix on her necklace with her fingertips.

OPHIE

We have to leave this place immediately.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

Ophelia beginning to get her wits about her.

OPHIE

Don't ask me how. I know. I just know we need to go. Get dressed.

Michael wraps his arms around her, trying to calm her. His hand slips below her belt-line -

MICHAEL
 Sweetie, wake up, you are speaking
 gibberish.
 (feels it)
 Yuck!

He pulls his hand from her lower body, it's GLISTENING WET.

MICHAEL
 Awe man.

OPHIE
 I'm sorry - I really am -

Wiping his hand on the sheets -

MICHAEL
 You had one of your dreams? Was it
 the man? Did he visit you tonight?

OPHIE
 No.

MICHAEL
 See - you're lying - I know it.

OPHIE
 It's no big deal really. It doesn't
 mean anything.

MICHAEL
 You're the only one who thinks
 getting raped nightly in your
 dreams, quote-unquote "doesn't mean
 anything."

OPHIE
 It's not exactly a rape.

Michael rolls to the edge of the bed, puts his feet to the
 ground while flipping his sweater over his ears and down his
 shoulders -

MICHAEL
 You know what? Fuck this. It's
 crazy, that I have to share my own
 girlfriend with some dream-logic
 sexual perverse bullshit fantasy
 world.

As though he's angry enough to leave, trying to strap his
 boots to his feet.

OPHIE
Please stop, Michael I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
You're sorry alright -

OPHIE
I'll do what you said and see
somebody about it. I'll get help. I
know it's not natural.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

He sits back down. She tugs at him to rejoin her.

MICHAEL
What are you doing? I thought we
had to hustle out of here in a mad
dash all of a sudden.

OPHIE
I was half asleep. I don't know
what I was saying. I want your arms
around me for a little while.

He hesitates, but even so, he still leans into her embrace.

OPHIE
Let's try to go back to sleep.

They nestle back together, and drift off.

MICHAEL
(groans)
Man, I've got the worst stomach
ache ever brewing up.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, IVERSON'S CABIN - LATE NIGHT

Michael is laid out across the bed - back to unconscious
sleeping. But Ophie's position is vacant -

OPHIE
Michael, wake up. Quick!

He stirs awake.

MICHAEL
 (rub eyes, yawn)
 Now what is it?

Ophie has been sitting up and watching out the window for some time -

OPHIE
 They're here.

Michael leans forward, large circles under his eyes, poor guy's had a rough night -

MICHAEL
 Who's here?

OPHIE
 ...the missing dinner guests...

MICHAEL
 What the...?

He crawls to the edge of the bed, looks out the window -

WE SEE headlights rolling up the road, approaching Iverson's cabin.

Headlights explode up Iverson's driveway, coming to a stop behind Willie's tow truck.

MICHAEL
 Oh shit -

OPHIE
 Maybe they'll give us a ride to our car.

Ophie pulls her jeans on and rolls her sweater over her head and down her torso.

OPHIE
 Come with me -

As Michael clunks around, gathering his clothes, Ophie exits the room to the top of the stairs.

EXT. PORCH, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Boots CLOMP up the steps. A TWISTED FIST reaches out and bangs on the door, BAM - BAM - BAM!

INT. IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Lights click 'ON' throughout the house. Gertrude in her night dress, Willie looks perturbed while pulling on his robe.

WILLIE IVERSON

What's the meaning of all this commotion?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Well Papa, it seems that our guests have finally arrived.

WILLIE IVERSON

And what an hour!

TOP OF STAIRCASE, Ophie emerges.

From her POV as, door is answered and GUESTS ENTER.

We recognize them right off as Stanley and Sheila Gibbons, whom we know from the handiwork of a slew of gruesome previous kills.

Thing is though... Ophie recognizes HIM too - can't forget THAT FACE - she knows him from...

- Her dreams -

The Gibbons and Iverson's exchange pleasantries at the bottom of the stairs. All WE HEAR are mumbling, from Ophie's POV - but sounds something like -

STANLEY

Sorry about the hour - we ran into multiple setbacks.
(winks)

SHEILA

I told him we shouldn't have come so late, but would he listen - "no" - not this one.

With a twinkle in Stanley's eye -

STAN

Sorry folks, but when I make a commitment -
(he looks up the stairs)
I tend to follow through no matter time of day.

On "make a commitment" - Stanley gazes up the stairs, making eye contact directly with Ophie. Stanley's gaze flashes up the stairs, and lands right on Ophie's face -

He gives her a "knowing" nod. He recognizes her as well. As though he was expecting to see her here.

At this point, Ophelia, blasted out of her wits - her legs turn to jelly, and she melts to the floorboards before crawling back to her room -

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, IVERSON'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Michael, lolly-gagger, has finally gotten himself together, to join Ophie, however she grabs him and drags (tugs) him back inside room - she's shook up -

MICHAEL

Well?

OPHIE

Forget it - it's not going to work.

MICHAEL

What happened? Didn't you ask?

OPHIE

The man down there...

MICHAEL

Who?

OPHIE

He's the man from those fucked-up dreams I've been telling you about -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS, NEARBY IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Fog and mists of the night. The sky is lightening - sunrise is nearing -

Stanley stands alone, puffing on a Marlboro, leaning up against a tree.

Odd feeling, perhaps reality is blurred, WE are elaborately lulled into a state of sleep - not - sleep.

Ophie approaches from behind.

OPHIE
Who in the goddamned hell are you?

STANLEY
Hm. I'm a little offended. Would
have thought for sure you would've
known me by now.

OPHIE
That's bullshit. No way can this be
really real.

She pinches her arm repeatedly -

STANLEY
(passing his cigarette)
Here, try this -

She snatches it and drills the burning ember deep into her
wrist. Excruciating pain -

OPHIE
Owe shit, owe!

He chuckles -

STANLEY
See, it's real enough. Real as
you'll ever get, at least.

She's rubbing her sore wrist.

OPHIE
And you've always been here -

STANLEY
The ringing cell phone, laying in
the backyard. I was there too.

OPHIE
That can't...

STANLEY
And the payphone, up there at that
shitty gas station.

She trembles, her brain having to make new synapsis faster
than she's prepared for.

He exhales a big blast of smoke -

STANLEY

Reality is whatever you want to
make of it Ophelia, but most people
only see what they fear the most.

(beat)

And now look at us - we're here.
Together again, like we'll always
be.

With an extended finger, he flicks his cigarette out into
the woods, way farther than average.

STANLEY

We're linked Ophelia. We're
twisted soulmates.

She bows her head -

OPHIE

I know.

When she opens her eyes, she's looking at a PICTURE FRAME
laying across his extended palm. It's a broken glass picture
frame with dried blood sprinkles on it. It's the family
picture of her and Sergie.

OPHIE

You saw Sergie?

STANLEY

I did one better than that.

She's petrified -

STANLEY

I did it for you. I did it because
I despise what he put you through.
I did it because I love...

- SLAP - her hand's across his face before he can get it half
out. She slaps him again, and he chuckles.

She pulls back to slap a third, but this time the swing is
awkward, brings them into kissing - burning passion.

She pushes him down hard into the dirt, then pulls him back
up against the tree - she goes for his trousers.

And then she straddles him and they are fucking. She claws at
his chest while riding wildly.

OPHIE

Aaahhhh -

She bites him, taking the upper-hand as the aggressor. She's violent - she's leaving him with bloody marks.

Ophie's silver crucifix swinging on her neck - glimmering in the moonlight.

Then WE pull back, getting wider and wider - WE THE AUDIENCE retreats, as Ophie and Stanley get smaller and smaller in view.

Pull back to -

SHEILA. She plucks out a cigarette and lights it.

SHEILA

You rotten son of a bitch.

She takes an exaggerated puff of smoke -

Ophie, noticing Sheila, comes out of her trance. She dismounts Stanley and stands, dripping -

BUMPS INTO swinging deer carcass. She sees that it's stitched up, human remains sewn up on the deer - it's an insane murderous-monsterous art sculpture, just swinging. But the image hardly has time to register -

SHEILA

Can't even keep it in your pants for an hour.

Stanley begins laughing uncontrollably -

STANLEY

Listen, Sheila darling - it's not what it looks like.

He can't contain himself - absurd laughter. Meanwhile Sheila appears as though she's about to wage war upon miss Ophelia.

They prepare to come to blows - but...

Iverson's come onto the porch, calling to everyone -

WILLIE IVERSON

If you're all done pricking around
in the woods, come on in the house,
Ma's prepared us a special
breakfast.

And now, sunlight begins to glimmer through the frosty trees.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

As breakfast preparations are finished, Michael has Jaimie in-tow, and reclaims Ophie -

MICHAEL

(tugging her arm)

Where the hell were you? I was worried all over the place -

GERTRUDE IVERSON

(ding-dings glass)

Okay everyone, grab a seat around the breakfast table. I know we're a little cramped, but it's big enough to accommodate as long as we scrunch in tight.

MICHAEL

(re: breakfast)

Thanks, but no thanks.

WILLIE IVERSON

Don't be rude boy, all the trouble Mrs. Iverson's gone through on our behalf.

MICHAEL

Not to be rude sir, it's just that we've got to be on our way now.

The elder stands, coming up close enough to go toe to toe if need be.

WILLIE IVERSON

Let me rephrase this - hmmm, how to say? - What if I put it this way: "sit your ass down punk."

Michael, Ophie, and Jaimie fall into order, sitting. They are surrounded, intermixing at the table with the Gibbons and the Iverson's.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Yes, yes. Breakfast is the most fundamental meal of the day. Please - get at it while it's hot.

Breakfast is served to the table, and looks especially delicious. Willie was right, there's no way (on earth, or) in hell they'd be wanting to miss this one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - LATER

Catching the first course in progress, Stanley picks some from his teeth -

STANLEY

Mmm mmm. These waffles are particularly delicious. Good god damn.

WILLIE IVERSON

Don't forget to try some of Mother's bacon. It's... How should I put it?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

(winks)
Euphoric?

SHEILA

(under breath)
Orgasmic.

STANLEY

Hey now, let's save your dirty talk Sheila. Not appropriate for table discussion, nor the young people.

SHEILA

(wipes mouth with napkin)
Sorry.

Stanley, looking out the window, taking in the majesty of the morning. And quite a view at that, treetop beauty.

STANLEY

So tell me, Willie and Gertrude - heh, even your names are perfect - what the sam-hell do you do all the way up here? Surrounded by every bit of god's own glory.

WILLIE IVERSON

We got a lot of business through here, offering our services from the Bed and Breakfast aspect.

Stanley seems impressed (or fakes it well) -

WILLIE IVERSON

Little does our clientele realize, till a little too late, that they are the breakfast.

(ha ha ha)

The food that was in child Jamie's mouth falls out, and bounces on her plate - CLINK -

STANLEY

Ah - the truth comes out. See, I told you Sheila...

SHEILA

I don't remember -

Michael and Ophie get instantly UNCOMFORTABLE, trembling - Willie and Stanley both give stern looks, like - "you're in a lot deeper than you can imagine - just sit tight."

Without words being spoken, Mike and Ophie get it. They slump deeply into their seats, seeing that they are blocked on all sides by "hostage-takers."

Stanley regains his (flow) rhythm -

STANLEY

That's a beautiful plan Willie, it really is. I'd tip the brim of my cap to you, if I were wearing one.

(beat)

Now, if I could be so bold, I must bluntly level with you -

WILLIE IVERSON

Please do -

STANLEY

My beautiful blushing bride, Sheila here, and I - We have come all the way up here to god's green country to...

(delivered with a slant)

Kill you. Clean you. And eat you.

Awkward silence, that lasts much longer than we can tolerate. Anxiety tickles the unbearable -

WILLIE IVERSON

You don't say. Well, obviously...

(as deadpan as it gets)

...us too...

And the two couples break the silence, erupting in LAUGHTER, like "that's a good one."

Mike and Ophie shift in their seats, maybe they'll LAUNCH into ESCAPE moves. But the adults are onto them - shaking heads - "don't even think about it." Pinned in from all sides, nowhere to run.

STANLEY

It's interesting, isn't it? How we can always identify "our" kind.

WILLIE IVERSON

At first we thought we were just luring in another "newlywed couple" up here to Widow's Peak.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

That's right dad.

WILLIE IVERSON

But mother kept reading and re-reading your e-mails, Sheila, and she told me, she said, "Willie my dear, there's just something about this couple. They seem too perfect."

(beat)

She said, "I think they're from our tribe." And what's more, she said, "I think they are coming for us." - Didn't you mother?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

I should know. I have a eye for such things.

FLASHBACK:

INT. IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Quiet night at the cabin, weeks earlier.

Willie reads the newspaper, scratches his leg. Puffing on his corncob pipe. Hole in his sock, exposing some toes.

Gertrude sits at the computer, reviewing internet correspondence. Perks her reading glasses while inspecting Sheila's e-mail letter.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Wow. Don't you say -

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Stanley leans forward, and in his best Michael Madsen-esque -

STANLEY

There's no fooling you, is there Gertrude?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Well, me and Willie have been around about every block more than a few times.

WILLIE IVERSON

Used to be, not that long ago, in order to "hunt" you had to go through the WANT ADS of a goddamn newspaper. Used to take weeks to get a meal.

(beat)

Now with the internet and all that shit - we have to swat them away like horse flies.

STANLEY

Well I have a little confession to make. Even though no one has ever heard of your team before, no mention in the press, as you've remained anonymous - for what - thrity-some years?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Forty-six actually, from the very first. Can you believe that?

SHEILA

That's quite a distinguished career.

STANLEY

I've done a lot of reading - specializing in the 'serial-izer' - and particularly the ones with the carnivorous appetite. So, whereas Joe and Jane public, lead buy Rupert media, has never ever seen your face nor uttered your name - I theorized of your existence.

WILLIE IVERSON

You don't say...

STANLEY

"The Ghost Cannibals." I even coined a name for you.

WILLIE IVERSON

Hmmm - I like it.

STANLEY

And I figured if we searched hard enough, we could land you. We could allow ourselves to fall right into your spider's web.

WILLIE IVERSON

As the hip-hop kids say these days - "holler."

Laughter around, that is, minus the sheer terror from faces of Mike and Ophie. Jaimie thinks it's a game - she's enjoying the charade.

JAIMIE

(politely clears her throat)

Excuse me, I have a question - what's that meaty thing out there hanging from the trees?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Oh yes, did you know that daddy also makes sculptures?

(beat)

From the parts we don't eat. He's like an ole Indian carving up a buffalo, he won't throw anything away.

WILLIE IVERSON

(modesty doesn't come easy)

Yeah, yeah. Don't brag on me mum.

SHEILA

No no - do tell, this is interesting stuff.

STANLEY

That explains that, for a lack of a better word - "object" out...

SHEILA

We've already established it's a sculpture, Stan -

STANLEY

...okay, already, the "sculpture" that I bumped into out there, strung from the trees.

WILLIE IVERSON
 Yep, that's my newest.

STANLEY
 And you call it "art" - ?

SHEILA
 Don't be closed-minded Stanley. I
 love the concept, it's poetic and
 bizarre...

STANLEY
 ...and it takes one heck of a lot
 of gore to impress a serializer.

SHEILA
 Color me 'impressed' -

WILLIE IVERSON
 Most recently I've begun working on
 figure studies, brutal figures.
 The fusion of human parts with
 animal carcass. "Go figure" -
 right? Call it what you will...

STANLEY
 Madness? The nutty professor?

SHEILA
 No, more like "Fascinating."

GERTRUDE IVERSON
 Not to mention - he's a bit of an
 amateur photographer -

FLASHBACK - PORCH, DAY

What Mike and Ophie saw when they first walked up the porch.
 Willie taking pictures of his "trophy."

Deer carcass swinging from the tree, dripping blood.

FLASHBACK - EVEN FURTHER, BEHIND THE WOODPILE -

Before they ever arrived - Willie, the artist, wearing a
 blood-spattered apron. He uses rusty SURGICAL TOOLS to
 splice apart human bits, like fingers and toes, teeth and
 penis - and takes great care in stretching them out, and
 stitching them inside the carcass of the deer.

Deer face with human eyes and teeth.

What he'd really like to master is the "miracle" of having the different species blood clot together, and to literally "heal" together. Real Fusion. Maybe he'll get there someday.

BACK TO - KITCHEN TABLE

Ophelia is going to flat out throw up, she's gagging from stress - but the best she can muster is a DRY HEAVE.

Sheila passes her a napkin, which Ophelia presses to her lips. When she unfolds the napkin, there's a message scribbled inside: "I'm going to eat you first."

Ophie looks up to Sheila, who gives her a polite wink, then continues her gushing about art -

SHEILA

It's brilliant - genius - the calling of a true artiste.

Pride gushes out of Willie, from acknowledgement of his artwork, which is so important to him -

WILLIE IVERSON

But enough about me... For crying out loud. You all are making me blush.

(spits tobacco juice into his empty water glass)

Gertrude sees him spit, how many times has she told him! But she's not going to scold him in front of guests, not in his shining moment, no she's not.

She straightens her apron, stands and clears dirty dishes.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

I have dessert pastries just about to come out -

Mike and Ophie's plates are still FULL. Not a bite taken from breakfast.

Stanley kicks off a new topic -

STANLEY

I'm sure that we all have some interesting war stories from the road to share. One particular comes to mind from Sheila's and my travels...

Ophie's POV - Swirling, swirling, swirling around the table,
WE GO OUT OF FOCUS -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley, back to stuffing his face with bacon and eggs,
continuing with a story -

STANLEY

...we needed fresh supplies, so we
broke into the pawn shop, after
hours, and we came across...

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Sheila and Stan walk in, prepping to swipe some loot, but
instead, behind the counter, they come across -

REVEALING - PAWN SHOP OWNER (50's) - sitting in a chair,
facing them, with a shotgun barrel inserted between his lips,
jammed against the roof of his mouth. On his lap is spread
out photos of his family.

STANLEY (O.S.)

And I said, "Go ahead, don't let us
interrupt you.."

BACK TO - KITCHEN TABLE, MORNING -

STANLEY

...and you know what that son of a
bitch did?"

PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

SHOTGUN BLAST! - blood splashes the ceiling and mists down
over everything, including Stanley and Sheila.

BACK TO - KITCHEN TABLE

STANLEY

(opens mouth, inserts
food)

That was about the nuttiest goddamn
thing I ever seen, during our
mostly "unique" travels of the
Americas.

PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

STANLEY (O.S.)

I mean I would have killed him
anyway, that crazy son of a bitch,
but that day, hell, the good lord
did it for us. I didn't even need
to get my dick wet...

Stan gets up close and collects blood while it just pours out
of the PAWNSHOP OWNER'S faceless neck. Blood raining into
Stanley's plastic-lined backpack.

Behind him, Sheila smashes a display case and empties the
jewelry loot.

BACK TO - KITCHEN TABLE

Willie rocks in his chair gleefully -

WILLIE IVERSON

Now that one there's a good one...
and I got one of my own -
How about this -

FLASH OF - Gertrude on the internet, on a porno website.

WILLIE IVERSON

This one time, Mother and I placed
our ad on the net, and we got
visited by some real porno folks -
movies and print ads and all that.

STANLEY

Now wait a minute, that wasn't...

WILLIE IVERSON

Joni Metropolis is what the papers
called her. We trapped, cleaned and
ate that famous porno queen - you
might have remember hearing about
her on the news - (you might
remember) they were looking for her
for months -

STANLEY

That's right. Of course I remember.
They found the bones right up here
around Angeles Crest.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

They're always finding bones up
here.

(tee hee)

STANLEY

So you ate Joni Metropolis. Son of a bitch. That was a tragic loss to the porn world.

SHEILA

(to Gertrude)

Stanley was a big fan of her work.

WILLIE IVERSON

Yeah, well anyway, we made the finest potluck stew out of that bleach-blond starlet - and gosh-damn if that wasn't some of the sweetest meat I ever did taste.

Stanley's just licking his lips, salivating -

GERTRUDE IVERSON

A little rich for my palate.

WILLIE IVERSON

I pretty much ate the whole damn thing - I'd never known meat to taste like that.

(beat)

The thing was... both for me and mother - we had the worst diarrhea - food poisoning. Boy-eee she tasted good, but what a burner coming out - pissing out our assholes for a week. Ain't that right mother?

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Yuck - hush up now dear. Your abuse of the English language ain't impressing anyone none.

WILLIE IVERSON

That's right - Never again with the pornography folks.

STANLEY

Lesson taken.

Stanley drops his fork on his plate. Spotless after his 3rd helping. He's finally reached a state of "stuffed." Energized.

STANLEY

Well miss Gertrude -

He wipes off his greasy mouth with his napkin.

STANLEY

You, my dear, are an exquisite chef.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Fuck an "a" right I am. Which reminds me, I have wee cheese danishes coming out of the oven, I'll bring them right out with some jelly. Tea anybody?

STANLEY

No. But I'll take about three more cups of that brewed coffee.

Gertrude collects the rest of the finished plates.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Oh you didn't hardly eat a thing -

She says to Ophie, who stares forward blankly.

Gertrude exits the kitchen, leaving Willie, who removes his pipe and tobacco pouch, starts packing his pipe. His eyes dart a couple times at an OBJECT, we can't see yet.

WILLIE IVERSON

Ah, the after-meal tobacco pipe, one of my very favorite moments -

Stanley and Sheila exchange glances - he gives her a little "wink" - which can be assumed is the "signal" for action.

At his lap, off to the side, Stanley holds firm to a sinister looking KNIFE, which glistens against the underside of the tablecloth.

Next to his foot, is his open backpack, and laying right on top is the BLOOD COLLECTION HORN. All preparations are rock and roll ready.

While packing his pipe, Willie looks again - a glimpse of his SHOTGUN, leaning against the wall, slightly hidden by a curtain. He figures in his head, how best he could get to the weapon in a "one act" move.

Confident with his managed PLAN, he finishes the pipe-packing and puts his tobacco pouch back to his pocket of his smoking jacket. Willie perches his pipe between his chapped lips.

He eyeballs Mike and Ophie and Jaimie - who just sit stiff as boards, trembling, about to shatter.

KNIFE - SHOTGUN - everyone becomes very alert, a silent CANNIBAL STANDOFF has developed.

And...

Gertrude CLANKS through the dining room door, returns to the table with tea and danishes.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Hope you all saved some room -

KNIFE in Stanley's hand - Gertrude leans across him to place new table setting - her bulging JUGULAR VEIN within reach.

Stanley unleashes his SURPRISE ATTACK - revealing his knife and standing - going for a poke at Gertrude's neck.

But before he can spring his full attack - she's been packing a knife along the side of her serving tray - and as he springs, she simply uses his motion against him - quickly, calmly SLICING HIS THROAT.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Sorry about that Mr. Gibbons.

Stanley tumbles back into his chair. A look of shock and awe on his face. He sees blood soaking into the chest of his shirt.

STANLEY

(choking on blood)

Ahhhht -- ahhhht.

Willie goes for his shot gun - but Sheila beats him to it. She aims and squeezes the trigger.

SHOT GUN BLAST! - Catches Willie in the shoulder - exploding meat chunks and blood spray. Also blowing out the wall and antique collector dishes behind him.

As food and dining utensils fall off the table, everyone scatters into various directions and hiding spots -

As the smoke clears -

INT. KITCHEN, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Sheila tracks through the kitchen, shot gun leading the way. She's cautious of the sounds her feet make.

She sees the OVEN IS ON, an especially large oven, set to 500 degrees. Red and pulsating - Yes indeedy the Iverson's were planning to kill and cook. It's hotter then fuck in there.

Sweat immediately rolls down Sheila's face.

As she proceeds, she comes upon...

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Stanley still bleeds out of his neck like a stuck pig.

STANLEY

(gurgling)

I can't believe that old cow killed
me.

He's trying to stand, get a napkin on his throat, but can't seem to muster up the strength.

His eyes keep fluttering and rolling back -

INT. KITCHEN, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Sheila proceeds through kitchen, SEEING the tip of OPHIE'S FOOT - as she's hiding behind the counter.

There on the counter is a sinister-looking CHEESE GRATER.

As Sheila approaches -

SHEILA

Here kitty kitty.

She cautiously proceeds around the side of the counter -

SHEILA

See this oven? You're going to be
in it soon, you husband fucking
home wrecker. We brought along the
blood from a dozen kills - to
simmer you in. Tenderize your meat
so's it just falls right off your
bones.

Moving more cautiously - into position -

SHEILA

Here kitty kitty kitty.

(beat)

I know you're going to be tasty.
All stuffed with Stanley's seed.
First, I'm going to pull straight
from your rump roast.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Then if I still needs a morsel, I'm
going to rip off those teeny-weeny
little breasts.

Ophie jumps out from behind the counter, carving knife in
hand -

OPHIE

No you won't!

She pounces, and as she does -

Sheila grabs the CHEESE GRATER and BASHES Ophie over the head
with it - blood splashes.

Ophie and Sheila collide and fall down onto the floor -

And then Ophie is gone.

Sheila examines her arms and torso, checking for a knife
wound, there is none, Ophie hadn't been able to hit her with
the blade.

She re-collects the shotgun, and then is like, "where the
fuck did she go?"

And WE see the CHEESE GRATER laying on the floor, splashed
with blood.

And Sheila sees droplets of blood leading out of the kitchen
into the next room -

SHEILA

Oh Kitty -

INT. HALLWAY, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Sheila tracks the trail of blood through the house, she's
licking her lips, turning into "cannibal yum yum."

SOUNDS of others chasing through the house - who knows where
their locations or status - just an awareness that hell is
breaking loose all over the cabin.

The TRAIL OF BLOOD leads to the closed cabinet.

Sheila cocks the shotgun - CHOCK - CHOCK!

INSIDE CABINET

Ophie is "silently" hysterical - pressing one hand hard over
her mouth, so as to not let the screams out.

In her other hand is the KNIFE.

SOUNDS from the cabinet door - someone is trying to get in -
Ophie poises her knife and...

DOOR POPS OPEN - Ophie forces forward for a STAB -

Catching MICHAEL right below the sternum -

MICHAEL
(surprised)
Uuugghhh - I'm trying to rescue
you.

And over his shoulder, Ophie SEES that Sheila approaches,
lifting the shotgun to aim at them -

SHEILA
Awe - that's a bad one. You might
have got him straight through to
the lung.

MICHAEL
(struggles breath)
Yeah - I think you did -

Shotgun barrel, black and deep as a wishing well at midnight.

Finger twitching on the trigger. And...

Suddenly, SIDE DINING ROOM DOOR swings open, Willie emerges
wielding a frying pan -

Before Sheila can react, Willie BLASTS her over the HEAD with
the FRYING PAN - teeth spray out of her mouth, as she's
"chomped" so ferociously at impact.

Sheila BOUNCES to the floor. Willie grabs her by a fistful
of hair and pulls her away -

And all the while, with blood spreckels on his face, he's
grinning at Mike and Ophie, a smirk and a wink -

WILLIE IVERSON
Will be seeing you in a few...

He blasts through the set of doors, dragging his fresh
victim, disappearing.

INT. LIVING ROOM, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Mike and Ophie run through the room, coming upon Jaimie,
standing still. They grab her by the arm -

OPHIE
Come on Jamie - we're running.

EXT. IVERSON'S CABIN - DAY

Out the door, and down the porch, Mike, Ophie and Jaimie in-tow. They sprint across the yard, with the sweet little quiet house behind them.

Passing Iverson's PICK-UP, they slow down and consider.

OPHIE
C'mon we need to keep running.

Michael bleeds through his shirt, holding his wound, slowing to a limp. Blood sprinkles onto his shoes.

MICHAEL
I'm not going to make it too far.

SOUND - jingle - jingle - Jaimie holds up a shiny OBJECT -

JAIMIE
I found these inside -

TRUCK KEYS, looped around her thumb.

OPHIE
Oh my god -

She grabs keys from the child. They all pile into the truck - Ophie into the driver's side. Keys into the ignition. She cranks the switch - truck's engine FIRES UP.

90 feet from the end of the driveway, down a moist, muddy path. 90 feet from freedom.

REVEALED - The truck is a "service station" tow truck, with back-end towing cables.

REVVING engine, Ophie shifts it into DRIVE and tires throw up rocks and mud. TRUCK LURCHES forward, fish-tailing.

However - back-end CABLES are connected to...

TOWING RIG on rear tightens STIFF. Coils, wire, hook -

Inside cab, they are tossed around as truck HALTS abruptly.

SOUND OF - hydraulic "spooling" machine turning on.

Revvng the engine - spinning tires in the muddy drive way -

Hooks, chains, and cables all begin spooling in the opposite direction, pulling the truck backward counter to the tires spinning forward.

Cables wrapping, twisting -

Truck is recoiled back into the darkness of the GARAGE, casting a shadow over the truck and it's passengers.

GARAGE DOOR crashes shut.

From outside, after the dust settles, it appears as though nothing ever happened. Minus the long skidmarks in the mud.

Quiet, peaceful little quaint cabin in the woods.

INT. GARAGE, IVERSON'S CABIN - DAY

Mike, Ophie, and Jaimie sit in the cab of the truck, silent for a moment, befuddled.

Then exit the truck, hell-bent on finding another way out.

But instead, coming across Gertrude Iverson - silhouetted by the opened door that leads back into the house.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

You might think about turning that engine off.

Ophelia takes charge, pushing Jaimie behind her, shielding -

OPHIE

What do you want from us? ...
Because - I won't let you have it!

Gertrude breaks into a spine-chilling chuckle -

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Okay Jaimie, now it's time...

Young Jaimie breaks away from Ophie.

OPHIE

What is this? Stay behind me -
Jaimie.

Jaimie leaks a "guilty" look to Mike and Ophie, but then walks toward Gertrude who waits for her on the stoop.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

You did very well, dear.

Gertrude tussles the young one's hair -

GERTRUDE IVERSON
Willie and I are very proud of you.

JAIMIE
Thank you Miss Gertie. I did just
as you said -

GERTRUDE IVERSON
Yes you did sweetie. You're a very
good girl.

Jaimie offers a little wave to Mike and Ophie, then Gertrude
slides aside, allowing Jaimie back into the house.

GERTRUDE IVERSON
Sorry suckers.

Michael and Ophie look on in disbelief. Heavy door swings
CLOSED behind them - heavy DEAD BOLT SOUNDS.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. GARAGE, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Michael and Ophelia wait anxiously in the garage, still at a
complete loss. Time has elapsed, it is now near dark.

Trying to piece together exactly where they went wrong.

He feels around chest gash -

MICHAEL
Owwe -

No registration from Ophie, as mentally she's in a far away
place -

Then Michael attempts to inject some "lightness" into the
dire circumstances -

MICHAEL
It's been a pretty rocky start of a
love affair, wouldn't you say?
Hmm? - Seems that Romeo and
Juliette had it much easier.

OPHIE
(distantly)
I very much doubt we were ever
supposed to be together Michael.
Star-crossed lovers we are not.

This hits him in the gut with a jagged tinge, even as he still bleeds from her "stabbing" him - he frowns.

They stare at each other, eventually interrupted by...

EAR-PIERCING SCREAM, from inside house - it's Sheila.

INT. KITCHEN, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

A knife is run down the back of Sheila's leg, carving off the calf. Raw meat is placed carefully into frying pan, sizzles.

Sheila hollers bloody murder as knife is turned back on her.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

A "rare" steak on a plate, well garnished with potatoes and greens. A fork and knife cut off a mouthful. The fork lifts the bite towards anxiously awaiting lips and teeth.

Then there's chewing, and "mmmmmmmm-ing."

All the while, off screen, Sheila whimpers, awaiting the cannibal's return, for seconds, with "carving" silverware.

INT. GARAGE, IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Over SOUNDS of silverware clinking on plates, and muffled terror from Sheila.

MICHAEL

I say we just turn that fucking truck engine back on. Let the goddamn thing run.

OPHIE

But...

MICHAEL

They won't eat us, Ophie, if we're chuck-full of carbon monoxide poison. At least we won't give them that.

Ophelia rolls all her ideas through her mind, you can almost see them passing behind her eyelids, as a tear emerges and rolls down her cheek.

She nods "yes."

Michael approaches the rusty truck, opens the door -
creeeeeeeaaaak -

He sits into the driver's seat, takes the ignition key and
switch into hand, turns it, and the engine fires up.

Blue exhaust fumes puff out the old tail pipe.

Ophie lowers herself to the soiled floor. She curls into the
fetal position and rocks gently, tears flowing fully.

Michael comes up from behind her, spoons her, they come
together like a ying and yang symbol.

At least the trucks engine running, drowns out the HORROR
NOISES coming from inside the Iverson's.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IVERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Back inside OPHIE'S DREAM. Her "mind's eye" takes a
levitated view, somewhat soaring through the inside of the
quaint log cabin.

DINING ROOM -

Willie and Gertrude Iverson seated at table, politely
FEASTING. Folk music softly playing in the background.

WILLIE IVERSON

Mmmm - mmm. Now mum, this is
scrumptious.

Willie's arm bleeds profusely from the shotgun blast, so he
uses his "good" arm to fork food into his mouth.

Dream-scope floats down the hall, into...

COMPUTER ROOM -

We see Jaimie sitting in the desk seat, typing away on the
keyboard, but before we can see what she's writing...

Dream-scope floats into...

KITCHEN -

We see Sheila laid out on a CUTTING BLOCK like a carved
turkey, or a rack of lamb. Her meat is more than half-way
devoured. Organs exposed.

Surprisingly, she's STILL ALIVE, but I mean barely, just clinging to the last thread of life. Gritting teeth, mostly just groaning anymore.

And then like that she's gone. Her head CLUNKS to the cutting board. A sound that echoes out into the next room.

DINING ROOM -

Gertrude politely wipes the corners of her mouth with her napkin.

GERTRUDE IVERSON

Willie darling, I think the woman in the kitchen has finally expired.

WILLIE IVERSON

Well, I better hurry to get it into the ice box then, hadn't I.

DREAM SCOPE floats - continuing back into the...

COMPUTER ROOM -

Pushing in on Jaimie at the computer, over her shoulder. She's rapping away on the keyboard. As the screen comes into focus, we recognize she's compiling an e-mail. WE CAN READ - but also listen to her narrate -

JAIMIE (V.O.)

Dear Mom and Dad, Please don't worry, I am safe. On a hike, I got lost from Miss Ophelia - I hope that she is okay. I have been taken in by a wonderful older couple, the Iverson's. They have taken excellent care of me, and now have suggested I contact you to come pick me up. Please come alone.

(pausing to click
'attachment')

I have sent a map so you can find me, you'll have to park off the lower road and hike up. Everything is fine, so you don't need to alert the police or anything like that. There is no phone here, so you can just show up. Please come by yourselves, but of course also bring my wonderful brothers. Your loving daughter - Jaimie.

(**maybe break this (v.o.) up through entire dream sequence)

Over her shoulder, back in the doorway stands Gertrude - seeing that Jaimie has finished the e-mail -

GERTRUDE IVERSON
Okay dear, it's time...

JAIMIE
Time for what?

Dream scope FLOATS ON into...

WALK-IN FREEZER -

Willie drags bits and pieces of Sheila's carcass to the freezer, along the way, PASSING STANLEY.

He's still slumped in his chair, just as we last left him, blood all down the front. And now with tiny white crusted diamonds of frost forming on him.

He looks pretty damn dead, but-but, on closer inspection, his eyes appear to be rolling around (REM) underneath his closed, scabby lids.

As finalities are completed on Sheila's meat, Willie departs the freezer, but we HANG BACK on Stanley.

Pushing in on him - closer - closer - hearing EVERYTHING as though listening through a stethoscope. And finally a...

DUH-DAP - of a loud-ass heart beat - and an ounce of BLOOD SPURTS out his neck gash.

Startles Ophie AWAKE -

INT. GARAGE, IVERSON'S CABIN - MORNING

Ophie sits up with a START - she immediately reaches for her neck, where her crucifix has always been, but it's gone.

She sees Michael off tinkering with the door knob. The "OTHER" door, not the one leading inside the house, but the one heading outdoors.

She sees the truck - it sits silent.

OPHIE
What happened?

MICHAEL
Stupid truck ran out of gas.

Ophie still feeling around her neck -

OPHIE
Where's my silver cross?

MICHAEL
I have it. New plan.

CLOSE ON - his hands fidgeting with the door knob lock. He's using Ophie's tiny silver crucifix to pick the lock.

And, just now, it - POPS - unlocked.

MICHAEL
Got it!

He approaches Ophie, hands back over the cross which, when presented, she snatches.

Just as she clutches the cross, SCREAMING starts back up from inside the house - this time it's the voice of a child - YOUNG JAIMIE.

OPHIE
Oh my god, oh my god.

Over the sounds of child screams and BIG BOOT CLOMPS echoing, approaching, closing in on us...

A child's muffled cries.

Michael lays out his simple plan -

MICHAEL
Okay, are you ready? We don't have much time...

Time has elapsed, and it looks now as though they've been in this captivity for days.

MICHAEL
Okay, Ophie, listen very carefully to me -

The look in her eye is that of utter horror, as he explains -

MICHAEL
We're not both making it out of here - I'm very sorry about that. And I'm as certain as I am sorry -

NOISES PEAK UP from next room - animal noises, no, CHILD NOISES, squealing. Young Jaimie screams bloody murder.

Over the screaming, there's also sounds of clunky boots, pacing, STOMPING. A monster...

Immediately, tears of terror roll down Ophie's face as she comprehends what's going on in the next room over -

MICHAEL
Focus on me. My face.
(beat)
Focus on my words...

Ophie does what she is told. Trying to compose herself, rubbing away tears.

MICHAEL
When they come for us, I am going
to step forward. And when I do, I
want you to run. And that's all
you do, run. You'll make it...

And just like that, the...

Child goes quiet. Is silenced, as if by a blade.

INT. KITCHEN, IVERSON'S CABIN - DAY

We see the shiny blade, twinkling in the light. Fresh blood.

CLOSE ON - Jaimie's face - her screams have turned into a sniffling whimpering as blood begins to roll through her hairline, over her face -

KILLER'S POV, shoots away from paying attention to Jaimie. Something has sparked attention, coming from the otherside of the GARAGE DOOR, call it CANNIBAL'S INSTINCT, (a 7th sense).

Big Boot's STOMP. Chair is pushed back. BOOT CLOMPS storm from the kitchen toward the garage door -

INT. GARAGE, IVERSON'S CABIN - DAY

BOOTS, making their way, briskly to the door.

MICHAEL
When I say "run" - I want you to
run your ass off -

DOOR BLASTS OPEN. Initiating Michael to make his move. He steps into the path of the oncoming killer.

MICHAEL
Run Ophie! Go - go - go!

WE WATCH Ophie as she struggles to get off the floor. She stumbles, finally runs her ass off towards the cellar door at the opposite side of the room.

Commotion, physical struggle behind her - sounds of Michael fending off the monster figure -

MICHAEL

Run! Ru---

CRACK - broken sounding skull - METAL NOISES as Michael gets continually beaten over the head with a CLAW HAMMER.

THUD - THUD!

Ophie shudders at the sound. She reaches the door - Twists on the knob - it's STUCK - then, breaks open -

Bursting out, Ophie runs outside into the bright sunlight -

EXT. IVERSON'S CABIN - DAY

Ophie has escaped, running outside into the twinkling forest sunlight.

Before door swings completely shut, it's SMASHED back open - Out CLOMPS a morbid figure, a monster. With a human body, and a DEER'S HEAD, complete with antlers -

THE KILLER -

Charges toward Ophie as she struggles to stumble along. The KILLER runs with force, power, energy - WE KNOW it won't be much of a contest.

Ophie loses footing and FALLS beside a big TREE STUMP.

The deer-minotaur figure steps up close.

OPHIE

Noooooo -

Big greasy hand grabs Ophie by her dirty hair, putting her head against the tree stomp, making a perfect makeshift chopping block.

MONSTER

Oh yesssss -

A sharp, rusty AXE raises in the air.

CLOSE ON - Ophie's exhausted face, heaving, life draining out. Her neck muscles and veins heaving and bulging - obviously a perfect target for the AXE to fall...

All quiets - birds no singing - crickets no chirping.

AXE -

Behind them, the door SMASHES OPEN, and out runs STANLEY, battle damaged beyond repair. Half-frozen, very blue-lipped. But he's got one more force of nature in him.

Deer-Minotaur pauses.

The monster turns to face Stanley as he CHARGES -

STANLEY

Arrrgggg!

He leaps to tackle the monster, as the monster swings the axe - catching Stan right in the chest.

Bodies collide, as monster and Stan tumble together.

The DEER HEAD topples off, revealing Gertrude Iverson. With the mask removed, WE SEE blood flowing out her nose.

Stanley has AXE stuck in his lower rib-cage - but he still lays on top of Gertrude, pushing down with all his force.

He's pushing his BLADE straight into her heart. Blood spurts out of her chest, spraying on his face, which he laps up like a dog from his lips and chin.

Gertrude expires right there, her pale white face staring directly into the glossy black-marble eyes of her deer mask.

Stanley crawls to Ophie -

STANLEY

(blood splattered)

Are you okay my love?

She's crying her eyes out. She rubs his face with her warm hands. She pushes back his hair out of his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. WOODS, NEAR IVERSON'S CABIN - DAY

Some random hikers, walking along with high-quality backpacks and walking sticks.

MALE HIKER

The coordinates on the map show the place to be right around here somewhere.

FEMALE HIKER

Is that the chimney smoking?

MALE HIKER

Yeah, looks like it.

They walk along, towards the direction of smoke.

Around a ridge, and they come across the REMAINS of the CABIN, only the chimney remains, and rubble tumbles off.

FEMALE HIKER

Holy shit, dude is this your Bed and Breakfast place?

They chuckle at the image, till they get a better look, and more details -

NOW WE SEE - the cabin has burned to the ground, perhaps days ago. It's all blackened rubble, broken boards and stone. Human remains, bones. Black ashes, and a tiny trail of smoke still lifting up.

MALE HIKER

What in god's name happened here?

Along the side of the road, JONES' "cherry" SUV, beaten to shit and smouldering too. Blood splashed all over. Windshield smashed, one door open - faint door chime -

DING - DING - DING - DING - DING - DING -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Gibbon's MUSTANG, battle-damaged, chugging along down the barren stretch of highway, likely old Route 66.

Long, blonde hair flapping out the rolled-down window.

Sunset is left behind, as the Ford muscles along, eastbound.

The burning sun lowers along the horizon, and is seen in both side-view mirrors as well as the rearview.

Lady Ophelia adjusts the rearview mirror to keep the reflected sunrays out of her eyes.

Her passenger stirs -

MAN'S VOICE

Are we there yet?

Ophie looks very serious, dignified, grown up. Wearing Stanley's aviator sunglasses.

OPHIE

Huh?

Next to her, on the passenger side, Stanley is waking up. He's BANDAGED-UP the best they could with gas station supplies, namely paper towel and duct tape.

STANLEY

I said, are we there yet?

Ophie lights a Marlboro Red and takes a big drag.

She reaches the cigarette over and slips it between Stanley's blood-splattered lips.

OPHIE

Nope, not even close.

DISSOLVE TO:

OVER CLOSING CREDITS -

EXT. PORCH OF BUSTED-UP SHACK IN WOODS - EVENING

Rocking chair on the porch, slowly rocking back and forth.

A man sits in the rocking chair, and ALL WE CAN SEE is that where his arm ought to be, the shirt is neatly folded up and pinned to the shoulder of his shirt.

Rocking chair glides back and forth.

The man strikes a match with his good hand, and lights up his corncob pipe.

He blows smoke, rocks in his chair, and looks off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.