

RUN FOR THEIR LIVES

by

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FADE IN:

EXT: PARK, RUNNING TRAIL - DAY

A scenic park. The crack of dawn.

All is quiet, save for nature's call.

Until the sound of **trampling footsteps** kills the stillness.

Foam-soles pound a running trail. Belonging to IVY (30).
She's ran more miles than most people have walked. A
competitive athlete. Who could probably outrun a car.

Ivy makes short work of the trail. Yet isn't sweating a drip.

Her smartwatch vibrates, breaking the **seven-mile mark**. Which
means that she's only warming up.

It's her standard morning routine. Nothing out of the
ordinary.

Until... Suddenly, a **jagged-chain** snakes in. Seemingly from
nowhere.

We can't **see** who's controlling it. But we **do** see the heavy
bolts of rust finding a home around Ivy's neck.

Like a savage **metal-lasso**. Bruising her alabaster skin purple
within an instant.

She tries to scream, but she can barely even wince.

IVY

What the--

Her arms flail. Trying to unhitch the metal hindrance. But
the chain is too tight. Too unyielding.

With ferocious strength, the UNSEEN KIDNAPPER yanks Ivy right
off the trail. Whipping her back. Like a bungee rope from
hell.

Her petrified voice *screeches* a symphony.

IVY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Ivy clatters the trail hard. She's dragged rapidly, towards
an underbrush.

IVY (CONT'D)
Stop! Please! Let me go!

She desperately tests the strength of the chain. Desperately trying to crawl her way to safety. Fighting, pawing at the ground, kicking wildly. But the attacker is too strong.

Concrete tears away the skin protecting her elbows and wrists. The leaden metal, uses her throat for a stress-ball.

IVY (CONT'D)
Let me fucking go!

Ivy loses her fight against her Kidnapper, as the chain jerks her back again. Tight under the bushes.

The chain's sickening metal clink echoes as she **disappears** from view.

EXT: PARK, BUSHES - DAY

Here, Ivy continues to fight for her life. But it's no use. She tries to pry the chains, snapping one of her perfectly manicured nails in the process.

Another forceful heave. Ivy is rag-dolled. Thorns rip her skin apart.

Throughout the ordeal, we can't make out whoever HER KIDNAPPER is.

But Ivy can. Evidenced by her petrified eyes. Withstanding tears in the presence of this monster, as it's **overbearing shadow** envelops the light.

IVY
No! No please!

Ivy braces for the worst, when a pair of **gloved-hands** force a black-sack over her head.

Obscuring her view. And ours.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

It'd be pitch black. Save for a single spazzy light-bulb.

Ivy's eyes flutter open. Groggy. Disoriented.

Wondering what the hell happened? Where the hell she is? The reality of it all, takes a moment to kick in.

IVY

Huh?

She blinks, resists her blurry vision.

The sound of dripping water echoes faintly. Courtesy of a leaky roof that the lack of light won't allow her to see.

She tries to sit up, but her body protests. **Something** is restricting her movements.

IVY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

When clear vision restores, her petrified eyes dart frantically. Trying to gather some bearings on these strange surroundings.

IVY (CONT'D)

Where... where am I?

One scan of the room, and she deduces that it might as well be the devil's playground.

It's a grotesque, cluttered basement turned **makeshift gym**. You'd want to be wearing a hazmat suit in this place.

Think Planet Fitness. If Jason Vorhees was the manager. That's the ballpark.

We endure Ivy's horror-stricken breath, as she studies the haunting surroundings.

There's no shortage of *Malformed Gym Equipment*.

Weight-benches upholstered with *human-skin*. *Blood-stained* dumbbells. Makeshift barbells forged from *human-bones*.

There're some **Dirty water bottles** too. Several of them. All murky and yellowed, some with urine, some with blood. Haphazardly spilled about a crumbling floor.

But what really makes Ivy gasp, is the **Cable Pulley Machine**. Stretched out human *arteries* for cables. *Knives* and *surgical tools* for attachments.

IVY (CONT'D)
(horrificed)
What the fuck!?

This is a gym-rat's worst nightmare.

You'd come here to impale yourself. Not get in shape.

It's all very difficult for Ivy to digest. She's breathless, trembling, trying to sit up further. Yet struggling to move. Thanks to the heavy metal shackles weighing her down.

IVY (CONT'D)
(weak, trembling)
What is this place?

Ivy jerks her body, but the chain suffocating her neck makes it difficult.

The other end of the chain is tethered to a hook upon the walls. Heavy. Rusted. Like those that are used to lower anchors.

Ivy tests their strength. Heaving at them, desperately.

IVY (CONT'D)
(struggling)
Come on, come on!

But it's no use. The Incredible Hulk himself couldn't bust out of these chains.

Ivy gives up quick. Punching them in frustration. Risking turning her knuckles into dust in the process.

IVY (CONT'D)
Dammit!

A sudden sound of *static* makes her shudder. Followed by a piercing *ringing* noise.

She looks around, despairingly. Searching for a potential mode of escape. A door. A window. Anything.

Or any sign of the sicko who has brought her here.

None of which, she manages to find.

Her eyes struggle to digest these sinister surroundings. Each human remain and twisted contraption, more horrifying than the last.

She tilts her head, catching **something** that makes her wish that she'd packed a barf-bag.

IVY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

That being, **A heavy powerlifting platform.**

Wrapped around the barbell are severed, bloodied **HANDS**. Some forearm remains, but with different lengths on each paw. Clearly, they were hacked off violently.

The fingers still curl around the rusted barbell. As if they are still grasping for life.

IVY (CONT'D)
Jesus.

Ivy withstands the chunks of vomit that are dying to spew. Before she loses her shit.

She yells the high heavens! Straining her voice-box.

Her screams would warrant a noise complaint. If she weren't here alone.

IVY (CONT'D)
Get me of here! Whoever you are!
Let me fucking go!

Her breath quickens, eyes soaked with horror.

She struggles to sit upright, fighting against the heavy shackles.

IVY (CONT'D)
(begging)
Please!?

She hurls her body against the wall. But she only does damage to herself.

IVY (CONT'D)
(calling out, desperately)
Hello!? You sick fuck! Let me out
of here! Let me fucking out of
here!

Suddenly, a **clicking noise** catches her attention.

The noise precedes another rusted chain, lowering from the ceiling, swinging gently, yet with an ear-grating creak.

Attached to the rusted-chain being lowered, is a can of **Monster Energy Drink**.

A little sticky-note stuck to the can says... '**drink me**'.

IVY (CONT'D)

Huh? Hey, who's there? Answer me!

Another **clicking noise**. It's flinch-city for Ivy.

She watches in shock as a straw falls perfectly into the opened can's mouth. *Bullesye*.

She looks up, trying to see where the straw and drink came from. But up above, she sees nothing but darkness.

IVY (CONT'D)

Who's up there? Stop hiding. Show yourself!

Ivy stiffens as the energy-drink is slowly lowered some more, until it's hovering right over her mouth

She then shudders, as A DARK, DISTORTED VOICE echoes through the basement.

It's her **KIDNAPPER!**

He's got one of those voices that'd keep you up at night. Think some macabre-baiting weirdo on YouTube doing a Creepypasta voice-over. *Heeby-jeebies baritone*.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Drink it.

IVY

Who's there! Who are you!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Just a man, watching a girl.
Telling her that she should really
gulp that Monster can.

IVY

What do you want from me!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

To take a drink.

IVY
What for?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's for your own good. Trust me.

IVY
(panicked)
Let me out of here!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I only have your best interests at heart.

IVY
Fuck you!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Please, drink. You'll need it.

Reluctantly, Ivy wraps her trembling lips around the straw. She takes a nervous sip. Her mind racing with worry, the entire time.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
It's your favorite flavor. I got it especially for you.

IVY
Tastes stale.

The Kidnapper ignores her retort. Answers excitedly. Camp-Counsellor type energy.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
And zero calories too!
(back to his normal drawl)
Or so they say.

The rusted chain creaks softly. The sound is unsettling.

The can of Monster energy remains suspended just above her mouth, swaying slightly as Ivy hesitates.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
(re: the can)
Finish it.

IVY
I've had enough.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(testy)
Every. Last. Drop.

Ivy's trembling hand reaches out, grasping the can. Causing the metal to rattle too. As her fear makes it impossible to hold it steady.

She squeezes her eyes shut, mustering her remaining courage.

Her lips quiver as they touch the plastic straw. Reluctantly, she begins to sip, fuelling her desperation.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
All of it!

Ivy continues, reluctantly gulping under this whacko's duress. Until the can is bone dry.

Ivy bellows out a shaky exhale. Her trembling hand releases the can.

IVY
There, I'm done.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's good huh?

IVY
It's what?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's good, huh!?

IVY
Yeah, yeah, sure. 'It's good'.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Yet, I hear no necessary exhale.

IVY
'No' what?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Say 'ahhh'.

Ivy hesitates. Which turns her Captor restless. As much as he loves the sound of his own voice, he doesn't enjoy repeating himself.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
(testy)
Say... 'ahhh'.

Ivy almost chokes on the mouthful of fear lodged within her throat.

IVY
'Ahhh'.

We hear the Kidnapper's long *sigh of relief*, crackling through the speaker-system.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
That's better.

Then, The can is yanked swiftly!

Shooting upward by the rusted chain. Disappearing into the darkness above.

Ivy's eyes attempt to follow its trajectory, but it's too dark up there. She can't see shit.

Silence looms.

The basement feels even colder now, more oppressive.

Until the faint flicker of the **spazzy bulb** illuminates ANOTHER part of the dingy basement.

A narrow beam of light suddenly hits a **bloodstained, filth-ridden treadmill**. You'd rather run atop a pile of shattered glass than this monstrosity.

Discolored bloodstains mar the surface. Evidence of past horrors. As if someone has ran themselves to death on this thing.

Beneath the belt, a messy tangle of wires snake underneath, disappearing into darkness.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Look at that beauty. State of the art. I hear that Quicksilver trains on the very same model. The Flash too.

IVY
They do huh?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Absolutely.

Ivy's night turns worse, when her Kidnapper starts singing.

Thankfully there's not much glass nearby, as his tone-deaf drawl would've shattered it all. Nails on a chalkboard. Red-Buzzer material.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

(singing)

Be running up that road.

Be running up that hill.

Be running up that building.

Say, if I only could.

Suddenly it becomes clear to Ivy. This sicko, wants her to run.

IVY

So, I take it you bombed at karaoke night? Then decided to try your hand at the psycho-life instead?

The Kidnapper allows a giggle to leave his lips. Which makes the Joker's cackle sound like an innocent child's.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

If your legs move as fast as your mouth, we'll get on just fine.

IVY

The fuck does that mean?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Hop on the hamster wheel. Find out.

Ivy tip-toes forward. Trying to navigate through the haunting trinkets scattered about this basement. The monstrosity wrapped around her neck makes every single step a struggle.

IVY

Why do you want me to run? Is that your fetish or something??

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Because it's good for you.

Even with the chain weight Ivy down, she remains in an upright position. In a weird way, it forces her posture to be perfect.

IVY
These chains, they'll slow me down.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You'll get used to it.

The chain is long enough to reach the bloodstained treadmill.
Though any further, she'd be yanked back like a slingshot.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
In time, they'll become part of
you.

Ivy shudders. Her eyes wide with fear and determination. She
struggles to step onto the treadmill. Walk the plank type of
nerves.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Just a little closer.

IVY
(re: the grotesque gym)
So, how much for a membership?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's an exclusive gym. Invite only.

IVY
Lucky me.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Glad you agree.

Her hands tremble as she looks upon the disgusting belt.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Come on. Don't be shy. Hop on.

Ivy takes the biggest breath of her life, before stepping
onto the treadmill. As if she is stomping upon a landmine.

IVY
Alright, I'm on your monstrosity.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
No play by play necessary. I see
everything.

IVY
Well, I'm here. Are you happy now?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's not so bad. Right?

IVY
(re: the treadmill)
Do you use it much?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
In a way.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

It's murky here. Darker than dark.

This is where the horror happens. Where Ivy's wretched tormentor controls it all.

We can barely make out the KIDNAPPER as he torments Ivy through a **spazzy television screen**.

But what we can deduce, is his prominent size.

The dude is a **walking-planet**. That doubles in size while seated.

Think Brendan Fraser in '*The Whale*'.

Maybe even Fat Bastard in '*The Spy Who Shagged Me*'.

Same hymn-sheet. And calorie consumption.

Evidenced by how the dingy room is littered with empty junk-food wrappers and take-out boxes.

If Ivy lives to train. This dude lives to gorge.

A CLOSE UP of his hands. Reveal that he's got a dire case of **Cheeto-fingers**. They're more orange than a ginger's pubes.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

The repulsive treadmill creaks loudly under Ivy's weight.

She stumbles a little. It's far from a stable surface. Roll your ankle material.

The bloodstains upon the belt turn her white running shoes pinkish. Negating any hopes of a Foot-Locker refund.

IVY
(re: the filth)
Never heard of a cleaner?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Don't get personal.

IVY
Just saying. This place smells as
bad as you most probably look.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I wouldn't do that.

IVY
Do what?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
That.

IVY
What, hurt your precious feelings?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
My good side. Is the safest place
on earth. Keep that in mind.

Knowing that he's right, as she's completely helpless in this
pickle, Ivy fits her mouth for a zipper. Shuts herself up.

She tests the durability of the rickety treadmill by hopping
a little. The chain around her neck chafes her.

IVY
Okay, I'm here. I'm cooperating.
Now what?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's a little self-explanatory no?
You run, silly.

The speaker distorts.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You run.

IVY
Why?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Because I'm asking you.

IVY

Vague.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Until it all becomes clear.

Ivy hesitates, as a distant, **mechanical click** sounds from another room.

Worried, she punches some of the treadmill's buttons. But they have been deactivated.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

No good. I control the speed. Like so.

Suddenly, the tainted treadmill roars to life. Jolting Ivy forward.

Ivy staggers, stumbles and fights to maintain her balance. Almost kisses the stomach-churning belt until she finds her rhythm.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Don't panic. Just run.

She matches the treadmill's speed. Heart pounding out of her chest.

IVY

Fuck.

Her eyes fill with the terror as the mechanical belt whirs. Sparks fly from beneath. Smoke billows.

The Kidnapper has increased the speed remotely.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Today's task is simple. All you have to do, is keep up with the pace.

IVY

And if I don't?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You'll see.

IVY

What does that even mean?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Come on Ivy, let's not ruin the
surprise.

Ivy's eyeballs almost burst from their sockets.

IVY
You know my name?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I already told you, this is an
exclusive gym. 'Invite only'. Now
as honored as you are to be
training here. In this bastion of
physical performance. I must warn
you... we do not like quitters. So
whatever you do. Don't stop.

IVY
Who are you?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I'm your personal trainer.

The sounds of the chugging, crackling treadmill overpower
Ivy's heavy breathing. This death-trap seems ready to blow up
at any moment. Yet never does.

IVY
What happens? What happens if I
stop?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I'd advise you not to.

Ivy's chest heaves as she struggles to maintain her balance
upon the rickety treadmill.

The faster the space, the more unstable this contraption
becomes.

The threadbare belt, mixed with the cumbersome chain
suffocating her neck makes it hard enough to stay balanced,
never mind run.

IVY
Why's it so fast? Are you trying to
tire me out.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I've seen you in action. You can
handle it.

The speed jolts again, making Ivy run almost at full pelt.

Panic set in. The speed has become unsustainable.

Sweat soaks her. Like she's been swimming.

Her arms flail. Legs quiver.

She can't keep this up.

IVY
It's too fast! I don't want to be
here! I don't want to do this!
(voice trembling,
pleading)
Please, stop! Just stop it!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
If you want motivate yourself. I'll
do it for you.

IVY
Why are you doing this to me!?

KIDNAPPER
To help.

IVY
'Help'? You kidnapped me, you
fucking psycho!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You made yourself available.

Her eyes dart toward the control mechanism.

Struggling with the rapid speed, Ivy hits the EMERGENCY STOP
BUTTON. But it's no use.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You can't stop it Ivy. Don't waste
your time.

IVY
I don't want to do this!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(in a cold, detached tone)
You'll hate me now. But not later.

Without warning, the Kidnapper increases the speed again.

The treadmill jerks forward. More aggressively, forcing Ivy to fight just to stay on her feet.

Smoke billows from beneath. Wreathing the room in fumes. Impacting Ivy's vision. And breathing.

IVY
Slow it down! I can't handle it!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Easy work. No pain no gain. Mind over Matter. Or insert whatever cringy fitness cliché that comes to mind.

IVY
Jesus. What sort of 'personal trainer' are you?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
One who cares.

Ivy gasps. Her eyes are so wide with panic, that they damn near burst.

She's struggling to steady her breathing, which pounds from her chest, faster than her legs could ever hope to stride.

Every gasp, turns to a wince.

She's dealing with something sinister here. A human, bereft of remorse.

IVY
(pleading, desperate)
Please! Please I can't... I can't do this!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Of course you can! You just need to find that dark place is all. Find that fuel inside you.

IVY
'Dark place'?
(re: the room)
What, you mean like this shit
hole!?

The Kidnapper blurts out a chuckle.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You'll grow to like it.

IVY
Like hell I will!

The room echoes with the relentless sound of the crackling
belt, sending Ivy on a trip migraine city.

IVY (CONT'D)
Please, it's too fast! I'm gonna
fall.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
But you won't.

The smoke is starting to clear now. Helping her breathe
easier.

IVY
I can't!

The static crackles.

Sparks spazz and fly from beneath the rickety treadmill,
surrounding the machine, like ghostly wisps of energy.

One of the frayed wires suddenly shines a faint, **eerie light**
that pierces through the darkness.

Ivy's hands mask her eyes, the brightness blinds her
momentarily.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Well, would'ya look at this?

The glinting light reveals a HIDDEN ROOM. Observable through
a small opening or crack in the wall, directly in front of
the treadmill.

IVY
What the hell?

Inside, a PETRIFIED BODYBUILDER lies trapped within a chest-press-machine turned torture-chamber.

We'd hear his hopeless screams. If his mouth wasn't taped shut.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Hey look! It's another one of our fellow exclusive members. Feel free to introduce yourself. After all. Here at casa-de-deathtrap. We're all about that family feel.

IVY

What did you do to him!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Think he looks good now? You should have him before he came here. An empty, hallow shell of a man. Who with my help, grew to become the perfect specimen.

IVY

For what?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

For you.

Ivy tries to steady her breathing, as she studies the horrors within the other room.

IVY

You sick bastard!

He's been chained to the machine's pads. So tightly, that the veins from his muscles seem like they are going to explode at any moment.

His hands are tied to the handles, with rolls of **barbed-wire**. There's not much skin left. Pretty much, all bone. It's clear, that he's been stuck here for some time.

An ungodly amount of weight as been loaded too. Way too much for any man to handle. Even a gargantuan like him. Enough to crush him whole.

Shards of **sharp glass** have been glued to the weight-plates. *Psychotic paper-mache*.

The weights are being held back by a wire that's connected directly to Ivy's treadmill.

IVY (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(mockingly)
Mind your profanity.
(serious)
This is a wholesome establishment.
What part of 'family feel' can you
not understand!?

IVY
Let him go!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
What are you crazy? He just shelled
out for a full year's membership.
He loves it here.

IVY
You're going to kill him.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Not if you can help it.

Suddenly, the connection is clear.

Ivy's frantic running is also keeping this other captive alive.

His machine is connected to her booby-tapped treadmill.

If she stops. The tortuous, tainted weights will slam down.
Crushing him entirely.

IVY
You psycho. You need putting down.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Hey! Mental health is no laughing
matter. Please, do not desecrate
our safe space!

IVY
That's why I can't stop. That's why
I need to run.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 (giggling)
 Ding. Ding. Ding. Ten points for
 Gryffindor!

IVY
 (realizing)
 Because if I don't--

The twisted bastard's retort confirms her worst suspicions.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 His membership gets revoked.
 Well, in a matter of speaking.

Ivy fights tears. Yet loses. Which is pretty hard, when she's
 running at full-pelt.

IVY
 There's no game here. It's lose-
 lose for all of us!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 That pace, you'd better get
 comfortable with it. Because if you
 slow down... he dies.

Her eyes widen in horror as she studies the defenseless man.
 His weather-beaten eyes, begging for saving.

He fights against the ungodly amount of weight. But fails.

A man defined by strength. Resorted to a weakling.

Ivy winces. The cold realization, of this cruel, deadly game.

IVY
 Please, please just let us go. We
 don't deserve this. Nobody does!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 That's not up to me.

IVY
 Of course it is, you trapped him
 there!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Not to worry. He'll be just fine.
 If you allow him to be.

The treadmill accelerates again. So fast that Ivy loses her footing.

She stumbles, desperately trying to stay upright. Close from flying off the mill entirely.

IVY
(panicked)
No, no! What are you doing!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Come on, we're not slackers here.
We are here to push ourselves. To
our limits.

IVY
It's too fast, slow down!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I don't want to hear it. Don't you
stop Ivy. Don't you let yourself
down!

IVY
Please, I don't want to hurt him.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
So keep it under control!

The sudden surge causes the chain around her neck to tighten.
Her body jerks forward as she struggles to control the pace.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Keep moving Ivy.

IVY
(struggling)
I can't!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Don't you quit.

IVY
I'm trying.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
From what I'm seeing, not hard
enough.

The treadmill is going **too fast**. Not just for Ivy. Sonic the goddamn Hedgehog couldn't keep up with this shit.

Ivy stumbles again. She's about to fall, but the safety barriers hold her up.

She tries to run again, but her legs give out!

She heaves forward, struggling to catch her breath.

IVY
(realizing)
No.

The Kidnapper's voice softens to a disappointed tone.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Ivy. You stopped.

IVY
No, no please I didn't--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
My gym has rules.

IVY
No I-- Give me one more chance!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
They must be kept.

Dread hits Ivy. Heavy with the realization.

In the hidden room, the BODYBUILDER on the lethal chest machine is **violently slammed forward**.

The glass-stained weights crush into his chest.

The impact is catastrophic. He is **Pulverised** beneath the tainted weight.

IVY
No!!!

The chains snap, and what's left of his body collapses with a sickening thud.

Blood, bones and muscular flesh redecorate the basement.

Silence shrouds the dingy space. Save for the muffled, final sound of the lifeless body, crumbling to pieces.

Mere seconds, before the struggle ends.

The Bodybuilder is done for. Crushed by the very thing that he loves the most.

Ivy digests the hideous heap of blood and flesh that this poor man has become. Before the light within the second room **wanes**.

She's heavy with the comprehension. That her failure to maintain the treadmill's pace, has caused his death.

She bursts into tears. Slaps and punches herself.

IVY (CONT'D)

Oh God, no. I'm so sorry.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Don't be.

IVY

How can I not? He's dead!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Well, that's where ego-lifting gets you. Always know your limits. Always ask for a spot! Safety first. Yadda-yadda-yadda.

IVY

Why!? Why would you do this!?

The treadmill simmers to a slow, almost gentle state. Ivy couldn't be more relived. A chance to breathe. For once.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I never said that you could take a rest.

Getting the hint, Ivy, trembling and covered in sweat, realizes the deadly severity of her situation.

She lets go of the barriers, moves her feet. Settling herself into a jogging pace.

IVY

He didn't deserve that.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Some must die. So other's can live. It is. What it is.

IVY

You're a freak! Whoever never hugged you as a child, must have not done it for a reason.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

No. Don't you put this on me! My instructions were clear! You stopped Ivy. You!

IVY

No.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You couldn't keep up.

IVY

I tried!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You! You let him get crushed. By the very thing he loved the most.

IVY

No! I didn't mean it. You're the one who kidnapped him!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Don't project your insecurities onto me. Don't you shirk responsibility.

IVY

You put him there! Strapped him into that death-trap.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

And you could have saved him! But you didn't push yourself hard enough. Did you?

He coolly lowers the treadmill to an even lighter jog, almost mockingly. Ivy sighs the ultimate sigh of relief. Boy does she need a little rest to catch her breath. As she's wheezing an entire symphony by now.

IVY

I won't let you put this on me!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

The first step is denial.

IVY

Fuck you!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You just insist, on biting your pretty little face, to spite your perfectly buttoned nose. Don't you?

IVY

How about I jump right off this thing huh? How about I get off right now?

FLASH! That dreaded light shines again. Gifting Ivy another look at the pile of bones and flesh that she couldn't save.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

What, like he did? Look how he ended up.

Ivy winces. She could very well end up like him, depending on how she plays the Kidnapper's sick game.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Those who can't handle the spotlight, become extras. In someone else's story.

Ivy's jaw plummets. Making room for that gulp of fear. Now, fully realizing the severity of this man's twisted design.

IVY

How many?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

'How many' what?

IVY

Have many have you taken? How many have you brought here? Like me?

More silence. It's deafening. Heightens Ivy's dread.

The Kidnapper completely ignores her question. Yet comes back with one of his own.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Why do you run Ivy?

IVY

None of your business.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Or should I say, what are you running from? Your past? Your guilt? Please, bring me up to speed. Pun intended.

IVY

Not everyone has demons asshole. I remember my first time watching the '*Silence Of The Lambs*' too.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Do you like to look good Ivy? Is that what it is?

IVY

I like to stay healthy. Like anyone else.

KIDNAPPER

The futile pursuit of aesthetic perfection. Is that your motivation?

IVY

You're the 'personal trainer' here. You tell me.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Honest opinion. You could do with a little more work.

IVY

Yeah well, right now, I don't feel like ever running again. So there goes that dream huh?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

IVY

Why the hell not?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Don't act stupid. You know why.

IVY

Then remind me.

Another haunting giggle leaves the Kidnapper's lips. It's one that Ivy won't ever forget. *Bone-chilling.*

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
If you stop running. Others will
die.

The words hit her like a punch.

IVY
'Others?'

Her eyes fill with tears as she pushes herself forward. The Kidnapper has increased the treadmill's speed.

Ivy forces a cough. The faster she runs, the tighter the chain strangling her throat becomes.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Of course.

She winces. This is his sickening game. And she is player number one.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You're running for their lives.

IVY
Who? Who are they?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
They'll make themselves known. When
they're ready to. All dying to meet
you, I'm sure.

IVY
Why me?
(angrier)
Why me!?

The Kidnapper temporizes. Considering his response.

But his heavy breathing lingers. Crackling through the mic.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

The Kidnapper tears open a chocolate-block. Proceeds to go to town on it.

He's got a strong case for the loudest chewer of all time. Slobbering all over the bar. Practically using it like a harmonica.

KIDNAPPER
(mouthful of chocolate)
Why not?

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

Withstanding the sound of her captor gnawing over a chocolate bar, makes Ivy want to spew.

Without warning, the treadmill's speed surges yet again.
Making her force out a scream.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Now faster. Come on. All them hours
wasted, pounding those roads. The
same everlasting loop over and over
again. Here, is where it pays
dividend.

Ivy stumbles, desperation etched on her face as she fights to stay upright. Luckily, she's able to regain her composure before faltering completely.

IVY
You could at least give me a head's
up. Before you crank the speed.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
It's best to keep you on your toes.

Ivy wheezes loudly, as the treadmill jolts again. He's turned up the speed even more.

It's a struggle now. Ivy slaps her thighs. Trying to pump some blood into them. She matches the speed, steadies her breathing rhythm.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
See, you're getting used to it now.
Adapt. Or perish.

IVY
You're just loving this, aren't
you?

Again, the Kidnapper decides to sing. Again, risking smashing every single piece of glass within a mile radius.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

(singing)

Running just as fast as we can.
Holding onto one another's hand.
Trying to get away into the night.
And then you put your arms around
me.
As we tumble to the ground, and
then you say.
I think we're alone now.
There doesn't seem to be anyone
around.

IVY

I'd rather ASMR some nails on a
chalkboard than endure that shit
ever again.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

That's not nice.

IVY

Just saying, you didn't need to go
through all the effort of building
this bespoke gym for the mentally-
deranged. Your singing is torture
enough.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You don't mean that.

IVY

Trust me. I haven't got the breath
to waste.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Bullying. Will not be tolerated.

Again, the Kidnapper increases the speed. Making Ivy wish
that she had kept her trap shut. Or maybe even encouraged him
to sing some more.

The machine's belt whirs rapidly, the crackling wire sparking
beneath her feet.

IVY

My legs will fall off, if I run any
longer!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Say Ivy, would you like to meet
 another gym member?

Life leaves Ivy's face. Struck with dread. *Here we go again.*

IVY
 No, no please.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Nonsense, you've got to put
 yourself out there. Be more
 sociable. This is a safe-space
 after all. A home of friendly-
 faces, if you will.

IVY
 Please, please don't!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Comfort-zones are quicksand. You
 must break the monotony. That's the
 only way you will grow.

Another light-bulb spazzes, revealing to Ivy, yet another
 HIDDEN ROOM through a small opening.

There, Ivy discovers a **second victim**.

Yet another BODYBUILDER. This guy is juiced to the gills.
 Think video-game Bane. Makes the last captive look like a
 stickman by comparison.

He's chained beneath a death-trapped **leg-press machine**.

This time, his mouth isn't muffled. As it has been **stitched-
 shut**. Poorly too. A messy, bloody job. He's got gnarly stitch
 scars from his lips down to his chin.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
 In case you're wondering. He talked
 a lot. Like, a lot, a lot.

IVY
 More than you?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Trust me, it was for his own good.
 He's a lot more productive this
 way.

IVY

Yeah, more obedient too I bet?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Now you're getting it.

Ivy digests the abomination that this second bodybuilder has been embedded too.

A leg-press. Where **rusted-blades** protrude from the lifting platform. They have been neatly arranged, right around his feet which are bolted to the surface with heavy shackles.

Like before, his machine is linked to Ivy's treadmill.

The same rules apply. If she stops running, he's getting impaled.

Ivy's eyes widen in horror. Knowing that her own unbeatable quandary is a case of life or death for yet another person.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Hey, who knows? Maybe you two will hit it off. Become lifting buddies. Maybe even end up doing some cardio together. Wink, wink.

IVY

What is this? Have you got a muscle fetish or something?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Pardon me?

IVY

Is that your M.O? Go around hacking up gym dudes, because you've yet to master the art of a performing a single fucking push-up!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You're not seeing the point of this. I'm actually helping, these people. Just like I'm helping you.

IVY

Oh you are huh?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Yes. To become the most complete versions of themselves.

The camera holds on her trembling face, the chaos of machinery, and the horrifying scene within the hidden chamber.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Now, are you ready?

The treadmill speeds uncontrollably, the belt roaring louder.

Ivy fights to keep going. Sprinting at full pelt.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You know the deal. If you want him
to live. Keep up the pace.

Sweat streams down her face, her breath turns ragged.

IVY
Dammit, slow it down! Slow it down!
It's too fast!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Should I slow down? Or should you
speed up!? Alter your way of
thinking. Then anything is
possible.

IVY
I can't!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You can.

IVY
It's too fast!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Only if you allow it to be. Do not
let it get the better you!

Her eyes dart desperately toward the second victim.

His face is twists in agony as the spikes above him start to descend. Closer and closer as Ivy fights against velocity.

His terrified eyes scream tears. Because his stitched mouth can't scream a thing.

The wires connecting the weights to Ivy's treadmill crackle and spazz. Inches closer to disaster.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Better speed up Ivy, we're losing him.

IVY
(pleading, exhausted)
I can't. I can't hold on!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Yes you can! As long as you don't quit. Disassociate yourself from the pain and move those legs!

IVY
It's too... quick.

She pushes herself to run faster. Knees trembling, muscles straining. But the machine's relentless speed is too much.

Ivy's eyes widen in horror. As she tries to pull back, her legs give out. She falls forward. Face-planting the bloodstained belt hard.

The belt, frayed and dangerous, rips a piece of her cheek right off.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(disappointed)
Ivy. You are a disgrace. To gym-girlies the world over.

IVY
(realizing)
No.

Ivy pries herself from the grimy belt, eyes up the defenseless second victim. Who by failing, she has sentenced to death.

She's back to her feet now.

She even tries running again. But it's still no good.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You stopped. You failed. Once again.

IVY
It was too fast.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Excuses, excuses.

IVY
Nobody could keep that pace.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You know what this means, don't
you?

IVY
No. You can't, you can't!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Rules are rules.

The leg-press platform crashes down with a deafening bang.

The juiced-up Guy is completely crushed. As the spikes run
him whole. Slicing right through him for a short-cut.

His limbs and torso are obliterated in a grotesque blur.
Forcing a scream from Ivy.

IVY
No!!!

The Kidnapper finds great amusement in it all.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Ha-ha. A small price to pay. For
selling your brain cells for bigger
biceps. Am I right Ivy? Am I right?

His head falls right off his muscular neck, spilling onto the
grimy floor.

The entire time, his eyes remain opened. They seem to stare
right at Ivy when the severed head eventually rolls to a
stop.

Nightmarish for Ivy. The gruesome sight, makes the first
bodybuilder victim's death look like a paper cut.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Whoa, look at those eyes. Bet you
can't beat him in a staring
contest. Ha-ha-ha.

IVY

No... no!!! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Shame though. He wasn't the worst dumbbell in the rack. And yes, pun intended.

The relentless machine continues to roar, an unstoppable force. Ivy is succumbing to the pace. She's about to kiss the belt again, until...

The treadmill hums loudly, as the Kidnapper slows it down.

Allowing Ivy to jog lightly. To regain the breath that she's just lost.

IVY

Have you no heart? No conscience?
That was someone's son? Probably
someone's father.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I never asked him to train here. He
made himself available. He wanted
this.

IVY

I didn't.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Didn't you?

Ivy's eyes snap around the room. Searching desperately for where her twisted Captor may be.

But there is **nothing** to indicate his potential whereabouts.

IVY

Where are you hiding, huh? Where
the fuck are you hiding!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Now that'd be telling.

IVY

You're getting off on this aren't
you?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Ivy, are you implying that I'm a perv?

IVY

Well obviously!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Please don't hurt my feelings like that. Y'see I'm not what you think. In fact, as it pertains to my sexual proclivity, I'm more of a cuddle and a rom-com guy. Rather vanilla actually.

IVY

Bullshit! I bet you're gooning all over your little one-incher right now.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

(playful)

Ewww. Ivy, what do you take me for?

IVY

Yeah, sticky fingers and all! You fucking sick little freak! Why can't you just stalk only-fans models online like the rest of the incels? Why do you have to ruin people's lives for your own twisted indulgence!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

My 'indulgence'? None of this, is for my benefit. Only yours.

IVY

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, because this is really helping me out dude. I mean, this is really what I need.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Exactly. See, that's what I've been saying all this time. Great to see that you're finally realizing it. I thought I was pissing in a rainstorm until now. Finally, some progress.

IVY

Go fuck yourself.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

It'd be nice to be acknowledged y'know. I'm out here busting my hump, trying to change your life for the better. Yet you don't even shout me out. Don't even big me up? Don't even appreciate me. The hell's up with that?

IVY

Not happening.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Don't blame me for face-planting the treadmill. You're the one who couldn't keep up with the pace. You're the one who didn't try hard enough.

(mockingly)

You're the one who killed him!

IVY

Sonic The fucking Hedgehog couldn't keep up with that pace! The hell do you think, that I've a turbo boost lodged up G-string? That was impossible. You forced me to fail!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Y'know, your constant use of profanity is not appreciated. I'll have to insist that you stop bringing my place of business into such verbal disrepute. Or else, it won't be another can of Monster than I whip down there next time, but a freaking swear-jar. And since I don't hear no change rattling in those skimpy biker shorts of yours, I doubt you'll be able to cover the charge.

IVY

Tuck your head between your legs. Because you are talking out your ass.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I'm warning you. Do not trigger me.

IVY

Or what? You're going to ban me
from casa-de-death-trap?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You should be nice to me Ivy. You
shouldn't be so mean.

IVY

Everyone should be mean to you. As
a matter of fact, the whole earth's
population should be allowed to
queue up and kick you right in the
balls for the things you've done.
That's if you had any. Probably a
bag of skittles down there.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

This is a safe space. Please do not
be a bully. I don't like bullies.

IVY

Then I sincerely hope that you have
no mirrors around here. Because
then you'd might just have to kill
yourself.

The Kidnapper's tone raises an octave. *Excitedly.*

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

'Mirrors' hmm. 'Mirrors' you say?

IVY

Yeah. You're probably allergic to
them.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

And what about you? Do you enjoy
looking at yourself in the mirror
Ivy? Do you enjoy basking in your
supposed beauty?

IVY

I train to feel good. Not look
good.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I don't believe you. See there's a little narcissist in all of us.

IVY

Speak for yourself.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Isn't it sad? How our worth as humans is appraised on how good we look?

IVY

Oh please--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I mean God forbid if you're a heavier girl with an even bigger heart and killer personality. You stand no chance! Nobody is going to give a shit about you. But on the other hand, if you're a toxic botoxed whore with fake-tits as big as a blimp, who's jabbed more ozempic needles into their ass than Floyd Mayweather has jabbed in a fight. Well then you're socially acceptable. Aren't you? You have it easy, don't you? See then, the world just happens to stop and start at your convenience!

IVY

Who's projecting their insecurities now?

The Kidnapper allows a mirthless chuckle to spill through the speaker. Then, with a deep coarse breath, he seems to compose himself.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

But you must like looking at yourself. Otherwise, why would spend so much time, making yourself something worth looking at? Admit it Ivy, admit to your conceit.

IVY
 There's a little thing called
 'self-care' that most humans
 practice. Sounds like you've never
 heard of it.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Ha-ha, I knew it!

IVY
 'Knew what?'

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 You do love looking at yourself.
 You binge vanity mirrors like a
 loner binges Netflix on a Friday
 night.

IVY
 I can tell you don't.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 You can huh?

IVY
 Yeah, since you're so afraid of
 showing yourself.
 (mocking)
 As if you've worked so hard, to
 make it something worth hiding.

Even the crackly speaker can't mask the Kidnapper's tone
 becoming angrier.

KIDNAPPER
 You love your own reflection Ivy.
 You love it!

IVY
 About as much as you hate yours.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Yeah, you'd think that. Wouldn't
 you?
 (beat)
 Say, here's an idea!

Ivy's face stiffens. Dreading what this sicko might have on
 his mind.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Would you like to see yourself?
Would you like to see yourself
right now?

IVY
What are you talking about?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I think you would!

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Back within the Kidnapper's murky dungeon, his cheeto and chocolate stained fingers PUSH a blinking green button. **Angrily.**

As if Ivy's comments about him being too ugly to show his face, were a little too close to home.

He mutters some expletives under his breath. Which are too unintelligible to decipher.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

The room falls silent as a light shines, unveiling another UNSEEN SECTION of this strange and dreary building.

In the process, revealing a KIDNAPPED WOMAN. Stuck in a similar predicament to Ivy.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Ah, there you are.

She's a terrified, sobbing figure, strapped onto a second treadmill. Which is just as filthy and rickety as Ivy's.

We withstand the sound of desperate cries beneath the 8-ball that's been gagged into her mouth.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You wanted a mirror. Now you've got
one.

What makes matters worse for Ivy, is that this fellow captor is wearing a **lifelike mask** that resembles herself.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
I don't know about you. But I'm
seeing double.

Maybe the Kidnapper had it made custom, or even stitched it
himself.

IVY
You sick fucking--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
At least you can take some solace
in it.

IVY
In what?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
In how you're not alone in this.

Then...

THUD!

A shuddering thud deafens the grotesque basement gym.

In the form of two **gnarly apparatuses** springing up behind
each treadmill.

Ivy looks over her shoulder, fearfully.

Discovering that each apparatus holds two **impale-worthy
blades**. The tips are both rusted and bloodstained. They
aren't straight from the box. They have been used before.

Each spins upon a spindle, making a creaky, ear-grating sound
with each rotation.

KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)
Don't be rude Ivy, say hello. Make
some pleasantries. She's a little
bit shy though. So you might have
to make the first move.

IVY
Go to hell!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Territorial. I like it.

IVY
Let us fucking go!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You're fast Ivy. But my question
is, are you faster than her?

IVY
(catching on)
No, no--

KIDNAPPER
Because you'll have to be.

DING!

A spotlight shines above the other Woman.

It gives Ivy a closure look at her fellow captive.

The shackles suffocating her torn ankles suggest that she
hasn't moved for sometime. Never mind ran. Erstwhile olive
skin, turned to a blotchy malnourished gray.

IVY
Who is she?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
She's you. Or at the very least,
what you could become.

IVY
How long has she been here?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
She's one of our original members.
So quite awhile, I imagine. But
that's client confidentiality,
don't be so nosy.
(beat)
Now, let's have us a little race.
For funsies.

IVY
No! No please--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Yes, yes, yes. Let's see who the
fastest gym-girlie is, shall we?

IVY
 Forget it. I'm not playing your
 game--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 (ignoring)
 The rules are as follows. Whoever
 fails to keep up. Gets cut in half.
 Simple right? Easy to understand. I
 mean, why sugar-coat things? We're
 all friends here, aren't we?

Ivy attempts to communicate with the masked captor.

IVY
 Hey! Hey can you hear me? I don't
 want to do this. I don't want to
 compete against you. I don't want
 to--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 You're wasting your time.

IVY
 Can she even hear me?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 See for yourself.

The twisted man sways the spotlight, revealing two bloodied-
 wounded crevices upon the side of the other woman's head.

They are where her **ears used to be**. Before he chopped them
 off.

IVY
 (horrificed)
 Oh god.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 See what I mean? And if you're
 wondering, well, she had a bit of a
 hearing problem. Couldn't take an
 instruction to save her life. I
 guess sometimes, one must bang
 one's ear to make them hear. Or,
 just hack them off entirely.

IVY
 To be fair, I wouldn't mind not
 hearing you speak again either.

The Kidnapper cackles.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 (impressed)
 Very good. Very good.
 (beat)
 Now, are you ready to run Ivy? Are
 you ready to prove yourself?

IVY
 Do I even have a choice?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 A choice of running or stopping?
 Very much so.

Ivy takes a deep breath, as does the other petrified woman.

They are amping themselves up worryingly, for the horror that
 awaits them.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
 So...
 (playful)
 On your marks--

IVY
 No!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Get set.

IVY
 Please!?

The Kidnapper's voice distorts as the treadmills speed up
 rapidly.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Run!

Ivy's trembling legs struggle to match the speed. It's faster
 than before. Surged to the maximum. Forcing her to conserve
 an all out sprint!

It's a wonder that this decaying treadmill can even handle
 such velocity. It's spazzing. Quaking. Spewing fumes.

Ivy hasn't stopped moving on the treadmill since she got
 here. And it's showing. Her legs are turning heavy.

Her ankles are starting to swell. Even her sweat-patches are starting to chafe.

It's not easier for the opposing woman. Who's screams are muffled. She's desperately dying to keep with the treadmill's tempo as the blades hover closer and closer. Just about kissing her spine.

Her legs pump onward with perfect technique, like they were mechanical limbs. Yet, blood spills from her shackled ankles. Which are weighing her down bigtime.

The pace is rapid. Both are struggling to maintain it.

But fear can be a great motivator, so they push themselves to their limits, in this literal race of life and death.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Now this, is intense.

Of course, the Kidnapper's red-buzzer worthy singing comes back again, with a vengeance.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
(singing)
Run away from me, baby.
Run away.
Run away from me, baby.
Run away.
When it starts to get crazy.
Why can't she just, run away?
Baby, I got a plan.
Run away as fast as you can.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Within his cramped oubliette, the Kidnapper watches on giddily, as both Ivy and the ear-less woman run for their lives.

His stubby hands rummage around for some more snacks. Eventually, settling on a bag of potato-chips which becomes empty just as fast.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

Back to the death-race.

The tension is unbearable. As is the speed.

Both women are struggling. Running for their lives.

Their feet pound their respective threadbare belts, desperately trying to keep the spinning blades at bay.

One slip up, and they are getting filleted for sure.

IVY

Please, please stop this!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

What's that you said? 'It's too easy for you?' Oh well, if you insist.

IVY

No, no don't!

Daggers from Ivy as the Kidnapper increases the pace. To an even crazier, non-sustainable speed.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

(re: treadmill speed)

How's that? Better?

IVY

Are you serious!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Because if you want me to max it out, just say the word?

IVY

Stop! It's too fast!

She's really struggling now. Her knee-balls are about to burst right through their sockets. They're popping loudly.

Struggling to maintain the pace, means the blades inch closer.

Their metal hums loudly as the two women fight to keep up, knowing that failure, means certain incapacitation.

IVY (CONT'D)

(to the other woman)

Please keep up, please don't let him get what he wants!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 No encouragement! This is a
 competition. Someone has to lose.

IVY
 (to the other woman)
 Please, we're both going through
 this. We don't have to be enemies!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 I think you do.

The tension thickens as the second woman's trembling legs
 turn heavy.

IVY
 No! Don't give up, keep going!

The second woman is staggering now. Her eyes are wide with
 terror. Fighting to stay upright. But losing.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 (excited)
 Oh... somebody's struggling. She's
 showing weakness Ivy, make her pay
 for it.

Ivy does the exact opposite, trying to encourage the
 disfigured woman. Even though, she can't hear her with no
 ears.

IVY
 (to the other woman)
 Keep going! Don't stop! Don't let
 him win!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 Hey, what part of, 'I chopped off
 her ears' can you not get through
 your head?

IVY
 Shut up!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 I'm just stating the obvious. She
 can't hear you! So stop wasting
 your time. You haven't got the
 breath to lose, remember?

IVY

Haven't you put her through enough?
Without making her fight for her
life.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

She's here for a reason. As are
you.

Suddenly, the opposing woman's foot slips, losing its grip
upon the treadmill's surface.

IVY

(panicked)

No!

The other woman stumbles and trips all over herself, tumbling
right off the belt.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Yes! Yes!

(elated)

Let's go!!!

Even beneath her muffled mouth, the petrified woman's sounds
of distress remain palpable.

The **sickening-blades** beneath her, begin to lower rapidly as
she falls.

IVY

Please don't, she's a human being!

In a horrifying instant, the other woman is **flung** backward.
Right into the decayed blade.

It slices through her. Like a knife going through butter.
Maybe even smoother than that. It was effortless. Like she
was hallow inside. The gruesome impact, shocking and swift.

Ivy's scream echo as the disfigured woman's life is
extinguished, in a horrifying blur.

What remains of her body, is **split right down the middle**.
Kind of like a human kit-kat bar.

IVY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Whoa! Did you see that!? She
snapped in two! Like a kit-kat bar.

The murdered woman's treadmill jerks to a stop.

While Ivy's treadmill barely begins to simmer down, to a
jog's pace.

Silence falls over the basement.

Only the whimpering breath of Ivy, trembling and sobbing,
echoes throughout the Kidnapper's sickening prison.

Until she snaps.

IVY

You motherfucker! How could you do
this? What the hell did she ever do
to you!?

Ivy's body makes like a baby's rattle. Shaking as she stares
at the gruesome scene. Digesting the harsh fact that her
desperate race has claimed yet another victim's life.

Eventually, the lightbulb illuminating the mangled-woman's
area of the basement spazzes out. Then dies.

Leaving Ivy all alone within the basement again. Save for the
repudiated cadavers and skeletal remains.

The room feels colder now. Deadlier.

The stench of death is still permeating.

The remaining muscles of Ivy's body scream for relief, but
she knows that she's still in the game. Forcing herself to
plod along.

The chain stifling her throat is still as tight. Making her
voice more strained.

IVY (CONT'D)

I can't, I can't do this anymore.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Aren't you happy? You won.

IVY

I didn't.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Indeed you did! And I for one,
think that a massive
congratulations is in order.

IVY
Yeah, you and you only.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Oh come on. You won. You deserve
your flowers. Let me give them to
you.

IVY
I don't want nothing from you!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Not even your prize? Oh come on,
you have to get your prize.
Otherwise, what's the point of
winning?

Ivy doesn't answer. She's too exhausted to speak. Red-faced,
puffy-cheeked.

Her silence, only pisses her captor off.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
(angrily)
This game is only fun, when two of
us are playing!

Again, Ivy stays nothing. Making the Kidnapper more restless.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Don't make me roll out another
member!

IVY
(digressing)
Alright, I'll bite. What'cha get me
huh, you whack-job? A dead puppy? A
zombie-kitten? What?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Now that's just plain evil. Though
very creative.

IVY
Says you.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

As the winner of our annual 'don't
get yourself turned into a kit-kat
bar relay', you win...

Ivy turns into a shivering wreck.

She can only dread what horrid 'prize' this lunatic has in
store for her. Judging by his track record, it can only be
awful.

Until... **WHACK!**

A water-bottle swings from nowhere, tethered to a chain.
Bonking Ivy right on the head.

IVY

What the hell?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I thought you'd appreciate this.

He's not wrong, Ivy's eyes light up once she sees it. Right
now, this might as well be a block of gold.

She's still running, albeit at a jog. It's dehydrating work.

The Kidnapper puts on his best Bob Barker.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Contestant number one, please
collect your prize!

Ivy, who is parching, snatches the water-bottle, unscrews the
cap and downs the drink within an instant.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Greedy girl. Slow down. Don't
drown.

The plastic crunches, as Ivy attempts to suck out the last
few droplets. When she comes back up for air, she is
breathless.

IVY

Any more where that came from?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Water? I'm afraid not. But do feel
free to keep the empty bottle.

IVY
To hit you with?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
More like, in case you need to pee
or puke or bleed etc. Don't go
staining my floor.

Ivy throws up a little within her mouth.

Now she knows why there are urine filled bottles laying
about.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
After all, we're an eco-friendly
establishment.

IVY
(re: malformed gym
equipment)
Yeah, I can see that.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Designed it all myself. No help.

IVY
Oh, I can tell.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Within the sicko's secret room, we watch him pouring some
soda into a **hallowed-out-skull** turned drinking cup.

It once belonged to one of his victims.

He chases down the soda by dumping a carton of Mike-and-Ike
candies into the fizz.

He dunks his big stubby chetoo'n'chocolate stained fingers
into the mixture, spins it all around to mix. Before sending
a greedy gulp down his hatch.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Best gym in America. Read the yelp
reviews.

Through his **spazzy monitor**. We see Ivy trying to force more
drops of water from the empty bottle.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

Ivy still plods along the treadmill.

It's becoming punishing now. That water bottle didn't help. Merely a tease. Making things worse.

Her toes fracture with every stride. Dry coughs wheeze with every breath. The only thing that's keeping her moving, is the fear of death. Life's greatest motivator.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You like it here. I can tell.

IVY

Can you?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Well, at least you like it better than your last gym. You really hated that place, didn't you?

IVY

Which one? I've been to plenty.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

The one that banned you.

Ivy's jaw plummets with shock.

IVY

How could you-- Hey I wasn't banned alright, I--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I digress, you were politely asked to not return. Tomato, tom-a-to.

IVY

What were you working the front desk or something?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Not quite. But say, why was that? Why were you banned? What did you do?

IVY

How do you know this?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I already told you, this is an exclusive gym. Every prospective member needs to be researched, extensively.

IVY
Who are you?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
We're not talking about me, but him?

IVY
'Him' being?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
He who couldn't take 'no' for an answer.

Ivy's jaw hits the deck. She knows exactly who the Kidnapper is referring to.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
That shithead little gym manager. You said that you were there to train, not to be objectified. But he wouldn't leave it alone. Would he?

Ivy winces. Re-living the trauma.

IVY
No. He wouldn't.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
So he done a bad thing. Didn't he?

Ivy struggles to get the words out.

IVY
He, he--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
This is a safe-space Ivy. You don't have to be afraid. Not anymore.

IVY
How do you know all of this? Who the hell are you!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I'm not the only man who arrived
out of the blue to ruin your day,
am I Ivy?

IVY

Shut the hell up!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

What did he do Ivy? What did he do
to you?

Ivy is fighting back tears at this point.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

He made you feel weak. He made you
feel powerless. Didn't he?

IVY

Stop, please?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

What if I told you, that I could
help you reclaim your integrity.
That I could help you get, your
revenge.

Shock hits Ivy. Hard. Then, the realization sits in.

IVY

No. You didn't.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

(giggling)
I did.

IVY

Oh God.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Honey, there is no such thing.

Static sparks beneath the treadmill. Making Ivy lose her
balance momentarily. Needing the safety bars to hold her up.

A **spazzy spotlight** shines, revealing to Ivy, a gruesome
smith-machine that's been turned into a **home-made-guillotine**.

Beneath it, a muscular man named DANE is bolted to the
ground.

He's got history with Ivy. Not the good kind.

His appendages have been **nailed-down** by **rusted spikes**.
Embedding him to the gym's mold-ridden surface.

He SCREAMS bloody-murder, as he sees the rusted-blade hanging precariously above his neck. It's set to drop at any moment.

The only thing keeping it suspended, is the pace that Ivy is setting upon the treadmill.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Just to be sure. I got the right
guy, didn't I?

Ivy turns stiff.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a 'yes'.

DANE
Oh fuck, fuck! What the hell!? Get
me out of--

Dane expresses shock once he clocks Ivy, running upon the treadmill.

DANE (CONT'D)
(disbelief)
Ivy!? Ivy is that you? What the
hell am I doing here? What is
this!? Are you behind this? Was
this you?

Ivy says nothing. She's stricken. Almost as if she's more afraid of Dane, than her actual kidnapper.

DANE (CONT'D)
Ivy!? Fucking speak to me! This was
you wasn't it? Wasn't it?
(screaming)
Answer me!

Every word that Dane utters, makes Ivy flinch a little.
That's the effect he has on her.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Hey, you don't tell her what to do!

DANE
Who's that? That voice. Who is it?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Oh my. This one is strong in the
ways of misogyny. Isn't he?

The Kidnapper's **chilling voice** makes Dane freak out. He'd be scrambling all over the place, if he wasn't bolted to the deck.

DANE

Who was that!? Who the hell was
that?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I'm Ivy's personal-trainer. Nice to
meet you.

DANE

You motherfucker. You drugged me.
Brought me here.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Incorrect.

DANE

What!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You made yourself available. You
allowed this to happen.

DANE

Why would I allow myself to get
kidnapped. You sick fucking--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

No, no, no. I'm cutting you off
right there. We're not doing that.
We're not indulging you. We don't
care how you feel. This isn't even
about you. The moral compass
swerves you like a ginger would a
hot summer's day. You pissed your
morality up against the wall years
ago. And it's never coming back.

DANE

What the hell are you talking
about?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Don't act stupid! I know what
you've done!

DANE

I didn't do shit!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Ivy, care to chime in?

Still, Ivy is lost for words.

DANE

Ivy, Ivy come on, what happened
between us, it--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Shut your damn mouth! This is not
your story. You have no power here.
Not anymore.

DANE

(desperate)

Please, please let me out of here.
Please!? I'll do anything. I have
money okay, I have--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Money, can't save you. Y'see an
abuser's power only lives when
their victim's voice dies! Tonight,
Ivy speaks! At the expense of your
life.

DANE

What are you talking about? Ivy,
Ivy who is this freak?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I am no one. Nothing. Which is
still more than you.

Dane's beady eyes snap towards Ivy. He's laying the desperate
'puppy dog' routine on thick. But she's gone cold. Still
jogging, still tired. But emotionally stifled in Dane's
presence.

DANE

Ivy, please!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You can't cry about being treated
like an animal. When you've spent
your whole life being one.

DANE
Fuck! I'm sorry okay, I'm fucking
sorry. Please, please let me out of
here.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You're not stuck here with me Dane.
You're stuck here with her! Only
she can decide what happens next.

Dane re-directs his desperation to Ivy.

DANE
Ivy, please!?

Again, Ivy remains stiff. Showing no emotion nor feeling,
other than exhaustion.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

We barely make out the Kidnapper's devious smile, as he
increases the speed on Ivy's treadmill.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Ivy, you know the rules by now.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

As Ivy nods, her treadmill antes up. Rapidly.

The belt screeches. But this time, Ivy doesn't moan. Nor even
react. She just goes along with it. Keeping her mouth shut,
while trying to maintain the treadmill's pace.

Meanwhile, Dane freaks the hell out.

DANE
What the hell? What it is? Why are
you running!? Ivy, please tell me
what's happening! Please?

Again, the Kidnapper gets to singing.

But Ivy doesn't seem to mind it this time around. As her vengeful eyes scold upon Dane.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(singing)
And I ran.
I ran so far away.
I just ran.
I ran all night and day.
I couldn't get away.

Wires spazz underneath. Dane sees them. As well as the rattling guillotine blade up above.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
That blade could drop at any
moment. Turn you into steroid-
sushi.

Finally, he puts it all together. If Ivy stops, he is kaput.

DANE
No, no Ivy, what are you doing?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
She's training. Here. At her new
gym. Because you made yours, an
unsafe space. Because you couldn't
accept the fact, that she said
'no'.

DANE
It wasn't like that. I swear, it
wasn't what you think. Tell him
Ivy, we both wanted it, didn't we?

Still, Ivy remains stoic. Still running. But showing little emotion. As if she doesn't care whether Dane gets guillotined or not. As if she's contemplating stopping by choice. To enact her revenge.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Is this true Ivy? Did you really
'want it'?

Ivy's response is a lowering of her pace. Which causes the guillotine's blade to shudder, before lowering. Leaving Dane, right up shit's creek.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
She didn't want you Dane.

DANE

No, no, please! Oh, fuck. Fuck! I don't want to die. You can't do this to me.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Nor did she want you, taking her innocence away.

Dane eyes up Ivy again. Her face has turned to stone. A monster that he himself has created.

DANE

Ivy, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry. You didn't deserve that.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Ivy, do you accept his shallow apology?

To Dane's shock and the Kidnapper's amusement, Ivy voluntarily **stops!** Planting her tired feet upon the treadmill's side-skirting.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

I guess she doesn't.

Knowing what this means, Dane squeals hopelessly. Like the pig that he is.

DANE

No, no!

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Ivy. You've stopped.

Ivy shrugs her shoulders. Not giving a shit.

IVY

I know.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

On this one, I'll let you off. Because let's be honest. He deserved it. Didn't he?

Again, Ivy shrugs her shoulders.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

He really did.

DANE
What? No, I--

Before Dane can spew out some more bullshit desperation, the blade drops!

Chopping his head right off!

Blood spews, turning his neck into an ichor fountain. It's crazy. Mentos in a coke bottle esque.

Ivy hardly reacts. No matter how hideous the sight is, she remains unperturbed.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
One less to worry about.

The Kidnapper kills the Spotlight. Making Dane's lifeless body, and his detached head, the last that Ivy will ever see of him.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
He did deserve that, didn't he?

Again, Ivy shrugs her shoulders. Right as she hops back onto the treadmill. Regaining her running pace.

The Kidnapper lowers the speed. Waning the treadmill down to a jog. One that she can withstand quite handily.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Ivy?

IVY
What?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
How do you feel?

She temporizes her response.

IVY
I shouldn't have--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You shouldn't have what?

IVY
Hopped off. Allowed him to die.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
But you did. And for good reason.

IVY
It was wrong.

The Kidnapper's tone becomes softer. More calculated. More manipulative.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
If so wrong. Why didn't you fight
it, like before?

IVY
I can't explain it.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
But you can try. Can't you?

IVY
I wanted him to feel--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
How you felt?

Ivy's faint nod confirms it.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
He hurt you. So you hurt him.
Revenge. Is a regretful necessity.

IVY
Is it?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
He can't hurt you anymore. He can't
hurt anyone. This is your gift to
the world.

Ivy processes. Clocking on to the Kidnapper's attempt at manipulation. He's good. Could've been a great shyster if he wasn't such a psychopath. Maybe even a hypnotist.

IVY
I'm not like you.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
There're shades of gray in
everyone's story. In mine. In
yours.

IVY

I don't do what you do--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I could argue that.

IVY

I don't kill.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You don't save them from being
killed either though, do ya?

IVY

That's a you problem. Not mine.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Oh, so what? That guillotine just
tripped, fell and severed your
abuser's head, accidentally on
purpose? Come on Ivy, just own it.
We are, who we are.

IVY

You put him there.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You put it through his neck.

Silence deafens. Save for the sound of Ivy's shoes pummeling
the ratted treadmill belt.

Ivy is hard at thought. Weighing up all of the possibilities
within her head.

Suddenly, Ivy makes like the Mona Lisa. A slight smile. Which
the Kidnapper notices.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Something funny?

Again, more silence. Which makes the Kidnapper more
irritable.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

IVY

No it's just--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(snarling)
It's just what?

IVY
We know each other.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Come again?

IVY
We know each other, don't we?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
At this point, I'd say we're well
acquainted.

IVY
No I mean, before this. Before you-
-

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Accepted you as a client?

IVY
We've met before. We've crossed
paths.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
What gives you that notion?

IVY
As if you'd just pluck me out of
obscurity.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Why wouldn't I?

IVY
No.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
'No'?

IVY
No. I'm not special.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You are to me. Don't sell yourself
cheaply.

IVY

And you are no supervillain. Though
you'd probably like to be.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You're making assumptions. Unwise.

IVY

I'm filling in gaps.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Implying that I've left cracks.
Which I most definitely haven't.
Nice try though.

IVY

You know too much about me. And you
think of yourself too highly. Which
makes me wonder--

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You think you know me?

IVY

I think that your routine is well
rehearsed. But not perfected.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Meaning?

IVY

You were always bound to slip up.

The Kidnapper increases the speed of Ivy's treadmill again.
It's tough, but still a pace that Ivy can handle. As long as
she blocks out the pain.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

How's this pace for you?

IVY

You control the treadmill. I
control my legs. Let's just leave
it at that.

The Kidnapper's sickening giggle makes Ivy grit her teeth.

KIDNAPPER (O.S.)

Why do you run Ivy?

IVY
Someone's changing the subject.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Why. Do. You. Run!?

IVY
You've asked me that already.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
I'm re-circling.

IVY
Or stalling.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
(screams)
WHY DO YOU RUN!?

IVY
Because I want to.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
Allow me to rephrase, when did you
start running?

Ivy remains silent. Focuses on her running pace.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
It was after Dane did what he did
to you. Wasn't it? It was after he
made you feel so weak. So useless.

Again, Ivy keeps quiet.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
That's when you became so obsessed,
with your body. To rebuild--

The SPOTLINE SHINES upon Dane's mangled, dismembered body.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
What he destroyed.

Ivy fixates on the mutilated cadaver.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You started to run, so he could
never catch you.

Ivy cringes as FLIES begin to buzz around, feeding on Dane's corpse.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
You built up your strength, so he
could never pin you down.

She follows a sigh of relief when the light spazzes out.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Your armor of muscle, sheathes the
trauma beneath. Protects the
frightened little girl within. Tell
me I'm wrong!?

Ivy stays silent.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Of course I'm not.

Order has been restored. Until, Ivy forces out a chuckle.

IVY
Why do you kill people?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
No, I ask the questions you--

IVY
Will refuse to answer anymore of
them. Unless you entertain some of
mine.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
This doesn't work like that.

IVY
You said it yourself, this game is
only fun, when two of us are
playing it.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
In that case, what would you like
to know?

IVY
Why do you do this? Why do you kill
people?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Those who waste their lives, need a shortcut.

IVY

See that sounds good in theory. But doesn't really sink in. Too philosophical. Too flimsy.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Excuse me?

IVY

There's a clearer reason. Something simpler.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

That being?

IVY

There was no place for you in this world. So you decided to blow it all up. Rejection made you bitter. Isolation, gave you ample time, to cook up some ideas.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

We see the Kidnapper's junk-food stained hands clenching up. Ivy's retort, has truly triggered him.

This isn't how he envisioned things going. For the first time ever, one of his victims has him on the back foot.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

Back to Ivy, still running on that dreaded treadmill.

IVY

You're not the only one who's done bad things. You're not the only one who's got issues. You're not a mastermind. You're just entitled. Drop the ego. You don't have it that hard.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You don't know me!

IVY

The only reason that you're making me run, is because you've been doing it your entire life. It's all projection. That's all this is.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You think you're smart huh? That you know it all?

IVY

Nobody's going to make a ten-part docuseries on you. Nobody is even going to know your name. As far as serial-killers go, you're a flash in the fucking pan.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

So, you've figured me out then. Is that what you think?

IVY

It's all smoke and mirrors. You're just a sad little boy. With nobody to play with. And that's all you'll ever be.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

In frustration, the Kidnapper picks up a soda can and bounces it off the walls. **Soda-bomb.** Fizz flies everywhere.

KIDNAPPER

Do you think this is a game!?

We hear and see Ivy's voice crackling through his spazzy monitor.

IVY (O.S)

You're the one who designed it. So, you tell me.

KIDNAPPER

Would you rather me tell you, or show you?

IVY (O.S)

I've seen it all tonight asshole. Nothing's going to surprise me.

KIDNAPPER

Okay. Then hold that thought.

Angered, the Kidnapper shimmies in his seat. Which we now discover is a motorized-wheelchair.

He's that heavy, that he needs the help to move around.

His chair whirs softly as he moves towards a control panel.

With a wince, the Kidnapper reaches out and pushes a glinting-blue button.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

A faint beep echoes from beneath the treadmill.

IVY

What was that? Your anal-plug's battery going dead?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Look down.

Ivy's eyes dart downward, heart pounding.

IVY

Huh?

A metal device is visible, lodged in the floor directly beneath her treadmill. A fucking **bomb**. Not a smoke bomb nor a stink bomb but an actual explosive. One that could blow this entire basement to smithereens.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Do you see it? Tell me you see it?

The realization hits Ivy. Her entire face turns cold.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

The next pace I set, you must maintain. Because if you don't. Well... I'll let you fill in the blanks.

Tension tightens, as Ivy's eyes stretch with fear.

KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)

Catch your breath. It could be your last.

Suddenly, Ivy's legs are forced to race forward as the Kidnapper increases the speed. This is it.

The hardest sprint of them all. An attempt at out-running a real life bomb.

Of course, like always, the dreaded man has to pour some more salt in the wounds by singing yet again.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)

(singing)

The horses are coming.

So you better run.

Run fast for your mother, run fast
for your father.

Run for your children and your
sister and your mother.

Leave all your love and your
longing behind.

You can't carry it with you if you
want to survive.

The tickering of the bomb persists. Beeping like a death knell. It almost irritates Ivy as much as the Kidnapper's singing.

IVY

Dude will you just give it a
goddamn rest!?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

How's it going Ivy, you hanging in
there?

It's a rapid-pace, but determination can be a strong drug. Ivy tackles the dreaded task head on, yet speaks with a wheeze when answering.

IVY

You jacking off, watching me?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

IVY

No, but you would. In fact, that's
all you've ever wanted. Isn't it?

(mockingly)

Jamie.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

An audible gasp of shock.

Ivy's retort catches her Kidnapper off guard. Evident by him cracking his neck angrily.

The penny has dropped. She knows who he is!

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

The Kidnapper's distress is noticeable through his voice.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Who?

IVY

Come on man, enough with the Jigsaw shtick. It's fucking embarrassing.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

What the hell are you talking about? I don't know anyone by that name.

IVY

Sure you don't. But I think we both know what this is really about, don't we? So how about we cut the bullshit?

The Kidnapper giggles.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

No. You're trying to confuse me. It won't work.

IVY

Jamie, just be yourself.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You're clueless. You don't know me!

IVY

POV. Supposed evil genius realizes that he's nothing but a cheap cliché.

KIDNAPPER (O.S.)
Need I remind you, who is in
control here?

IVY
Forget it. I've given you enough
psychological gratification.

KIDNAPPER (O.S.)
You're bluffing!

IVY
I bet you thought that roping Dane
into this, would be your coup de
gras. Not your downfall.

KIDNAPPER (O.S.)
I don't get it.

IVY
You and Dane, two peas in a fucking
pod. Just like him, you want to
control me. Because you could never
have me. That's what all this has
been about. A cure, for you damaged
ego.

KIDNAPPER (O.S.)
I wanted you!?

IVY
Badly.

KIDNAPPER (O.S.)
Bullshit. Why would I ever want a
shallow little 'pick me' like you!?
A superficial thot who dodges
calories like vegans do a stake-
house! You're nothing but a doll to
me, something to play with and cast
aside when done.

IVY
Dane wasn't the only man that I
rejected.

A heavy silence shrouds the basement.

IVY (CONT'D)
Clearly, he wasn't the only who
couldn't take the word 'no'.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Even in the darkness, we just about make out the Kidnapper's flabby jaw extending. *Stunned. Disbelief.*

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

The treadmill pace doesn't seem to be bothering Ivy anymore. She's found her rhythm. Conquered her stride.

IVY

You punish me. Because you couldn't have me. Just like him. Your ego couldn't take the rejection.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I never wanted you! Why anyone would, is beyond me.

IVY

You haven't changed a bit. Still the Incel final-boss. I always wondered what happened to you after school. Saddened to see, that you never grew up.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You. Don't. Fucking. Know. Me!

IVY

Hey tell me Jamie, do you remember the year book?

Ivy has set a trap. He falls right for it.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Shut up!

From the way his voice just squealed, he surely does remember the year-book.

IVY

Do you remember what I put in there?

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I will set off this bomb. I will blow you up!

IVY
 Yeah you do! You remember it so
 bad. Shit's been eating you alive.
 For all these years.

In an attempt to shut Ivy up, the Kidnapper accelerates the treadmill's speed yet again.

But it doesn't seem to bother Ivy one bit. Even with the sound of the bomb **ticking**, she matches the speed.
Unperturbed. Determined.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 This isn't how this works. You have
 no power here. You have no control.

IVY
 Hey, I was right though. Wasn't I?
 Way back when.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 About what?

Ivy blurts out a mirthless chuckle. Which sets the Kidnapper off.

KIDNAPPER (O.S) (CONT'D)
 Right about what!? What the fuck
 are you talking about!?

IVY
 You know.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
 The hell I don't.

IVY
 Come on Jamie. Stop denying it.
 (quoting)
 'Class of 2014. Most likely to...

CUT TO:

INT: HIGH-SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TWELVE YEARS AGO.

The back of the class. Way back. In the cheap seats, sits a heavy-set kid named JAMIE. The Kidnapper, before said kidnapping began.

If this were a John Hughes esque 80's flick, he'd be the cool Jock's punching-bag.

Black hoody, about ten sizes too big. A red-dyed fringe covering his face. Maybe a goth. Maybe an emo. But one thing's for certain, he's got some serious 'eats lunch alone' type of energy. *Poor guy.*

Jamie flicks through his high-school yearbook.

His stubby fingers settle upon the **MOST LIKELY AWARDS PAGE.**

Right at the top, he clocks an effigy of an **eighteen year old Ivy.** The winner of the **most likely to win a gold medal** category.

He fixates on her photograph for a moment. Clearly has a crush on her.

Scanning the rest of the page, he happens upon a category that makes his blood boil.

An unlikely category. Not a misprint. But a deliberate prank.

Most likely to become a Serial-Killer.

The winner? **It's Him!** They've chosen the least flattering photograph of him to boot.

A cruel joke, which breaks Jamie's heart. Making the school-hall pariah want to flip his table in anger.

A camera's **flash** catches his attention.

He snaps his neck to the top of the class,

There, some **POPULAR KIDS** are hanging out.

All of them, hit Jamie with the 'ha-ha' routine.

He crawls into himself. Having clearly been their bully victim for some time.

Along these mean kids. Is **IVY.** Front and center. She's not the instigator, but she's certainly a part of the bully brigade.

Jamie, who's flooded with tears and scarlet with embarrassment, snaps his book to a close. Wishing the ground would swallow him whole. So he would never have to return to this godforsaken places.

As the bullying intensifies, Jamie storms from the room. Unable to take it.

It's here where we close on IVY. Who's the only one of the group to wipe their smiles, realizing that they've taking things too far. Feeling bad for the lonely boy.

Her guilt-ridden eyes watch on worryingly, as Jamie bolts down the hallway.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

IVY (O.S)
...to become a **serial killer**. Jamie
Hannigan.

The pain hits the Kidnapper, who we now know as 'Jamie', like a bullet.

Within an instant, he's resorted back to that lonely kid at the back of the class. Who nobody would dare sit beside.

He slams his table with both hands. Almost crushing the thing entirely.

IVY (O.S) (CONT'D)
That was the last time anyone saw
you. You never came back to class
after that.

KIDNAPPER
Would you have?

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

Ivy winces. With disappointment. As her suspicions are proving true.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
What gave me away?

IVY
You were trying too hard. To be
someone you're not.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)
You haven't the slightest idea, who
I am. Who I've become. The boy you
knew, he's gone. He's--

IVY

I used to feel bad about how I treated you. I even looked you up a bunch of times, hoping to apologize.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Don't lie to me!

IVY

But not anymore.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Are you surprised, with how I turned out?

IVY

After tonight, I couldn't give a shit. You are who you are. And this is what it is.

This is not the answer that the Kidnapper was hoping for.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I am. What you made me.

IVY

It's always easier to blame someone else. You didn't deserve what you went through. And I didn't deserve this. So I guess we'll just have to let the appropriate authorities judge our virtues and leave it at that.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

You still, haven't learned your lesson. And you never will.

IVY

Whatever dude.

The Kidnapper's *flustered breathing* sputters through the speaker.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

I've tried. But there is no helping you.

IVY

Yep. Me and you both.

KIDNAPPER (O.S)

Goodbye Ivy. It was nice seeing you again.

IVY

Do what you've got to do Jamie. But for fuck's sake, stop talking about it.

His voice dies out.

The treadmill immediately lurches forward, faster than before, the belt roaring loudly.

Ivy's legs wobble as she fights to keep up, knees shaking violently. Her face is grim with exhaustion, sweat pouring down her face.

IVY (CONT'D)

Come on fucker! Can this stupid thing go any faster!?

The sound of the machine grinding, the heartbeat pounding, and the distant whine of the bomb fills up the basement.

Ivy runs her socks off, but it's impossible to keep up with this crazy pace.

The bomb's ticking grows louder. She's running out of time.

It's about to **blow!**

In one frantic moment, Ivy leaps off the treadmill.

The weight of the chain, snatches her in mid-air.

She hits the wall hard. Then collapses upon a bloodstained yoga-mat.

The bomb beneath the tainted treadmill **explodes.**

The blast sends a shock wave of debris and fire outward, filling the basement with smoke and a deafening roar.

INT: HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

After witnessing the explosion of his own design, we faintly make out the Kidnapper smiling. Gloating at his own destruction.

Finally settling a score, that's long tormented him.

KIDNAPPER

Deservedly.

His motorized wheelchair whirs. As he spins around to leave this hidden-room.

INT: BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

It's now a bomb site.

Gutted machinery and shattered equipment litter the floor.

The faint glow of embers flickers among the ruins.

The motors of the kidnapper's wheelchair whirr as the Kidnapper moves cautiously into the wreckage, smoke billowing around him.

We get a clear view of him for the first time. And quickly realize why he spends so much time hiding in the dark.

He scans the room with those cold, lifeless eyes.

As the smoke clears, he peers around, searching the chaos. Hoping to find his enemy's mangled cadaver.

His gaze falls on the spot where the treadmill once was. But is now nothing but a mangled, scorched mess.

Somehow, **she's not there.**

KIDNAPPER

There's no way.

He snaps his neck to the end of the room, discovering how the chain tethering Ivy to the wall has been shattered by the impact of the explosion.

All of a sudden. Dread sets in for the big fella.

There's no sign of her. No body, no movement. Just the wreckage.

KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)

Ivy!?

The air is thick with ash and silence.

KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)

Don't you hide from me.

The faint sound of **footsteps** catch his attention. He snaps his attention to their direction. But nothing is there.

All of a sudden, the hunter has become the hunted.

IVY

Bruised and beaten, cowers behind a pile of wreckage. She survived the explosion. But not without some third-degree burns to remember it by.

Her breathing is ragged but her eyes burn with determination.

She moves swiftly, yet quietly.

Her Kidnapper is in her sights. Unbeknownst to her location.

With a quick, desperate motion, she snatches what remains of the heavy chain and **LUNGES** at her Kidnapper, who is still seated in his chair.

IVY

You're nothing worth hiding from.

KIDNAPPER

There you are!

With precision, she wraps the chain around his thick neck, pulling tight.

The Kidnapper's eyes widen as he tries to breathe, but the chain constricts.

He struggles to get up from his chair, slow but powerful despite his obesity. His face turns red as he fights to break free.

Eventually, he lurches to his feet, swinging back with his bulk, trying to pry her off.

Ivy ducks just in time, weaving through his laborious swings.

She scrambles to a pile of grotesque gym equipment nearby. Scanning the wreckage, hoping to find herself a weapon.

The Kidnapper lumbers after her, swinging wildly. Each step shaking the ground.

IVY

All of this workout equipment, and
you think you would have used some.

KIDNAPPER

I will. But only to kill you with!

IVY

You'll have to catch me first big-
boy.

Ivy dodges and weaves, avoiding his heavy yet slow attempts
at knocking her clean out.

A barbell, made from bones once belonging to a human's leg
catches her eye. She grabs it, CLATTERS it into his knee.
Making him stumble. Off balance. As his weight alone is
difficult enough to carry.

KIDNAPPER

You fucking bitch!

IVY

Imagine making your whole entire
identity, that of a guy who got
rejected for a prom date.

KIDNAPPER

I'll kill you.

He lashes out with a slow but powerful punch. Which knocks
Ivy onto her ass.

KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)

Or do I use you, as a prop for my
next game?

He tries to grab her, as Ivy scrambles to her feet. But she
rolls away, just in time.

She lands by the gruesome cable-pully contrivance, removes a
long-blade that's been tethered to the human artery being
used for a cable.

The Kidnapper attempts to swarm her. Expanding that hefty
wingspan, that could do with some axe spray.

With a scream, Ivy drives the blade right through his
stomach. Like Maul did to Qui Gon.

Causing the giant brute to stumble backward, snarling with rage as his bloated stomach spews blood.

As his massive hands move to conceal the wound, he falls forward.

TIMBER!

The ground shakes as he face-plants hard, like a big old roundwood.

Ivy collapses too, out of pure exhaustion. Having been on the move constantly since being kidnapped.

IVY

Jamie? Jamie? Are you dead?

When no reply comes from the horrid-man. Ivy deduces that he is.

She emits a regretful wince. Half feeling sorry for the boy she once knew. But not the monster that he became.

Ivy flings her blade away, and struggles to catch her breath. She fights exhaustion, as she stumbles about the gnarly debris. Searching for a way out.

Finally, she happens upon door.

Before grabbing the doorknob, she takes one last look at Jamie, the crumbled treadmill, everything. The worst night of her life. That she hopes to delete from memory.

EXT: DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

We can't see a thing. As if a million chain-smokers have conspired to blind us.

Until... SPLAT! A blood-soaked cough douses us in red.

Hawked from Ivy's petrified throat as she stumbles her way through the dense fog.

Blood-soaked. Burned. Busted knees and ankles. With the heavy chain still wearing her down. But yet, she's still running. This time, away from her nightmare.

She antes up to the sound of an **engine's crackle**. Snaps her neck, looks behind. But the thickened haze obscures her view.

Ivy can't see what's coming. But she sure as hell hears it.

Engine rumbles subside for a door slam. The ensuing footsteps are nightmare fuel.

So she makes like The Flash. Until her feet skid the dirt.

She stops suddenly. Turning around to face who's coming.

We hear **unseen footsteps** approaching her.

But her expression doesn't tell us if she is seeing a concerned Samaritan arriving to lay a helping hand.

Or maybe Jamie. Who's survived. Coming back for round two.

The **footsteps** are getting closer now. Yet Ivy doesn't react. She just stands there. With no reaction. Making like a statue.

Leaving us to wonder.

FADE OUT:

THE END