

Stationary

FADE IN:

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO - DUSK

A gas station on the outskirts of town surrounded by pacific northwest redwoods. A beaten sedan sits beneath the station's sign.

INT. CAR

Smoke wafts through the car's cracked windows. JILL (24), attractive in a greasy, malnourished way, pulls hard on a joint.

JILL

I mean, why am I even here?

She hands the joint to RANDALL (27), the resident rebel without a clue. Leather jacket included.

RANDALL

Oh shit, you mean you don't work today?

JILL

Not at the station, Randall. I mean in this town.

Randall chokes as he exhales.

RANDALL

Jesus Christ Jill. Not this again.

JILL

Can I vent for just two seconds before I start my shift?

Randall shrugs. He couldn't care less.

RANDALL

I need to borrow your car. I'm headed down to the lake to sell to the high school kids.

JILL

Fuck no! Get your own car Randall.

RANDALL

Come on, I'll pick you up after your shift. Don't be a bitch.

The joint has gone out. Randall lifts it to his lips and

whips out his lucky zippo. In cartoonish bubble letters "FUCK YOU" is written on the side. He hits it again.

JILL

I'm a bitch? You're the one being a prick. You ARE NOT borrowing my car.

RANDALL

Yeah, well maybe you can start paying for your own weed from now on.

JILL

And maybe your dick can start sucking itself.

Jill launches herself from the car, slamming the door behind her. Randall smirks, all too familiar with this little game.

The keys soar through the window hitting him in the face.

JILL (O.S.)

(yelling)

You better not be late!

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

The car peels past Jill as she walks toward the single cashier booth at the far end of the station's four pumps.

The cashier station is a small building with a front facing waist-to-ceiling plexiglass window. A YOUNG MAN waves at Jill as she approaches. He moves to unlock the single door.

INT. CASHIER STATION

Jill enters the cramped booth. Packs of cigarettes and candy bars line the wall behind the counter.

Brandon (25), an all-American type with a doofus' face, seems a bit too excited to see her arrive.

BRANDON

Hi Jill!

JILL

Hey Brandon. Sorry I'm late. Lost track of time. You know how it is.

BRANDON

No problem at all! I totally get  
(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

it.

Jill smirks. This dude's hopeless.

JILL

Anything going on?

BRANDON

Big news is pump four is down again. The main hose has a leak somewhere. I spent all morning cleaning up a spill. Shut it off in the meantime.

Jill is barely listening. She pulls out her cell phone and punches at the screen.

JILL

Sure...

BRANDON

Also Rick wants us to keep an eye out for vandals. Someone has been drawing on the bathroom walls again. Probably kids.

JILL

Uh-huh...

Brandon shuffles and clears his throat. He's not looking forward to this next bit of news.

BRANDON

Also, Rick said he's going to be an hour late in the morning and he's going to need you to cover.

Jill slams her phone on the counter. Brandon winces.

JILL

Are you shitting me?!? He's out of his mind if he thinks he can keep doing this! This place is a joke.

BRANDON

I told him you'd be pissed.

JILL

He doesn't give a shit. We're both just minimum-wage slaves. We're fucking better than this, we should both just quit. That would show that fat prick.

BRANDON  
He'd just hire somebody else.

JILL  
Goddamnit Brandon, grow a spine.

Brandon is hurt. He shrugs.

BRANDON  
It's not so bad here.

JILL  
I swear, you're just like everyone else in this dumb town. But not me, I'm getting out of here. Maybe tonight...or tomorrow.

BRANDON  
Well if you do, just know a few of us in this dumb town will miss you.

Brandon's words crack Jill's shell, if even just slightly.

JILL  
Golly-gee Beaver, I think you're just swell too. Now fuck off so I can get to pretending like I'm working.

Brandon exits. A moment later he and his bicycle pass before the plexiglass window, headed toward the road. He RINGS his bike's bell as he leaves.

Jill pops open the till, checks it out, and pushes the cash drawer back in. Straightens a few of the signs, seems content.

Her hands move toward an old CRT television sitting on the counter. She flips it on and is met with static.

JILL  
Come on you stupid thing.

She smacks the side of the TV. An image appears for a moment before it is enveloped again by white noise. She cranks the channel knob, but finds more of the same. Another slap and for the briefest of moments, the familiar tone of the EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM blares. She turns the set back off.

JILL  
Forget it.

Jill pops in her earbuds and connects them to her phone. Rock music drones out. She turns her back to the pumps and searches the wall of candy before settling for sour straws. She shoves them in her mouth and turns to-

**AN OLD WOMAN'S FACE, PRESSED AGAINST THE GLASS.**

JILL  
(surprised)  
Jesus Christ lady!

Jill chokes and pulls the candy from her mouth. The OLD WOMAN (65+) wears a plain sundress. A grandmotherly smile cuts across her face.

OLD WOMAN  
I'm sorry, dearie. You must not  
have heard me pull up.

Jill pulls at her earbuds.

JILL  
I guess not...sorry about that.  
You need gas?

OLD WOMAN  
Yes please. I need full service  
right over there. Premium please.

She gestures toward a large convertible cadillac, idling by the nearest pump.

JILL  
Sorry ma'am. We're self-serve  
only.

OLD WOMAN  
Oh, but can't you please just come  
pump my gas? I promise I'll leave  
a tip!

Jill considers it, looking from the car and back to the woman.

JILL  
Gosh, I really wish I could, but  
I'm not allowed to leave the booth.  
The pump's on now though, so all  
you'll need to do is lift the lever  
and insert the nozzle in your car.

The woman's smile drops.

OLD WOMAN

Now listen here young lady, you need to get out here and pump my gas!

JILL

Look. I can't leave the booth. You'll need to pump your own gas.

OLD WOMAN

If you don't come out of that booth then I am going to come in and I am going to cut your fucking head off and feed it to the all-dark, you stupid little bitch.

Jill stares wide-eyed at the woman.

The older woman grins and turns back to her car, getting into the driver's seat. The cadillac rolls past the cashier station and towards the exit.

Jill shakes herself and throws up her middle finger toward the car.

JILL

Crazy-ass hag-zilla.

The car BRAKES. Jill retracts her hand and stares at the cadillac. She notices a fresh stain in the backseat on the white upholstery. Is that blood?

DING! An SUV pulls into the station. The cadillac rolls onto the highway and speeds off.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO - LATER

The sun has set on the horizon. The automatic street lights buzz to life. Jill hits the main switch on the overhead sign. RICK'S flares to life in neon.

Jill works her way through evening chores. Fresh garbage bags near the pumps. More glass cleaner for the squeegees. More candy for herself. A quick one-hitter by the dumpster.

A sign dangles from the glass front of the booth. BACK IN 5 MINUTES.

INT. BATHROOM

At the rear of the cashier booth is a lone unisex bathroom. Jill sits on the toilet in the single stall.

A speaker mounted in the ceiling is playing a generic rock station, occasionally interrupted by blasts of static.

Jill's holding a felt-tip pen in her hand, drawing crude cartoons of various sex acts. Below she has written "RICK'S SUCKS DICKS."

The song on the radio ends. The DJ's voice erupts.

DJ (O.S.)  
(garbled)  
Hey hey hard-rockers! Thanks for joining us for another straight hour of music! Once again, we apologize for the static in tonight's broadcast, but we are getting a whole megaton of interference. But rest assure, I've got the minions working tirelessly on it now!

A canned whip-crack sound effect groans from the speaker.

DJ (O.S.)  
(garbled)  
Now settle in for more of today's favorite rock music!

A guitar squeals before being enveloped by more static. The song never returns.

Jill is placing the cap back on her pen when something outside SLAMS against the bathroom door. The cap falls to the floor.

JILL  
(yelling)  
Just a minute!

Another slam, harder this time. Jill strains to grab the pen cap.

JILL  
(screaming)  
Goddammit! JUST HOLD ON!

Jill stands, pulling up her pants. She strides toward the door, grabbing the knob, but something stops her before she can open it. She moves her ear closer. Faintly, it sounds as if a woman is crying. Something wet SPLATS against the other side.

Blue liquid seeps from beneath the door. Jill steps back

and pulls the door open.

A YOUNG BLONDE (21) stands outside the doorway, chunky blue liquid dripping from her mouth, past her bikini top, and staining her jean cutoff shorts. Her eyes are glazed over.

Jill looks at the door and sees more of the blue mess dripping from its surface.

JILL  
Ugh! Gross.

The blonde's head snaps up, her eyes now focused on Jill. She pushes past and runs toward the stall.

YOUNG BLONDE  
Out of the way bitch!

Jill sighs and steps over the vomit, exiting the bathroom and letting the door close behind her.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

A super-charged mustang is parked at pump 3. CHAD (26), a muscle-head with a too-tight tank and swim trunks is pumping gas.

Jill rounds the corner and unlocks the door to the booth, stepping inside. She takes down the away sign.

INT. CASHIER STATION

Through the window, Chad is hanging up the nozzle and heading toward the booth.

CHAD  
Hey there.

JILL  
Can I help you?

CHAD  
Yeah, you didn't see a little blonde back there, did you?

JILL  
You mean the one puking up blueberry wine-coolers? Yeah she's in the bathroom out back.

CHAD  
Shit, sorry about that. We've been pounding beers since this afternoon

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

at the lake. Guess she couldn't  
keep up.

He practically flexes as he says that last statement. With  
the subtlety of a brick to the face, his eyes scan over  
Jill's body.

CHAD

Hey, don't I know you?

Jill sighs.

JILL

So did you want something, dude?  
Pack of smokes, maybe some gum?

Chad is oblivious.

CHAD

Yeah, we went to high school  
together. You were that art chick  
that used to smoke out in the back  
parking lot. Jill something...

Jill covers her name tag.

JILL

Nope. Name's Abigail. Grew up in  
a mormon polygamist cult. Got  
married to an 80 year old when I  
was 12, just work here to support  
my 5 sister-wives.

CHAD

HA HA. Totally. I always  
remembered you were funny. We  
should hang out sometime. I'm  
working at my dad's dealership now,  
so I've got access to the hottest  
cars...and their back seats.

JILL

Shouldn't you go check on your  
girlfriend?

Chad winks at her.

CHAD

Yeah, I guess I should. Some  
chicks just don't know how to  
party. I bet you do though...

Jill slides the bathroom key through the slot.

JILL  
Bathroom's around back.

Chad grabs the keys and disappears around the corner.

In the distance, a battered pickup pulls up to pump 2. Out steps MERLE (50), a portly, bearded man dressed in head-to-toe hunter's camo. The guns in his mounted rack shake as he exits.

Merle walks up to the booth.

MERLE  
Hey there Jilly-bean!

JILL  
Hey Merle.

Merle slides a pair of \$20s on the counter.

MERLE  
How you doing tonight?

JILL  
It's been kind of a shit day.

MERLE  
They all are, girlie. How's your dad?

JILL  
Still an asshole.

Jill is grabbing Merle's preferred pack of smokes and cheap beer. A familiar ritual.

JILL  
Night hunting?

MERLE  
Nah, I'm getting the hell out of town. Something's going on. Saw a mess of Army guys driving down main an hour ago.

JILL  
You do know there's an Army base an hour away, right?

MERLE  
These guys didn't look like they  
(MORE)

MERLE (CONT'D)

were on any training mission. They were up to something.

JILL

You say that about everyone.

MERLE

That's because everyone is always up to something. Best advice I can give you.

Jill hands Merle his items.

JILL

Thanks. Have a good apocalypse!

Merle takes his items and turns to leave. He stops.

MERLE

Be safe tonight. For real.

He climbs into his truck and drives off. Jill slips her ear buds in. Punk rock BLARES.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO - LATER

Jill is sitting on a trash can outside of the booth, still listening to music with a cigarette dangling from her lips.

She's playing video games on her phone when it rings. The display reads DORK-FACE.

JILL

(into phone)

Hey Brandon.

The phone squeals with static. She can hear a voice but it sounds small and faraway.

JILL

Brandon, I can't hear you.

BRANDON (O.S.)

(distorted)

Jill--have to--can't-----leaving.

Jill dismounts from the trash can and moves around the parking lot, trying to get a better signal.

JILL

Dude, I can't hear what you're saying.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
 (distorted)  
 ---dangerous---coming...

The line goes dead. Jill checks her phone. NO SERVICE.

JILL  
 Goddammit, you pay \$50 a month for  
 a piece of shit that doesn't even  
 work!

Jill continues walking around the station, weaving around the pumps for a signal when she bumps into the mustang. She looks towards the bathroom, when an SUV pulls into the station.

Jill walks back into the booth.

INT. CASHIER STATION

Through the window, Jill watches a MIDDLE AGED MAN exit the SUV and begin fiddling with the pumps. She turns her attention back to the mustang.

Concern crosses her face. She moves to the back of the booth and presses her ear against the wall separating the cashier station from the rear bathroom.

She can hear something, but can't quite make it out. Is that moaning or crying?

TAP-TAP! Jill looks toward the window. The man is knocking his knuckles against the glass. She moves away from the wall and back to the register.

JILL  
 Evening. How can I help you?

MIDDLE AGED MAN  
 The card reader doesn't seem to be  
 working on pump 2.

JILL  
 No problem, I can run it here if  
 you have it.

MIDDLE AGED MAN  
 Sure thing.

The man slides her his credit card.

Jill swipes the card through the machine, but nothing happens. She does it again. Same result. She lifts the

attached phone from its cradle. Nothing.

Jill traces the phone line to the wall, jiggles it, then tries the line again. Still dead. She tries the office phone as well. Silence.

JILL

I, uh, guess the phone lines must be down? That's weird, that's never happened before.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Crud. I don't have any cash on me. Can I write you an IOU?

Jill looks past the man and to the mustang.

JILL

I'll do you one better. If you do me a small favor I'll give you \$10's worth of gas for free.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

What's the favor?

Jill nods toward the mustang.

JILL

See that mustang? The couple that drove up in it have been in the bathroom for a long time. If you go check on them and tell them to clear out then I'll give you the gas.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

That's it? Deal!

Jill slides the man a set of keys.

JILL

This is my backup set of keys for the bathroom.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Sounds good. Back in a sec.

The man disappears around the side of the building. A moment passes. Then two. No sign of him. Jill steps toward the door and opens it just a crack, looking out, then slamming it shut, disturbed by what she's just seen.

From the window, the man is sprinting full speed toward his

car. His pants are ripped and he is missing a shoe.

The SUV revs to life and peels rubber on the asphalt, fishtailing as it rockets from the station.

Jill considers the sight for a beat before reaching below the counter and pulling out a wooden baseball bat. Carved into the wood are the words PROBLEM SOLVER.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

The closed door of the bathroom looms before Jill. She is gripping the baseball bat, ready to swing at a moment's notice.

The keys dangle from the door's lock. She inches toward it and turns the handle.

INT. BATHROOM

The interior of the bathroom is a bloodbath. Gore covers the walls and floor. At the center lays the body of Chad, his head split open and the shattered lid of the toilet in pieces beside him.

Jill steps into the room and peers into the stall. It's empty. From behind her someone GIGGLES.

Jill spins around and sees the blonde woman standing beyond the door's frame, shrouded in darkness. As she steps into the light, Jill can see the woman's skin has started to split in places, as if it has shrunk two sizes too small. Thick blue goo hangs from her lips and nose.

A pregnant pause passes before both women rush toward the door. Jill is a split-second faster and slams it in the woman's face and throws her weight against it. Jill clicks the dead-bolt into place and slumps against the door.

From the other side of the door, Jill can hear the TINK-TINK of metal jingling. The realization plows into her like a sledgehammer.

YOUNG BLONDE (O.S.)  
(sing-song)  
Someone left the keys outside...

The dead-bolt begins to turn. Jill attempts to stop its rotation, but it's slipping through her sweaty fingers. The dead-bolt clicks open and the door jostles an inch before Jill can slam her body against it.

YOUNG BLONDE

When I get in there, I'm going to reach my hand up that filthy twat of yours and pull out your fucking guts.

The woman begins to kick the door from the other side. Jill notices the discarded bat rolling just outside her reach towards Chad's corpse. She tries to hook the handle with her foot.

Chad's head pops up from the linoleum with a GASP! One of his eyes is drooping from its socket like a water-logged marshmallow. The other focuses on Jill.

CHAD

(weakly)

Help me...

Chad's hand reaches toward Jill. She stares at him in disbelief. The door continues to pound against her back.

CHAD

(weakly)

Please.

Chad's body begins to convulse, but he keeps his gaze on Jill.

JILL

I'm sorry.

Chad raggedly exhales. He dies.

Jill's foot catches the bat. She pulls it toward her and grasps it in both hands. She slides back onto her feet.

Jill pushes away from the door and spins as the blonde launches herself against the door. It flies open and she tumbles in.

Jill swings for the fences and catches the woman across her face, dropping her. She vaults the woman and runs out the door. The blonde staggers to her feet and gives chase.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

Jill sprints along the side of the booth, her pursuer hot on her heels. She bursts through the booth's door and slams it shut.

INT. CASHIER STATION

Jill backs away from the door until she bumps into the far wall.

The blonde pops around to the front window and begins banging on the safety-glass, coating the surface in gore and viscous blue jelly.

YOUNG BLONDE  
LET ME IN!!!

JILL  
What's wrong with you? What do you want?

The blonde stops pounding on the window, her body going slack. Her gaze trails off.

YOUNG BLONDE  
The all-dark wants you, just like it wanted me.

She rests her forehead on the glass. Her face looks almost pained.

YOUNG BLONDE  
But I'd rather just kill you fucking gutter-skank.

DING! Behind the woman, a minivan pulls into the station. The blonde gives Jill a smile before turning and sprinting toward the vehicle.

YOUNG BLONDE  
I'll see you later you little slut!

The crazed woman launches herself through the van's open window before the confused DRIVER can even place the vehicle in park.

Through the van's windshield, Jill can see the blonde raining blows onto the vehicle's occupant. The van speeds off onto the road, the blonde woman's legs flailing through the open window.

Jill drops below the counter and climbs underneath, pulling her knees to her chin while holding tight to the bat. She sobs.

INT. CASHIER STATION - LATER

Jill still cowers below the counter. From outside she can hear faint popping noises, like faraway gunshots. The lights flicker and go out. Emergency lights dimly spark to

life.

Gravel crunches from outside. Jill tilts her head and listens. She hears the RING of a bicycle bell.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Jill?

Jill stands.

JILL

Brandon?

Brandon is straddling his bike outside the booth's window. He has blood splattered on his jacket and an axe draped over his shoulder.

BRANDON

Oh thank god you're okay!

JILL

What's happening out there?

BRANDON

I don't know! It's like the whole town has gone nuts.

JILL

But you're okay?

BRANDON

What? Of course I'm okay.

JILL

Then why are you covered in blood?

Brandon looks down at himself, seemingly noticing his stained jacket for the first time. He shrinks inward.

BRANDON

I...I don't really want to talk about that right now. You don't know what's going on out there. We have to get out of this town Jill.

JILL

On what, your bicycle?

Brandon's eyes scan the station. He sees the mustang and runs to it. No keys. He comes back to the window.

BRANDON

Where's the driver?

JILL

What?

BRANDON

The keys aren't in the car Jill!  
Do you know where they might be?

Realization dawns upon her.

JILL

Shit. They're in the bathroom.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

Jill and Brandon are moving around the booth toward the bathroom. Brandon is brandishing his axe, Jill her baseball bat.

BRANDON

I heard something happened at the lake today. I think that's where it all started. TV, radio, and internet have been out for hours. No one seems to know specifics, but I keep hearing about the lake.

JILL

I was attacked by some girl who'd been at the lake earlier. She killed the guy in the bathroom.

BRANDON

Jesus. I'm glad you're okay.

JILL

Thanks. You too.

The pair stop before the bathroom door. Brandon nudges it open. It's pitch black inside. He pulls a lighter from his pocket and holds it up. Save for Chad's corpse, the room looks empty.

JILL

You stand guard, I'll go see if the keys in are in his pocket.

Jill takes the lighter from his hand and enters into-

INT. BATHROOM

The lighter casts a dim glow over the bathroom. Shadows flicker menacingly from every corner.

Jill makes her way to Chad's body kneeling beside it. She reaches into his pocket and feels around.

From outside she hears a scraping sound.

JILL  
What was that?

BRANDON (O.S.)  
I don't know. Just keep looking.

Jill pulls her hand out. Empty. She turns Chad's body over, digs into his other pocket. Jackpot.

She pulls out the mustang's keys and holds them in the glow of the zippo.

JILL  
Brandon, I've got them!

No response. She looks to the ajar bathroom door, but can't see Brandon.

She closes the lighter and places it and the keys in her pocket. She readies the baseball bat.

JILL  
Brandon? I've got the keys, let's go.

Silence.

Jill moves toward the door and pushes it open. Brandon's face pops around the door frame, startling Jill.

JILL  
Shit! Where did you go?

BRANDON  
I think there are people in the woods. We need to get out of here now.

JILL  
I found the keys!

Jill pulls the keys and lighter from her pocket. She throws the keys to Brandon.

JILL  
Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

Brandon and Jill move quickly back toward the pumps. In the surrounding treeline, branches SNAP as if trampled by some unseen force.

Brandon runs to the mustang and opens the door. Jill enters the faint circle of light around the pumps. She realizes she is still holding the lighter in her hand and looks down at it.

She stops dead in her tracks.

BRANDON  
Jill! Let's go!

Stamped on the side of the lighter in cartoonish bubble letters is "FUCK OFF".

BRANDON  
What are you waiting for? Now's our chance to get out of here.

Brandon sees the lighter in her hand. They lock eyes for a beat, realization spreading over Brandon's face. Jill sprints for the booth's door.

BRANDON  
Wait! I can explain.

Brandon gives chase, but Jill has already jumped through the door and closed it behind her. He starts to pound on the window.

INT. CASHIER STATION

Jill backs away from the window as Brandon begins to plead with her from the other side.

BRANDON  
Jill, listen to me...

JILL  
What did you do to Randall?!?

BRANDON  
Jill, I had to kill him. He was no good. He was no good for you.

This hits Jill like a right-cross. She buckles.

BRANDON  
Can't you see that all of this-all this death-was meant to be? This happened to bring us together!

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Open your eyes!

JILL

Oh my god, you have it. You're crazy just like everyone else.

BRANDON

I don't HAVE anything. It's not a disease. It's a beginning. The beginning...of everything. The all-dark has emerged from the depths and ordained us as its ministers.

JILL

I don't understand.

Brandon places his hand on the glass. His skin ripples as if something was moving below it.

BRANDON

You will. Now come out of there...or we'll come in.

Brandon shrugs off his jacket. Blue stains cover his shirt. Boils run up his arms and neck, leaking the fluid. He hoists the axe on his shoulder.

BRANDON

It's inside me Jill. And I'm going to be inside you.

Brandon swings the axe at the plexiglass. A spiderweb of cracks splinter before Jill, but the glass holds.

JILL

Go away! Leave me alone!

Brandon continues to swing at the glass. A small hole has appeared and grows larger with every impact.

BRANDON

Come on Jill, just give the nice guy a chance for once!

The hole is now large enough for Brandon to reach through. His hand shoots out toward Jill, but she presses herself against the far wall, out of reach.

BRANDON

Come here you fucking tease! I just want to love you. WHY WON'T YOU LET ME SHOW YOU?!?

Jill looks on the counter for a weapon. Beside the register, next to the pumps' switches, is a small box-cutter.

Brandon's flesh is becoming shredded on the ragged edge of glass. He stretches further toward Jill. His hand snags her hair and he pulls.

Jill SCREAMS as she is pulled toward the glass. Her hand reaches for the box-cutter and hits the toggle for pump 4.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

The LED display of pump 4 gleams to life. The central hose above the pump begins to spray gasoline onto the asphalt.

In the distance, Brandon and Jill struggle.

INT. CASHIER STATION

Jill's hand closes around the box-cutter. She unsheathes the blade and begins to stab into Brandon's arm.

Brandon tries to wrench his arm back, but the glass has cut too deep into his skin. He throws his body back as the flesh of his arm peels off like a tube sock and lands on the counter beside Jill.

Jill screams again and pushes the macabre skin-glove to the floor. Flat blue slugs slither out from under the flesh. Jill stomps them into mush.

Brandon slams his now skinless arm against the glass.

BRANDON

Now look what you've done you  
stupid bitch!

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

The stream of gasoline has reached Brandon and is now pooling at his feet.

With renewed fever, Brandon is pounding on the window with the axe.

INT. CASHIER STATION

The plexiglass is coming off in chunks now, the hole is large enough for a person to crawl through.

Brandon lunges at Jill through the hole, but she slashes him across the eyes with the blade. He stumbles back onto his ass, blinded.

BRANDON  
(screaming)  
This is all your fault! I love  
you!

Jill leans through the glass, the lit zippo in her  
outstretched hand.

Brandon clears the blood from his slashed corneas. His  
vision clears enough to make out the text on the lighter.

JILL  
Fuck you.

She drops it into the pool of gasoline.

EXT. RICK'S GAS N' GO

Brandon bursts into flames. Jill slams open the booth's  
door and launches herself out.

Brandon's bike still leans against the cashier station's  
wall. Jill mounts it and pedals toward the road as the fire  
spreads to the pumps behind her.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

The bicycle's tires SWOOSH on the pavement. In the distance  
behind her, a fire rages. Something explodes.

Jill turns to look back on the town that she's always known.  
Other fires burn beyond the gas station. In front of her  
lays a road leading to darkness. She pedals on.

FADE TO BLACK.