

WHY DID YOU BRING HIM HERE?

written by

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SCENE 1

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT (2 YEARS AGO)

SOUND of a heavy, rhythmic beat

CLOSE UP on DARRYL "DOWNBEAT" CURTIS (30s, charismatic, focused) in a sound booth, mic inches from his lips. He's in his element, words spilling out in a rapid-fire, complex rhythm.

DARRYL (V.O.)

Yeah, they call me Downbeat, king
of the mic, > Spittin' fire, every
single night, > From the block to
the top, ain't no stoppin' this
flow, > Watch me rise, watch me
grow, watch me steal the whole
show.

Suddenly, the music CUTS OUT. A high-pitched WHINE fills the air, then a deafening BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE. The studio lights flicker, then die. Emergency lights glow, casting long, distorted shadows. Darryl is on the ground, blood blooming on his pristine white t-shirt. Panic erupts.

SCENE 2

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

SOUND of a much slower, strained beat

DARRYL (30s, but looking older, a noticeable limp) stands in a sound booth. He struggles to keep up with the beat, his words halting, his flow broken. His brow is furrowed in frustration.

DARRYL (MUTTERING)

Come on, come on...

He tries again, but the words get tangled, his once lightning-fast delivery now a painful crawl. He slams his fist on the console.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Dammit!

TIFFANY (30s, beautiful, compassionate), his wife, watches from the control room, her face etched with concern. She steps into the booth.

TIFFANY

Honey, maybe we should just... call it a night.

DARRYL

I can't call it a night, Tiff! This is it. This is all I got left.

TIFFANY

It's not all you got left. You're Darryl Curtis. You're Downbeat.

DARRYL

I was Downbeat. Now I'm... this.

He gestures vaguely to himself. Tiffany takes his hand, her gaze soft.

TIFFANY

You're tired. You've been pushing yourself too hard. We need a break. A real break.

Darryl considers it, then a small smile touches his lips.

DARRYL

Where do you have in mind?

TIFFANY

The cabin. Just us. No distractions.

Darryl considers it, then a small smile touches his lips.

DARRYL

No distractions, huh? Sounds... good.

SCENE 3

EXT. ISOLATED VACATION HOME - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

SOUND OF BIRDSONG, GENTLE BREEZE

The vacation home is nestled deep within a thick, dark forest. It's a beautiful, rustic cabin, isolated from any other signs of life.

A winding, unpaved road leads to it. The sun filters through the dense canopy, creating dappled light.

INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams into the cozy, well-furnished living room. Darryl is on a large, comfortable couch, staring out the window at the endless trees. He clutches a mug of coffee. Tiffany is unpacking groceries in the kitchen.

TIFFANY

See? Isn't this better? No deadlines, no pressure. Just... quiet. Darryl sighs, a hint of tension still in his shoulders.

DARRYL

Too quiet. Feels like we're cut off from the world.

TIFFANY

That's the point. Fresh air. Time to just... be.

She walks over and sits beside him, gently taking his hand.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

We'll get through this, honey. You'll find your flow again. It's just... different now.

Darryl nods slowly, a distant look in his eyes. He still feels the ghost of the shooting, the tremor in his hands, the phantom pain in his leg.

SCENE 4

EXT. ISOLATED VACATION HOME - NIGHT

SOUND of crickets, distant wind

The vacation home is nestled deep within a thick, dark forest. It's a beautiful, rustic cabin, isolated from any other signs of life. The windows glow warmly.

SCENE 5

INT. VACATION HOME BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darryl and Tiffany are asleep, snuggled together in bed. Moonlight streams through the window. Suddenly, a piercing SCREAM rips through the silence, followed by frantic, guttural BANGING on the front door. Darryl's eyes snap open, disoriented. Tiffany bolts upright, heart pounding.

TIFFANY
What was that?!

The banging intensifies, accompanied by desperate cries for help.

VOICE (O.S.)
Help me! Please! Someone!

Darryl, despite his limp, gets out of bed quickly, adrenaline coursing through him. Tiffany grabs a heavy lamp from the bedside table.

They cautiously move towards the front door. The screams continue, closer now.

SCENE 6

INT. VACATION HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darryl reaches the door, hand hovering over the lock. Tiffany stands a few paces behind him, lamp raised defensively.

DARRYL
Who's there?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Please!
I need help! He's trying to kill
me!

Darryl exchanges a panicked look with Tiffany. He takes a deep breath and unlocks the door, slowly pulling it open. A young girl, DEBBIE (16, terrified, dishevelled), stumbles through the threshold and collapses onto their living room floor. Her clothes are torn, and her eyes are wide

with primal fear. A large kitchen knife is deeply embedded in her stomach, blood seeping rapidly onto their rug. She is barely conscious. Tiffany drops the lamp, her hand flying to her mouth. Darryl rushes to Debbie's side.

DARRYL
Oh my God!

TIFFANY
Debbie? From the Hildebrands?

Debbie nods weakly, gasping for air.

DEBBIE
He... he came...

DARRYL
Who came, Debbie?

DEBBIE

THE MAN... UPSTAIRS...

SCENE 7

INT. HILDEBRAND HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(FLASHBACK) SOUND of children's laughter, upbeat pop

music DEBBIE (V.O.)
It was a normal Friday night. Mrs.
Hildebrand told me the kids were
already asleep, just to call if
anything came up. Said they'd be
back late. No biggie.

Younger Debbie sits on a plush couch, scrolling on her phone,
a bag of chips open beside her. The living room is cozy,
decorated with family photos.

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was just doing my thing, you
know? Binge-watching some stupid
show, trying to ignore the creepy
quiet of an empty house.

SOUND of a floorboard creaking upstairs

Debbie's head snaps up. She glances at the ceiling, then back
at her phone, shrugging it off.

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Probably just the house settling.
Or maybe a branch hitting the roof.
I tried to tell myself that.

Another CREAK, louder this time. Followed by a faint,
metallic SCRAPE.

Debbie slowly puts her phone down. Her eyes dart around the
room.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
 But then I heard it again. And it
 wasn't just the house. It was...
 deliberate. Like someone was moving
 around up there.

She stands, heart beginning to pound.

DEBBIE<
 Hello? Mr. Hildebrand?

Silence. Only the faint sounds of the house.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
 I called them, but their phones
 went straight to voicemail. Then I
 tried calling my parents. Same
 thing. Dead quiet. That's when I
 knew something was really wrong.

A soft THUD from upstairs. Debbie's breath hitches. She
 grabs a large kitchen knife, her knuckles white.

She creeps towards the staircase, each step a deliberate
 effort. The air grows colder.

<DEBBIE (V.O.)
 I told myself it was just my
 imagination. That I was being
 silly. But every fiber of my being
 was screaming at me to run.

As she reaches the bottom of the stairs, a figure emerges
 from the shadows at the top. It's a tall, imposing
 figure, cloaked in a bright YELLOW RAINCOAT. A crudely
 made BURLAP SACK MASK obscures its face, two jagged holes
 cut out for eyes. In one hand, it wields a long, gleaming
 MEAT HOOK.

Debbie gasps, and stops in tracks. The killer slowly descends
 the stairs, its head cocked at an unnatural angle, the
 hook dragging silently on each step. Debbie screams and
 turns, bolting for the back door.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
 I ran. I just ran. I didn't think.
 I just knew I had to get out of
 there. And the kids... oh God, the
 kids.

SCENE 8

INT. HILDEBRAND HOUSE - CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The killer is close behind Debbie. She bursts into a child's bedroom, grabbing the two sleeping children, a boy (5) and a girl (7), from their beds.

DEBBIE

Wake up! Get up! We have to go!

The children, groggy and confused, are scooped into her arms. Debbie glances back. The killer is standing in the doorway, framed against the hallway light, its hooked arm slowly rising.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

He was right there. Like he was
enjoying it. Like it was a game.

She shoves the children out of a window.

DEBBIE

Go! Run! Don't look back!

As the children scramble out, the killer lunges at Debbie. She throws herself back, narrowly avoiding the hook. Debbie scrambles out the window after the kids, landing awkwardly on the grass. The killer is already at the window, peering out, its head tilting as it watches her.

SCENE 9

EXT. HILDEBRAND HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Debbie is limping, pulling the two terrified children behind her. She keeps looking over her shoulder. The killer is out of the house now, slowly walking across the lawn, its head still cocked, the hook glinting in the faint moonlight.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

I could hear him. His heavy
footsteps. The scrape of that awful
hook. He wasn't running, he was
just... following. Like he knew he
had all night.

They reach the tree line. Debbie pushes the kids deeper into the woods.

DEBBIE

Hide! Don't make a sound!

She turns back, confronting the killer. She tries to create a diversion, throwing a rock into the opposite direction.

The killer hesitates, then its gaze snaps back to Debbie. It raises the hook.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I thought I was dead. I just knew
it. But I had to buy them time.

The killer lunges. Debbie tries to dodge, but the hook catches her. She screams, falling to the ground she loses grip on the kitchen knife. The killer then slowly, deliberately, plunges the knife into her stomach. Once. Twice. A third time.

Debbie lets out a guttural cry. The killer stands for a moment, then pulls the knife out. Debbie gasps, clutching her wound. The killer then plunges the knife back into her stomach and leaves it there.

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't know how, but I pulled
myself up. It hurt so bad. But I
knew I couldn't stop. I had to get
help. For the kids.

SCENE 10

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Debbie stumbles down a dark, unlit street, blood soaking her shirt. Houses line the street, but all are dark. No lights. No cars.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I knocked on every door. Every
single one. But no one answered. No
one!

She bangs weakly on a door, then collapses against it, sobbing. She pushes herself up and stumbles to the next house. The front door is ajar. She pushes it open.

SCENE 11

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The house is eerily quiet. Debbie steps inside, calling out.

DEBBIE
Hello? Is anyone here?

She turns on a light switch. Nothing. The power is out. She sees a shadowy figure slumped on a

couch. She moves closer, her breath catching in her throat.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

And then I saw them. The whole family. Just... sitting there.

CLOSE UP

on the family: still, lifeless, their eyes wide with terror, throats slit. Debbie lets out a strangled scream, stumbling backward.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

They were all dead. Every single one. And every house... it was the same. No power. No one alive.

She runs out of the house, terror consuming her.

SCENE 12

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Debbie runs frantically, her limp worsening, the knife still protruding from her stomach. She keeps glancing behind her.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

He was still out there. I could feel him. Watching me. Hunting me. All night.

She falls, scraping her knee. She pushes herself up, sobbing, looking desperately for any sign of life

DEBBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then I saw your light. Just a flicker. But it was hope.

She struggles onward, driven by sheer will, towards the faint light, towards Darryl and Tiffany's isolated cabin.

SCENE 13

INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Darryl and Tiffany stare at Debbie, horrified, as she finishes her story, her voice growing weaker.

DEBBIE

He's... he's still out there.

Silence hangs heavy in the air, broken only by Debbie's shallow breaths. Darryl slowly looks at Tiffany, his eyes filled with a dawning terror.

TIFFANY

Why did you bring him here?

SCENE 14

INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl's mind races, struggling to process Debbie's horrific tale. Tiffany is visibly shaken, her hand instinctively reaching for Darryl's arm.

DARRYL

We need to call for help. Now.

He fumbles for his phone in his pocket. He pulls it out, the screen dark. He tries the power button, again and again. Nothing.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

No service. Dammit!

Tiffany tries her phone. Same result. Their faces fall.

TIFFANY

The landline?

Darryl quickly moves to the wall phone, lifts the receiver. Dead air. No dial tone.

DARRYL

No power here either. Just like she said.

A cold dread washes over them. They look at Debbie, who is now struggling to stay conscious, her eyes glazing over.

TIFFANY

We have to help her. Darryl, she's losing too much blood.

Darryl, despite his own fear and the nagging pain in his leg, kneels beside Debbie. He carefully examines the knife wound. It's deep. He makes no move to remove the knife.

DARRYL

We need to stop the bleeding. Tiff,
get me some towels. Anything clean.

Tiffany springs into action, rushing to the bathroom. Darryl, using all his focus, tries to remember basic first aid, fragments of information floating in his damaged memory. Debbie moans, a faint, gurgling sound.

DEBBIE

The kids... are they safe?

DARRYL

Yes, Debbie. They're safe. You did
good.

He tries to reassure her, though a part of him wonders if the kids truly are safe, or if they're just waiting for the killer to find them. Tiffany returns with a stack of clean towels. Darryl carefully presses them against Debbie's wound, applying pressure. Debbie cries out, then goes limp.

TIFFANY

Is she... is she okay?

DARRYL

She's still breathing. But we need
to get her to a hospital. We can't
just sit here.

He looks towards the front door, then the windows, his gaze piercing the darkness outside. The thought of that masked figure, lurking out there, sends a shiver down his spine.

TIFFANY

But the killer... he's still out
there. We're trapped.

A sudden, sharp CRASH from outside. Both Darryl and Tiffany jump, their heads snapping towards the sound. It came from the back of the house.

DARRYL

Did you hear that?

TIFFANY

What was it?

Another sound, closer now. A slow, deliberate SCRAPE against the side of the house. It's the sound of metal on wood possibly The hook.

Darryl's eyes widen. He clutches Debbie tighter, trying to shield her with his body.

Tiffany backs away slowly, scanning the room for a weapon. Her eyes land on a heavy, wrought-iron fireplace poker. She grabs it, her knuckles white.

DARRYL

He's here.

A shadow passes by a window, fleeting and distorted. A low, guttural GROWL echoes from the darkness outside, sending a jolt of primal fear through them both. The front door, which Darryl had closed but not re-locked, begins to creak open, slowly, menacingly.

SCENE 15

INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl shoves Debbie, still clutching the blood-soaked towels, towards the guest room.

DARRYL

Get her into the guest room, Tiff!
Lock the door!

Tiffany nods, her face grim, helping Darryl maneuver Debbie's limp body. They half-drag,

half-carry her into a small, windowless guest bedroom, carefully placing her on the bed. Tiffany locks the door.

Darryl turns back to the front door, and locks it. He grabs a heavy chair and shoves it against the door. He then quickly moves to the windows, pulling the thick curtains shut. He glances at Tiffany.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

we need to figure out what's
happening.

He rushes to the windows again, pulling back a corner of the curtain. His eyes scan the inky blackness outside. He sees it then. Scrawled in what can only be blood on the windowpane:
LET HER OUT

Darryl recoils, a gasp escaping his lips. Tiffany sees it too, her hand flying to her mouth.

TIFFANY

Oh my God.

They move quickly to another window, peering through the curtains. Another message, equally chilling:

OR I'LL COME IN

The implication is clear. The killer wants Debbie. Hours pass in a tense, agonizing blur. Darryl and Tiffany pace the living room, their nerves frayed. They keep checking on Debbie, who remains mostly unconscious, her breathing shallow and ragged. The knife remains in her stomach.

Suddenly, the last vestiges of light from their battery-operated lamps flicker and die. Total darkness.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

The power's completely out now.

Darryl curses under his breath. He reaches for his phone. Still dead. He checks Tiffany's. Gone. They check their pockets, frantically searching the room.

DARRYL

They're gone. Both of them.

A new wave of despair washes over them. They're isolated, in the dark, with a dying girl, and a killer outside.

SCENE 16

INT. VACATION HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl stumbles into the kitchen, fumbling through drawers. Tiffany joins him, her face pale.

TIFFANY

What are you looking for?

DARRYL

Anything. A flashlight. Batteries. Something. We can't just sit in the dark.

He pulls open a drawer, revealing a collection of kitchen utensils. He grabs a heavy meat cleaver, its blade glinting faintly in the moonlight.

TIFFANY

Darryl, you don't know how to use that.

DARRYL

I'll learn.

He moves quickly to a hidden safe behind a framed picture. He spins the dial, the mechanism clicking softly. The safe door swings open to reveal an impressive array of firearms.

He pulls out a monstrous, gold-plated Desert Eagle handgun. Its weight feels reassuring in his hand.

TIFFANY

Darryl, what are we going to do?
Why did she bring him here?

A moral dilemma hangs heavy in the air. The unspoken question hangs between them: Should they give Debbie up to save themselves?

DARRYL

We can't. Not yet.

He goes back to the guest room, checking on Debbie. She's barely clinging to life. Her eyes flutter open, unfocused.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Debbie... the Hofstadters. The old couple down the road. Do they still have their CB radio? Was it working?

Debbie's eyes are distant. She mumbles incoherently. Darryl gently shakes her.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Debbie! Think! The CB radio! Mr. Hofstadter!

A flicker of recognition in her eyes. She takes a shaky breath, then manages a weak nod.

DEBBIE

Yes... working...

Her eyes roll back, and she slumps into unconsciousness.

Darryl makes a decision. A desperate, dangerous one.

DARRYL

Tiffany, you stay here. Keep her alive. I'm going for help.

TIFFANY

What?! No! Darryl, you can't!

DARRYL

I have to. It's our only chance....
Why did you bring him here?

He goes back to the safe, puts the Desert Eagle in his waist band and pulls out a smaller, more compact Glock 26 Pistol.

He also grabs a bulletproof/stab-proof vest. He hands Tiffany the compact glock 26 pistol.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Take this. Stay safe. Don't open
this door for anyone but me.

Tiffany takes the pistol, her hand trembling. Darryl quickly puts on the vest, the familiar weight a cold comfort. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself.

SCENE 17

EXT. VACATION HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl, moving with a cautious, limping gait, slips out the front door. The darkness is absolute, save for the faint glow of the moon filtering through the dense trees. Every snap of a twig, every rustle of leaves, sends a jolt through him.

He moves slowly, deliberately, towards the direction of the Hofstadters' house, with his golden hand Cannon held ready.

SCENE 18

INT. VACATION HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Tiffany is frantically performing CPR on Debbie, her face streaked with tears and sweat.

TIFFANY
Come on, Debbie! Stay with me! One,
two, three, four...

Each compression is rhythmic, desperate.

SCENE 19

EXT. HOFSTADTER HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl reaches the Hofstadter house. It's slightly larger than his own, and just as dark. He notices a modern Ring doorbell camera mounted next to the door. A flicker of hope. He approaches cautiously, seeing a faint light coming from a back window.

SCENE 20

INT. HOFSTADTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl carefully enters the Hofstadter house through an unlocked back door. The air is thick with the metallic scent of blood. He follows the smell to the master bedroom. His breath catches in his throat. MR. and MRS. HOFSTADTER lie in their bed, brutally murdered, their bodies contorted in grotesque angles, their throats slit.

He forces himself to move, the urgency of his mission overriding the shock. He can hear the faint, crackling sounds of a CB radio from another room, interspersed with static and distant voices.

SCENE 21

INT. VACATION HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Tiffany continues chest compressions, her muscles screaming, her voice raw.

TIFFANY
Breathe, Debbie! Please, breathe!

SCENE 22

INT. HOFSTADTER HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl enters a den, dominated by a large desk with an old CB radio setup. Next to it, a laptop is open, its screen faintly illuminating the room. He sees a folder labeled "Security Footage." His fingers tremble as he clicks on it. A list of video files appears. He plays the most recent one.

SCENE 23

SPLIT SCREEN: INT. VACATION HOME - GUEST ROOM / INT.
HOFSTADTER HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

On one side of the screen, Tiffany desperately performs CPR on Debbie. On the other side, Darryl watches the laptop footage.

VIDEO FOOTAGE:

The footage shows the front door of the Hofstadter house. It's earlier tonight. Suddenly, a figure stumbles into view on the porch, covered in blood. It's DEBBIE. The knife is still in her stomach. Darryl's eyes widen in confusion.

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CONT'D):

Debbie is banging on the door, screaming for help. The knife in her stomach is clearly visible. The Hofstadters, concerned, open the door and take her inside.

CUT TO: TIFFANY, MID-COMPRESSION, HER FACE CONTORTED IN EFFORT.

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CONT'D):

The scene cuts inside the Hofstadter house. Debbie is being helped by the old couple. She looks weak, almost collapsing. Then, in a chillingly fluid movement, Debbie's hand goes to the knife in her stomach.

CUT TO: DARRYL, WATCHING THE SCREEN, A DAWNING HORROR ON HIS FACE.

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CONT'D):

Debbie pulls the knife out of her own stomach. Her face remains strangely impassive, showing no pain, just a chilling focus. Her eyes, moments ago pleading, are now cold, devoid of emotion.

She turns, a chillingly calm expression on her face, and plunges the knife into Mr. Hofstadter's throat. Blood splatters. Mrs. Hofstadter screams, but Debbie is already moving, striking her down with brutal efficiency.

CUT TO:

Tiffany giving another compression. Her head is bowed, exhausted.

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CONT'D):

Debbie, now standing over the dead bodies, the knife still in her hand. A faint, almost imperceptible SMILE plays on her lips.

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CONT'D):

Debbie calmly walks out of the Hofstadter house, wiping blood from the knife onto her clothes.

She approaches the Hofstadter's front window, dips her finger in the fresh blood on her shirt, and meticulously scrawls a message on the glass.

CLOSE UP ON THE WINDOW: LET HER OUT

She moves to another window and writes another message.

CLOSE UP on the window: OR I'LL COME IN

She looks directly into the camera, a cold, knowing smirk on her face, then calmly walks away from the house, disappearing into the darkness.

CUT TO:

Tiffany, completing a compression.

Suddenly, Debbie's eyes FLICKER OPEN. They are cold, calculating. Simultaneously, on the video footage, Debbie finishes off Mrs. Hofstadter. In the guest room, Debbie sits bolt upright, a terrifying strength in her movements, a faint grimace of effort on her face.

Tiffany screams, recoiling. Debbie's hand darts to her stomach. She pulls out the knife, a fresh trickle of blood welling from the wound.

With a horrifying speed, Debbie lunges at Tiffany, slashing her throat with the knife. Tiffany clutches her neck, a gurgling sound escaping her lips as blood gushes. She collapses, struggling for breath, falling to the floor.

Darryl, watching the horror unfold on the laptop screen, screams, a guttural cry of disbelief and pure, unadulterated terror. The truth slams into him with the force of a physical blow.

There was no masked killer. It was Debbie.

He stumbles back from the laptop, his limp suddenly more pronounced, a sick feeling twisting in his gut. He turns, scrambling for the front door, his mind screaming.

EXT. HOFSTADTER HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl bursts out of the Hofstadter house, running with a desperate, lurching gait back towards his own vacation home. The pistol is still in his hand, but it feels useless now.

SCENE 25

INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Darryl crashes through his own front door, gasping for air. His eyes immediately dart to Tiffany, crumpled on the floor, a growing pool of blood around her.

DARRYL

TIFFANY!

He takes a single, limping step towards her.

A thunderous BANG!

Darryl's head snaps back, a crimson spray erupting from his temple. He stands frozen for a moment, eyes wide with shock and the ultimate betrayal, before collapsing lifelessly to the floor. DEBBIE stands in the doorway of the guest room, holding Darryl's glock 26 . Her eyes are utterly devoid of remorse, almost bored. A fresh, noticeable bloodstain is spreading on her shirt where she pulled the knife out.

She walks over to Tiffany, who is still weakly gasping, clutching her throat. Debbie calmly raises the glock and fires twice into Tiffany's chest. Tiffany goes still.

Debbie then walks over to Darryl's body and fires two more times into his head, ensuring his silence. She surveys the carnage, a faint, satisfied smile playing on her lips. She casually steps over the bodies and exits the house.

SCENE 26

EXT. VACATION HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Debbie walks past the bloody messages on the windows without a glance. She looks down the dark, tree-lined road. In the distance, the headlights of a minivan approach another vacation house. A family.

She smiles, a cold, predatory glint in her eyes. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her knife. She then, with chilling precision, stabs herself in the stomach once more with while barely flinching She begins to limp, a familiar, painful gait, She starts walking down the street towards her new target, another innocent family about to open their door to a damsel in distress.

The chilling cycle continues.

FADE OUT.