

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

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FADE IN:

CLOSE on the happiest smiley face you've ever seen.

We slowly pull away, revealing the smiley face is part of the "i" in a "Camp Bliss" sign. It's swinging back and forth in the gentle breeze.

Pull out even more, revealing more of the picture perfect summer camp each time --

Rows of wooden cabins nestled among the forest...

A gorgeous swimming pool...

Healthy green football length field...

Overtured chairs, overcooked marshmallows, and a guitar with a broken string lying near a still smoking campfire...

COPS and MEDICS tending to crying TEENAGE CAMPERS...

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

DIEGO VALDEZ, 14, scrawny, shy, Camp Bliss T-shirt, in the midst of a full-blown panic attack, sits alone.

He watches as FORENSICS cart body bags past him.

OFFICER KRAUSS, 40s, spooked, part of his uniform drenched in blood, startles Diego. Gets behind the wheel. Turns to him.

KRAUSS

Diego? You're gonna be okay. Just breathe. Deep breaths now. Your dad's gonna meet us at the station.

Diego calms down a bit, nods. Krauss takes a moment to compose himself, turns over the ignition.

Diego eyes multiple body bags as Krauss drives away.

INT. POLICE STATION / KRAUSS' OFFICE - DAY

Diego, head in his hands. Eyes red from crying.

DIEGO

I just want to go home.

FATHER GABRIEL VALDEZ, 40s, cheerful and unburdened despite his profession and the circumstances, sits next to Diego.

GABRIEL

I know, son, and we will, but it's important the police get the truth so they can catch who did this.

Krauss, at his desk, ready to write Diego's statement.

KRAUSS

Start from the beginning.

Diego looks up at Krauss, in no hurry to relive a nightmare.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Hours before the horror show. A pristine, mustard yellow school bus loaded with teens lumbers down a dusty trail.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Diego, laughing, has a Pokémon battle with his best friend, NICK GRACIE via the Nintendo Switch.

Nick, 14, smart, chubby, stutterer, bully magnet, carefully considers his best move. Diego watches him, impatient.

DIEGO

Come on, Nick.

NICK

Hold y-y-your Horseas.

A HOCKEY MASKED TEEN pops up behind them. Diego and Nick scream. BILLY HOWARD, 15, jittery, that weird kid everyone knew from high school, takes the hockey mask off, laughs.

BILLY

What's up, Wonder Twins?

NICK

N-N-Not cool, B-Billy!

DIEGO

The Wonder Twins are brother and sister, dude.

BILLY

Exactly.
 (re: Nintendo Switch)
 Can I play?

DIEGO

No.

BILLY

Can Mr. Roth play?

Billy smiles, smug. Diego and Nick sigh.

NICK

A-a-ass!

Billy plucks the Nintendo Switch from Nick's grasp.

BILLY

I'm gonna beat your -- Uh-oh.

MR. ROTH, 40s, porn 'stache, needs a drink, holds out his hand. Diego and Billy hand the Nintendo Switches over to him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What are we suppose to do now?

MR. ROTH

They'll be games at the camp. Until then, use your imagination.

BILLY

Imagi what?

Mr. Roth confiscates Billy's hockey mask, returns to his seat. He passes SHAYNA TRAYLOR, 15, backwards softball hat, cool, athletic, looking out the window.

Diego stares at her, smitten. Shayna glances back.

Diego quickly looks away. He waits, dares glance again.

Shayna's smiling. Diego smiles back.

Nick chuckles and Diego realizes Billy's been making funny faces. He sighs, peers out the window.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - DAY

Mr. Roth stands just outside the bus, making sure every student is accounted for as they exit.

Diego, Nick, and Billy are the last to exit.

MR. ROTH

The usual suspects. Get in line.

Billy gives Mr. Roth a bizarre salute, limps to the end of the line, doing his best Verbal Kint impersonation.

The BUS DRIVER stifles a laugh.

BOBBI (PRE-LAP)

WELCOME TO CAMP BLISS!

EXT. POSITIVITY PLAZA - DAY

The lead camp counselor, BOBBI, early 30s, hype bro, smiley face shirt, shorts, trying too hard to be cool, stands on a picnic bench, shouts into a megaphone. The CAMPERS recoil.

BOBBI

I am your humble, host with the most, Camp Counselor Bobbi! With an I! Woo! And these are my peeps!

OWEN, KELLY, BYRON, and JORDAN, 20s, disaffected camp counselors, cheer halfheartedly. Jordan waves, doesn't even look up from his phone.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

You have any questions, you come rap with us. Now who's ready to have some fun?! WOO!

Bobbi jumps up and down on the table.

Diego and Nick share a look. *This is gonna suck.*

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Diego, dressed in the blue camp T-shirt, hits the dirt. A dodgeball bounces off his head. Nick falls beside him.

NICK
Are we d-d-dead yet?

Billy, camp T-shirt tied around him like a cape, dances.

BILLY
I love this freaking game!

Shayna nails him in the back with a dodgeball.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I hate this stupid game.

LATER

Bobbi hula-hoops, blows a whistle. Owen and Kelly run alongside the Campers as they hula-hoop relay race.

Byron waves a flag at the finish line. Jordan, headphones in, rocks out to music on his phone. Diego and Shayna go head to head. He trips, eats the dirt. *Ouch*. Shayna helps him up.

DIEGO
Thanks, Shayna.

SHAYNA
You good?

DIEGO
Yeah.

SHAYNA
See you at the finish line!

Shayna blazes past him. Diego smiles. A hula-hoop flies past his head, towards an oblivious Jordan...

JORDAN (O.S.)
Ow! Shit!

BILLY (O.S.)
My bad!

Diego crosses to Nick, who's stuck in a hula-hoop.

LATER

Bobbi, rocking a pair of flippers, stands by a pool. Diego, Nick, Billy and the BOYS face off against Shayna and the GIRLS. Tug of war. Jordan, bandage on his head, still on his phone, wears a referee shirt, holds a whistle.

BOBBI

Let's get it! Trust your partners,
stay dry. Focus on self, get wet.

A few of the Campers snicker. Bobbi takes Jordan's phone, motions for him to blow the whistle. Jordan sighs, complies.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Mortal Kombat!

It's on. Diego and the Boys pull the rope. Shayna and the Girls edge towards the water. The Girls yank the rope back.

BILLY

No!

Billy ties the rope around Nick.

NICK

S-s-stop it!

BILLY

Just hold still. I'll anchor your
fat ass. No way they'd move you.

Nick blinks back tears.

DIEGO

Shut up, Billy.

BILLY

You and your girlfriend gonna cry?

Billy flicks Diego's ear. Diego shoves him. Billy grins, shoves him back. They step out of line, into a scuffle.

NICK

Uh, guys?! Guys!

Shayna and the Girls pull Nick and the Boys into the pool.

BOBBI

Hey!

DIEGO
 (to Billy)
 Good job, psycho.

Billy's expression goes blank. He puts Diego in a sleeperhold, drags him into the pool. Forces his head under.

BILLY
 Don't call me that! Don't you ever
 call me that!

SHAYNA
 Let go of him!

Diego, terrified, gasps for air.

SHAYNA (CONT'D)
 Let him go, you psycho!

Billy leaps from the pool, dashes towards Shayna. She balls her fists. Ready to throw down.

Bobbi and Owen intercept Billy, hold Billy at bay.

Nick and the other Camp Counselors help Diego out of the pool. He's fighting off a panic attack.

Billy yells like a maniac, claws at Bobbi and Owen.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Mr. Roth admonishes Billy, leads him into the woods.

Billy gives Diego, roasting a marshmallow at a campfire, a dirty look. Nick sits beside Diego in a circle alongside other Campers. Bobbi, lawn chair, strumming a guitar.

BOBBI
 Let's slow things down with a
 classic camp song.
 (vocalizing)
 Me! Me! Me! Me!
 (singing)
 KOOKABURRA SITS IN THE OLD --

A guitar string snaps, hits Bobbi in the face.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Shih Tzu!

The Campers laugh. Bobbi takes a breath, smiles

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Safety first. Fear not, faithful campers. I leave you in good hands.

Kelly feeds a roasted marshmallow to Owen.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Guys?

KELLY / OWEN

What? / Yeah?

BOBBI

I'm going to the infirmary.

KELLY / OWEN

Cool. / Okay.

Bobbi gives the Campers a reassuring smile, hurries away. Nick, distracted by Kelly and Owen making out. He suddenly remembers his marshmallow. Too bad it's turned into charcoal.

DIEGO

Dare you to eat it.

NICK

I'm f-f-fat, not st-st-stupid.

Shayna carries a lantern, sits beside Diego.

SHAYNA

'Sup, guys?

NICK

N-n-nothing. Just c-c-chilling.

DIEGO

You did not just say that.

Nick shrugs. Shayna grins.

SHAYNA

Need a partner to help gather some firewood. You in?

DIEGO

I...

NICK

He'd l-l-love to.

Diego gives Nick a death glare. Nick smiles.

Diego and Shayna head up the dusty trail.

Kelly and Owen, locking lips. They come up for air.

KELLY

You two stay on the trail!

Shayna and Diego nod, keep walking.

OWEN

What she said.

They start kissing again. Kelly looks up, finds Nick staring in awe. She adjusts her uniform, takes Bobbi's seat.

KELLY

How about a few more campfire songs
before bedtime?

CAMPERS

(singing)

KELLY AND OWEN, SITTING IN A TREE!
F-U-

Owen steps up beside her, shuts things down.

OWEN

That's enough. How about a spooky
story instead?

The Campers groan.

OWEN (CONT'D)

This is a good one. Guaranteed to
keep you all night.

Owen kneels beside the fire. Kelly whispers something in his ear, heads back to the camp counselor's quarters.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Long time ago, on a moonlit night
like tonight, a couple and their
little girl got lost in the woods.

INTERCUT WOODS / CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Diego and Shayna play catch with a rock. She grabs a stick from the firewood, holds it like a baseball bat.

SHAYNA

Toss it.

Diego gets into pitching stance, tosses the rock to Shayna. WHAP! She knocks it high into the air.

SHAYNA (CONT'D)

Home run!

DIEGO

When you turn pro, I'm telling the world I pitched to you.

SHAYNA

You think I'm good enough?

DIEGO

You're the GOAT.

Shayna smiles. Diego laughs, nervous.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

We'd better get back.

They gather the firewood, hit the trail.

SHAYNA

Truth or dare.

DIEGO

Really?

SHAYNA

Unless you're scared.

DIEGO

Truth.

SHAYNA

Ever kiss a girl before?

Diego stares at Shayna a beat, then --

DIEGO
Only in my dreams.

Shea gives him a quick peck on the lips. Diego's in shock.

SHAYNA
Not bad.

A branch snaps. Diego and Shayna jump.

SHAYNA (CONT'D)
What was that?

NICK

Freaked out, enraptured, listens to Owen's spooky story.

OWEN
No cell service. No one around for miles. They got so tired, so hungry. "Mom, I'm starving!" Said the girl. "Isn't there something to eat?" "There is something", said the Dad, "But you won't like it."

DIEGO AND SHAYNA

Carrying firewood, speeding back to campfire.

More branches snap behind them. Something's coming!

SHAYNA
What was that?

DIEGO
Want to find out?

They drop the firewood, run.

OWEN

Stirs the fire. He has the Campers in the palm of his hand now. He looks up at their expectant faces, grins.

OWEN

Little later, the girl asks again.
 "Mom, don't we have anything to
 eat? The Mom said "There is
 something, but you won't like it."

DIEGO AND SHAYNA

Take cover behind a tree. Something rushes past them.

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

The next morning, hunters found the
 girl eating her parents' remains
 with a big ol' smile on her face.

THE CAMPERS

Looking disappointed. They throw marshmallows at Owen.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Hey!

NICK

That's it?

OWEN

It's a true story. It happened in
 these very woods.

A WILD HAIREd GIRL in tattered, bloody clothes comes out of
 nowhere, wailing like a banshees, jumps onto Owen.

Nick screams like a little girl. Owen laughs. Kelly takes off
 her wig, tosses it to Nick. She joins hands with Owen, bows.

NICK

N-N-not cool!

OWEN

Shit your pants?

NICK

(not so sure)

N-no...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Diego and Shayna, hiding behind a tree.

P-A-N-I-C-K-I-N-G. They speak in hushed tones.

DIEGO
Think it's gone?

SHAYNA
I don't know, but on three we haul
ass back to the camp. Ready?

DIEGO
Yeah.

SHAYNA
One...

DIEGO
Two...

Mr. Roth, half his face hacked off, grabs Diego's arm. Diego and Shayna scream. Mr. Roth, groans, gives up the ghost. Hits the ground. Diego and Shayna cautiously approach him.

SHAYNA
What the hell?

Billy, hands covered in blood, steps onto the trail.

DIEGO
What did you do?

BILLY
Not me. It was her.

DIEGO
Who?

BILLY
She killed him.

SHAYNA
Who?

EXT. LAKE TRANQUILITY - NIGHT

Okay, a pool, but it's the Zen-like thought that counts. Bobbi swims, at peace in his element. He dives under.

SPLASH.

Bobbi surfaces. Toasts floats in the pool.

BOBBI

Hey! No violating the sacred...

KILLER'S POV -- creeping closer to Bobbi. The Killer cradles a toaster connected to a long extension cord. Bobbi swims away. *Okay... This is weird.*

BOBBI (CONT'D)

Kelly? That you?

The Killer shakes his/her head, no.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

(panicking now)

This isn't funny. Drop the toaster.

The Killer tosses in the toaster, runs like hell.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

OH SHI---

An earth-shattering KABOOM as electricity surges across the pool, sends Bobbi into spasms. The surge knocks the power out. Bobbi's body goes limp, floats in the pool.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Owen, Kelly, and Nick notice the power's gone out.

KELLY

Great. Everyone follow me back to your quarters. No bullshit, okay?

NICK

What a-a-about Diego and Shayna?

OWEN

I'll get 'em.

KELLY

Hurry. I'm afraid of the dark.

OWEN

Back in a flash.

They share a quick kiss, then Owen races off into the woods.

NICK

How e-e-exclusive are y-y-you two?

Kelly smiles, ruffles Nick's hair.

KELLY

Get out of here.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Diego and Shayna back away from Billy.

BILLY

What are you looking at me like
that for?! We have to get out of
here before she kills us all!

Owen takes Billy to the ground.

OWEN

(to Diego and Shayna)
You hurt?

They shake their heads no.

BILLY

Get off of me!

OWEN

Not till the cops get here!

BILLY

It wasn't me!

Owen pulls Billy up, pins his arms behind his back, marches him back onto the trail.

OWEN

Let's go. You try anything I'm
dumping you back on your ass.

INT. CAMP BLISS / CAMPERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Nick, at the window, waiting for Diego, Shayna, and Owen to return. Campers joke, use lanterns and their phones to light their surroundings. Kelly and Byron sort through keys.

KELLY

Find it yet?

BYRON

Everything but the one to the generator room. Figures Bobbi would pull this shit. Shouldn't the generators have kicked in by now?

KELLY

Screw it. I'm gonna bash the lock in with a rock or something.

BYRON

Hold up. Girl, you can't leave me alone with these little bastards.

KELLY

They're teenagers, Byron.

BYRON

Exactly. Bet they carrying guns and all kinds of shit.

Someone throws paper at Nick, distracting him from the window. The Killer -- out of focus -- strolls past.

When Nick looks again, the Killer's gone.

INT. / EXT. GENERATOR ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly's batting cobwebs away with a flashlight. She shimmies into the tiny room, searches for the breaker box.

KELLY

Here goes nothing.

Kelly opens the breaker box, finds a note inside:

meet me alone in the gym, ASAP.

She smiles, slips the note in her pocket, switches on the power. The generator hums to life. Someone bumps into her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

SHIT!

BYRON

It's me!

Kelly punches Byron's shoulder.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Ow!

KELLY

Don't sneak up on me like that!

BYRON

Damn, you got some pipes on you.
How is Owen not deaf?

KELLY

Shut up. What are you doing here?

BYRON

Bobbi's not the only one gone AWOL.
That teacher with the porn 'stache?
Now he's gone missing.

KELLY

What do you mean missing?

BYRON

What did I just say? Jordan said he
went on a nature walk with that boy
who looks like he's auditioning for
the part of school shooter. Neither
have made it back.

They exit the generator room.

KELLY

Maybe they got turned around.

BYRON

Or maybe teach wised up and hopped
the gate. Get the fuck out!

Kelly laughs.

KELLY

You'll make a great dad someday.

BYRON

Girl, don't even play.

INT. CAMP BLISS / CAMPERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Nick and the other Campers, watching a visibly shaken Diego and Shayna enter the adjacent building with Owen and Billy. Jordan looks up from his phone, does a double take.

JORDAN

Holy shit.

INT. COUNSELORS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Billy, softly crying, framed in a window, cleaning the blood off his hands with a wet towel.

Diego, in another room with Shayna, peers at him. Owen's in the background, on the phone with the police.

OWEN

(into phone)

Yes, Officer, I'm sure! The kid was trying to Friday the 13th this bitch! Send someone out here ASAP!

SHAYNA

(to Diego)

You okay?

DIEGO

Yeah. I mean, no, but... You think Billy did it?

SHAYNA

Maybe he finally snapped.

ON BILLY, rocking the thousand yard stare, traumatized.

BYRON (O.S.)

Damn!

Byron enters, crosses to Owen.

OWEN

You good?

BYRON

Better than you.

OWEN

Where's Kelly?

BYRON

She went to the gym.

OWEN
Crap. I'll make sure she's...

Byron smiles mischievously.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Be right back.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Owen enters, finds lanterns arranged to form a word.

OWEN
Kelly, cops are on the way. We've
got a situation here. Kel?

He moves closer, reads the word:

up

Something swings over his head. Owen gazes upward in horror.
Kelly, dead, dangles upsidedown from the tug of war rope.

OWEN (CONT'D)
KELLY!

Owen steps into a rope hidden in the shadows.

It tightens around his ankles, trips him.

The Killer, framed in darkness, stands by a huge fan,
playfully swings the end of the rope. Turns the fan on.

OWEN (CONT'D)
No!

The Killer feeds the rope into the fan.

It chews up the rope, drags Owen to his doom.

The fan suddenly stops.

The Killer kicks it. No go.

Owen struggles to untie himself.

Byron enters, annoyed.

BYRON
I know y'all ain't getting freaky
with the cops on the --

Byron takes in the horrific scene, stops in his tracks.

BYRON (CONT'D)
What in the hell?

The Killer gives the fan a swift kick.

It starts up again.

Byron leaps for Owen's hand.

Too late.

Owen's pulled into the fan, chopped up.

His blood splatters on Byron.

Byron races for the door, throws it open just as a squad car
pulls up and two COP gets out.

VETERAN COP
Hey!

BYRON
Help!

The Killer gauges the distance, throws an axe. It strikes
Byron dead center in the back. He slides down the door, dead.

INT. CAMPERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Diego, Shayna, Nick, Jordan and the other Campers watch the
Cops race into the gymnasium.

JORDAN
It's gonna be okay.

Shayna locks the doors.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I was just about to do that.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Firearm drawn, VETERAN COP hits the light switch, leads the way. ROOKIE COP checks Byron's pulse, shakes his head.

Owen's remains churn in the still running fan.

Rookie Cop shuts off the fan, gags.

Silence.

They pass a CAMP COUNSELOR impaled via axe to the wall.

No sign of the Killer.

ROOKIE COP
Mother of God.

Veteran Cop gestures to a large closet, takes cover on one side. Rookie Cop takes cover on the other.

VETERAN COP
Police! We know you're in there!
Come out, hands up! Now!

Veteran Cop nods. Rookie Cop holds up three fingers. Two... One! He yanks the door open.

Sports equipment falls out onto the court.

Still no sign of the -- WHOA!

The Woman on the wall raises her head, revealing a smiling latex mask, blonde wig. This is the killer. THE DUCHESS.

The Duchess pushes herself off the wall, yanks the axe free.

Veteran Cop turns around, gets a shot off before the Duchess chops him down like a cherry tree.

The shot hits Rookie Cop in the neck. He drops his gun.

ROOKIE COP
God!

The Duchess rushes him with her axe. Rookie Cop presses the wound, hustles over to recover his firearm.

BLAM!

The Duchess staggers back, holds her side.

She does an over the top swoon, hits the floor.

Rookie Cop slowly approaches.

The Duchess' eyes snap open. She hacks Rookie Cop's hand off.

Rookie Cop screams, clutches his stump. (*Not a metaphor.*)

The Duchess sits up a la Michael Myers, gets to her feet.

She brings the axe down on Rookie Cop's head.

INT. CAMPERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Diego, Shayna, Nick, Jordan, and the other Campers. Nervously watching a nightmare play out.

NICK

Look! S-S-Someone's coming!

JORDAN

Is it the cops?

The Duchess strolls out of the gymnasium towards them.

SHAYNA

Nope.

JORDAN

Look, everyone just remain calm!

Campers scream. Everyone runs for cover or the nearest exit. Jordan gives up, turns off the lights, runs for his life.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shayna, trying to reach the window. Diego and Nick give her a boost, but the window's just out of reach.

SHAYNA

Higher, guys!

NICK

We're tr-tr-trying!

The door slams. Someone's in the room...

Footsteps.

Racing towards the bathroom door...

The door knob turns for a few tense beats.

Shayna hops down, quietly runs to the shower.

Diego and Nick follow.

The trio hold hands, huddle behind the shower curtain.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Jordan, trying the bathroom door. He gives up, hides under a bunk bed covered with a My Little Pony bed sheet.

Seconds later, the Duchess, axe over her shoulder, enters.

She whistles Queen's "We Will Rock You", walks down bed rows.

She stops at Jordan's, sits on the bed.

Taps her axe on the floor.

Jordan winces.

The Duchess stands after a beat, heads to the bathroom door.

She raps on the door.

Silence.

The Duchess shrugs, kicks the door in.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

The Duchess pulls the shower curtain back.

Diego hyperventilates. Shayna, fists raised, trembles. Nick's frozen in terror. The Duchess puts a hand to her heart. *Cute!*

Behind them, Jordan peers out. His phone clatters to the floor. The Duchess spots him, waves pageant style. *Oh damn...*

JORDAN

No! Please!

The Duchess plays the axe like a guitar, stalks Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm a virgin! I'm a fucking virgin!

The Duchess chops Jordan in half via his nether regions, turns back the Diego, Shayna, and Nick.

Diego steps in front of Nick and Shayna.

The Duchess inclines her head, mocking his bravery.

She cups his chin, gauging his age, turns and exits.

Diego collapses onto the toilet.

Nick pisses himself.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - NIGHT

The Duchess waves at Diego and the other Campers. She whistles "Another One Bites Dust" to herself, strolls past the squad cars, disappears into the woods.

Diego wanders out after her. He collapses.

And then the world goes black.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

Rain falls like glitter from the pitch black sky.

A lone pick-up truck tears up the asphalt, engine roaring.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

THE DRIVER, 40s, rocking a cowgirl hat, blunt dangling from the corner of her mouth, raps along to a song on the radio.

She's full on carpool karaoke-ing this bi-yatch. Throwing up hands, swerving back and forth into the other lane. A PURPLE HEART hangs from her rearview mirror.

She slams on the brakes, nearly collides with the HOODED STRANGER standing roadside. Thumb extended.

DRIVER

Shit!

She sizes up the Stranger in the rearview mirror, hesitates.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Stranger approaches the Driver's window, flips his hood back. 20s. Tall/dark/handsome. But there's an edge to him. Could be a psycho. Then again, anyone could these days.

DRIVER

Good way to get yourself killed.

STRANGER

Did I scare you?

DRIVER

I'm ex-military. My kind don't scare so easily.

The Stranger salutes her.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

At ease. Where you headed?

STRANGER

Some place warm. Heard there's a hotel nearby. Unless...

The Stranger looks the Driver up and down, grins.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

You know a better place.

DRIVER

Hop in and hold onto your nutsack.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Driver and the Stranger share a laugh.

STRANGER

Forty-seven? You're shitting me.

DRIVER

I shit you not. Got the wrinkles to prove it. You in college?

STRANGER

Graduated. Majored in journalism.

DRIVER

Really?

STRANGER

Got the diploma and everything.

DRIVER

Proudly hanging on the wall of your parents' basement?

The Stranger's expression darkens for a beat.

STRANGER

My mom... She died.

DRIVER

Shit. Sorry for your loss. Saw plenty good folks bite it in 'Nam.
(re: blunt)
Want a hit?

Stranger takes a hit, passes it back.

STRANGER

Thanks. You married?

DRIVER

Uh-huh, but not dead.

She smiles, rubs the Stranger's leg.

STRANGER

You do this often?

DRIVER

Pick up horny hitchhikers? Every now and then. You a cop?

STRANGER

Yep. Give me your hand.

The Stranger slips a hand into his pocket, grabs something. The Driver, a little unnerved now, side eyes the Stranger. He pulls out -- fuzzy handcuffs, laughs. She joins in.

DRIVER

You dirty bastard!

STRANGER

Shouldn't seen you face.

DRIVER

You got the keys for those things?

The Stranger cuffs the Driver to the wheel.

STRANGER

What fun would that be?

The Driver does a sexy dance.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Cops never found the keys for the cuffs you put on that couple you picked up two weeks ago.

The Driver looks like she's seen a ghost.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

FYI, the Vietnam War ended in '75. Four years before you were born. Next time you impersonate a vet, get your dates right. Gladys.

DRIVER (GLADYS)

Who the hell are you?

STRANGER

Nobody famous, but you, you're one half of the Honeymooners.

Gladys smirks, dropping all pretense of sanity.

GLADYS

Guilty as charged.

She locks the doors.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Too bad your mommy wasn't around
long enough to tell you to never to
get in cars with strangers.

Gladys grabs a knife hidden under the seat, stabs at the
Stranger. He grabs her wrist, forces her to drop the blade.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Frank! Frank, wake the fuck up!

FRANK, 40s, crazy awesome beard, wearing clown make-up for
some reason, pops up from the backseat, chokes the Stranger.

FRANK

Let's have some fun!

Frank bites the Stranger's shoulder. The Stranger rakes
Frank's eyes. He grabs the wheel, forces the truck off-road.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Keep it steady!

GLADYS

I'm trying to -- Shit!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Police cars ahead form a roadblock. Two more squad cars block
Gladys and Frank's retreat. DETECTIVE ANGELA CRUZ, 20s, heart
of gold, nerves of steel, leads the charge.

Angela approaches the truck, gun trained on Gladys just as
Gladys wrestles the knife away from the Stranger.

ANGELA

Drop your weapon!

GLADYS

Okay! Okay!

ANGELA

Do it now!

Gladys throws the knife out the window, puts her hands out.

FRANK

We were just going to a party!

GLADYS
Shut up, Frank!

FRANK
You shut up!

Angela pulls Gladys out of the truck, cuffs her. Other Officers move in, pull Frank and the Stranger from the truck.

GLADYS
You've got nothing on us!

STRANGER
I wouldn't say that.

The Stranger reveals he recorded them on his phone.

GLADYS
Shit!

FRANK
Told you not to pick up strays.
They're always trouble!

GLADYS
Frank, if you don't shut up!

FRANK
If only you'd worn that --

GLADYS
-- Me? We were doing fine until you
started dressing like a dollar
store Gacy. What are you even --
You look like a damn fool!

Officers put them in separate squad cars. The Stranger smiles, hands over the phone to Angela. He goes for a hug, gets a light slap instead.

STRANGER
Hey!

ANGELA
What the hell, Diego?

STRANGER (DIEGO)
It worked, didn't it?

ANGELA

Do you have any idea what those two
are capable of?

DIEGO

The Honeymooners are off the
streets, you got the evidence, all
those families will get closure --
We should be celebrating, Angela.

Angela throws her arms around him. They share a kiss.

Angela's partner, SYDNEY JONES, 30s, uptight, by the book,
chip on her shoulder, and maybe a little jealous, tsks tsks.

SYDNEY

We're on duty.

ANGELA

So we are.

DIEGO

Hey, Sydney.

SYDNEY

Diego.

Sydney storms off.

DIEGO

I think I'm growing on her.

ANGELA

I'll bet. You hurt?

DIEGO

Fool took a bite out of me.

ANGELA

Need an ambulance?

DIEGO

Nah, it's nothing a Band-Aid and
some of your TLC can't fix. Maybe
use those frilly cuffs this time.

ANGELA

I have a gun.

DIEGO

Shutting up now.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Angela, Sydney, other COPS gathered at a press conference.

SYDNEY

Where's your boyfriend?

ANGELA

He'll be here.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Diego, suit and tie, takes deep breaths.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Diego, center stage, fielding questions from the press.

DIEGO

Truth be told I thought Gladys was going to run me down. But no, after that I wasn't nervous. Not with these officers waiting in the wings. Especially Officer Cruz.

Diego winks at Angela, who winks back. Sydney rolls her eyes. GAVIN, 20s, cocky, rising star in the world of journalism, megawatt smile, raises his hand. Diego points to him.

GAVIN

It's been nearly a decade since the massacre at Camp Bliss.

Diego's smile fades.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Any last words for Tammy Sinclair before her execution?

DIEGO

None. My thoughts and prayers are with the family of her victims.

(glaring at Gavin)

Thank you.

REPORTERS shove microphones at Diego, but Angela holds them off. Diego crosses to Gavin, grins as he whispers in his ear--

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Et tu, asshole?

GAVIN
All's fair in love and war.

DIEGO
Don't forget journalism.

GAVIN
See you back at the office.

DIEGO
Can't wait.

Angela pulls him aside.

ANGELA
Don't let Gavin get to you.

DIEGO
It's kind of his deal.

ANGELA
I don't know about you, but I could
use a distraction.

EXT. POLICE STATION / ANGELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diego and Angela, getting hot and heavy at her desk.

ANGELA
We should stop before I get fired
and you get arrested.

DIEGO
We could share a cell.

ANGELA
In your dreams.

DIEGO
It's a date. Speaking of which...
Dinner tonight?

ANGELA
More overcooked pasta? Yay.

DIEGO

I mean a nice, quiet, edible dinner
and a night you'll never forget.

ANGELA

You say that every night.

DIEGO

Haven't been wrong yet.

Diego pecks Angela's neck.

ANGELA

It's a date. Now get.

DIEGO

Yes, Officer.

Diego gets a text. Angela steals a quick kiss. Diego's all smiles. Until he reads the text.

ANGELA

What's wrong?

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Diego's car, passing through the gates of a correctional facility. A prison bus filled with FEMALE INMATES drives by.

DIEGO (V.O.)

I need to see her.

KRAUSS (V.O.)

You know how it is. I can't break
the rules, even for you.

INT. PRISON / WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Krauss, in his 50s now, calmly weathering the storms of life, watches Diego take his frustrations out on the wall.

KRAUSS

Done redecorating?

Diego leans on a chair.

DIEGO

Mr. Krauss, I'm sorry. It's just...
Tammy confessed.

KRAUSS

She did, but now she claims she did it for the attention. Truth is, she was nowhere near Camp Bliss. Hell, I'm not even sure she's ever been.

DIEGO

What about the evidence?

KRAUSS

Tammy Sinclair's guilty of a lot of things, but not murder. Her accomplice and an eye witness confirm she was holding up a mini mart three states over at the time.

DIEGO

Great. So the Duchess of Death's identity remains a mystery.

Krauss takes two shot glasses and a bottle of bourbon out of his drawer. Sets them on his desk.

Krauss pours some for himself and Diego. They drink.

INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Several fiction and true crime novels rest on a bookshelf. An observant viewer might note a well-worn copy of *Moby Dick*.

Diego, devastated, staring at murder board. No suspects. No clues. He's right back where he started. The Duchess of Death's true identity and current whereabouts remain unknown.

INT. CHURCH / CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Diego, head bowed, seated in silence. Until a man's annoyed grunt snaps him awake. Diego can't help but smile.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

It's called defense! Look it up!

DIEGO

Lose a bet?

Gabriel slides the window screen, mutes his phone, peers in.

GABRIEL

You don't know the half of it.
Might have to sell the church. Or
get a loan from my favorite son.

DIEGO

I'm your only son.

GABRIEL

Nevertheless, you're my favorite.
Look, this is simple. Let it go.

DIEGO

A Disney song? That's your advice?

GABRIEL

You can learn a lot from a Disney
flick. Live your life. Leave the
Duchess in the past where she
belongs. Be happy. That's what I
want and your mom would want.

Diego nods.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Alright, let's say this Duchess or
whatever she's calling herself now
is out there and after all these
years you find her. Then what?

DIEGO

I... don't know. Get some closure.

GABRIEL

Son, you're the one who decides
when this ends. Your world was
shattered and you had to pick up
the pieces. You've done an
admirable job. Now stop picking at
the wounds. Get going. It's bad
luck to keep a woman waiting.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Angela, dressed to the nines, drinking wine at a fancy establishment. She stares across the table at an empty seat, steals some food off Diego's plate.

A WAITER gives her a shocked look. Angela gives the Waiter the evil eye and he wanders off past COUPLES slow dancing to a a live mini ORCHESTRA.

Diego exits the kitchen, takes a seat.

DIEGO

Sorry. The price of fame. The chef wants me to mention his name to Farrah, my segment producer.

ANGELA

Quid pro quo?

DIEGO

Maybe. How's yours?

ANGELA

Spicy.

DIEGO

Just like you.

ANGELA

Easy now. That's it? No asking me about the case?

DIEGO

Let's just enjoy our night.

ANGELA

Who are you and what have you done with Diego Valdez?

Diego laughs. The Orchestra plays an instrumental version of Eric Clapton's "Wonderful Tonight". Angela smiles.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Okay, who did you have to suck to get them to play this song?

DIEGO
I can't believe I let you kiss me
with that mouth.

Diego rises, extends a hand.

LATER

Diego and Angela slow dance.

ANGELA
I don't know what's gotten into
you, but I could get used to this.

DIEGO
Be careful what you wish for.

Angela laughs.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Music to my ears. I love you.

ANGELA
I know.

DIEGO
I know she says.

The song fades out. Seconds later, a creepy rendition of
"Another One Bites the Dust" kicks in.

We hear Diego's heart beating faster and faster.

Eyes shut tight, he takes deep breaths.

**DIEGO'S POV -- He opens his eyes, sees WOMEN wearing latex
masks just like the Duchess dancing with MEN in bloody Camp
Bliss T-shirts. Angela, wearing a similar mask, boogies.**

MASKED ANGELA

This is my jam!

Diego stumbles backward into a DANCING COUPLE.

DUCHESS IN A RED DRESS

Excuse you.

HAPPY CAMPER

No more booze for this guy.

The Camper laughs, chokes up blood. Angela, still wearing the mask, takes Diego's hand. He forces himself not to recoil.

MASKED ANGELA

Are you okay?

DIEGO

I'm fine.

Diego hurries towards the bathroom. The Duchesses and their Camper Dates stop dancing and chatting, all eyes on Diego.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Diego, sweating bullets. Watching blood run from the sink. He closes his eyes, splashes some on his face.

He opens his eyes.

The water and world has returned to normal.

Diego dries his face with paper towel, turns off the lights.

The Duchess appears behind him in the mirror, axe over her shoulder. Diego hits the lights again. Nobody there.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Diego and Angela, finishing off dessert. Diego knocks his knife to the floor, bends to pick it up.

ANGELA

Oh my...

DIEGO

You really think I'd do something so boring and predictable?

ANGELA
(disappointed)
I guess not.

She opens her fortune cookie, revealing an engagement ring.

DIEGO
(smiling)
Then again...

ANGELA
Oh!

DIEGO
Angela Cruz, will you marry me?

ANGELA
Hell yes!

Diego slips the ring on Angela's finger. They lock lips. Everyone cheers. The Orchestra plays a romantic song.

INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Diego, throwing the murder board and all the clues he's gathered over the years into a box. He shoves the box into the closet, slams the door. He hits the bed, sighs.

The nightmare's finally over.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

BILLY HOWARD's living his worst nightmare.

20s, disheveled would be putting it lightly, hanging onto his sanity by a very thin thread. And running. For his life.

Billy looks over his shoulder, keeps running.

He spots something ahead, comes to an abrupt stop.

Billy picks up a large rock.

An axe, followed by its owner, the Duchess, enters frame.

BILLY

What took you so long?

Billy, rock raised over his head, yells like a maniac, hurls himself at the Duchess.

The Duchess flings her axe.

It spins through the air, handle hitting Billy in the head. He slumps to the ground. The rock smashes him in the face.

Billy, dazed, whimpering. He wipes at the mask of blood.

BILLY'S POV -- The Duchess, standing over him. She waves, slams the axe right into face.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

A newspaper hits a desk. Diego jumps, spins around in his chair to Gavin, who raps his knuckles on the desk.

GAVIN

Read the headline?

DIEGO

And wept. Next time proofread.

GAVIN

Proofreading's for sissies.

DIEGO

And serious journalists.

GAVIN

Touché, but you've got to admit, it's a hell of a coincidence.

DIEGO

How's that?

GAVIN

One of the survivors of the Camp Bliss Massacre murdered a week before the anniversary?

Diego grabs the paper, scans the headline. *Oh crap.*

INT. THE WAR ROOM - DAY

A mixture of hungry young journalists battling it out with poker faced veterans.

No fighting here. At least not physically. Just another often tumultuous day of heated debates over what stories to seek out and whose segment gets the money spot.

Gavin's twirling a marker at the white board. Conducting a symphony. Diego, mind elsewhere, sits in the corner.

GAVIN

One at a time, people! Twinkle.

STAR, 20s, molly personified, going to change the world one day at a time, stands.

STAR

It's Star.

GAVIN

And what a little one you are.

STAR

That's sweet and not at all sexist.

FARRAH, 40s, fabulous, segment producer, smirks.

FARRAH

Take notes, Coop.

COOP, 60s, token old white guy, just laughs.

COOP

Look under the table, Ma. No hands!

Coop, Star, and Farrah burst into laughter.

GAVIN

People. People. Yes, Star?

STAR

Oil executives were caught dumping toxic waste in Camp Crystal Lake.

Everyone groans.

STAR (CONT'D)

Like it or not, we are the generation who decides whether this planet lives or dies. I could go undercover as an intern.

GAVIN

Why you?

STAR

'Cause I'm 'bout that life.

COOP

Word.

STAR

Was that cultural appropriation?

COOP

What happens in the war room stays in the war room. Right, Valdez?

DIEGO

Huh? Yeah.

Diego rises, moves to the exit.

STAR

What do you think?

DIEGO

Go for it.

GAVIN

You can't be serious.

DIEGO

Do whatever you think's best.

Diego exits. Gavin turns to the Others. *What was that about?*

INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diego's flipping through yearbooks.

He finds the one he's looking for, circles faces and names.

Nick Gracie, Billy Kramer, Shayna Traylor, himself.

The Camp Bliss Massacre survivors.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Graffiti'd, rundown. A world away from Diego's five star life. A young STREET KING, sat on the steps, chats on his phone, ready to go to war at a moment's notice. He watches Diego's luxury car roll up in apprehension and awe.

Diego exits, showing respect, but no fear. Crosses to him.

STREET KING

You lost, man?

DIEGO

I'm looking for an old friend,

Diego flashes a wad of cash.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

I won't be long. Mind keeping an eye on my car?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Diego, heading up a sketchy flight of stairs, encountering the occasional DRUG ADDICT or SQUATTER.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Diego knocks on the door, finds it open.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Diego steps over empty beer cases and fast food bags. A WOMAN, in her 20s, but you wouldn't know it at first glance, nods out on a dirty couch. Hard to believe, but this is --

DIEGO

Shayna?

Shayna wakes up swinging.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Shayna, it's me!

SHAYNA

Diego?

She brushes matted hair out of her face, smiles sadly.

SHAYNA (CONT'D)

Welcome to my... abode. I can't believe you're here. You look good.

DIEGO

Well, the prom queen wasn't there to protect my scrawny ass anymore. Had to put on some muscle.

SHAYNA

Yeah you did.

They hug, sit on the couch.

SHAYNA (CONT'D)

(off his sad look)

Don't. Shit happens.

DIEGO

Like Camp Bliss?

SHAYNA

I'm back there every night if I can't help it. Tell me that's not why you're here?

Shayna taps a cigarette out of a pack.

DIEGO

I think it's happening again.

SHAYNA

You make it sound like we're living in some teen slasher flick.

DIEGO

Billy thought someone was after him. Now he's dead.

Shayna searches for a lighter, comes up empty.

SHAYNA

Billy was a paranoid schizophrenic. Comes with the territory.

DIEGO

What if... He was right?

SHAYNA

Then whatever boogeyman or woman is out there is wasting their time. I died that day. We all did.

DIEGO

There's a treatment center on --

SHAYNA

Thanks for the head's up.

Diego gets the message, heads for the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Diego quietly cries against the graffitied wall.

INT. WEDDING PLANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Angela's laughing along with KIT, 30s, watching a video on his phone. The office is spotless, decorated with Kit's kids' artwork. Diego's peering out the window, mind elsewhere.

ANGELA

Luckily our ring bearer won't swallow the ring.

KIT

Don't jinx it.

Angela and Kit laugh again.

ANGELA

(to Diego)

Fingers crossed, right, honey?

DIEGO

Huh? Oh yeah.

ANGELA

Are the details of our impending wedding boring you?

DIEGO

What? No, I just... Was practicing my nodding and smiling.

Diego nods and smiles. Angela playfully hits his shoulder.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Take her, Kit, please.

ANGELA
Already?

KIT
This is going to be a fun one. I can tell. Any family feuds I should know about before we discuss seating arrangements?

ANGELA
Well, there's my mom and dad, but they usually sort things out after some wine and quality time in a broom closet. TMI?

DIEGO
Just a tad.

KIT
Say no more. We'll make sure --

A huge SPIDER lands on the desk. Angela and Kit scream.

ANGELA
Get it!

DIEGO
You're a cop!

ANGELA
I left my gun at home!

Diego sweeps the spider into a coffee mug with a pencil, covers it with a magazine. Crisis averted.

KIT
(to Angela)
If you don't marry him, I will.

EXT. WEDDING PLANNER'S OFFICE / INT. DIEGO'S CAR - DAY

Angela, buckling her seatbelt. Diego climbs in beside her, does the same. Angela looks at him. *Well?*

ANGELA
Do the deed?

DIEGO

I'm not saying anything without a lawyer present.

ANGELA

Thataboy.

They kiss. Angela drives away. Moments later, we see the spider, unharmed, crawling on the ground.

INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diego, at the dinner table, lost in thought. Angela, sitting across from him, dining on some pizza and wine.

ANGELA

You're doing it again.

DIEGO

Doing what?

ANGELA

Not paying attention. What's up?
Doomsday coming too fast for you?

DIEGO

It's not that. You have any leads?

ANGELA

You know I can't divulge... We haven't arrested anyone wearing a hockey mask if that's what you mean. What happened to Billy was a coincidence. That's all it was.

Angela squeezes his hand. Diego doesn't look so sure.

INT. SHAYNA'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shayna, willing her trembling hands to light a spoonful of heroin in a filthy bathroom.

Almost...

Nearly got it...

Success!

And the power goes out...

Shayna drops the spoon, screams in frustration.
She flicks the lighter back on, searches for the spoon.
There it rests. Next to a pair of hiking boots...
Shayna kills the light, covers her mouth to stifle a scream.
The Duchess knocks on the wall.
She shines a flashlight under her chin, waves.
Shayna lunges out of the way of an axe strike.
The axe lodges into the wall.
Shayna throws a barrage of punches, runs for the door.
The Duchess grabs Shayna by the hair, hurls her back first
into a cracked mirror.
Shayna hits the floor, crawls out the door.
The Duchess yanks the axe out of the wall, gives it a twirl.

INT. SHAYNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shayna crawls past the couch, focuses on the door.

SHAYNA

Help!

The Duchess stalks Shayna, grabs her ankle.
Shayna grabs a lamp, flings it at the Duchess' head.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shayna, running on adrenaline, rushes out the door past
sleeping and stoned out of their minds OCCUPANTS.
The Duchess strides after her.
Shayna beats on door after door.
No one comes to her rescue or even answers.
She gets to the stairs, suddenly stops.

Shayna shakes her head in disbelief.

She raises her fists, but --

THWACK!

An axe nails her in the back.

Shayna hits the graffitied wall. The Duchess pins her down with a boot, kills her.

Shayna slides down the graffitied wall, dead.

STONED SQUATTER

This is some good shit!

The Duchess dips a finger in Shayna's blood, writes something on the wall. She creeps past an open apartment door.

She stops, peers into the darkness.

INSIDE

we see the Street King hiding behind the door, terrified.

He slowly pulls a Glock out of his waistband.

THE STREET KING

springs out of hiding and --

Finds himself alone... He reads the message on the wall:

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

CUT TO:

ANGELA AND SYDNEY

A day later, at the scene of the crime. Diego ducks under yellow police tape. An ANNOYED COP intercepts him.

DIEGO

Let me through!

ANNOYED COP

What part of active investigation don't you understand?!

ANGELA

Damn it.

SYDNEY

Get a room for fuck's sake.

Angela flips Sydney off. Sydney sends her two right back.
Angela motions for the Cop to let Diego go, crosses to him.

ANGELA

Get out of here. Now.

DIEGO

I know her. Is she...

ANGELA

Yes.

DIEGO

The Duchess is back!

ANGELA

Look, just back off and let me do
my job. Diego?!

Diego pushes past Angela, reads the message on the wall.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Angela slaps a cuff on Diego's wrist.

DIEGO

She's back! You have to warn --

Angela presses Diego into the wall, cuffs his other wrist.

ANGELA

You have the right to remain
silent. So shut the fuck up!

The Street King peers out, watches Angela chew out Diego.

STREET KING

That was fast.

SYDNEY

Was she a friend of yours?

STREET KING

Seen her around. Your boy Wall
Street came around yesterday
looking for her.

SYDNEY

Him? Are you sure?

STREET KING

Never forget a face. In my line of
work can't afford to.

Diego, hands cuffed behind his back, staring at the message
as Angela angrily leads him away.

INT. POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Diego, rubbing his tired eyes. Angela in the corner, worried
about the man she loves, but still pissed. Sydney, sitting
across from Diego, trying to make sense of this situation.

SYDNEY

Take your time. You're only the
number one suspect in two
homicides. Need Angie to make you a
sandwich, give you a foot massage?

DIEGO

Thought you'd never ask. My dogs
are barking. I like mine with the
crust cut off, hon.

SYDNEY

You arrogant piece of --

DIEGO

I didn't do it!

SYDNEY

Too bad an eye witness placed you
at the scene of the crime.

ANGELA

Then they're wrong.

DIEGO

I... I was there earlier to warn
Shayna, but that's it.

ANGELA

And you're just mentioning this
now? Jeez, Diego!

DIEGO

I didn't want to scare you.

ANGELA

Good job.

DIEGO

It's her, alright? Or -- Or some fan girl copycat killer. That's who you should be looking for! Angela, you know me. This is insane.

ANGELA

Do you have an alibi?

DIEGO

You're my alibi!

SYDNEY

That's funny, 'cause I could've sworn she was on patrol with me during that time. Right, Ang?

Angela and Diego share a look. *Oh no.*

ANGELA

Yeah. I was.

DIEGO

I was at home following up on a few leads. Check my phone.

SYDNEY

Why bother? Proves nothing. You've could easily brought it along.

ANGELA

Is there anyone who could corroborate that?

Diego sighs, shakes his head no. Looks to Angela for support. She throws up her hands in frustration, moves to exit.

DIEGO

Angela. I didn't do this.

Angela wants to believe him, but... exits.

SYDNEY

Want that sandwich to go?

Diego rests his head in his hands.

INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diego and Angela, in the midst of a fight.

DIEGO

I didn't lie!

ANGELA

What do you call it? People lie to my face every day. I'm not dealing with that shit when I get home.

Angela slips the engagement ring off, holds it out to him. Diego refuses to take it. She slaps it down on the dresser.

DIEGO

Don't do this.

ANGELA

You did this! Do me a favor, get some sleep. Leave the psychos to the pros. I mean it. I catch you anywhere near a crime scene, I'll arrest you myself. No questions asked. Have a nice life.

Angela heads for the door. Diego grabs her hand.

DIEGO

I love you.

ANGELA

Do you? Let this go.

DIEGO

I can't. I'm sorry.

ANGELA

Me too.

Angela kisses Diego on the cheek, exits. Diego sighs.

LATER

Diego, on the phone, studying the murder board. Of the survivors, only he and Nick Gracie remain.

DIEGO
 (into phone)
 Coop, I need a favor.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Two men, cloaked in the shadows among the cars. Coop, hat and trench coat, hands over a manila envelope to Diego.

COOP
 You didn't get that from me.

DIEGO
 All there?

COOP
 Of course. I feel like Deep Throat.
 What's this -- Never mind. Don't
 want to know.

DIEGO
 The less you do, the better.
 Thanks, Coop. I owe you one.

INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Diego enters, finds Gavin, reading a newspaper, feet propped on the desk. Diego stuffs the envelope into his jacket.

DIEGO
 Long live the king.

Gavin stands, wipes the spot where his shoes were.

GAVIN
 Just keeping it warm for you.
 (sotto)
 And this place up and running.

DIEGO
 Uh, thanks.

GAVIN
 What's in the envelope?

DIEGO
Nudes of the governor.

Gavin looks shocked. Diego smiles.

GAVIN
That explains why Coop was dressed
like a perv. Maybe...

DIEGO
Look, man, I know we've had our
differences, but I need you to keep
holding this place down. At least
until I get back.

GAVIN
From the joint?

DIEGO
What?

GAVIN
People are talking.

DIEGO
Wouldn't be the first time. No,
this is, uh, more of a Sabbatical.

GAVIN
Oh. I understand. You do you.

Diego pats Gavin on the shoulder, exits. Gavin watches him,
concerned. Diego's phone rings. Gavin answers.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Daily -- Hello? Sorry, you just
missed him, but I'd be glad to --

Farrah enters, waves to Gavin. He nods to her.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Hello?

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Coop, whistling as he throws his hat and trench coat into the
trunk of his car. He grabs his laptop bag. Someone else
whistles "Mary Had a Little Lamb", startles him.

COOP

Diego?

The Duchess rises from behind a car.

COOP (CONT'D)

N-Nice get up.

The Duchess does an "Aw shucks" gesture, bends down again.

She pops up with her axe this time, waves.

Coop gets out his car keys, drops them. No!

He quickly picks them up, and --

The Duchess is gone.

Coop peers around the corner, sees --

Nobody.

Coop unlocks his car, throws the door open.

He suddenly convulses, tased.

Coop, spasming due to the electric current surging through his body, watches in horror as the Duchess creeps closer.

The Duchess drags a screaming Coop to Diego's car.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Diego, outside a rough looking roadhouse, beside his car. It stands out among beat to hell trucks and motorcycles.

DIEGO (PRE-LAP)

I'm looking for Nick Gracie. Know
where I can find him?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Diego's talking to EDIE, 40s, busy bartender, super hot. Several photos of Nick, 20s, ripped, scary tats, a far cry from the fat, bullied kid Diego knew, with a UFC-esque CHAMPIONSHIP BELT are prominently displayed on the walls.

EDIE

The Champ's over there.

Nick's by the pool tables, nose to nose with a BEEFY TRUCKER. The Trucker makes the mistake of shoving Nick. Nick headbutts the Trucker, breaks his nose.

OTHER PATRONS, emboldened by liquid courage, come after Nick.

DIEGO

Nick?

EDIE

Knock 'em out, baby!

Nick, looking unhinged, screams, wipes the floor with them.

LATER

Empty now, save for Diego, Nick, and Edie. Drinking beer.

Nick finishes off his. Edie sits in his lap.

NICK

The Dynamic Duo ride again. Who'd have thought it?

DIEGO

More like the Wonder Twins.

NICK

Yeah, that was our nickname. I hated that shit.

EDIE

Want another beer?

DIEGO

I'm good. Thanks. So how long you two been married?

Nick and Edie laugh.

NICK

Edie's not the marrying kind.

Edie lightly slaps Nick.

EDIE

We met at one of his fights.

NICK
Yeah we did.

They tongue kiss.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hold that thought. I'll close up
shop, be home soon.

Eddie whispers something to Nick, laughs. He swats her
backside. She waves to Diego, exits.

DIEGO
You're a lucky man.

NICK
Don't I know it. But you're not
here for an exclusive.

DIEGO
You up for a road trip?

EXT. CAMP BLISS - NIGHT

A rusted bike attached to an even rustier chain lock rests
against a weathered wooden fence.

Diego and Nick walk through the now decrepit summer camp.

INT. CAMP BLISS / CAMPERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Nick, solemn, tosses an empty beer can onto a pile of others.

Diego barely sips his. He discreetly hits record on his
phone, taped underneath the table.

NICK
Shayna was the best. I'm surprised
you two never got together.

DIEGO
Guess we all wanted to put some
distance between ourselves after
that night, you know?

NICK
Yeah.

Nick cracks open another beer.

NICK (CONT'D)

To Shayna.

DIEGO

Rest in peace.

They salute, drink.

NICK

I was so scared that night I pissed myself. Haven't done that or cried since. Nothing's scared me.

DIEGO

I still get panic attacks. They were under wraps for a long time, then some damn copycat had to bring all this crap back up.

NICK

Who says it's a copycat?

DIEGO

The height's all wrong.

Diego takes the manila envelope out of his jacket, dumps a surveillance photo of the Duchess and her victims on the table. Nick knocks over his beer, backs away.

NICK

The hell, man...

DIEGO

Hard yet? Take a picture. Lasts longer, right?

NICK

You think I... You sick--

Nick gets in Diego's face.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'd never hurt Shayna or anyone!

Nick pounds the table. Diego's phone hits the floor. *Uh-oh...*

NICK (CONT'D)

You're recording this?

Diego cuffs Nick's to a railing.

DIEGO
Nick, you need help.

Nick slams a fist into Diego's gut. Diego gasps for air.

NICK
(stammering)
N-no! You k-k-k-killed them!

Diego shakes his head no. Nick chokes him.

NICK (CONT'D)
Why e-e-else c-come back here?!

Diego tries to break Nick's vice-like grip.

NICK (CONT'D)
Think I'm g-g-g-gonna be next?!
You're w-w-wrong. Dead wrong!

The Duchess creeps up behind Nick, chops his hand off.

There's blood. Lots of it.

Nick fights through the pain, throws a vicious forearm.

Diego's paralyzed, in full blown panic attack mode.

Nick and the Duchess exchange blows.

Diego, snapping to, grabs a chair, swings.

The Duchess shoves Nick into the way. He takes the chair shot, drops to a knee. The Duchess splits his head.

DIEGO
No!

He grabs his phone, throws over the table. Runs out the door.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - NIGHT

Diego races to his car. What the--? Tires deflated, trunk half open. He pushes it open, yelps. Coop's corpse is inside.

DIEGO

Shit!

The Duchess, axe behind her head, leans out the cabin door.

Diego looks from the Duchess to the walking trail.

Stranded in the woods all alone with an axe-wielding killer.

Only one thing to do now...

Diego yanks the bike free, climbs on.

And pedals for his life.

The Duchess speed walks after him.

It would be funny if it weren't so damn terrifying.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Diego, comically cycling away from the psycho killer.

The Duchess breaks into a run, gains on him.

Diego, legs pumping, flies over a steep hill, annihilating his chances of having kids.

The Duchess throws the axe. It hits a tree, just misses Diego's head. Diego rides past.

And then the worst thing in the world happens.

The bike tires blow out...

Diego loses control, hits the ground hard.

He looks behind him. No Duchess yet.

Diego drags the wrecked bike to the side of the road.

MOMENTS LATER

The Duchess, axe over her shoulder.

She finds the partially hidden bike, runs into the forest.

DIEGO

peers out from behind a tree, heads the other way.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

Diego, looking over his shoulder, trying to get a signal on his phone. He spots smoke in the distance.

EXT. LUCKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Smoke rises from the chimney of a wood cabin. Painted to blend in seamlessly with the forest.

Diego peers in the window. A gun cocks behind him.

LUCKIE FERRARA, 50s, eccentric, short hair, camo jacket, trains a rifle with a honey bee color scheme on Diego.

LUCKIE

No trespassing. Read the signs?

DIEGO

No, I... I need your help.

LUCKIE

With what? In a hurry, son. My finger's getting tired.

INT. LUCKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Diego, fidgeting in what looks like an electric chair but less comfortable, sits next to a stuffed moose, wolf, and rabbit, all chasing one another. Luckie, chewing beef jerky, sitting in a stuffed bear chair.

LUCKIE

That's the craziest thing I've ever heard and I had an uncle who married an aunt. Twice.

DIEGO
It's true. All of it.

Luckie studies Diego, offers him some jerky.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
No thanks, Mrs...

LUCKIE
Luckie. Luckie Ferrara. Call me
that because I'm always in the
wrong place at the right time.

DIEGO
Yeah. Know what you mean. Could I
use your phone?

LUCKIE
Don't have one. Out here it's just
me and Mother.
(off Diego's look)
Nature.

DIEGO
I'll prove it. Nick's back at the
cabin. I'll show you.

LUCKIE
No can do. Only a fool goes out
after dark in these parts.

DIEGO
He was best friend. I brought him
out here. I can't leave him like
that. You have a gun.

LUCKIE
Which I only use for emergencies.

DIEGO
I'd say this qualifies!

Diego takes a breath. Doesn't want to spook Luckie.

LUCKIE
At least wait until daybreak.

DIEGO
She might be gone by then.

LUCKIE
Okey-dokey artichoke-y.

Luckie opens a drawer, takes out a handgun.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)
If she was out there all this time,
why come after you now?

DIEGO
I don't know. Tying up loose ends I
guess. I'm the last one.

LUCKIE
Don't make me regret this.

She hands the gun over.

DIEGO
I won't. Thanks.

EXT. LUCKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Diego hides the gun in his jacket, steps off the porch.

LUCKIE
Take care of yourself.

Luckie waves. Pageant style. *Just like the Duchess...*

Diego, unnerved, waves back. Luckie shuts the door.

LATER

MYSTERY POV -- Someone races around the cabin.

The door quickly opens. Luckie, rifle steady and ready, looks out. Sees no one. She walks to the edge of the porch.

LUCKIE
I know you're out there!

Luckie steps out, notices something at her feet.

Diego's phone. She picks it up.

Someone sneaks up behind her, pulls a bag over her head.

Luckie tries to fight back, but... Lights out.

INT. LUCKIE'S CABIN / DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Magnificent black and white nature photos on the walls. Luckie, tied to a chair, wakes up with a start. Struggles to break free. Diego slowly comes into focus.

LUCKIE
Somebody help!

Diego shushes her.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)
There's some money in a shoebox in the closet. Take it! Just don't --

DIEGO
Don't! I know who are now, Duchess.

What? Luckie's terrified.

LUCKIE
I'm not... You've made a mistake. But if you just let me go --

DIEGO
-- You're not going anywhere until I get a confession.

Diego hits record on his phone.

LUCKIE
Okay. I've been living here illegally, but that's --

Diego bangs his fist on the table. Luckie jumps.

DIEGO
No more games. Talk.

LUCKIE
I'm not... What you want me to say? I'm just a taxidermist! I dropped out of photography class, moved out here and fell in love with --

DIEGO
Tell me the truth.

LUCKIE
HELP! SOMEBODY --

Diego ties a shirt around Luckie's mouth.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A creepy-cute, wide-eyed piggy bank stares at us. Diego, rifling through drawers, hears Luckie's muffled screams in the background. He shuts the bedroom door to drown them out.

DIEGO
Shut up already.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, DIEGO --

Dumps out taxidermy tools...

Yanks out drawers, empties Queen albums onto the bed...

Looks behind framed black and white photos on the wall...

Throws clothes and other items out of the closet...

Finds nothing.

He pounds the dresser.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
What the hell am I even doing here?

Diego searches a drawer, finds a hidden compartment.

INSIDE

Pictures of Camp Bliss throughout the years and articles about the Duchess. Holy... Huh?

He stops, listens. Luckie's not screaming anymore...

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Diego enters, finds the chair empty.

DIEGO
Shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diego rounds the corner, finds the cabin door open.

And the rifle gone.

He looks out the door, doesn't see Luckie, rifle on him.

Diego spots Luckie's reflection in a framed photo, ducks.

BOOM!

Bullets shatter the framed photos inches away from his head.

Diego kicks a coffee table.

It knocks Luckie off balance right before she fires off another shot into the roof.

Diego closes the gap. They wrestle over the rifle.

He wrenches the rifle away from Luckie.

She hits the wall, drops to the floor, unconscious.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Diego makes sure a still unconscious Luckie's restraints are secure. He kneels in prayer. Gabriel does the same beside him. But he's not really there. He's a hallucination.

DIEGO
I'm scared, Dad.

GABRIEL
What have you done?

DIEGO
What I had to. But it's over now. I got the evidence.

GABRIEL
You've got nada and you know it.

Gabriel puts a hand on Diego's shoulder.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
You need a confession.

DIEGO

How am I suppose to...

Shayna, Nick, and Billy enter. They're teenaged, wearing the Camp Bliss T-shirts. Billy lugs the taxidermy tool bag.

NICK

You kn-kn-know how.

DIEGO

No. This is --

BILLY

Justice. She's not going to stop until she's behind bars.

Diego takes the taxidermy tool bag from Billy.

SHAYNA

We'll be here if you need us.

Gabriel, Nick, Shayna, and Billy exit.

Diego takes a deep breath, gets out his phone.

He takes a scalpel out of the bag, slaps Luckie awake.

Luckie, anger quickly giving way to fear after eyeing the scalpel, screams. Diego shushes her, removes the gag.

LUCKIE

Please. Don't.

DIEGO

Just tell me the truth. You're her, aren't you?

Luckie shudders, tears streaming.

LUCKIE

(stammering)

My name is Luckie Ferrara. And my conscience is clean. Is yours?

Diego considers that a beat, drags Luckie's out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Diego, face distorted, above water. Forcing Luckie's head into the tub. He pulls her up. Luckie gasps for air.

DIEGO

Talk!

LUCKIE

You've got the wrong woman!

Diego forces her head back under.

LATER

Luckie, on the floor, crying. She mumbles incoherent songs to herself. Diego's outside the door talking to Gabriel/himself.

GABRIEL

What do you mean you're not sure?

DIEGO

If it was her she'd have confessed by now. Something's not right.

Diego paces. Shayna replaces Gabriel.

SHAYNA

Do you realize how much trouble you're in if she's innocent?

DIEGO

I've got a pretty good idea. I don't know how much more of this she can take. Or I can stomach.

He looks up and now Nick and Billy are there instead.

NICK

It's g-g-got to b-b-be her.

BILLY

You can't just walk away. Not now.

DIEGO

I --

Diego looks up. He's alone again. He walks back into the bathroom, shuts the door. Luckie sits up, back to the tub.

LUCKIE

Who were you talking to? Is there someone there? HELP!

Diego whips out the scalpel and Luckie pipes down.

DIEGO
Take your clothes off.

LUCKIE
What?

DIEGO
Take. Your. Clothes. Off.

Luckie shakes her head, no. Diego surgically removes the clothes while Luckie cries. He leaves her in her underwear.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
In the shower.

LUCKIE
Screw you.

Diego presses the blade to her neck.

DIEGO
Do it!

LUCKIE
Damn you to hell.

Luckie gets into the shower. Diego turns on the hot water. Luckie grits her teeth, eyes Diego defiantly. But it's no use. The water's scalding and she screams.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Diego sits by the door, drinking himself to sleep. Every now and then Luckie cries out. Diego silently prays.

EXT. LUCKIE'S CABIN - DAY

Diego vomits on the grass. Checks his phone again. No bars.

He heads up the steps, stops. Sees a truck barreling down the trail right towards him. Oh crap.

No running for cover now. The truck slows to a stop.

Diego shuts the cabin door, plasters on a smile.

WALTER, 50s, a good ole boy never meaning no harm, gets out.

WALTER

Hey now.

DIEGO

Hey. Can I help you?

WALTER

Hope so. I'm Walter.

DIEGO

Luis. Luckie's... nephew.

WALTER

Nice to meet you. Luckie around?

DIEGO

(answering too quickly)

No.

(recovering)

She um, had some business to take of in the city. Wanted me to look after the place.

Walter raises an eyebrow. *Does he buy that?*

WALTER

She told me to come by. Wanted to buy some of my homemade jerky.

DIEGO

She must've forgotten. It'll be a couple days before she gets back. I'll... Tell her you came by.

WALTER

Yeah. Thanks.

DIEGO

Absolutely.

Walter heads back to the truck. Diego breathes a sigh of relief, heads back inside, when --

WALTER

Hate to bother you, but could I use your bathroom right quick?

Diego, back still to Walter, mouths "Shit." He turns back to Walter with the same forced smile.

DIEGO

Sorry, but it's backed up. I'm actually working on it now.

WALTER

Well, hell. I'll give you a hand.

DIEGO

No! I mean... Look, I had some friends over last night and there's barf and shit everywhere. Need a hazmat suit to even go in there.

Walter chuckles.

WALTER

I knew it. I can smell the booze on your breath from here.

DIEGO

Luckie would kill me if she found out. How about I buy a bag of jerky and we keep this between us?

WALTER

Two bags and you've got yourself a partner in crime.

Walter chuckles. Diego joins in, nervous.

LATER

Diego waves to Walter, watches him drive away. Heads inside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Diego, eating jerky, watching Luckie rub her arms as she tries to keep warm. He offers her a piece. She slaps it away.

LUCKIE

You won't get away with this.

DIEGO

You did. For years.

LUCKIE

You really hate her that much?

DIEGO
She ruined my life.

LUCKIE
This is all you.

DIEGO
Things didn't have to get this far.
We can end this now. Confess.

Diego holds his phone up to her. Luckie leans in.

LUCKIE
Fuck. You.

Diego nods. Okay. He opens the taxidermy tool bag, grabs pliers. Luckie claws at him, screams bloody murder. He yanks her head back by her hair, forces pliers into her mouth.

LATER

The bloody pliers drop into the sink alongside a few teeth.

Diego, emotionally fried, vomits in the toilet.

Luckie, mouth bloodied, whimpers in the corner.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Luckie, head, bowed, tied to the chair once more. She raises her head, comes face to face with the barrel of her rifle.

DIEGO
Last chance. Tell me the truth.
Just say it. Just say it.
(pleading)
The truth. Confess.

Luckie glares at him.

LUCKIE
The truth is you're a pathetic
piece of shit who wasted his life
chasing the big bad bogeywoman.

DIEGO
No.

LUCKIE
But you couldn't catch her.

DIEGO
That's not true.

LUCKIE
So you had to find somebody,
anybody to punish!

DIEGO
I know you're her!

LUCKIE
Even if it meant the wrong woman!

DIEGO
I said shut up!

Luckie leans into the barrel.

LUCKIE
The truth is I don't care anymore!
If you're going to shoot me get it
over with! Do it! Make the Duchess
proud and pull the fucking --

BANG!

Diego recoils. *Did he pull the trigger?*

No.

BANG!

The door. Someone's knocking on the door. Not again...

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

HELP!

Diego quickly ties a shirt around Luckie's mouth, exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diego composes himself, opens the door.

The Duchess stares back. Scratches on the screen door.

DIEGO

No...

Another Duchess taps on the window.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

No!

Diego draws the handgun, fires. CLICK. CLICK. *It's not loaded...* He slams the door, races back for the rifle.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

Duchess #1 break out the windows while Duchess #2 chops through the screen door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diego returns with the rifle, blasts a hold in the door.

He squeezes the trigger. CLICK.

One of the Duchesses peers in the hole in the door, waves.

Diego presses his weight against the door, tries to jeep it locked. No use. The Duchesses overpower him, break in.

Diego scampers away.

The Duchesses touch axes, stalk after him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diego locks the door, weighs his options. He unscrews the light bulb. And the world goes black.

OVER BLACK -- A DOOR SLOWLY OPENING.

Lights suddenly come on, revealing we're now at --

INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela, firearm drawn, shuts the door behind her.

ANGELA

Diego?

Angela studies the murder board on the wall. Someone comes at her out of the shadows. She turns at the last minute.

GABRIEL

Whoa!

ANGELA

I could've shot you!

GABRIEL

Thank God for your reflexes.

Angela holsters her firearm.

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

GABRIEL

Same as you. Looking for Diego.

ANGELA

With the lights off?

GABRIEL

I heard footsteps. Thought it might be the killer.

Gabriel moves to the murder board.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I didn't know it was this bad. I thought he was moving on.

ANGELA
We'll find him.

GABRIEL
I tried his cell. What if the
killer already has... Doesn't sound
like I have much faith, does it?

ANGELA
I'll bring him home.

Angela takes another look at the murder board.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I think I know where he is.

GABRIEL
Where?

ANGELA
Where it all began.

GABRIEL
Let's go.

ANGELA
No. Stay here in case he calls or
comes back. Keep the doors locked.

INT. LUCKIE'S CABIN / BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Duchess knocks on the open door, creeps in.

No sign of Diego.

The Duchess throws the covers off the bed.

Warmer...

Checks under the bed.

Warmer...

Throws the closet door open and --

Still no Diego... *Ice cold.*

Diego pops up from behind a chair, slams into the Duchess like a linebacker. Knocks her off her feet.

They exchange blows, crawl and claw for the axe.

Diego gets to it first. The Duchess backs away.

DIEGO
Lose the mask.

The Duchess points to her mask. *You mean this one?*

DIEGO (CONT'D)
You heard me!

The Duchess removes the mask. Diego shakes his head in disbelief. Gavin tosses the mask around, smiles.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
Gavin?

GAVIN
I can explain!

DIEGO
Explain?!

Diego shoves him. Someone lights Diego up with a taser. Diego hits the floor, convulsing. Gavin crosses to Duchess #2.

GAVIN
You're killing him!

DUCHESS #2
That's the idea.

Diego looks up, recognizing the voice.

DIEGO
Syd?

Duchess #2 removes her mask, revealing Sydney.

SYDNEY
Small world.

GAVIN
He's suppose to die at the camp.
"Suicide" remember?

SYDNEY
Change of plans.

She ups the voltage. Diego cries out in pain, doubles over.

GAVIN
Syd, that's enough.

Sydney grins as Diego screams and writhes on the ground.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
I said that's enough!

Gavin gets in her face. They tease a brawl before kissing.

DIEGO
What... the hell... is this?

Gavin crouches beside Diego.

GAVIN
An exclusive.

DIEGO
And Coop?

GAVIN
Syd did him. He's how we found you.
Spilled the beans. And his guts.

SYDNEY
I've never seen so much blood. Guy
was like a fucking fountain, right?

DIEGO
Why?

GAVIN
It's not personal. This case will
make our careers. I followed the
bloody bread crumbs you left
behind, called Sydney, who, being a
great cop, had her suspicions --

SYDNEY

-- We make you as the copycat
killer, boom! Set for life.

Diego looks sick to his stomach.

GAVIN

We were just going to scare people,
honest, but once we put the mask on
and held the axe... When in Rome.

Gavin and Sydney put the Duchess masks back on, tongue-kiss.

DIEGO

Cute, but you don't actually think
you'll get away with this?

Diego stands on wobbly legs, pulls the taser pins off him.

SYDNEY

She did. We've covered our asses so
far. Only loose end is you.

Sydney jingles handcuffs.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Be a good little patsy and I'll
make it quick and painless.

DIEGO

Hard pass.

Luckie screams.

SYDNEY

Hell was that?

Diego elbows Gavin in the face.

GAVIN

Not the face!

Gavin falls over backwards. Diego grabs the piggy bank,
smashes it over Sydney's head. Runs out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Luckie's screaming. Diego runs past the dark room. He returns
seconds later with a knife. Cuts Luckie free.

LUCKIE
Who the hell are they?

DIEGO
Tell you later. First, tell me
where the ammo is.

LUCKIE
(hesitant)
In the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Diego, searching the closet. Luckie quickly puts on hunting gear and boots, grabs a blade from the knife rack, hides it behind her back. She creeps up behind him, knife raised...

DIEGO
I don't see any...

Gavin pops up behind Diego with an axe.

LUCKIE
Look out!

Diego grabs a broom to block the axe. It slices through, cuts his chest. Luckie stabs Gavin in the shoulder.

GAVIN
God!

Diego and Luckie run out the front door. Gavin, pulls the knife out of his shoulder, winces. Sydney races after them.

EXT. LUCKIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Diego and Luckie, running into the woods. Sydney, firearm drawn, takes aim. Gavin stumbles out beside her.

GAVIN
What are you waiting for?!

SYDNEY
They're too far away and this is my
gun. We got this. Need a Band-Aid?

Gavin glares at her.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Diego leans on a tree, blood seeping through his shirt. Luckie looks behind her, makes sure no one's following them.

DIEGO

See 'em?

LUCKIE

No, but that doesn't mean they're not there. We need to keep moving.

DIEGO

I can't.

Diego sits against the tree. Luckie whips out the knife. The blade glints in the moonlight. They lock eyes. Diego looks away, makes no attempt to fight her.

LUCKIE

Hold still.

FURTHER INTO THE WOODS

Diego, shirt pressed to his wound, supported by Luckie.

DIEGO

I can't... Can't make it. One of us needs to get out of here. Luckie, I never meant for it to go this --

LUCKIE

Just shut up. We're almost to the camp. There should be a few first aid kits stashed inside.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - NIGHT

Diego and Luckie, unlikely allies now, walking past the "Welcome to Camp Bliss" sign.

INT. CAMP BLISS / COUNSELORS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

A spider, one of many, crawls along a web towards its dinner. Diego, gritting his teeth as Luckie sterilizes his wound, patches him up via dim lantern light.

LUCKIE

That wasn't so bad, was it?

DIEGO

I deserve a lot worse.

LUCKIE

Look, don't go thinking we're gonna kumbaya our way to a beautiful friendship when this is all over. All that matters right now is survival. It comes to us or them...

DIEGO

We'll do what we have to.

Diego reluctantly pulls on a Camp Bliss T-shirt, grabs bottles of isopropyl alcohol.

LUCKIE

What are you doing?

DIEGO

Making cocktails.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - NIGHT

Gavin and Sydney emerge from the shadows.

A cabin door's open. Swinging back and forth.

Sydney gestures to Gavin. *Check it out.*

Gavin gestures to her. *You check it out.*

Sydney sighs, flips Gavin off, approaches the swinging door.

INT. CAMPERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sydney holds the door, peers in. Nothing inside but a bare bones bedroom. She looks back to Gavin, shakes her head.

Gavin kicks the cabin door in next to him and -- gags.

GAVIN

Bear shit everywhere!

SYDNEY

Screw this. We know you're in there! Come out now and we'll end this quick. Screw with us and you'll die screaming.

A cabin door opens. Luckie waves a white handkerchief.

LUCKIE

You win, but my ankle's twisted.

GAVIN

Where's Diego?

DIEGO

pops up on the roof, lights a cloth stuffed inside a bottle.

DIEGO

Right here!

Diego tosses the Molotov cocktails at Gavin and Sydney.

Sydney dives for cover at the last second.

Gavin's not so lucky.

He takes a direct hit to the noggin.

Gavin screams as flames devour the highly flammable Duchess mask. He runs to the swimming pool. Leaps in.

THUD!

Only to discover it's empty...

Sydney throws her mask off, fires at Diego.

Diego takes a hit in the leg, slides off the roof. Catches onto the edge before falling hard.

Luckie rushes Sydney with a baseball bat, beats her down.

Sydney kicks Luckie in the leg, crawls to her firearm.

She fires.

Luckie clutches her side. Blood seeps through her hands. She hits the dirt. Sydney fires at Luckie point-blank. CLICK.

SYDNEY

Shit! Gavin!

Sydney picks up the axe, moves to the swimming pool. Stops to check on Gavin. He lies dead, neck broken, face burned.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You've ruined everything!

Sydney turns back to Luckie. *The hell? She's gone.*

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

What the fu--

Someone chops Sydney's head off. It lands on Gavin's chest.

Diego staggers around the corner, in shock.

Luckie, Duchess mask on, axe over her shoulder, waves.

LUCKIE

Miss me? I missed you.

DIEGO

(in tears)

Why? Why'd you let me live?

LUCKIE

You were just a kid. It wouldn't have been right. But now we can play my favorite game.

Luckie laughs. Diego picks up an axe, comes at her, swinging.

Luckie easily blocks the attack, twirls her axe like a baton.

Diego hacks and slashes at her.

Luckie maneuvers behind him, whacks him in the head with the butt of her axe.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

That's better.

Their axes connect. Diego drives Luckie back.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

Now strike me down with all of your hatred, and your journey towards the dark side will be complete!

Luckie cackles. Diego knees her in the gut, hesitates.

Luckie disarms Diego, slices him in the ribs.

He groans, drops to a knee.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

Tough break. Ball game!

Luckie swings the axe. Diego ducks, throws dirt in her face.

Blinded, Luckie chops wildly. Diego limps to the gymnasium.

Luckie whistles "Bohemian Rhapsody", strolls after him.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Diego locks the door behind him, ducks into a supply closet. A knock on the door. Luckie bashes the door knob off, pushes the door open, scrapes the axe along the floor as she walks.

LUCKIE

Just like old times. I know this place inside and out. You can't get away. YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

She follows a trail of blood to the closet, throws it open.

Diego, armed with a fire extinguisher, sprays Luckie with a weak stream of air. Luckie looks on in comical disbelief.

DIEGO

Screw it.

Diego bashes Luckie with the extinguisher.

LUCKIE

Having fun yet?

Luckie blocks a headshot with her axe, kicks him in the nuts.

Diego winces, grabs his jewels.

Luckie holds the axe blade above Diego's privates.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

What's your girlfriend's address?
I'll stuff it and mail it to her.

Luckie gets into position like a competitive woodcutter, raises the axe.

Diego sticks a pencil into Luckie's gunshot wound.

She wails, hits the wall.

Diego hobbles to the closet, throws it open.

Luckie removes the pencil, licks the blood.

Diego pitches mostly deflated basketballs/footballs/baseballs at her. Luckie bats them away with her axe.

Running out of options, Diego shoves the janitor's mop at her, eyes the exit.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

Race you.

Diego limps over to ropes hanging for the ceiling, climbs.

Luckie slices at his heels. Diego climbs to the top.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

Smart move, but all I have to do is
wait. And we both know how fucking
great at that I am!

Luckie sits against the wall, sings to herself. Diego
struggles to hang on. One of the ropes gives and he dangles.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

Stay right there.

Luckie runs out the door. Diego looks to the exit. He makes
his way down. Luckie returns with a camera.

She snaps pictures. Blinding him.

Diego slides down the rope, catches the rope before
plummeting to the floor. Luckie claps.

Diego pulls himself back up. Luckie tugs on the rope, dips it
in alcohol. Luckie strikes a match.

She lights the end of the rope, watches the flames devour it.

Diego eyes the flames. Getting closer and closer...

He swings to another rope, crashes into a stack of chairs.

Luckie blocks the exit like an axe-murdering goalie.

Diego grabs a chair, connects with the axe.

They dance back and forth towards the exit.

Diego's running out of gas.

Luckie's laughing, having the time of her life.

Diego pins her to the wall with the chair.

Luckie kicks at Diego, goes for another nut shot.

Diego blocks it, presses the chair against her throat.

Luckie, still laughing, blood trickling out of her mouth.

LUCKIE (CONT'D)

(choking)

That's... it. Do it. Get justice
for all... your little friends.
Make... me... proud.

Diego screams, knocks Luckie to the ground.

DIEGO

I'm not a killer.

LATER

Diego, axe over his shoulder, keeping an eye on Luckie, tied by rope. A car rolls through the gates towards him.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - DAYBREAK

Diego exiting the dark, walking into the sunlight. Angela exits her plain marked car, gun drawn, meets him halfway.

ANGELA

(heartbroken)

Drop the axe.

Bloody, bruised, Diego looks like a psycho killer.

DIEGO

Angela --

ANGELA

I said drop the axe! Now!

Diego tosses the axe aside, hands in the air.

DIEGO

She's in the gym. I can --

Angela kicks the axe away, cuffs Diego. Pats him down.

ANGELA

I'm placing you under arrest
on suspicion of murder. You
have the --

DIEGO

-- It was her, Angela. She's
inside. Just check. Listen to
me!

ANGELA

-- right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can be used against you in a court of law.

DIEGO

Gavin and Sydney were working together to frame me.

ANGELA

Diego. Stop.

Angela looks like she's about to cry.

DIEGO

Her name's Luckie Ferra--

ANGELA

Luckie Ferrara died four years ago.

DIEGO

Then she must've stolen her identity! If you would just --

ANGELA

ENOUGH!

Diego nods. They take a moment to process.

DIEGO

Just check the gym. Please?

Angela puts Diego in the back of the car. Heads inside the gymnasium. Diego waits. Come on... Come on... Angela returns.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Where is she?

ANGELA

(can't look at him)
There was no one in there.

DIEGO

No! No! No!

Diego freaks out in the backseat.

Angela, in tears, hits the gas and pulls away.

Diego looks behind him.

The Duchess peeks out of the gymnasium, waves.

Whether she's the genuine article or a specter dreamed up by Diego's slipping sanity, we don't know.

And right now, neither does he...

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Diego, defeated, not sure what's real anymore, in the back of Angela's unmarked car.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Angela, at the register, staring out the window at Diego. Walter's haggling with an UNINTERESTED CLERK.

UNINTERESTED CLERK

Get that swill out of here.

WALTER

Swill? This is the finest homemade hooch in all the state!

UNINTERESTED CLERK

I'll bet. Tell you what, throw in some of that spicy beef jerky and you've got a deal.

WALTER

I'd love to, but I sold my last batch to Luckie's cousin.

Angela cuts in.

ANGELA

Did you say Luckie? Luckie Ferrara?

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY

Diego, in the back, massaging his cuffed hands. Angela, speeding back towards Camp Bliss. He leans in.

DIEGO

So you believe me then?

ANGELA

I believe something's up.

DIEGO
Shouldn't you call for backup?

ANGELA
I'm not exactly here on official
police business.

DIEGO
I knew you were ride or die.

ANGELA
Not out of the woods yet. By the
time backup got there, she'd be
long gone. If she isn't already.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - DAY

Luckie, sans mask, taking pictures of the cabins. Angela's
unmarked car drives up. She exits, firearm trained on Luckie.

ANGELA
On the ground!

LUCKIE
I'm just taking pictures. Didn't
know I was trespassing.

Angela spots the latex mask Luckie's hastily shoved in her
pocket. Luckie follows her gaze, pulls her shirt over it.

ANGELA
On the fucking ground!

LUCKIE
Alrighty!

Angela cuffs Luckie, slams her onto the car.

Luckie locks eyes with Diego, grins.

Angela pulls out the mask, throws it on the hood.

ANGELA
(re: mask)
What's that?

LUCKIE
I found it inside.

Diego gets out of the car.

DIEGO

That's her.

LUCKIE

That's the man who attacked me!

ANGELA

Diego, get back in the --

Luckie breaks free, chokes Angela.

DIEGO

Angela!

Luckie grabs Angela's gun, fires at Diego.

He takes cover behind the car.

Angela bites Luckie, forcing her to drop the gun.

Luckie smashes Angela's head into the window, breaks the glass. She pulls on her mask, grabs the axe.

Diego, Angela's gun in his trembling hands, takes aim.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Drop it!

LUCKIE

Go ahead.

(sing-song)

You don't have any evidence!

Angela reveals she's wearing a body cam.

ANGELA

I do.

LUCKIE

You naughty little monsters.

Luckie rear back.

DIEGO

No!

Diego fires.

Luckie, axe still raised, smiles.

She comes at Angela again.

Diego fires again.

Luckie drops the axe, staggers backwards into the main cabin.

LUCKIE

Good game, kid.

Luckie, sick smile, waves, gives up the ghost.

Diego collapses.

Angela takes her firearm, embraces him.

The nightmare's finally over.

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY

Diego in the passenger seat. Angela at the wheel.

ANGELA

Backup's on the way.

DIEGO

What are you gonna tell them?

ANGELA

You followed a lead, ran into Gavin, Sydney, then the real Duchess. All that's left is writing the book and casting who'll play you in the movie.

DIEGO

You can't lie for --

ANGELA

-- I'm not gonna let them lock you up. Not after everything.

DIEGO

What about the evidence?

ANGELA

Sydney did do you one favor. She
burned down the cabin. You were
never there. Say it.

DIEGO

I was never there.

Angela tries the radio. "Crazy Little Thing Called Love"
plays. Diego gazes out the window, sees teenaged Billy,
Shayna, and Nick. They wave. He waves back.

Diego shuts off the radio. He and Angela hold hands.

EXT. CAMP BLISS - DAY

Squad cars fly past the Camp Bliss sign and we --

FADE TO BLACK.