

BREAKDOWN

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OVER BLACK--

All we hear is a MYSTERIOUS WOMAN'S VOICE over DARKNESS. She sounds like she smokes a carton a day as she chats with a MYSTERY MAN over the phone--

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (V.O.)
(over the phone)
He won't do it. Wouldn't tell me
why, I don't know.

A slow build up of rapturous sounds...

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is there anything you can do, to
make sure he doesn't make it there?

She waits for a MAN to chat indistinctly on the other line.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's not a bad idea, actually.
It's a hunk a junk, so, yeah-- I
would owe you my life if you did
this for me. Seriously.

Beat as she waits for her turn to speak again.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Get your team together and I'll
make it down as soon as I can. Call
me when the procedure's ready. I'm
forever in your debt.

We're overwhelmed with the tense, rapturous sound filling our ears...

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Love ya, toots. Yeah, they'll all
be there. The whole family. Could
be fun, don't ya think? Yeah, haha.
See ya. Muwah. See you in the Red
Room, baby doll.

ENRAPTURE TO:

EXT. DOJO - DAY.

The rapturous sound dissipates. We sit alone in near silence with--

MARK (40s) waits outside in his JUNKER CAR. Bored as all hell. Mark is inattentive, self-centered, and lazy; but has an odd charm about him.

His pants vibrate. He fishes out his phone--

FROM LUCY: 'They want you to come inside, dad.'

He thrusts his phone back in his pocket.

MARK

God dammit.

Mark slinks out the car and marches up to the door.

INT. DOJO - CONT.

Mark pushes through the front door and approaches the TAEKWONDO MASTER (30s) who takes him aside.

He glares at LUCY (13) small in stature but harbors and inner fury, shrugs as if to say 'what did I do?'

MASTER

I don't know how to put this delicately...

MARK

Please, be candid.

MASTER

Listen, your daughter has... many talents. But, she's far too aggressive with the boys, here.

MARK

Isn't that-- I mean, don't you teach them to be...?

MASTER

No, I mean-- she pinned a boy with her knee on his throat. And another was taunting her and she hit him where it's...you know-- weaker, hurts extra for men.

MARK

Oh...

Mark shoots a glare at Lucy who aggressively pleads her case.

MASTER

With all due respect, sir, but your child is like... Satan's daughter.

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

And if I wasn't so hopelessly desperate to keep the god forsaken dojo running, I would just as soon toss her ass out. So I'm not asking, not requesting, I am begging you. Please.

MARK

Okay, you can tell me these things without comparing my daughter to Satan's offspring.

MASTER

It's an apt parallel. And far be it from me to tell you that you never read the right books on parenting, but please for the sake of these hapless boys, give her a stern talking to.

MARK

You're right, you don't need to tell me how to be a father. Quite frankly, Sensei, but you're pissing me off.

MASTER

Well. Apple doesn't roll too far from the tree, now, does it? It's Sensei, by the way.

MARK

Whatever. And you can't just tell me she's the spawn of Satan with all due respect.

MASTER

In any case, Mr. Temper issues, she can either calm her shit or find another Dojo. And unfortunately I am forced to impede upon her progress towards her Poom Belt.

MARK

You're gonna have to talk to me like I'm five because I don't understand the ins and outs of Karate.

MASTER

Taekwondo. The Black Belt is the highest level of belt progression there is. It's the greatest honor Taekwondo has to offer.

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

You must know-- I mean... she must have told you. She is very proud of...

Mark looks to Lucy who comes at A GROUP OF BOYS who flinch--

MARK

No, I haven't-- I mean-- Yeah, she talks about it. Yeah...

MASTER

You might do well to pay more attention to your daughter's exploits. And perhaps anger management is in your future?

MARK

I'll talk to her. Thanks, Miyagi.

Master gives him a glare as he returns to the fray.

Mark grabs Lucy away from the BOYS who egg her on.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy and Mark slide in and slam their respective doors.

MARK

Your Sensei or whatever told me you're too hard on the other kids in there.

LUCY

No one in the real world will go easy on anyone.

MARK

Well, regardless-- he said you either need to chill the fuck out or find another karate place.

LUCY

It's Taekwondo.

MARK

I don't care. Whatever. We pay for this shit and I'm not having you toss away our money just because you have something to prove to those boys.

LUCY

I thought you would be on my side.

MARK

No. Not if you're gonna flaunt your girl power on these defenseless boys. I don't care what they're doing, you don't do that!

LUCY

I thought boys were supposed to be tough. That worthless sack of dangling nerve endings is a fucking weakness, dad.

MARK

Watch your language with me, Lucy!

LUCY

That's what self-defense is, dad-- exploiting weaknesses. And if I have an advantage over these dumb stupid men, then I'm gonna use it.

Mark starts the car and puts it in drive.

MARK

You don't say that word. I don't know who taught you that.

He pulls away as Lucy folds her arms, glares out the window.

OVER BLACK:

A car door slamming.

SARAH (O.S.)

We have a lot of ground to cover and we've already lost a ton of daylight.

Luggage wheels scraping across concrete, gravel.

GEORGE (O.S.)

It's Lucy's fault, she packs so much junk she doesn't even need.

LUCY (O.S.)

You think I do, just look at how mom takes up half the trunk with her stuff alone.

MARK (O.S.)

Listen to your mother, you scoundrels. Hurry your asses.

OPEN ON:

EXT. HOUSE/GARAGE - MORNING.

Mark loads up the JUNKER CAR with his family's luggage.

SARAH (40s) lags behind Mark. She groggily looks to Mark, stares him directly in the eyes. Sarah is a firecracker with liquid help, but is ultimately passive.

GEORGE (O.C.)

Dad said ass, mom.

GEORGE (10) brushes by Sarah as he heads back in for more luggage. George is introverted but has sparks of an adventurer and a hellion. He has a long scar on his left cheek.

SARAH

Yeah, well-- you can't say it either.

Sarah lifts some luggage into the car. Mark tries to help her, but she declines, shoves the bag into the trunk.

LUCY (12) hops up the step into the house. Lucy is strong-willed and largely independent, but her growth is stunted by her parents.

LUCY (O.C.)

Duh, dumbass.

SARAH

Lucy, watch that mouth! I heard that.

MARK

I'm not allowed to say ass anymore, hun?

SARAH

Of course you can. But, let's try to be model parents for them. Please?

MARK

Pfft, yeah... let me know when that day comes.

Beat.

SARAH

You still wanna go through with this?

MARK

She's my sister and she needs my help. I can't just let her die.

SARAH

You bend over backwards for her, and what does she do for you?

MARK

We have to be willing to do anything for family. You of all people should know that.

SARAH

We can barely afford this trip as is. She'd better be paying you, or something.

Lucy skips out the door, twirling NUNCHUCKS. With a surprising amount of skill behind it.

GEORGE

(from in the house)

MOM! She's trying to bring the--

SARAH

Lucy, come on. You know we're never bringing those.

MARK

Why can't she?

SARAH

Mark...

LUCY

What if I need them?

SARAH

No one's attacking Auntie Martha this year. Or ever.

MARK

(mutters under his breath)

If she wasn't on her death bed, I just might let her.

Sarah tosses him a glare. Fix this.

MARK (CONT'D)

Just-- put them back in your room, honey. We'll bring them next time.

SARAH

There won't be a next time for those fucking things, Mark.

Lucy, defeated, mopes back into the house. George taunts her as she bounds in, but is--

--**WHACKED** in the face with the NUMCHUCKS!

George covers his face, cowers and shrieks in pain.

SARAH (CONT'D)

LUCY!!!

Lucy casually struts away as she swings the num-chuks around, bounding up the stairs to her room.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh, George, honey, are you okay, sweetie?

Sarah rushes to help him as Mark shakes his head, playing Tetris with the bags in the trunk.

OVER BLACK:

The inside of a car. Driving on the highway. Whizzing by.

OPEN ON:

INT. CAR - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY.

RADIO (O.C.)

A family of five are feared missing after relatives they were supposed to have visited filed a missing persons report after several days of no contact. Authorities say--

Mark meets her eyes, but then focuses on the road.

The radio continues on indistinctly in the background.

Sarah tries to pull his gaze back, he ignores.

RADIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

--the family was said to be travelling cross country and believed to be missing somewhere in the Great Basin area.

(MORE)

RADIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 The relatives of the missing family
 remain unsure as they never
 received notification of their
 progress. The search begins--

Lucy tries to read her book: *ZEN IN THE MARTIAL ARTS*--

George lays down and plops his feet on Lucy's lap. She promptly tosses them off, returns to her book.

SARAH
 How's Muay-Thai been going,
 sweetie?

LUCY
 Taekwondo.

SARAH
 Whatever. How is it?

Nothing from Lucy.

MARK
 Seems she has a choice-- either
 calm down or get her ass booted
 from that dojo.

SARAH
 What?! What did she do now?

MARK
 She's been giving some poor boys
 the business, from what I hear.
 Let's just say, they'll be lucky to
 be fertile in their prime mating
 years.

LUCY
 They'll be fine.

SARAH
 That's my girl. Don't take shit
 from no one.

LUCY
 They won't fuck with me if they
 know what's good for 'em.

SARAH
 Hey!
 Beat.

MARK
 Hey!

SARAH (CONT'D)
Speaking of spilling blood. You
know what Martha's blood type is?

Bored, George then looks out the window at the nothingness.

MARK
I've never known what *my own* blood
type is.

GEORGE
She hates me.

SARAH
She doesn't hate you.

GEORGE
She does. She told me I ruined the
whole reunion last year.

LUCY
You did.

George reaches over, tries to pull Lucy's hair--

She grabs his wrist, bends his hand back--

George wails. Lucy swiftly pulls her hands back in her lap.

SARAH
Guys!

GEORGE
She better watch her step this
year.

SARAH
The reunion will be civil this time
around, kids.

LUCY
She only spilled on you because you
tried to slide tackle me.

GEORGE
You were in my way.

SARAH
George, stop.

GEORGE
I'm just saying what happened. You
want me to stop telling the truth?

SARAH

Now I want you to stop arguing with me and zip it.

Lucy gives George a face as if to say "up yours." George shrugs her off.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(to Mark now)

She cuts our son's face with a wine glass and you want to spill your own blood for her.

MARK

Don't be self-centered. She's family and we won't be skipping an opportunity to save her life.

SARAH

I'm surprised red wine isn't her blood type.

MARK

You don't have much room to talk in that respect.

Sarah glares Mark down. Mark keeps his eyes on the road.

LUCY

Bet you won't have the balls to do it again.

Lucy and George fight in the back.

SARAH

Lucy! Don't egg him on.

(beat)

And we don't say 'balls.'

Sarah begs Mark for the limelight. She'll get none.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you going to do something?

MARK

They're your kids, too.

Mark keeps his eyes ahead. Sarah gives up.

MARK (CONT'D)

You're one to pick a fight hundreds of miles into the desert.

Sarah tosses him a glare.

He squints... a MIRAGE?

LUCY

We can never make it past Salt Lake City without arguing.

SARAH

We don't go through Salt Lake City, smart ass.

MARK POV: He spies A DIP in the road. It rapidly approaches.

Sarah gasps.

He SWERVES--

--too late.

EXT. CAR - HIGHWAY - CONT.

The Car SLAMS into a giant POTHOLE in the road--

INT. CAR - CONT.

Mark white knuckles the steering wheel.

MARK

Jesus-- fuck!

EXT. CAR - HIGHWAY - CONT.

THE CAR screeches to a halt. Smoke and dust rise, settle.

INT. CAR - CONT.

Mark lets out a huge breath. Sarah calms herself, cranes her neck-

SARAH

Are you guys all right?

Lucy nods.

GEORGE

What happened?

Mark pulls off to the side of the road, aware of the damage.

SARAH
 We just-- hit something.
 Everything's gonna be okay.

Sarah tends to the kids in the back.

Mark throws the door open, slides out, slams it shut.

He inspects the damage. Paces back and forth. Places his hands over his head.

MARK
 Fuck!

LUCY
 Is daddy okay?

SARAH
 He's just... upset.

GEORGE
 That word's for when grown-ups are angry.

SARAH
 Yes, George. That's right. But we don't repeat it, okay?

GEORGE
 All right.

LUCY
 Are we gonna be stuck here?

Sarah checks on Mark. No better.

SARAH
 I don't know, hon.

Mark stares deeply into Sarah's eyes.

MARK
 (mouths)
 We're fucked.

The life escapes Sarah's eyes as she deflates.

GEORGE
 What are we gonna do now?

LUCY
 (under her breath)
 What do you think, we're gonna hoof it? Dumbass...

Sarah searches her mind for answers. She'll get none.

SNAP TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: **BREAKDOWN**

FADE IN:

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - LATER.

AN AUTO REPAIR SHOP in the middle of nowhere.

Mark's car is towed into the shop.

The FAMILY all stands outside as they watch their car pull in.

INT. REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER.

The repair shop has offices to the right, and a giant THREE CAR GARAGE with a vaulted ceiling, big enough to accommodate VEHICLE LIFTS for THREE LARGER VEHICLES.

The WAITING ROOM and GARAGE are separated by TWO LARGE PANES OF GLASS and a GLASS DOOR.

Down off to the right of the WAITING ROOM is a LONG HALLWAY that leads to the OFFICES.

Mark approaches a gruff HEAVYSET MECHANIC (30s). We'll come to know him as JERRY later on.

MECHANIC

Frame's bent. Suspension's all fucked up.

MARK

I could've told you that.

MECHANIC

Smart guy, or somethin'?

Mark frowns.

MARK

How long's it gonna be?

MECHANIC

Well, your insurance might say it's totaled. If you ignore that, you'll have a bitch of a time.

MARK

No, no no no no no. I need this thing back on the road. Now.

MECHANIC

I'm just tellin' you. They hear the frame's bent, they'll likely deem it as such. Insurance idn't likely to cover something that ain't safe to drive on the roads again.

MARK

No, I need you to fix it and get me back to driving that thing. We have places to be.

MECHANIC

I understand that. But, like I said, it may not be up to us. They don't wanna pay out any more than they have to.

MARK

Well then, let's not go through insurance.

MECHANIC

That's your choice. I get paid either way.

MARK

That's fine. I'll pay you.

Sarah takes notice, rushes over.

SARAH

Wait, whoa whoa. Honey. Can we really afford that?

MARK

I'm not having this thing junked.

SARAH

We might need insurance to cover this, Mark.

MARK

We can't afford not to have this car, Sarah.

MECHANIC

Tell ya what, we'll take a closer look. See if we can't fix it. We'll give ya a holler once we know more.

MARK
 That would be perfect.
 (to Sarah)
 Let's not do this, babe. Not here.

Sarah stares daggers into Mark's eyes. He shrugs her off.

The Mechanic grumbles as he wobbles back over to the lifted car with his TEAM.

His team of gruff mechanics all largely have the same look and vibe about them.

Sarah looks over, a bit unnerved. Mark ignores.

INT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - CONT.

Sarah locks eyes with the MECHANICS TEAM.

She guides the kids behind her, in protection from their creepy stares.

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER.

Mark, Sarah, Lucy, and George all sit outside the shop while Mark reads a map. Sarah looks on to try to help.

Lucy watches BRUCE LEE videos on her PHONE.

SARAH
 Is there really nowhere to stay?

MARK
 We're in the middle of bumfuck.
 Where do you think we could
 possibly stay in this hellhole?!

SARAH
 (sharply)
 Mark.

GEORGE
 Dad said the thing again.

LUCY
 Shut up, George.

SARAH
 Kids, watch it.

GEORGE

Are we gonna have to sleep in the car?

MARK

That's not possible right now, buddy. We can't even do that with those stupid hicks in possession of our CAR!

SARAH

Mark, just-- for a second. We need to think. If there's nothing within miles, then what are we gonna do?

MARK

I don't know. We could ask them what people usually do in this scenario. This can't have been the first time this has happened.

LUCY

Mom, I'm hungry.

SARAH

I know, sweetie. We all are.

MARK

Just have to tough it out.

GEORGE

I'm tough.

LUCY

No, you're not.

George and Lucy fight while Mark and Sarah ignore.

MARK

I know you are, bud. Dad's trying to think.

SARAH

Are you gonna go ask, or do I have to?

MARK

(hesitates)
No, no. I'll do it.

Mark continues reading. Doesn't move a muscle.

Sarah, fed up, rises and marches towards the MECHANICS.

MARK (CONT'D)
N-- wait-- hun...

Mark puts the map down, turns around, almost follows her, turns back.

MARK (CONT'D)
Ugh-- dammit.

LUCY
L.A.'s not goin' anywhere, dad.

MARK
(under his breath)
This car sure as fuck's not.

Lucy tries to grab Mark's attention, but will get none.

INT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - CONT.

Sarah marches in and approaches the MECHANIC.

SARAH
Excuse me--

The Mechanic points to his nametag. It reads: JERRY.

SARAH (CONT'D)
--um, Jerry... Where do people usually stay?

JERRY
Sugar, you can stay right here, if ya want.

SARAH
No, I mean-- isn't there a place to stay here? Like a motel... or anything?

JERRY
Honey, there's nothin' for miles. You could try walkin' if you so desired.

The CREEPY TEAM of MECHANICS all chuckle behind him.

Sarah takes note.

SARAH
You're telling me we're all stranded here.

JERRY
That's a harsh way of puttin' it.

SARAH
Well then, what would you call it?

JERRY
Listen, hun--

SARAH
Try again.

JERRY
Beg your pardon?

The Mechanic notices she's serious, looks back to his buddies.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll level with ya. Sure, there ain't shit around here. But... I can get one of my team members here to drive you guys to the nearest one. Bout...
(straining to think)
Seven miles that a way.
(points lazily)
We'll do this as a service-- a courtesy.

SARAH
Thank you, you don't know how much we would appreciate that.

JERRY
Lovely.
(gestures to team)
Bart. Why don't you give this nice family a lift? Yeah?

BART (20s) hops to it. He wears overalls, has a five o clock shadow, a slight beer gut, and looks older than he is.

Sarah follows Bart as he jingles his keys to the COMPANY VAN.

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Mark inspects the map. Lucy and George meander about, bored.

Sarah fetches them.

SARAH
Come on you guys, we're going.

MARK
What's going on?

Sarah gestures towards herself and Bart.

SARAH
Let's go.

MARK
What are we doing? Where are we going with this random stranger?

SARAH
This gentleman is giving us a lift towards civilization. Come on.

GEORGE
Yeah, dad told us about strangers. Remember that one time.

LUCY
This isn't like that one time.

MARK
Oh, shit.

GEORGE
Oh! Yay!

LUCY
Finally.

All file in behind Bart as he twirls the keys, leads them to the VAN.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Bart drives them all in silence. Lucy still buries her head in MMA videos on her phone.

Sarah can't help but stare at him, break the silence.

SARAH
This happen often?

BART
More than you might think.

SARAH
Hm. You drive people a lot? To places like this?

BART
Mm.

MARK
Babe. Don't be so inquisitive.

SARAH
I'm just asking.

BART
Curiosity get the best of us.

SARAH
Heh. Yeah. Suppose so.

Awkward beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What kind of hotel is this?

BART
Shitty 'un.

SARAH
Ah. Of course it is.

MARK
What'd you expect, hun?

SARAH
I'm just-- making conversation.

BART
Where y'all from?

SARAH
Kansas City. Trying to make our way
to--

MARK
Don't tell him.

SARAH
I thought we were being friendly,
Mark.

MARK
Just tell everyone where we're from
and where we're going, hun. Nice.

SARAH
What's gotten into you?

GEORGE
Uh oh. Mom and dad are fighting.

LUCY
Shut your stupid face, George.

MARK
Kids, knock it off.

Bart chuckles to himself.

BART
Marriage. Family. Gotta love it.

An uncomfortable beat.

SARAH
West, Bart. We were just headed
West to see some family. Someone
needs our help.

Sarah stares at Bart who gives her a smirk back.

BART
Yeah? No shit.

She looks away. Bart returns his eyes to the road. The smirk has not disappeared.

Mark looks on from the back, wearing genuine concern on his face.

EXT. HOTEL - LATER.

The Van pulls up to the hotel. It's incredibly vacant.

INT. VAN - CONT.

Bart throws the van into park.

BART
I can come get you guys when it's
done.

SARAH
We'd really appreciate that, thank
you.

Bart throws them both a grin.

BART
We'll give ya a ring.

MARK
Thanks again.

SARAH
Come on, kids.

Sarah, Mark, Lucy, and George all pile out.

Bart ogles Sarah, Mark, and the kids as they make their approach. His eyes narrow in, he licks his lips.

EXT. VAN/HOTEL - CONT.

The family all file into the hotel.

Bart watches as he throws it into drive.

Sarah guides the kids inside, she looks over her shoulder.

Bart grins as he backs out.

Sarah shelters the kids under her protection.

Lucy, although eyes glued to her phone, is hyperaware of her surroundings.

Mark waltzes in, diddling on his phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -

Sarah sits up in bed.

Mark is passed out, dead to the world.

Lucy and George, sound asleep on the other bed.

Sarah leans up, creeps to the--

MINI FRIDGE. She scours it for something to drink.

She finds a bunch of MINI SHOTS. She examines them.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING.

Sarah, groggy, lifts her head from the pillow.

The light shining in from the curtains, blinding to her.

Lucy and George scuffle on their bed.

MARK (O.S.)
Guys, knock it off.

Sarah raises her head finally. Hangover city.

She sits on the side of the bed, head in her hands.

Mark towers over her.

MARK (CONT'D)
Hit it heavy last night? Hm?

SARAH
(groans)
Ugh.

MARK
Come on. Jump to it.

He eggs her on to get up.

Sarah musters the strength as the kids jump on the bed.

MARK (CONT'D)
Let's go, guys. Come on, stop.

Sarah tries to wipe the hangover from her face.

EXT. POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark's phone rings, he checks the name--

PHONE FACE: MARTHA.

He begrudgingly answers it.

MARK
Marty! What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FANCY HOUSE - CONT.

Martha weakly lies in bed. Pale. She's seen better days.

MARTHA
You haven't called me that since we
were kids.

MARK
Yeah, listen. If this is about the
thing...I think it's about-- I've
since reconsidered.

MARTHA
Don't tell me your feet are growing
cold on me.

MARK

I just-- I worry about...I don't know. Being cut open. Losing too much blood. The works. Am I really the person for this?

MARTHA

You have a universal blood type. And besides, why wouldn't you just take a just a bit of yourself out to help your own sister?

MARK

Just a--? It's a whole fucking working organ. You undersell its importance, Mart.

MARTHA

You only need one!

Mark hangs on that a beat.

MARK

I just don't know how I feel about the whole-- You know how I am about this stuff.

MARTHA

So you're just gonna let me die. Nah, I get it.

MARK

No, it's just-- can you give me some time? Give me the rest of the road trip to think about it. I'll have all the time in the world, now that the damn..**fuckin'** car's broken down.

MARTHA

(her jaw drops)
What? What happened?

MARK

Just an axel, or something. They haven't told me, but-- seems like it could be something more. They're worried about frame damage. Suspension. I don't know cars.

MARTHA

Well, are you and the kids all right? And Sarah?

MARK

Well, you know...Sarah's Sarah. The kids are fine. But-- it's definitely a set back. I'll let you know more once the mechanics call me back.

MARTHA

(scrambles for a map)
Wh-- where... where are you guys at?

MARK

We passed Flagstaff not long ago. I don't know. This whole fuckin' place is a barren desert wasteland. You know I hate this part of the drive.

Martha quickly performs an INTERNET SEARCH: **VEHICLE REPAIR SHOPS IN THE GREATER FLAGSTAFF AREA.**

MARTHA

Well let me know if there's anything more I can do. Tell me the name of the shop and I can wire some money or something.

MARK

You don't need to do that.

MARTHA

Well, I just want to see you here. And... I hope you'll reconsider.

MARK

Thanks. I'd love to see you too. It's been too long.

MARTHA

Almost a year, to be exact.

MARK

Yeah. I know. I'll try to do better than just seeing you annually.

MARTHA

If you want to see me next year--

MARK

Don't talk like that. You're gonna pull through this. You're strong. I know you will.

MARTHA
Keep me updated, okay? Love you.

MARK
I love you, too, Marty.

MARTHA
Oh, shut up, Markus.

MARK
(softly chuckles)
Bye.

Martha hangs up, looks with disdain upon her phone.

She lays back in bed, a deathly look upon her face.

Suddenly, she **springs** back up. Martha **furiously** dials her phone, puts it up to her ear.

SARAH (V.O.)
Mark. I'm worried.

WE RETURN TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER.

Mark looks at his phone, at the kids playing in the pool with a sharp sting of guilt on his mind...

MARK (V.O.)
About what, babe? What's wrong?

EXT. HOTEL POOL - LATER.

Lucy and George swim as Mark and Sarah lay out.

MARK
We're gonna be fine. The car will be okay.

SARAH
It's not that.

MARK
Then, what is it?

SARAH
I've been thinking about...

MARK
What?

SARAH

I don't want to lose them again.

Mark leans up. Sarah looks at him, wide-eyed, he looks her dead in the eye.

MARK

You can't think about that. Don't talk that way.

Sarah curls up.

MARK (CONT'D)

I won't let that happen.

SARAH

But, we did.

Mark wants to retort, but knows he can't.

Sarah turns away from him.

Lucy and George splash each other in the pool.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I just want to know that they're going to be safe. Who are we if we can't protect them?

Mark wears concern on his face as he watches the kids play.

We hang on Sarah's haunted face...

INT. HOTEL - LATER.

Mark fiddles with his phone while sitting on the bed. George plays in the pool with Sarah half watching as she catches some rays.

Lucy files in with a towel wrapped around her, dripping from the pool. She holds her phone which BLARES MORE KARATE VIDEOS.

LUCY

Dad...

MARK

Hey, hun.

LUCY

Listen, I'm sorry about before. With the Taekwondo thing.

MARK

Oh, that's fine, Luce. I don't mind you kickin' ass and taking names. You know that.

LUCY

I know, just-- I didn't want it to seem like I'm not grateful for you and mom paying my way there, is all. So, thank you. I won't piss it away. I promise.

MARK

I have no doubt, Miss Rousey.

Lucy smiles as Mark side-hugs her close.

LUCY

We're gonna make it, dad.

MARK

Oh, hun. I'm not worried about that at all. Those guys are professionals. They'll do their jobs. It'll be fixed in no time, I'm sure of it.

LUCY

We can be late. Aunt Martha loves fashionably making an entrance while tanked.

MARK

Hey, easy. That's my sister you're talking about.

LUCY

I'm kidding. Mostly.

MARK

Just because something's true, doesn't mean you should say it.

They share in a laugh together.

MARK (CONT'D)

Go get dressed. We might be leaving soon.

LUCY

Okay, dad.

Lucy returns to her videos.

MARK

You watch enough of those, you'll
turn into a dojo master.

LUCY

(praying hands, bowing)
I am the master of my domain.

MARK

That's my girl.

Mark smiles to her, she returns it. She paces to the bathroom with a change of clothes. Mark's smile fades as his eyes return to his phone.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark answers his cell phone - it's the SHOP.

MARK

Yeah, what is it?

MECHANIC (V.O.)

We're gonna have Bart pick ya up.
There's something I need you to
see.

MARK

Can't you just tell me what it is?

MECHANIC (V.O.)

It's easier if I show it to you.
I'll explain when you get here.

Mark sighs, grumbles as he ends the call. He thinks it over.

SARAH

What's going on, hun?

MARK

They want me to come see the car.

SARAH

Did they fix it?

MARK

No, they just-- want me to... it's
easier if I talk with them in
person, they said.

SARAH

Want us to come with?

MARK

You don't need to. I'll just be there and back.

George in the background **DECKS** Lucy right in the **face**.

LUCY

Oh, you just signed your death warrant.

GEORGE

Knock it the frick off!
You...freak!

Sarah and Mark watch as they tussle, Lucy wrestles George to the ground.

SARAH

You know-- Getting out of this hotel might do us some good.

Mark watches behind Sarah as Lucy pins George in a CHOKEHOLD on the ground.

MARK

That shithole in the middle of nowhere's gonna be better?

SARAH

We'll trade one shithole for another. Besides, they need it. Look at them.

Lucy's face starts to bruise as she renders George's arms and legs useless, chokes the life out of him...

MARK

(shouting past Sarah)
Hey, go easy on your brother!

Lucy releases George from her VICEGRIP.

GEORGE

(catching his breath)
You are such an asshole.

George rubs his wounds and picks himself up off the floor.

SARAH

(to George)
George! We don't say 'asshole'!
(softer, to Mark)
I knew that martial arts shit was a bad idea.

MARK
 (under his breath to Sarah)
 It's your daughter who's
 motherfuckin' Van Damme.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Don't complain to me when they
 bitch and moan about being confined
 to that bland ass waiting room.

Lucy dusts herself off and revels in her win. George glares
 her down as he rubs his neck.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Come on, kids. Hop to it.

Mark grabs the room key and all but pushes them out the door.

MARK (CONT'D)
 And no more fucking fighting.

SARAH
 Mark...

They all file out the door, it seals shut to leave a blank,
 dark room...

INT. VAN - LATER.

The van is dead silent, save for the whooshing of cars gone
 by.

MARK
 Can you tell me what your boss
 plans to do?

BART
 He just wants to show you what we
 have to do, and... you can make
 your decision from there.

MARK
 Is it serious?

BART
 Heh. Shit yeah, it is. Your
 machine's fate hangs in the
 balance.
 (beat)
 We didn't want to bog you down with
 complicated mechanic speak. Don't
 worry, you'll see what we mean.

Sarah looks to Mark, who only stares ahead.

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - LATER.

The van pulls up, the family piles out.

Bart slides out, swinging the keys around. He struts behind the family as if to herd them.

BART

You can be seated in the waiting area.

SARAH

I want to see, too.

BART

Listen, I think your husband probably knows and understands your car better. We'll come find you when the time is right. Okay?

Sarah wants to pipe up, but she recedes and guides Lucy and George to the waiting room.

JERRY

Afternoon.

MARK

Hey, Jerry. Care to show me the damage?

JERRY

Sure you want to see it?

MARK

Now I'm not so sure.

Jerry guides Mark under the lifted JUNKER CAR, they scan the undercarriage.

JERRY

Heh. What I thought. Okay, you see here-- right here's where the frame's bent. Now, we can fix it, but it ain't gonna be--

Sarah turns as the JERRY and his CREW stand in a semi-circle around Mark and the damaged region of the car.

She opens the door for the kids and steps in.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONT.

Sarah guides the kids to their seats. She looks down the LONG HALLWAY to see-- OFFICES, and a UTILITY CLOSET off to the left.

SARAH
Sit, guys. We have to wait.

GEORGE
Is this gonna be boring?

SARAH
Probably.

LUCY
When is waiting ever fun, George?

GEORGE
Shut up!

LUCY
Mom, do you hear him right now?

SARAH
Guys. Please.

Sarah guides herself down in a seat, not taking her eyes off Mark and the Mechanics team.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Lucy, no one likes a tattler tale.

Lucy sulks in her corner. George teases her. Sarah ignores.

A MECHANIC with a name tag MAX (30s) walks in with a clipboard. He's a bit handsome with a scruffy beard and dark hair, semi-slicked over hair. He's suave with a dark side.

MAX
Sarah?

SARAH
Yeah, that's me.

MAX
If you'd come with me, please.

SARAH
Oh, I'd rather I stay with my kids.
Can you say what you're gonna say here? In front of them?

MAX

No, I uh-- I need you to come with me to the office to sign some papers. Please.

SARAH

I don't want to leave my kids h--

MAX

They're not goin' anywhere. C'mon.

Sarah hesitates. She looks to the kids, to Mark, then to Max.

Max nods his head back to the Office area down the hall.

SARAH

Okay, kids. Stay right here. Mommy's gonna be right back.

GEORGE

Okay, mom.

LUCY

Where are you going?

SARAH

Just have to sign some things for this nice man, all right?

LUCY

Okay.

MAX

Right this way. Thanks.

Max guides Sarah down the hall to the offices.

Lucy's eyes narrow in on Max as they disappear down the hallway. She then looks to Mark who is deep in conversation.

INT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - MAIN GARAGE - CONT.

The Massive Garage has multiple vehicles LIFTED including MARK's JUNKER. The back of the Garage has WORKBENCHES, TOOLBOXES and SHELVES specifically made to showcase TOOLS.

It even sports WELDING EQUIPMENT, CARJACKS, TIRE IRONS, RATCHET PIPES, CROWBARS, you name it. Even a SCYTHE.

Mark looks at the MAIN MECHANIC'S nametag: JERRY.

MARK

Listen, Jerry. If you couldn't fix it. Why couldn't you have just told me over the phone?

JERRY

It was a bit more complicated than that. We can take a crack at it, but it's possible-- you get back out on the road-- this thing may break down at any moment. We don't wanna put you back on the road in a defective automobile. You get the picture?

Mark looks around, surrounded by MECHANICS on all sides.

MARK

I see what you mean.

JERRY

We wouldn't want to recklessly endanger you. But-- ultimately, it's your choice whether you want to endanger yourself and others... goin' back out on that road.

MARK

I understand, Jerry. I suppose we should just take the insurance money and run, right?

JERRY

Heh. In my experience. They'll just as soon fuck you over before puttin' you in a nice new car.

MARK

Insurance is a shady business.

JERRY

We're only trying to help you. Granted, we don't have a loaner for you to drive or anything. But... I'm sure Bart wouldn't mind takin' you guys back in the van til you decide-- get things sorted out.

MARK

Yeah, can I talk to my wife? I'd like to discuss things further with her before we make any hard decisions.

JERRY

Of course, understandable. She's in the office signing papers with Max.

Jerry guides Mark towards the door.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONT.

Lucy watches as Mark, Jerry and company march towards the door.

LUCY

Oh, here comes dad.

GEORGE

I don't care, Lucy.

She scans the garage of all the tools on the walls...

...before locking in on THE SCYTHER.

LUCY

Did you notice there's a fucking scythe in there?

GEORGE

What even is that?

LUCY

The Grim Reaper wields one. That's what he'll use when he comes and gets you.

GEORGE

Shut up, Lucy. You're such a crazy bitch.

LUCY

I'm just saying, this place just radiates sketchiness. Oozes bad vibes--

She spies Jerry holding a LARGE WRENCH. She squints, frowns.

LUCY POV: Jerry hauls back and--

WHAM!

Cracks the back of Mark's skull.

He goes down like a sack of potatoes.

Lucy gasps, stares with her mouth agape.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Holy fu-- Da-- George!

She makes out Jerry mouthing something to his cohorts.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Where's mom? We need to find mom.

SNAP CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah pays him no mind as her face is buried in her phone.

Max points to the bottom of the page, a dotted line.

MAX
Sign and date here, please.

She slips her phone in her back pocket. Shifts her focus--

He guides her hand.

SARAH
Oh, that's-- I got it.

MAX
Right there.

Max smiles to her. Sarah uncomfortably smiles back.

He leans on the desk.

SARAH
So... what exactly am I signing
here?

MAX
You just signed your life away.

Max gives her a wide grin. The life drains from her eyes. She all but turns pale.

SARAH
What?

He leans up from the desk, softly approaches her.

MAX
Doesn't mean we can't have a little
fun first.

Max undoes his belt.

SARAH

What are you-- what are you saying?

MAX

Come here. Feel this.

Sarah furiously rises, knocking over the chair.

SARAH

Stop. Stay back.

Max freezes in place.

MAX

I was ju-- I'm just messing with you. Heh. Come on.

SARAH

What do you mean? Stop-- What are you doing?

MAX

I'm just joking-- I'm just... havin' fun.

Max inches closer to her. She raises up her hands in defense.

SARAH

Stop. No. I'd like to see my husband, please. Now.

MAX

I'm afraid that's not gonna be possible.

SARAH

Wha-- what? Why? What have you done with him?

MAX

You won't be going anywhere. None of you.

Sarah stares dumbfoundedly at Max.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONT.

Bart waltzes over to Lucy and George. Lucy confronts him. George continues playing, unaware.

BART

Time to come with me, little girl.

Lucy stares up at Bart, the stare turns to a glare.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Max backs Sarah into a corner.

MAX

Now, if you struggle-- it's gonna hurt. But... if you let me in, we can have a good time.

SARAH

Where-- are my kids?

MAX

I told you. They aren't goin' anywhere, either.

Sarah, on the verge of a breakdown, tries to calm herself down. Controls her breathing.

MAX (CONT'D)

Now, I say-- might as well get to it.

She shuts her eyes. Breathes in deep.

Max approaches Sarah, hands up as if to come in peace.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna hurt you, babe.

Sarah stands completely still, closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

MAX (CONT'D)

Just-- give yourself to the moment.

Max puts his hands on her hips--

STAB!

The PEN pierces his neck.

JAB!!

She punches it in **deeper** for good measure.

Blood pumps from his neck with each heart beat.

Max staggers to the floor, blood oozing from his neck.

Sarah shakes as she comes to grips with what transpired.

Her breath shudders as she wants to help him, but she loses control of her balance--

She falls backward on her ass.

CRACK!

Something in her back pocket...

Sarah curls up in the corner as she looks upon what she's done.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONT.

Bart reaches down to grab Lucy.

BART
Come on, let's go find your mother.
Yeah?

Tears stream down Lucy's face--

Bart reaches down to pick up Lucy when--

BAM!

Lucy punches Bart right in the testicles.

Down goes Frazier.

LUCY
(to George)
Come on!

Lucy sprints into a UTILITY CLOSET. George runs in just behind her.

She slams the door right on the other MECHANICS' faces.

SLAM TO BLACK:

INT. GARAGE - LATER.

Jerry raises Mark up on the car lift platform.

Mark groans as the MECHANICS all tie him down.

JERRY
You're gonna get your kids. And
you're gonna get your wife.

Jerry presents a TABLE of TORTURE TOOLS.

JERRY (CONT'D)

They're all gonna come on out. If you can't get 'em, we'll make 'em. Or we get to have these bad boys come out to play.

Mark squirms about as he gazes upon the torturous tools.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Mark. You have to know. They can't hide in there forever. They're gonna have to come out eventually. They're bound to get tired, hungry. We can starve em, or smoke em out. Your choice, really.

Jerry picks up a CLEAVER. It shines before them. He examines it. Mark looks upon it with dread.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You ultimately decide how this can go. So, what's it gonna be?

Mark shudders as he looks at Jerry, the knife, the OTHERS.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah sits with her back against the door as she stares at MAX's CORPSE across the room. She reflects on what transpired.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONT.

Lucy and George sit cooped up in the tight closet. They fight over each other searching for the LIGHT SWITCH.

GEORGE

Get off me!

LUCY

I can't find the light, you idiot. Be quiet!

The LIGHT FLIPS ON. Let there be light.

GEORGE

Finally.

LUCY

Thank god.

GEORGE
What do we do?

LUCY
We have to get dad back.

GEORGE
Is mom okay?

LUCY
How should I know?

GEORGE
You saw her last.

LUCY
She went into an office room with
some guy. I don't know what
happened.

GEORGE
Me neither.

LUCY
Yeah, because you're clueless.

GEORGE
Fuck you, Lucy!

LUCY
(gasps)
I'll tell dad. Or mom. Whoever's
not dead.

GEORGE
Don't joke about that.

LUCY
Just saying. We don't get out of
this, then I'll take it with me to
my grave.

GEORGE
We've gotten out of worse.

LUCY
Worse? What could be worse than
this?

GEORGE
You know what.

Beat.

LUCY

We do make it out, I'm telling them
you said that word.

GEORGE

That word is the least of our
problems.

LUCY

So. How do we get out of here?

GEORGE

There has to be something.

Lucy looks up: VENTILATION SYSTEM.

LUCY

Air duct.

GEORGE

Can we fit in there?

Lucy looks to George, to the AIR DUCT. Shrugs.

One way to find out.

INT. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah frantically paces back and forth across the room.

She stifles a mini-panic attack, messing her hair up in a
flustered, manic search for a clear thought.

Sarah has a lightbulb amidst her madness--

She fishes in her back pocket, pulls out her phone.

The screen is CRACKED. It won't respond to her touch.

She tries the EMERGENCY SWIPE-- It's no use.

SARAH

Fuck.

Her eyes dart about the room to find--

A **CORDED PHONE**.

She rushes over to it, picks it up, hurriedly dials **911**.

There's no dial tone.

She anxiously looks about her--

A **FRAYED WIRE** just before the phone line enters the wall.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Sarah flings the phone across the room as she contains her breakdown, sinks against the wall, burying her shame and hopelessness.

She comes to her senses--

Digs deep into the desk with the phone.

Shuffling papers and office supplies, she finds--

Another PHONE LINE!

She rips the frayed line from the wall and replaces it.

Sarah furiously dials 9-1-1. She looks fiercely horrified at the door as she puts the phone up to her ear.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER.

Jerry puts on PYRO GEAR. Plays with a BLOW TORCH in front of Mark who looks on, shaking, sweat on his brow, about to drop in his eye.

JERRY

Listen to me, Mark. For this to work, we need to have a sort of... mutual respect.

Mark wears a terrified look on his face as the torch grows closer.

Jerry pulls it short of him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

This also means that-- you can't treat me as if I'm stupid. I mean, right?

Mark appears too scared to respond.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. At least nod for me.

Mark's eyes widen, his head emphatically nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Good. Now-- you must know by now... we are going to find them.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

With or without your help. So. This can go a couple different ways. You can help them, and that will help you.

Jerry lengthens the flame before him. A flex.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Or...

He shows it off for him. The flame whirrs, hisses, levels out.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So, this can either be a painful time for you. We can assure you, it will be a painless experience for them. But, the way this goes down, that's entirely up to you now.

Mark hangs on his every word.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Mark... this is your chance to be a good parent. You want to be a good father for your kids, don't you?

Mark stares wide-eyed at Jerry, mask and all, and the flame.

EXT. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER.

Mark mopes up to the door to the offices, presumably where Sarah resides.

MARK

Honey? You in there?

SARAH (O.S.)

Mark?

We pull away from Mark to show: JERRY and his UNDERLINGS.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah leans her head up against the door.

SARAH

Is that you? What's going on?

MARK

Yeah, hon. It's me.

SARAH
Mark... what is happening?

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Mark hangs his head in defeat.

MARK
We need to find the kids, Sare.

Jerry nods his head to him.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah pulls her head back in confusion.

SARAH
How come the kids are gone?

MARK (O.S.)
I don't know. That's what we need
to figure out.

SARAH
Mark, what is going on?

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Jerry stares into Mark's soul, nods his head toward the door.

MARK
Sarah, babe-- can you let me in?

Silence.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah, deep in thought.

SARAH
Is there anyone out there with you?

Mark hesitates.

MARK (O.S.)
No, hun. Can you just-- open the
door? Please.

Sarah wears a skeptical face.

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Mark puts his hand on the knob. Jiggles it.

MARK

Please, hun. Come on. Before more
of them come.

SARAH (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Mark. I can't do that.

Jerry glares him down.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah rests her head on the wall, near the crack of the door.

She spies: MORE THAN **ONE SHADOW** BENEATH THE THRESHOLD.

SARAH

They're playing you, Mark.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Mark backs away from the door, looks like a deer in the
headlights to Jerry.

Jerry, fuming, non-verbally urges Mark to try again.

MARK

I just need to know that they're
going to be safe, hun. Who are we
to them if not their protection?

Jerry closes his eyes, softly nods.

SARAH (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Mark. I just-- can't
risk it.

Mark looks to Jerry, defeated. Out of options.

Jerry storms the door.

JERRY

Is...is Max in there?

Nothing from Sarah.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah's eyes light up.

She peers under the door, horrified.

SARAH POV: TWO pairs of legs, feet.

An Aha! look from Sarah. **SHE KNEW IT.**

That small victory is short-lived.

BANG! The door shakes.

Sarah recoils from the door.

JERRY (O.S.)
Answer the question!

Sarah looks about her.

SARAH
He's in here.

SARAH POV: Max's motionless body.

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Jerry looks surprised at the door.

JERRY
Can I talk to him? Please?

Sarah hangs on that a beat. Mark looks on in nervous anticipation.

SARAH (O.S.)
No. That won't be possible.

Mark shudders in fear. Backs away from Jerry.

Bart moves to grab Mark--

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah prepares for the worst.

BAM! The door rattles. An earthquake in the office...

JERRY (O.S.)
Whatever happens, you did this to
them! You *thoughtless* **bitch!**

SARAH
 You fucking scumbags better not lay
 a single dirty finger on them!
YOU HEAR ME?!

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Jerry leans against the door--

JERRY
 You killed them. Their blood is on
 your hands.

Mark yelps as Bart grabs him, shoves him down the hall.
 He screams, a cry for help to Sarah.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah shouts at the door--

SARAH
 Don't you fucking **dare** touch my
 husband! You fucking psychos!

BLEED INTO:

EXT. OFFICES - CONT.

Jerry calmly speaks through the door--

JERRY
 We will get through this door.
 Count on that.

He nods to his HENCHMEN to head back to the garage.
 Jerry slides away from the door, marches down the hallway.

SNAP BACK TO:

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah furiously beats on the door.

SARAH
 No! Fuck you! No! Stop, please.

She breaks down, slides down the door, puts her head between
 her knees, sobbing.

INT. VENTILATION SYSTEM - LATER.

Lucy crawls up and into the ventilation duct. She turns around and helps George into it.

They struggle as they army crawl forward.

LUCY POV: she spies LIGHT coming up through a VENT up ahead.

They inch towards it.

Lucy looks down through the vent to see--

LUCY POV:

INT. GARAGE - CONT.

The MECHANICS surround MARK, beaten and bloodied.

They SHOUT at him indistinctly as--

Lucy and George watch from above.

FROM ABOVE:

Lucy peers down at them--

GEORGE

I can't see anything. Can you move?

LUCY

Can you shut your mouth? I'm trying to listen.

BELOW--

An AGGRESSIVE MECHANIC paces around Mark, playing with a CROWBAR.

JERRY flaunts a TIRE-IRON at him as he sharply demands--

JERRY

You're going to convince your wife and kids to come out, or we will force them out. You got me?

MARK

Just... kill me. Would you? If you want me... just-- don't touch my kids. Okay?

JERRY

You wouldn't be a very good father if you didn't allow them that chance. Don't you think?

MARK

I told you. It's not happening. You'll have to bury me before I let you do this to them.

JERRY

You have one last shot. Or we're gonna pry that door open. So which is it gonna be?

MARK

You were supposed to fix our car, and instead... you're killing us. You're insane.

FROM ABOVE:

JERRY

You just sealed your family's fate. Who's the insane one, here?

Jerry motions to his CREW to follow.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Come on. We're ending this. Hope you can live with your decisions.

MARK

Wait...

Lucy looks on with laser focus. It's interrupted by--

GEORGE

Lucy--

LUCY

What?? I'm trying to hear--

GEORGE

What should we do?

LUCY

What do you mean?

GEORGE

We have to save him!

LUCY

What can **we** do?

GEORGE

We have to do something. We can't sit up here and watch him kill mom and dad.

LUCY

We're only kids. What on earth could we do to help them now?

GEORGE

We have to get to a payphone or something.

LUCY

Those exist?

GEORGE

We have to try.

LUCY

How are we gonna get there from here?

GEORGE

We follow this thing all the way through. See if we can come out by the end of it.

LUCY

Worth a shot. C'mon, let's go.

Lucy and George army crawl ahead.

BELOW:

Jerry and company wheel Mark out of the garage towards the office area.

EXT/INT. OFFICE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry and his murderous mechanics arrive at the door wheeling Mark up to it.

Mark struggles, tries to resist. Jerry forces him to stay.

He BANGS on the door--

JERRY

Wifey! Open up.

SARAH (O.S.)

Fuck off!

JERRY

We've got your husband here.

SARAH (O.S.)

Mark! Hun, are you okay?

MARK

Babe. Do as they say! You hear?

SARAH (O.S.)

Are you crazy?

MARK

They're gonna kill the kids, Sare!

SARAH (O.S.)

Do they even have them?

MARK

No, not yet, bu--

JERRY

In due time, baby doll. We'll find them.

SARAH (O.S.)

Mark. Honey. All due respect, babe, but they can't kill them if they don't--

JERRY

Don't you worry. The boy and girl will be found and we will be forced to hurt them if you don't come out.

SARAH

Hard for me to believe you on the other side of that door.

JERRY

Now listen here, little lady! You'd better quit your fuckin' around or we'll slide your husband under the door piece by piece!

Sarah contemplates this as she feels her stomach growl.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Gotta be gettin' hungry in there. Want your husband for dinner? Huh?

SARAH

(under her breath)

Fuck.

She frantically searches for a shred of a thought as she anxiously paces about the room.

JERRY

We've been more than patient and reasonable with you. What don't you come on out sister and we can sort this out person to person?

MARK

She's stronger than you think. You're not gonna get her to easily-

-

JERRY

No, Mark. She's barricaded herself inside our offices. Hiding like a-- She's a fuckin' pussy, Mark.

SARAH

Okay, Jerry-- is it?

JERRY

Yes, ma'am. It's Jerry.

SARAH

Just-- give me a second. Okay?

JERRY

I've given you well more than a second, honey cakes. Why don't you come on out right now. We'll settle this, peaceful like. You have my word on that, ya hear?

Sarah stalls. She looks out the window for a sign of police lights, she'll get none.

She paces back and forth, undecidedly between the window and the door.

SARAH (O.S.)

How can you promise peace with all this talk about hurting my husband and kids?

Jerry motions to his AGGRESSIVE MECHANIC to take a look outside and peer into the window. He nods and obeys.

He hops to it and marches down the hallway towards the exit.

JERRY

You comply with me and my demands and there'll be no need for it.

Sarah closes the blinds on the window. She backs up against the wall next to the door and slides down the wall, curled up in the near-fetal position.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I promise you that.

SARAH
You'll have to forgive me bein' skeptical of your promises.

JERRY
Only one way to find out, honeybun. Best get to it.

MARK
He's got a point, Sarah. We should listen to him if we want the kids to be safe. Don't you think?

Sarah thinks on it, hard. How much longer can the police be?

JERRY
Let's get the tools. We've tried the peaceful approach. Time to end this thing.

The AGGRESSIVE MECHANIC peers through the window - he's blocked by the blinds.

He winds back with his CROWBAR and--

POLICE LIGHTS FLOOD THE AREA.

--he stops himself cocking back. He rushes back inside--

INT. HALLWAY - CONT.

The AGGRESSIVE MECHANIC zooms down the hallway, throws on the brakes--

AGGRESSIVE MECHANIC
Boss. You're not gonna believe this.

Jerry awaits what he won't believe, anticipating, mouth agape.

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

COP CARS roll up slowly, silently, with their lights dancing around.

OFFICERS PEARCE (30s), HUTCHINSON (40s), WALSH (30s), and MCPHERSON (50s) all step out of their SQUAD CARS and approach the repair shop.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONT.

Jerry sees the FLASHING LIGHTS, sharply looks to Bart--

JERRY
Let me handle them. But, be ready
for anything.

Bart nods and scurries off.

Jerry shoos his UNDERLINGS away as they wheel Mark into the UTILITY CLOSET.

He approaches the waiting room, awaits the--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Jerry waltzes to the door and opens it.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Help ya, officers?

OFFICER PEARCE
Evening, sir.

JERRY
Evenin'

Beat.

OFFICER PEARCE
Everything okay in here?

JERRY
Everything's peachy. Late night.

OFFICER PEARCE
(scans the room around him)
Workin' overtime?

JERRY
Yeah, same as you, I s'pose.

OFFICER PEARCE
We're gettin' by.

JERRY
I hear ya.

OFFICER PEARCE
What's your name, buddy?

Beat as the other OFFICERS search the room around him.

JERRY
Name's Jerry. There a problem?

OFFICER PEARCE
Oh, no. Just heard of a disturbance
in the area. We only mean to be
thorough.

JERRY
There's nothin' around here for
miles, and disturbin' the peace is
kinda what we do here.

OFFICER PEARCE
You got a manager, Jerry?

JERRY
You could say I am. I mean, I got
somebody I answer to, much like
you, I'm sure. Guy who owns the
joint lives in a compound up the
road, but he don't like to be
disturbed, 'specially this late at
night.

OFFICER PEARCE
Suppose you'll have to do, then.

JERRY
'Spose I do. You mentioned a
disturbance, is somethin' wrong?

Officer Pearce looks the waiting room up and down. He notices something WEIRD about the lights above.

OFFICER PEARCE
We received a bit of a distress
call, you could say.

He also notices a LEVER on the wall just below the WEIRD
LOOKING LIGHTS. They appear to have DARK POINTY SPOTS, darker
than the lighter fluorescents throughout the room...

JERRY
'less my team's been crank callin'
ya, I ain't heard nothin' of the
like.

OFFICER PEARCE

We have to follow up on everything,
you know how it is.

Jerry's eyes dart from Officer to Officer as they scan the waiting room, illuminating the darker areas with their torches.

JERRY

Don't think we've got nothin' like
that 'round here.

OFFICER PEARCE

Like I said, we just have to be
sure.

JERRY

Do what you gotta do.

Officer Pearce looks into the maintenance garage.

OFFICER PEARCE

May I?

JERRY

By all means.

He turns the knob and slips into the garage.

Jerry watches him all the way.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

MECHANICS hold Mark in the closet on the stretch-board,
holding him up, crammed in together sardines.

ABOVE: Lucy looks down on them.

She looks to George who nervously nods to her.

Lucy **swings** down--

--she **kicks** the MECHANICS--

--one in the skull, the other taken by their momentum--

INT. HALLWAY - CONT.

--out into the hallway, **slamming** into the wall.

One drops his CROWBAR, it dances across the floor.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The OFFICERS snap their attention to the noise, commotion--

OFFICER WALSH
Hell was that?!

Officer Hutchinson shrugs as they softly approach it.

OFFICER HUTCHINSON
Sir, do you have other employees
working here tonight?

Jerry side-eyes them as they tactically move towards the
hallways...

JERRY
Got some help with me, yeah.

Jerry pulls a LEVER on the wall--

--the lever automatic **locks ALL DOORS** and--

--a sheet of **SPIKES swings** down from the ceiling and--

--**pierces** through Officer Walsh's torso, **spraying** blood all
over the walls and Officer Hutchinson.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONT.

The Mechanics stagger to regain their balance.

Lucy recovers, she slides--

--lifts up the crowbar, struggles a bit with it. It's a
little heavy for her...

She swings with all her might--

It connects across the face of one mechanic--

--the other rushes her, she slides underneath his legs--

--she jumps up, grapples around his neck, pulls him down, and
flips him backwards over her.

Lucy fiercely jabs him in the temple with the crowbar,
knocking him out cold.

The Staggering Mechanic lifts himself off the floor.

She hauls back with the crowbar, heaves it--

The Mechanic lifts his forearms in front of his face in defense--

It bounces off and pinballs off the walls of the hallway.

Lucy rushes to the closet, grabs a BROOM--

He bends down to pick up the crowbar--

--the mechanic slips as he lunges for her--

--she strikes him in the face with the bristles of the broom.

He staggers backwards--

--she **strikes** him again.

He tumbles backwards.

She turns the broom around, jabs him in the face with the handle.

Lucy finishes him off in the EYE with the handle of the broom. She tosses it aside as she catches her breath.

George looks on in horror.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hutchinson staggers backwards, wiping the blood from his eyes.

He turns--

Jerry considers rushing him, makes a split second decision to--

Hutchinson raises the pistol at him--

BLAM BLAM!

--**dive** into the main office area.

Both shots miss, busting the glass, exploding everywhere.

INT. GARAGE - CONT.

Officers Pearce and McPherson snap their attention to the Waiting Room and rush towards the door.

INT. OFFICES - CONT.

Sarah rushes over to the door, lays down and tries peeking underneath the crack of the door--

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Officer Hutchinson pursues Jerry into the office, gun trained at the ready.

Jerry nowhere in sight.

The handle of the door from the garage **jiggles**.

Hutchinson snaps to the window--

--it's Pearce and McPherson.

He pounces to unlock it for them--

--Pearce and McPherson are **bludgeoned** with WRENCHES and HAMMERS by other MECHANICS!

Blood **sprays** on the windows and the door.

Hutchinson spins to search for Jerry--

--he's met by Jerry's **cleaver** to the head!

Blood **squirts** up from his head as he tumbles lifeless to the floor like a board.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy rushes to the utility closet where George frantically fidgets with Mark's binds to release him.

LUCY

We've gotta get you outta here,
daddy.

MARK

Where's your mother?

LUCY

That's not important right now.

MARK

Are you kidding me, Lucy? Not
important?! We have to find her!

LUCY

I'm sure she's safe. I didn't see her with them.

GEORGE

Doesn't mean she's not with them.

LUCY

Shut up, George!

MARK

Guys, we can't fight amongst ourselves. We have to figure a way out of this, and to reunite with your mother.

LUCY

It's too dangerous out there right now.

MARK

You seemed to handle those men just fine.

LUCY

There's more of them. And I don't know how many.

GEORGE

(shuddering)

They killed those police officers.

Mark nervously sighs heavily. He holds George close.

MARK

That's why I'm worried about your mother.

LUCY

We'll get her back, dad. I promise.

Mark breathes shakily. Lucy consoles him.

George brings it in, too, for a group hug.

INT. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah curls up in a ball against the wall, head between her knees.

She hastily returns to her feet, staggers to the window.

Sarah tries to peek through the blinds. She finds nothing.

She hurriedly paces about the room, stifling a mini-panic attack.

Sarah places her hands on top of her head, tries to control her breathing.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONT.

Mark puts his ear against the door, he hears nothing.

MARK
Go check the hallway.

Lucy softly approaches, cracks open the door.

LUCY POV: the hallway is barren.

LUCY
Where is mom, anyway?

MARK
She barricaded herself in the office down the hall.

GEORGE
Let's go get her.

They nod to George.

Lucy creaks the door wide open.

They file out the closet one by one.

Lucy creeps out, shuts the closet door behind them.

They look down the hall towards the front to find--

The MECHANICS carefully lifting OFFICER HUTCHINSON off the SHEET OF SPIKES. JERRY shutting the blinds.

With a CRUNCH, they lift him off, blood dripping everywhere.

They spot Lucy, George and Mark and FREEZE.

Lucy, Mark and George stop dead in their tracks.

JERRY
Get after them! I'll handle this!

The Mechanics **sprint** after them. Jerry lugs the body away.

Lucy darts the other way.

Mark and George stumble, practically fight their way down the hall.

Lucy reaches the door--

LUCY
Mom, it's us! Open up!

INT. OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Sarah rushes to the door, fumbles with the lock--

EXT. OFFICES - HALLWAY - CONT.

Lucy looks down the hall--

--Mark lumbers down best he can--

--George lagging behind--

--the injury bug bites Mark in the leg--

--Mark tumbles to the floor--

--George is snatched from behind, spun around and carried the other direction

A Mechanic pounces on Mark, pulls him up with a headlock--

--Lucy makes a mad dash for him--

--she's grabbed from behind and pulled into--

INT. OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Sarah yanks her through the door. She slams the door on--

--AN ARM!

A SCREAM bellows from the hallway.

Sarah pushes against the door with all her might--

The arm slides...

The door **catches** on the wrist--

The hand tries to escape--

Lucy rushes for SCISSORS on the desk. She hands them to Sarah--

Sarah shakes her head, motions for her to use them--

Lucy jabs down with a stabbing motion onto the hand--

MORE SCREAMS from the hallway as blood spews onto the walls and door around it--

The hand miraculously slips out of the door as it slams.

Sarah locks it as soon as it does.

She immediately hugs and embraces Lucy who tosses the bloodied scissors aside.

SARAH

Oh, Lucy. Sweetie. Oh my god. I'm so sorry. Oh, I love you. I love you so much.

LUCY

I love you too, mom.

They hold onto each other tight. Sarah rocks her back and forth. Holding on to her head, pets her hair.

SARAH

Are they okay?

Lucy shakes her head, lets the tears flow.

LUCY

They took them, mom. Dad and George. They have them.

They both let out a cry as they embrace again.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We have to get them back.

SARAH

No, honey. Let the police do their job.

LUCY

Mom, they killed them. The police are dead. What are we gonna do, let more come and die? They don't know what they're getting into! We have to do something!

SARAH

Baby, I-- I don't-- I mean...wh-- what can we do? I don't know how I can--

LUCY

I trained for this, mom. You have to trust me. Can you help me?

We hang on Sarah's tearful, hopeless face.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER.

Mark and George are put in sleeper holds and are dragged into the Garage, unconscious.

The Mechanics lock and seal off the garage.

TRAVIS

We can't move forward with the procedure until the wife and kid are taken care of.

JERRY

We should just do it and be done with it. We can starve them out. We don't need to deal with them. Let's do what we were employed to do.

TRAVIS

Whatever you say boss, but I don't like it.

JERRY

Well, I don't need your opinion to proceed, now, do I?

TRAVIS

I just... I have reservations.

JERRY

I really don't care. Guys--

Jerry gestures to the other Mechanics who strap Mark to the gurney and prepare him for the procedure.

TRAVIS

Isn't about time we bring this to the big dick in charge?

JERRY

Only if you're fixin for a good ole fashioned ass chewin'.

TRAVIS

Doesn't this qualify as an emergency?

JERRY

We have to handle this ourselves. Never bother the man in the big house. It's like biting the hand that feeds you, except never ask for help from the big man in the big house, 'less you want your fuckin' leg gnawed off.

TRAVIS

Somethin' like that, 'cept shorter and cleverer.

JERRY

Kiss my ass, Travis.

TRAVIS

Jerry. Listen to me.

Jerry reluctantly gives Travis his attention--

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

That little girl...

JERRY

That little girl what?

TRAVIS

She kicked Terry and Justin's asses.

JERRY

You're tellin me-- a little girl did.... that?

Travis nods emphatically.

JERRY (CONT'D)

How little are we talkin' here?

TRAVIS

I don't know, but she's-- young.

JERRY

And you saw her do this?

TRAVIS

The mom was cooped up in the office, dad was all tied up-- couldn'ta been the boy...

Jerry looks away, skeptical--

JERRY

Listen, Travis-- we have nothing to worry about with the girl. I told you, we'll trap them in. They'll starve... 'less she eats her own mother. I'll put money on the opposite being true. Got me?

TRAVIS

Yeah.

JERRY

Feel better?

Travis reluctantly nods. Jerry slaps him on the back.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Good.

Jerry marches over to Mark on the gurney, straps on a heavy apron, and prepares the procedure. Travis looks on in fear.

INT. OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah paces back and forth in the office. Lucy sits up on the desk, pensive.

SARAH

You killed those men?

Lucy digs deep.

LUCY

I don't know, mom.

SARAH

You don't know if--?

Sarah lets up, Lucy's on the verge of tears.

LUCY

I never meant-- I was only doing what I was taught...

Lucy tries to hide her tears.

SARAH

None of that matters now.

Sarah glides to her, consoles her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What matters is we get out
together, as a family, alive.

Sarah holds Lucy's head up, forces her attention.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I do need you to be strong. For
your brother. Your father. For you.
And for me. Can you do that?

Lucy wipes the tears away, musters the strength, nods.

INT. OFFICES - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The door cracks open. Sarah and Lucy creep out, sneak down
the hallway.

They carefully approach the--

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy points to the garage, gestures to the utility closet.

Sarah nods. Lucy shuts herself in the closet.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lucy climbs up the ladder into the ventilation system.

INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah fights the nerves and bravely approaches the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry prepares torture tools for Mark when--

JERRY
Hey! There she is!

Travis runs up to the door.

TRAVIS
Hey! Where's your psycho-killin'
daughter?

Nothing from Sarah.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You're comin' with me.

Travis grabs Sarah's arm who tosses it from her.

He guides her to Jerry.

SARAH
I've come to offer a truce.

JERRY
Heh, truce? Peace was never an option.

SARAH
A word of advice, then.

JERRY
Shit, if you can give me any kinda pointers then, hell-- be my guest.

SARAH
Don't you know who they'll send?
Now that they know several units are not responding?

Jerry nods his head towards his MECHANICS who wear their radios and talk indistinctly into them.

JERRY
They respond to every call.

SARAH
They'll become awfully suspicious when they see their squad cars haven't moved an inch in hours.

Travis nervously looks to Jerry who reassures him.

FROM ABOVE: Lucy watches their conversation, ready to pounce at the first sign of trouble.

BELOW--

JERRY
What do you propose?

SARAH
I'm just saying, might be advantageous to throw them off their scent. You stay here, they come in-- battering ram. Guns blazing. The works. A change of scenery would do you some good.

JERRY

(shrugs)

Could be time to move to the compound.

TRAVIS

What do we do about the cop cars?

JERRY

Eh, leave 'em. What are they gonna do? They wouldn't last a minute in here.

SARAH

That wouldn't be wise.

JERRY

What? You think I'm gonna let you move the cop cars? Nice try. Good thinkin' about the compound, though. Best to perform the procedure there, anyhow. Travis--

Jerry gestures to Sarah.

Travis tries grabbing Sarah who shrugs him off again. This time--

He **swings** and **connects** with her temple. She goes down **cold**.

FROM ABOVE: Lucy, mouth agape, covers her mouth, muffling her shudders and sobs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Bitch may have been good for somethin' after all.

TRAVIS

How do you mean?

JERRY

Movin' them 5-0 cruisers ain't such a bad idea, in my eyes.

Jerry nods to Travis and his team who nod in agreement back.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Now, listen. I don't have time to deal with this shit right now. We have a client who needs to know if this motherfucker's a match. The client's payin' top dollar.

TRAVIS
Is the client here?

JERRY
Once I figure out if this shit sack is a good match or not, the client's gonna hightail it down here. We can't keep his innards on ice forever. Now that's why we gotta get this shit in order before they get down here.

TRAVIS
Right, boss.

JERRY
Now, I gotta wheel this sack o' bones n' skin out to the Compound. You take care of these shit-bird kids. Can I count on you to handle this?

Travis nods and hops to it, hauls Sarah up and Jerry leads them out.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Alright, now let's get to movin' them damn squad cars.

FROM ABOVE: A pissed off Lucy **pounds** the ventilation grate with her clenched fist.

OVER, AND OVER, AND OVER, UNTIL--

CRASH!

She **drops** from the ceiling, right on top of a LIFTED CAR.

Lucy looks up, laying on the hood of the car.

BELOW--

Jerry, Travis, and the OTHER MECHANICS shift their attention to her.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Kill that fuckin' gremlin! I gotta get these bitches out!

Travis hands Sarah off to Jerry.

The MECHANICS grab the CAR KEYS out of the DEAD COPS' pockets, and wheel Mark out behind him.

Lucy lifts herself up, in an attacking position.

Travis creeps over to the right side of Lucy and the car, just below.

TRAVIS

Here. Jump down, little girl. I'll help ya.

Lucy shakes her head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

If you come down safely, I'll make sure nothing happens to you.

LUCY

What about my parents? What about my brother, huh?

TRAVIS

I can't promise for them. For you, maybe. Depends on how nice you are.

Lucy **leaps** down, **wraps** her legs around his neck, and **wails** on his face with both her hands.

Travis backs up, **flails** his arms around, trying to get a grip on her.

He **tosses** her off--

--she crashes into a pile of tires in the corner.

She springs to her feet. Darts towards him, pounces--

--Travis dodges, throws her, sliding across the slick floor.

She regains her traction, sprints, slides between his legs, punches upwards--

--he goes down hard, cupping his balls.

She pins him down with a knee to his chest.

Lucy hauls back and punches his eyes and temples, repeatedly.

Travis desperately puts up his hands in a feeble attempt at defense.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Fucking--

He reaches up for her neck, she pulls back, avoiding them.

Travis tries to knee her in the ribs, she pushes her leg down to pin it down.

He finally latches onto her sides with his hands and tosses her down into the PIT below the car--

--she hits the floor of the pit with a THUD.

Lucy tries to regain her stance, she aches and moans.

Travis stumbles to his feet, groans as he achily slides down into the pit.

He gains his breath as he towers over her.

Lucy eyes a JUMBO PIPE WRENCH. She lets him get close as he--

--reaches down to close his hands around her throat.

She snags the wrench and swipes across his head--

--it connects. He's viciously struck downward.

Blood spews from his mouth.

Travis feebly attempts to lift himself up when--

SMASH! SMACK! SLAP! CRACK!

She brutally beats his head in with the wrench, unrelenting.

Satisfied, she drops the wrench. Lifts herself out of the pit.

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry places Sarah into the COP CAR. The MECHANICS slip Mark in the backseat with her. ANOTHER MECHANIC slides George in between them.

JERRY

Go check on Travis. That shoulda easily been taken care of by now.

THE MECHANICS nod as the jaunt into the VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP.

Jerry slips in the driver's seat and starts the car.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I need one with me!

A HURRIED MECHANIC circles the car and quickly joins him sitting shotgun.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

TWO UNSUSPECTING MECHANICS slip in the backdoor of the garage, scanning it for signs of life.

They'll get none.

As they cross the threshold of the door, they shut it behind them.

UNSUSPECTING MECHANIC

Trav?

They sense movement to their left, on the WORKBENCH by the door.

A TORCH is lit.

They turn to find--

LUCY with a BLOWTORCH. She flips the shaded helmet down.

She shoots it far and narrow at them--

BOTH scream and burn as it pierces and roasts their flesh.

EXT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy bursts out the door, swinging the other COP CAR'S KEYS.

She spots--

THE FIRST COP CAR rolling down the dirt road, accidentally FLASHING ITS LIGHTS.

It kicks up dust as it approaches--

A LARGE COMPOUND in the distance, surrounded by MOUNTAINS, lit up with DIM RED LIGHTS.

Lucy makes a mad dash for the SECOND COP CAR.

She pulls at the driver's side door handle, it fights back--
LOCKED.

She furiously, nervously unlocks the door and slips in.

INT. COP CAR - CONT.

Lucy's eyes frantically dart across the dash board.

She digs deep in her memory how her parents drove this foreign machine.

Lucy sticks the key in the ignition, turns, brings the engine to life.

She looks for the gear shift.

Lucy reaches with all her might for the brake.

Puts it in drive. The car rolls forward--

--she jams on the brakes. It stops on a dime.

LUCY

Shit!

She touches the gas, it revvs and peels forward faster than she'd like.

LUCY (CONT'D)

God damn-- fuck!

Lucy eases forward on the gas, turns carefully onto the dirt road.

She brings herself up on the seat and peeks above the steering wheel, to see where the hell she's going.

Lucy nearly slides off the dirt road, overcorrects--

--she slides the wheel back straight.

Lucy continues on, following JERRY'S COP CAR about a mile ahead.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

She creeps forward, careful not to slip off into the desert.

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry pulls up to the COMPOUND.

ARMED GUARDS with ASSAULT RIFLES, SUBMACHINE GUNS, SHOTGUNS, and side-arms in their holsters approach the COP CAR.

JERRY

Hold it, hold it! It's me, guys.
Help me with these subjects, will ya?

The GUARDS help to escort the FAMILY into the COMPOUND.

EXT. DIRT ROAD LEADING TO COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy rolls the squad car up the hill and levels out once it reaches the circle drive of the compound. She lets it coast.

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

A CURIOUS GUARD apprehensively creeps up to the parked cop car, completely vexed.

The driver's seat appears empty. He approaches the door with tact.

He swings the door open--

--EMPTY.

He backs away. Side-steps to the back doors. Swings it open--

--**BOOM!**

He's **BLASTED AWAY**, thrown back to the dirt.

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

A DOOR GUARD jumps to attention. He tactically moves towards the sound of the SHOTGUN BLAST.

EXT. COP CAR - CONT.

He approaches the open doors of the car. Takes a look inside--

NOTHING.

He sees--

THE RIGHT SIDE PASSENGER DOOR WIDE OPEN.

He rounds the end of the car, by the trunk--

HANDCUFFS are flung at his face.

Lucy **pounces** on him.

She forces his gun to his chest, points it upwards--

BLAM! Right through his chin up and out the top of his skull.

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

TWO GUARDS emerge from the compound-- jump to attention.

GUARD

Let's go check it out.

The guard nods to the other. Green light.

They tactically move towards the sound of the GUNSHOT.

EXT. COP CAR - CONT.

The TWO GUARDS investigate the carnage outside the car.

They stand over the CORPSES of their fellow guards, confused.

Lucy sprints out from behind the car--

--cuffs the first GUARD's hand--

--darts to the other--

--cuffs him to the other guard's wrist--

--slides around the other--

--bends him backwards--

--breaks his wrist from the tension--

--she pulls him down on top of her. Uses him as a human shield.

The tethered guard shoots the human shield.

She forces the human shield guard to shoot his fellow guard.

Lucy then forces his gun upwards and forces his own suicide.

She pushes the dead human shield guard off of her, lets out a sigh. Takes a deep breath.

Lucy pushes herself up and dusts herself off.

She picks up a gun and checks her ammo. She goes around to each dead guard's body to arm herself with more magazines.

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy apprehensively approaches the creepy compound, illuminated in dark red light.

She arrives at the door, puts her ear to it.

Satisfied, she turns the knob, allows herself entry.

INT. COMPOUND - SECONDS LATER

Lucy creeps down the dark hallway, that goes right downstairs.

No lights in sight. She can barely see two feet in front of her.

She tip-toes down the stairs...

A dull light shines from below, catching her eye.

Lucy makes sure to remain in the shadows as she makes her descent.

She shakily raises the pistol forward, ready for any threat that shows itself in the light--

INT. COMPOUND - BASEMENT - CONT.

Lucy crouches down, spies--

A multitude of BODIES in ENCASINGS and HARVESTED ORGANS in containers which line the walls.

She then continues her search and finds--

MARK strapped to an apparatus, connected to a BLOOD TANK.

Lucy rushes over to him--

His eyes dart to--

AN ORGAN HARVESTER who sports a LAB COAT and BLOODY APRON.

He non-verbally urges her to freeze, hide.

She nods and obeys.

Lucy finds a hiding spot and holds her breath. Stays quiet as can be.

She scans the room to find--

SARAH. She's strapped to a GURNEY. Lucy looks back to--

The Organ Harvester tinkers with the tubes which connect from the Blood Tank to Mark.

She sneaks across the room to Sarah.

A WADDED UP SWEATER sits next to her. Lucy picks it up, wraps it tightly around the barrel of the PISTOL.

She aims it at the Organ Harvester's head--

POP! Mark twitches as--

Blood sprays up the wall behind him.

Her eyes squint, hoping it was quiet enough not to draw any attention.

The Organ Harvester drops lifelessly to the floor.

LUCY
(whispers)
Daddy! Are you okay?

MARK
I don't know. They got me hooked up
to this...

Mark becomes woozy. He shakes it off.

Lucy studies the tubes leading to the Blood Tank.

MARK (CONT'D)
This thing. Can you help me?

LUCY
We gotta get mom, too.

MARK
First thing's first, hun. Come on.

Lucy fumbles with the tubes, restraints, equipment.

LUCY
Where's George?

MARK
I don't know. They just tried to
drain me of all my blood and guts.
You tell me.

Lucy undoes the tube from the vein in his arms. He squirms, grunts.

He rips it off himself and hops down from the BOARD.

Lucy slides across the room and fiddles with Sarah's restraints.

Mark freezes as he looks toward the darkness--

Lucy fiddles with Sarah's straps and lightly taps her face.

LUCY

Mom. Mom!

She undoes it slightly--

MARK (O.S.)

Um. Lucy...

Lucy snaps to Mark, looks towards the darkness--

CLAP! Mark's head jerks as the bullet rips through his skull.

He falls like a ragdoll to the ground.

JERRY and a MASKED MAN emerge from the darkness.

The Masked Man carries a SMOKING GUN in his hand.

They creep towards Lucy.

JERRY

Whatcha got there, little girl?

Lucy backs away...

JERRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you hand that to me? Hm?

Jerry and the Masked Man corner her.

She raises it, points right at Jerry's face.

LUCY

Tell him to drop his.

Jerry humors her, looks to the masked man. Then back to her.

JERRY

What are you gonna do? Smother me
with that cute little sweater?

Lucy points it at the Masked Man's head.

LUCY

Last chance.

JERRY

Honey. You're a little outgunned
and a little outnumbered here.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
 You're in no position to negotiate-

POP!

Jerry, mouth agape, stunned, looks to his partner in crime--

The Masked Man stands still, until...

Blood spills from the hole in his mask.

He drops to his knees, then falls flat on his face.

Blood pools around him.

Jerry looks back to Lucy, in his best calming voice--

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Little girl--

LUCY
 Stop calling me that.

JERRY
 What do I call ya?

LUCY
 My name's Lucy. There's gotta be a mutual respect for this to work here, Jerry.

JERRY
 (scoffs, chuckles)
 Well, now-- Lucy. I'm beginnin' to think you might be right.

Lucy points the charred, smoking sweater at his face.

Jerry looks close enough to see the barrel of the pistol, the flash hider...

JERRY (CONT'D)
 So, how do we rectify this situation?

LUCY
 I was thinking you might release my family, to start.

JERRY
 That might be fair to you, but an impossibility for me.

LUCY

That's too bad. It's non-fucking-negotiable for me, Jerr-Bear.

JERRY

I need something of your dad's.

LUCY

Appears you saw to that.

JERRY

We might be able to use yours. Your mother's, your brother's. I don't have much time left in that respect. But, we'll find a match. Rest assured.

LUCY

You seem to forget I'm holding a gun to your face.

JERRY

Oh, that's abundantly clear, sister-biscuit.

LUCY

You speak and act as if it's not dire situation for you.

JERRY

And you don't realize I hold all the cards.

LUCY

You're stalling. Show me results or this lead goes through you mighty fast.

JERRY

(chuckles)

You really are somethin' ain't ya?

LUCY

What's it gonna be, you redneck hillbilly white trash fat-ass old fuck?

JERRY

Whoa, now! Easy with the name callin'! I thought we were gonna work this out all civil like?

LUCY

You can delay all you want. But-- I am walking out of here with my family and you're not gonna stop me if you value your life at all.

Beat.

JERRY

You think it's gonna go down that way... you're delusional, hunny.

LUCY

You will ensure that it does, or none of us escape this fucking hellhole. Now-- Lead me to my fucking brother, right fuckin' now!

Jerry looks about him for his reinforcements. He'll get none.

JERRY

Right this way, sweet pea.

Lucy's eyes narrow on him. She forces him forward with her pistol. He obliges.

They march towards the darkness--

INT. BASEMENT - DARK ROOM - CONT.

Jerry and Lucy enter the darkness.

He flips on the light--

The light is illuminated in A DARK RED. It's as if the room is BLOOD SOAKED.

SKELETONS and ROTTING CORPSES line the walls all around in them in the wide, expansive, square room.

Lucy slowly looks to Jerry's face--

LUCY

You're a sick fu--

She's AMBUSHED, flanked from her blindside.

Lucy swiftly dodges a blow--

She drops to a slide kick, like a break dance move--

--takes out an AMBUSHER who crumbles to the floor.

Lucy raises herself up to a position of defense--
She's OVERWHELMED.

ATTACKERS swarm her from all sides. It's too much.
An AMBUSER flanks her, socks her in the temple--
Lucy, concussed, wobbles to the floor like a plank.
DARKNESS.

SNAP TO:

INT. MURDER BASEMENT - MEDICAL GURNEY - MOMENTS LATER.

SARAH shakes awake.

She feels around her.

STRAPPED to the metal slab.

Sarah feels a LOOSE STRAP.

She finishes the job started by Lucy.

Sarah achily sits up, slides off the gurney.

She creeps around, scanning the room about her.

Sarah sees an opening--

Light at the end of the tunnel.

She tries running--

She stumbles...she has to limp.

Sarah struggles to her feet.

She looks down, realizes what she has tripped over--

MARK'S CORPSE.

Sarah looks upon his cold, dead face.

SARAH
(whisper)
Oh my god.

The bloodied cheeks. The blood pooled around his head.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(hushed)
OH MY GOD! MARK!

She quivers, breaks down. Tears fill her eyes.

Sarah hugs his lifeless torso.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(through tears)
Oh no...

Sobbing, she cradles his face, his head.

Quavering, she caresses him, but sets him down gently.

An epiphany tells her she must keep moving, else she'll die.

Along with her kids.

She looks to her left--

THE **RED ROOM**. A DARK, DRONING, DEMONIC HUM emits from it...

NOPE.

Sarah raises herself up off the ground, regains her footing.

Still limping...

She hobbles best as she can up the stairs...

INT. UPSTAIRS - COMPOUND - CONT.

Sarah desperately searches the MAIN AREA for something.
Anything.

She frantically scans the room. Finding nothing.

Sarah limps until she falls to a knee.

She lifts herself back up, lunging towards--

A CORDED PHONE? In this day and age?

She'll take it.

Sarah forces it off the receiver.

She furiously pounds--

9-1-1.

She puts the phone to her frightened face.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Nine one one, what's the nature of
your emergency?

SARAH
Please, you have to help us! People
are trying to kill us.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Okay, ma'am. I can help you with
that. Please remain calm. Can you
state your name and location?

SARAH
Sar-- that's not important. We're
at... some-- body shop. Car repair
place. I don't know, I don't
remember what it's called. But you
have to send help. Please!

OPERATOR
Ma'am, I understand you're under
duress. But we need the address, or
at least, the name of the auto
repair facility.

SARAH
I can't-- I don't fucking--
remember. Please, send help! Now!

OPERATOR
I need something to work with here,
ma'--

SARAH
You have to help me! Please!
They're trying to kill my family!!

OPERATOR
Just stay with me ma'am. Remain on
the line with me, and we'll send
units over to your location. Now.
Can you give me anything specific
about--

SARAH
Jerry! His name was Jerry! I think.
Does that help?

Beat.

OPERATOR

Ma'am, we've already sent units over to that location. Has something happened?

SARAH

Yes! I told you! They're killing us. They've already killed the men you've sent! They have my son. They have my daughter. They're going to kill me next. You have to send backup. Right now!!!

OPERATOR

I've just relayed the message and they will be dispatching the most proximal units to your location. They're about twenty minutes out.

SARAH

Twenty mi--? We'll all be DEAD by then!!! You've just killed us all!

OPERATOR

Ma'am, just wait! Stay on the li--

Sarah slams the phone into the receiver--

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

Jerry drags Lucy into a wide, grimy room, bathed in red.

She is wheeled next to GEORGE, who is strapped against the wall.

He props Lucy up next to him on an APPARATUS, straps her against the wall, and hooks her up to a BLOOD TANK.

Jerry makes certain they're unconscious, satisfied, he marches on out of the room.

Lucy's eyes squint, makes sure he's gone, looks to George--

LUCY

George... George-- you awake?

George doesn't flinch.

Lucy directs her attention around the room--

WE PAN ACROSS THE ENTIRETY OF THE ROOM:

MOTIONLESS BODIES all propped against the walls, lining them all around the room.

She diverts her eyes to--

ONE BODY IN PARTICULAR, also strapped against the wall and hooked up to a BLOOD TANK--

It wears a FAMILIAR FACE...

FADE INTO:

INT. FANCY HOUSE - FLASHBACK.

A bright, elegant house.

A FAMILY REUNION.

Lucy stares across the room at--

AUNT MARTHA.

George slide tackles Lucy, TAKES HER OUT, slides into AUNT MATHA's hand, which sports a half-full wine glass.

Her wine glass smashes into his face, cutting his cheek.

Red wine spills all over him, having the faux appearance of BLOOD.

She reaches down, feigning guilt--

AUNT

Oh, sweet Georgie, I'm so sorry--

George wails as he buries his face in his hands.

Aunt half-assedly caresses his head, pats his hair.

AUNT (CONT'D)

You poor thing-- we'll get you all fixed up.

A sinister smile cracks across her face...

Lucy's eyes narrow in on her--

SNAP BACK TO:

INT. BLOOD ROOM - PRESENT.

Lucy's eyes squint--

Sure enough. It's AUNT MARTHA. In the flesh.

LUCY
 (whispers to self)
 What? What's she doing here?

Lucy racks her brain - a moment of reflection.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 George.

GEORGE
 (half awake)
 Hmm?

Lucy shakes in her APPARATUS. Creating all kinds of noise--

LUCY
 (sharp whisper)
 George! They have her.

GEORGE
 Hm. Huh? What? Have who?

LUCY
 Look!

Lucy gestures towards AUNT MARTHA. George finally looks--

GEORGE
 They have our whole family, idiot.

LUCY
 I know that. But, I'm saying-- They
 got Aunt Martha.

GEORGE
 Good.

LUCY
 No-- what? Good?! That's not good!
 If they have her-- then... Who else
 do they have?

GEORGE
 Maybe they'll kill her and spare
 us.

LUCY
 But-- how did they get her?

GEORGE
 They probably took the same lucky
 route as us.

LUCY
But I thought she was already
there!

George shrugs. Who can know?

LUCY (CONT'D)
Maybe this is the family reunion.

GEORGE
Maybe you should get us out of
here, Jane Wick.

LUCY
Very funny, asshole.

GEORGE
I'm just saying, if you don't--
we're toast.

LUCY
We're already fucked.

GEORGE
Hey. I said toast.

Beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm telling dad.

LUCY
Good luck telling him. Dad's gone.

GEORGE
Dad's... what? He's what?

LUCY
He's no longer here. They... did
away with him.

George fights off some tears. Lucy's eyes well up a bit.

GEORGE
If they killed dad... who's gonna
save us?

LUCY
Yeah. We're fucked.

GEORGE
I can't die now. I haven't even
gotten to beat you, yet.

LUCY
Not even in the afterlife, bud.

GEORGE
(battling through tears)
Lucy... How are we supposed to get
out of this death dungeon?

LUCY
Realistically, we don't. Sadly,
we're about to be mince meat for a
bunch of blood transfusing, organ
harvesting psychopaths. Enjoy your
final moments, my dear brother.

Beat as he wipes away his tears.

GEORGE
I'm still telling mom what you
said.

Lucy glares him down. George looks away, controls his
sobbing. They both contemplate their fates...

INT. COMPOUND - MAIN LIVING AREA - MOMENTS LATER.

Sarah looks desperately out the window. No police lights.

She looks down the stairs, looks about her. Tries to control
her breathing, her thoughts.

Her thoughts control her. A million miles a minute.

She composes herself. Focuses her attention to the stairs.

Sarah creeps towards them...

INT. BASEMENT - STAIRS - CONT.

She peeks around the corner, tiptoes down the stairs...

INT. RED ROOM - CONT.

George looks to Lucy, pleading.

GEORGE
All right, fine. You find a way to
get us out of here-- I won't tell.

LUCY

I don't give a flying ape shit if you do or if you don't.

GEORGE

(shrugs)

Still should get us out of here.

LUCY

I know, I'm thinking.

Lucy looks about the room. Desperate for anything.

George half-assedly looks around him. He'll find nothing.

Lucy spies HOOKS on the walls for the DEAD (or otherwise) SUBJECTS.

She sees two off to her right that are dangling in air, unoccupied.

Tools are strewn about on the ground, probably for torture.

On the ground next to her, a GARDEN HOE, PITCHFORK, and SPEAR. Almost like a harpoon.

She reaches, stretches her leg downward towards them.

GEORGE

What are you doing?

LUCY

Working on that escape plan, dummy.

GEORGE

Well, hurry up.

She outstretches, pointing her toe--

LUCY

How about you shut your worthless hole?

Lucy's almost got it--

Her foot reaches the GARDEN HOE. She jams down on the business end of it--

It flings the pitchfork in air--

The Pitchfork tumbles to the floor, landing nowhere close.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

George looks to her, horrified--

GEORGE
That's a new one.

INT. MURDER BASEMENT - STAIRS - CONT.

Sarah tiptoes down the stairs, finally makes down the flight.

She creeps to her old medical gurney.

Sarah can't see shit-- she feels around for a weapon.

She comes up empty.

Sarah scours the ground for something, until she feels a presence--

It's JERRY. He towers before her--

INT. RED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CRASH!

Lucy and George snap their heads up to the sound--

	LUCY	GEORGE
Mom.		Mom!

Their heads dart to each other, a new sense of urgency.

Time to accelerate the plan.

Lucy inches the garden hoe towards the hooks.

She sets it up just right with her foot, meticulously lines it up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What are you doing now?

LUCY
Shut it. I need to focus.

George obeys. He looks on with intent.

Lucy carefully inches it in position.

She lifts up her foot to--

INT. MURDER BASEMENT - MEDICAL GURNEY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry picks Sarah up, smashes her into another GLASS CASE.

Sarah cannot fight back, her energy drained.

Broken, beaten, bloodied-- she achily puts her hands up in defense--

Jerry grabs her by the hair--

He winds up for a brutal blow--

She swipes at his crotch--

Jerry dodges--

He wags his finger at her. No, not today.

She looks defeated, until--

Sarah jabs her leg at his knee--

CRACK! It bends horrifically sideways.

Not the way it's supposed to go...

Jerry lets out a bellowing yelp.

He goes down hard. She kicks him away for good measure.

Jerry clutches at his newly gimpy knee, crying for help.

Sarah crawls towards the stairs...

INT. RED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy and George look towards where the cries are coming from.

Confused, they look back at each other once more.

George nods to her. Do it.

She jams down with her foot--

The Garden Hoe flings up--

Strikes the hook--

The hook swings to Lucy's bound hands--

She clutches it.

GEORGE

Got it?

LUCY

Don't jinx it.

Lucy furiously cuts her binds with the hook behind her back.

GEORGE

Do me next.

LUCY

Obviously.

She sets herself free and moves to George--

GEORGE

We have to move fast--

LUCY

Fucking-- obviously, George!!!

Lucy goes to work on George's binds.

INT. MURDER BASEMENT - STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah crawls up the bottom of the stairs--

Jerry is in pursuit, crawling just behind her. Picking up his pace.

Sarah pulls herself up in longer strides.

Jerry army crawls as fast as he can--

Sarah sees two figures quickly emerging from the darkness--

GEORGE (O.C.)

Mom!

Jerry spins around to find--

George brandishing the pitchfork, Lucy with the spear--

Jerry kicks Lucy with his good leg, sends her flying back into another GLASS CASE.

George jabs with the pitchfork with all his might--

Jerry grabs just below the business end of the pitchfork--

George's eyes light up...he knows he's fucked up.

Jerry jabs the wood handle right into George's forehead.
This sends George down like a plank.

SARAH
George, sweetie!

Sarah shrieks.

SARAH (CONT'D)
No!

Jerry limps after her--

Sarah screams and cries as she struggles up the stairs, as if to climb up a mountain.

Jerry presses too much weight on the bad knee-- tumbles to the floor like the uncoordinated fatty he is.

He yells, grimaces as he pulls himself across the floor towards her...

Lucy musters the strength to press on after her trauma.

She limps after Jerry, using the spear like a walking stick.

LUCY
Jerry, come getcha some, you lardy
fuck!

Sarah looks in fright, and vexation at Lucy.

Jerry snaps his head back, turns his attention to her--

JERRY
Back for more, you demon ninja
gremlin?

LUCY
What do you want from my mom? Why
her? Why not me?

He struggles to his feet. Favoring the unbroken leg.

JERRY
Your bodies are just rented in this
life. Nothing in that bag of meat
belongs to you. It's shared by the
world. I'm just here to distribute.

Jerry lunges after Sarah--

LUCY

Stay away from her, you putrid shit sack!

Lucy spins the spear like a straight wooden num-chuk.
Jerry wears extreme confusion on his face--
He bulrushes her instead of allowing her to continue--
Lucy backs up, braces for impact--
Jerry forcefully tackles her into the ground.

SARAH

No! Lucy!

Sarah crawls down the stairs after them.
Jerry socks her in the face, temporarily stunning her--
He picks up A HUGE GLASS JAR OF HUMAN ORGANS, REMAINS.
Jerry lifts it over his head--
He aims at her face to bring it down on her--
Lucy grabs the spear from her side, jams it into Jerry's right calf--
Jerry screams in pain, drops the glass, topples to the floor--
Lucy rolls out of the way of the EXPLODING GLASS.
Sarah crawls closer, fast as she can (which isn't very fast).
Lucy rushes to her feet, rips the spear from Jerry's calf.
He lets out another painful scream.
Lucy stands over him, she lifts up the spear to thrust--
Jerry clasps his hands around her hands, just before the spear pierces his torso--
Lucy tries to burst through his grasp. To no avail.
Jerry takes her hands--
She looks with huge eyes--
He SNAPS her wrist with a horrific CRUNCH--

She lets out a piercing scream as he tosses her aside.

SARAH (CONT'D)

LUCY!!!

Lucy crashes into more GLASS JARS with HUMAN PARTS.

Glass explodes all around her with dirty, murky water, organ bits and blood.

Sarah finally reaches Jerry--

She grabs his face. He struggles to throw her hands off of him.

He flails around, blinded by her thumbs.

Sarah looks around for a weapon--

Jerry finally clutches at her throat.

Sarah chokes as he flings her into a BODY APPARATUS.

The hook digs into her back--

She's caught. SHE CAN'T MOVE.

Jerry musters the strength to find his footing. Barely.

He picks up the pitchfork, scrapes it across the floor as he approaches her.

The more Sarah fights, the deeper the hook buries into her back.

She lets out a furious scream.

Sarah frantically looks all around her. She finds nothing of use.

Jerry staggers to a position of somewhat balance, traction.

He flips up the pitchfork. Ready to pounce.

Jerry thrusts back to jab--

Sarah picks up the NEEDLE to the BLOOD TUBE. It connects to the BLOOD JAR.

She jams it into his throat.

Blood squirts from his neck. Some feeds through the tube up into the JAR.

The Jar barely fills up with his blood.
 She lifts with all her might--
 The Hook digging deeper--
 She latches onto the JAR--
 Sarah SMASHES the JAR on Jerry's head.
 He crumples to the floor. Blood pooling all around him.
 Sarah catches her breath. Her adrenaline flowing.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 AHHHH!!!!

She lets out a bellowing, blood curdling scream.
 Sarah breaks down crying. Screaming in agony.
 She breathes in deep. Hardly able to breathe...
 Her breakdown is so fierce, she passes out.

SNAP TO BLACK:

INT. MURDER BASEMENT - LATER THAT MORNING.

George wakes up. He looks around him. The blood. The carnage.
 The aftermath.

He staggers to his feet. Nurses his massive headache.
 He now sports a nice bruise on his forehead.
 George stumbles over to Lucy who is out cold.
 He smacks her face.

GEORGE
 Lucy. Wake up. Lucy! Are you alive?

Lucy coughs as she comes to.

LUCY
 Oh, my god. Fuck.

GEORGE
 You need to stop saying that.

She struggles to sit up. George helps her.

He tries to assist her to her feet.

LUCY
No, no. Not yet.

GEORGE
We have to find mom.

Lucy spies behind George--

LUCY
Holy shit!

Sarah passed out, dead to the world. Seemingly. Still hanging on the hook.

GEORGE
Oh my god, mom!

George puts his arm around her, gives her leverage.

He helps her limp over to Sarah.

They use all their might to lift her off the hook.

Sarah's eyes snap awake. She screams as they slowly lift her off the hook--

It makes a knife through meat sound as she falls forward, struggling free of the hook--

Lucy and George attempt to brace her fall--

They fail miserably. They all fall hard to the floor.

They're soaked in blood. Maybe not even theirs? Jerry's?

They slip as they try to find their footing.

SARAH
Are you guys okay?

LUCY
Jesus, mom. Are **you**?

SARAH
Ugh. Yeah. Fine.

GEORGE
Mom. What about dad?

Sarah solemnly shakes her head.

Tears fill George's eyes.

Lucy can't face them.

Sarah brings them in for a group hug.

They all break down crying in each other's arms.

FADE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - LATER THAT MORNING.

Sarah, Lucy, and George are all wrapped in blankets, sitting on logs or other makeshift benches.

A PENSIVE EMT is wrapping Lucy's wrist with gauze and athletic tape. She grimaces, but fights through the pain.

The place has flooded with Police, Fire, Rescue, and other EMTs.

GEORGE

Do we still have to go to the family reunion?

Sarah looks to him, shakes her head.

LUCY

Dumbass.

SARAH

Watch it.

OFFICER REICHARDT (40s) wobbles over to Sarah. Stands before her--

REICHARDT

Ma'am. You should receive medical treatment.

SARAH

Do you have a cigarette?

Reichardt analyzes her.

REICHARDT

Ma'am, why don't you hop on in that ambulance over there? Huh?

Sarah decides it's not worth it to argue. She accepts his help and limps over, hunched over. Buried in the blanket.

REICHARDT (CONT'D)

Think your kids are gonna need lookin at, too.

SARAH (O.S.)
 Eh, nothin' they don't already do
 to each other.

Reichardt looks on with concern, shrugs.

Lucy and George stare for a beat.

OFFICER TURK emerge from the COMPOUND with AUNT MARTHA.

TURK
 We found another survivor.

George and Lucy's heads snap to her.

Oh yeah, we forgot.

MARTHA
 I can't thank you enough. I
 couldn't believe what happened.
 They took me, they killed--

She looks to Lucy and George with shock--

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 Oh. Oh my go-- you're-- you're
 alive!

Lucy's eyes narrow in on her. George glares.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 I thought-- I feared you were--

Lucy comes to a realization. An epiphany.

LUCY
 It was you.

MARTHA
 Oh thank--

LUCY
 It was you the whole time.

MARTHA
 --wha-- what?

LUCY
 You wanted our blood.

Martha sees red as she stares daggers at Lucy...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK.

Martha's on the phone with Mark.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Mark chats Martha up on the phone.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER.

Martha calls JERRY.

INT. JERRY'S SHOP - DAY.

Jerry sheepishly smiles as he nods on the phone with Martha.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK.

Martha ends the call. She closes her eyes. Breathes in deep. Reflecting on what she's just done.

EXT. COMPOUND - RETURN TO PRESENT.

Lucy thinks hard. It all makes sense.

LUCY

You needed the blood. You couldn't get it. You hired the murderous freakshow hicks to get it out of us. It makes perfect sense to me.

A Beat as Martha processes this revelation.

MARTHA

Wha-- well-- don't be ridiculous. Don't listen to this child. She's clearly been through something traumatic.

LUCY

You planned this all along. From the start. You wanted us to come out so dad could give you his blood.

MARTHA

Oh, pfft-- officer-- are you really gonna--

LUCY

And when you couldn't get his...

George cannot believe his ears. His mouth agape--

GEORGE

You fucking bitch.

Lucy wears surprise as she glances at George.

The POLICE all look to TURK then to Lucy and George.

MARTHA

Officers, they've never liked me.
They're just making up childish--
filth. You know how little kids'
imagination just run wild.

Beat.

TURK

What's your name, young lady?

LUCY

Lucy.

EMT's roll a gurney on by with a zipped up body bag...

TURK

You're the daughter of the
deceased--

Turk stops himself. He knows. They all know.

TURK (CONT'D)

It's not so far fetched-- Okay.

He tries to process the situation. He looks to Martha, then to the kids, the other Cops--

TURK (CONT'D)

There could be some viability to
what the kid's just said. At the
very least we could look into it.

Turk sighs heavily.

TURK (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't want to jump to
anything drastic, here. Why don't
we just take you down to the
station. We'll grab a quick
statement from you, and go from
there? Yeah?

Martha's eyes fill with terror.

MARTHA

Seriously, that won't be necessary--
- I-- you have to take me into the
hospital-- I'm dying!

TURK

C'mon, let's take her to Reichardt.
See what he wants to do.

Lucy and George watch Turk and the other Cops as they march her over to Reichardt.

MARTHA (O.S.)

You can't possibly believe those
devil children over my fuckin'
carcass you dirty sacks of shit--

Her voice fades away...

George eyes Lucy now. Lucy returns his glance.

They stare at one another a beat before--

GEORGE

I wonder if grandma's down there.

George looks with curiosity at the Compound, then back to Lucy. They shrug to each other.

LUCY

Just be happy we're even alive,
dip-shit.

Lucy pensively stares off into the distance.

She lets loose an exasperated sigh. It's one of exhaustion and gratefulness.

George quickly loses interest and kicks some dirt.

Lucy hungrily snaps open snacks they were given.

She pops a chip into her mouth, its CRUNCH fills our ears as we--

SNAP TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: **BREAKDOWN**

THE END.

