

ACCURSED

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FADE IN

The Hunter's moon rises over the mountain range of the Chattahoochee Forest. A secluded cabin hides deep within the vast array of thin trees gently swaying in the autumn breeze.

SUPER: "Georgia 1940"

A hatchet lodged in a wood stump lies close to a recently skinned deer pelt strung up on a wire across two trees.

REVEREND KEITH STEWART (60s) and his wife IDA STEWART (50s) ride two horses leading a party of 4 men and 1 woman on foot. As they arrive at the rickety cabin, the reverend and his wife dismount. RONALD HAYES (40s) grabs the reigns and leads the horses behind the party.

REVEREND STEWART

Let me handle this. We need to  
treat this like civilized folk.

HANK JOHNSON (late 30s) skulks over. The reverend puts his hand on his shoulder.

REVEREND STEWART

We'll bring her back to the light  
any way we can. I promise.

HANK

Thank you, Reverend.

Ida crosses her arms and checks the surrounding area nervously as the sun sets deeper over the hills. LUKE BAKER (20s) tightens his grip on a torch high on the darkened cabin. Alongside Luke is LILIAN POMONA (late 20s) and EUGENE GOODWIN (early 30s) forming a row behind Ida. Reverend Stewart steps to the front door.

REVEREND STEWART

Elizabeth Johnson!

His voice flattens out amongst the quieting trees.

ELIZABETH "BETH" JOHNSON (late 30s) wears a weathered, blue floral dress atop a white slip underneath; a dirty, white, handmade mask over her face. She turns towards the front door and steps past her son EDDIE JOHNSON (15); a burly teen

with a hunched back towering over her - already much larger than the men outside. His long, matted hair hangs to his shoulders. A similar white, handmade mask with a slightly crooked smile covers his disfigured face.

3 EXT. JOHNSON CABIN - CONTINUOUS

3

Reverend Stewart tucks his thumbs into his pockets.

REVEREND STEWART

We know you're in there. Why don't ya come on out, and we can all have a nice little chat.

Beth opens the front door and steps onto the porch standing tall, the mask casually propped atop her head.

BETH

Reverend Stewart. Don't ya'll have anythin' better to do? Pickin' on a child is shameful.

Murmurs circulate from the others.

REVEREND STEWART

That child single-handedly put four grown men in the hospital. Nearly widowed poor Lilian.

Lilian glowers at Beth. Hank timidly steps up from behind.

BETH

Hank? What're you doin'?

HANK

It's time, Beth. We gotta come clean. Now, I- I- I was lenient with all the mumbo jumbo, but we can't keep runnin' from our wrongs. It ain't right.

Luke hands his torch to Lilian as he, Eugene, and Ronald surround Beth.

REVEREND STEWART

(walking past Hank)

His conscious is clear. He's answered to God and expressed his love for you to do the same.

Beth notices the men closing in on her.

REVEREND STEWART

There's a life for you and your husband. A clean slate back in town; nobody bothering you ever again. What say you?

Beth straightens herself up.

BETH

I'd rather burn in hell.

Beth punches Luke in the face. Eugene grabs for her other arm. She cocks another punch, but Ronald hooks her hand behind her. She stomps on Ronald's foot, freeing herself. She swings at Eugene. He takes the hit and strikes her hard in the face. She falls backward; her mask rolls in the dirt. Eugene and Ronald try to pin her hands and feet. She struggles, scratches and tries to bite. They flip her on her stomach. Luke spots the hatchet and frees it from the stump. He flips it to the blunt side and knocks Beth unconscious. Reverend Stewart sighs in relief then walks to Lilian.

LILIAN

This don't feel right. What if it's bewitched?

REVEREND STEWART

Take a breath. It's just a mask. Nothing more. We can't let him hurt anyone else.

Lilian purses her lips.

REVEREND STEWART

Think of your husband. There might not be a next time for some other unfortunate soul.

Lilian nods, steadying her nerves as best as she can.

4

EXT. JOHNSON CABIN - NIGHT

4

Night settles in. Lilian wears Beth's dress gripping her dirty mask. She peers back to the reverend for approval. He looks to Eugene atop one of the horses.

REVEREND STEWART

Eugene?

EUGENE

I'm ready.

A rope attached to the horse leads to a snare hidden in the leaves. Lilian reluctantly puts on the mask and positions herself a few feet behind the trap.

LILIAN

Eddie.

All eyes leer at the door. Lilian hopes for salvation from the reverend, but he urges her to try louder with his hand.

LILIAN

EEEdie... EEEdie! Come outside!

Reverend Stewart nudges Hank towards Lilian. Eddie slowly emerges from the shadows inside. Ida holds her breath.

LILIAN

There you are! It's OK. Over here.

HANK

(shakily)

It's alright. Mommy and daddy are here for you.

LILIAN

That's right. No one's gonna hurt you.

Eddie cautiously eases out.

LILIAN

Atta boy. Step on out.

Eddie notices Reverend Stewart and Ida and hesitates.

REVEREND STEWART

NOW!!

Eugene whistles and rides off. The rope under Eddie catches hold of his right foot and drags him out. He bellows as he's hoisted upside down on a tree branch. The group cheers in their good fortune. Beth awakens tied to the trunk and discovers Eddie dangling. Reverend Stewart smiles.

BETH

I'll kill you all!

Beth begins to chant a spell over and over again - now with her mask on her face.

BETH

(repeating low to fierce)

(MORE)

BETH (cont'd)  
 Sanguinem maledicta. Omnes  
 interficere.  
 [*Blood curse. Kill them all.*]

EUGENE  
 Uhh. Reverend?

LUKE  
 She's bewitching him!!

REVEREND STEWART  
 She's calling forth Satan's power!  
 Stop her!

IDA  
 You've brought enough evil to this  
 world.

KARA  
 (V.O.)  
 Ida raises the hatchet high in the  
 air and slashes across Beth's neck.  
 Blood spraying everywhere.

Blood spurts over Ida's face...

5 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

5

PRESENT DAY

KARA WHITLEY (19) stands before her college Anthropology  
 class acting out her story with dramatic flare. MS  
 KINSINGTON (late 30s) sits unamused at her desk.

KARA  
 But it was too late. The hex was  
 cast. Beth cursed them all  
 including her own husband! Her  
 blood strewn across their faces-

MS. KINSINGTON  
 Alright, we get the idea.

KARA  
 But I'm almost done.

MS. KINSINGTON  
 I've heard enough. The assignment  
 was your partner's family history;  
 not to give a campfire story.

The class chuckles.

KARA

From an Anthropological view, the evolution of Sean's family is fascinating and pertinent to the changing culture. Eddie was only fifteen years old, ergo-

MS. KINSINGTON

Ergo nothing. That's enough. Points for creativity, but you need to stay on topic.

KARA

Ah, come on. It was good.

MS. KINSINGTON

Thank you, Ms. Whitley.

Kara returns to her seat next to SEAN ALEXANDER (19) buried in his arms desperately trying not to be seen.

MS. KINSINGTON

(trailing off)

On that note, the rest of the presentations will resume on Monday along with any makeups. Last day - I shouldn't have to remind you. We'll conclude this section, and move into Taboo and Morality of the 1900s...

SEAN

(lifting his head)

You said it'd be low-key.

KARA

That was low-key.

Sean groans and flops his head back into his arms.

KARA

(patting Sean's head)

You regret nothing.

The bell rings and the students pack up. Sean and Kara cross by Ms. Kinsington's desk.

MS. KINSINGTON

Kara.

KARA

Yes?

MS. KINSINGTON  
Give me an appropriate report by  
Monday, and I'll bump your grade  
up.

KARA  
Was it that bad?

MS. KINSINGTON  
I want family, not folklore.

KARA  
I can do that as long as he helps  
me.

MS. KINSINGTON  
It doesn't have to be a full family  
tree. That includes you too, Mr.  
Alexander. This is 40% of your  
grade. Neither of you can afford to  
miss it.

KARA  
Yes, Ma'am.

MS. KINSINGTON  
Sean?

SEAN  
Yeah, I know. I'm almost done.

Sean and Kara exit the class.

6 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

6

Sean and Kara exit the classroom with their classmates.

SEAN  
Anthropology can suck it.

KARA  
Have you even started?

CLASSMATE 1  
Watch out for them hatchets, Bro.

CLASSMATE 2  
That was fricken hilarious.

CLASSMATE 3  
Cool story!



KARA  
 Thanks!  
 (to Sean)  
 See? I told you they'd love it.

SEAN  
 And that's why you gotta redo it.

KARA  
 I never said Ms. Kinsington would.

SEAN  
 How convenient.

KARA  
 Hey, so I have a favor to ask.

SEAN  
 Again?

KARA  
 Come on. I'll pay for gas this  
 time.

SEAN  
 If you can't pay for your own gas,  
 you can't pay for mine either.

KARA  
 Soooo.

SEAN  
 Fine.

KARA  
 Yes!

They walk off together.

7

INT. CHUCK'S CHICKEN CLUCK - NIGHT

7

Sean and Kara work the registers at a Value-version KFC. It's slow as usual while Kara attempts to flip her yellow cap onto her head and fails horribly. Sean sits atop the back counter.

SEAN  
 Almost got it. So close. That's it  
 - oh, never mind.

KARA  
 (still flipping her hat)  
 Why don't you ever talk about your family?

SEAN  
 Just make something up.

KARA  
 You've seen my creative ability.  
 Ms. Kinsington will flunk me.

SEAN  
 My ancestors are just like everyone else's: violent, racist hypocrites.

KARA  
 You suck.

A flash of white outside catches Sean's attention. A white mask hides behind a black Cadillac with tinted windows in the distance.

KARA  
 Sean!

SEAN  
 What?

Kara stands proudly with the hat tilted to one side.

KARA  
 I got it!

Sean looks back but the Cadillac and the mask are gone.

8 EXT. DORM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

8

Sean and Kara exit Sean's puke-brown clunker. They walk to their dorms, separated for men and women on either side. Another car's headlights flash Sean - it's not the Cadillac.

KARA  
 You alright?

SEAN  
 I'm fine.

KARA  
 Hey, I don't say it often, but I really appreciate what you do for me.

SEAN  
You'd do the same for me, right?

KARA  
I guess. Adios, Muddafuggaaah!

Kara leaves. Sean looks at the main road again but there are no cars coming. He heads inside. A Cadillac slowly rolls up from around an opposite corner.

9 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

9

Sean sweats profusely, his eyelids darting rapidly as his body twitches in his sleep. Beth's faint voice slowly echoes over and over.

BETH  
(V.O.)  
Sanguinem maledicta.  
[*Blood curse.*]

SERIES: Blood splatters on a cabin wall. Elizabeth and Eddie both in their masks hack bodies apart. MARY JOHNSON (Sean's mother, 20s) smiles gently at him. A rune painted on the forehead of Elizabeth's mask. Blood pours down the wall. Elizabeth notices Sean; her head tilts.

BETH  
(V.O.)  
Omnes interficere.  
[*Kill them all.*]

Sean twitches. A shadow moves across his face. A flash of Elizabeth with a large kitchen knife covered in blood. A bony white hand holding the same kitchen knife grazes Sean's leg, the point skimming up across his chest. He visualizes Mary smiling at him again. She closes her eyes and looks up.

From below the bed, Elizabeth's white mask slowly rises - the eyes blackened out. Sean stifles a whimper. Blood pours over Mary. Elizabeth straddles Sean as she grips tight onto his chest. Sean opens his eyes, unable to scream. Beth raises a knife high and slams it into his chest.

[END SERIES]

SLAM CUT TO

10 INT. DORM ROOM - ALTERNATE NIGHT 10

Sean bolts awake as he checks his room for the intruder. Just a nightmare. He slows his breathing, then goes to the bathroom.

11 INT. DORM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

Sean turns on the light and washes his face, looking at himself in the mirror. He dries off with a nearby towel and cups water from the faucet to drink. He takes a deep breath when he feels something creeping behind him. He swivels quickly and surveys the room... nothing. After another deep breath, he turns back to the mirror - Eddie grabs his throat from inside the reflection!

SLAM CUT TO

12 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT 12

Sean bolts awake again. He sits up, throwing the blanket off. He puts his feet on the floor and flips on the desk lamp.

SEAN

Fuck, Man.

Sean grabs his phone. An email notification from school marked, "URGENT: PAYMENT DUE" illuminates his screen. He swipes the notification away to check the time. He places his phone back on the desk before flopping back down to attempt sleep again with the lamp still on.

13 INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY 13

Kara types furiously for her report when Sean flops down at the computer terminal next to her, dropping his bag.

KARA

You look like shit.

SEAN

You look like a whore.

KARA

Not cool. I meant you look messed up.

SEAN

And I meant you look like a dollar  
slut.

KARA

I wasn't insulting you, Asshat.

SEAN

I'm just tired.

KARA

Oh? Something bugging your bean?

Sean opens the college terminal and attempts to log in.

"ACCESS DENIED! PLEASE SEE THE CAMPUS CLERK."

SEAN

You're fucking shitting me.

KARA

(staring at her screen)

Which is it? Fucking or shitting  
you? I don't think you can do both  
at the same time.

Kara leans over and reads the prompt.

KARA

Oh. Maybe it is possible.

Sean yanks his backpack from the ground and exits.

14 INT. COLLEGE REGISTRAR - DAY

14

Sean sits in the waiting area to see the Campus Clerk. He fiddles with a ripped corner of a Financial Aid flyer pinned to the wall. He pulls the piece off the pin and crumples it between his fingers. He freezes when he notices another student staring at him. MS. CHELSEA (late 50s) prim, proper, and anal retentive beyond repair, pops out of her office.

MS. CHELSEA

Next in line.

Sean yawns as he pulls himself up.

15 INT. MS. CHELSEA'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Sean enters the small and cramped office full of Financial Aid propaganda. A gold-plated nameplate sits squarely in front of a keyboard with bold, black letters reading, "MS. CHELSEA". Two neatly aligned chairs are tightly tucked between the front of the desk and wall; Sean can barely fit his legs in. Ms. Chelsea eases herself onto her polished rolling chair, tugs at her coat, and gently rolls forward, interlacing her fingers on the desk.

MS. CHELSEA  
How may I help you today?

Sean struggles to find a comfortable position. He angles his chair to fit his legs, throwing his bag onto the seat next to him. This physically disturbs Ms. Chelsea's zen as she squirms slightly to keep calm.

SEAN  
My school account is locked.

MS. CHELSEA  
That sounds serious. I'll take a look for any discrepancies. May I see your student ID?

Sean struggles to pull out his wallet from his back pocket. He further angles the chair almost 90-degrees to the one next to it, blocking the door. Ms. Chelsea takes a cleansing breath as Sean finally frees his wallet. He hands over his student ID.

MS. CHELSEA  
(forcing a gentle smile)  
Thank you.

Ms. Chelsea places Sean's ID card next to the keyboard and types in some numbers. After looking at some details...

MS. CHELSEA  
I see the problem. It says you've missed the last 3 payments.

SEAN  
That's not possible.

Sean leans over trying to peek at the screen. Ms. Chelsea straightens herself up, turning the screen towards herself.

MS. CHELSEA  
Please sit down. It's right here. No record of payment for August, September, and earlier this month.

SEAN

No. My dad sends a check to you every month.

MS. CHELSEA

Your father sends a check to the school. I'm sorry, but that is certainly not the case, and we require payment as soon as possible to rectify the matter.

SEAN

(leaning back into his chair)  
How much do I owe?

Ms. Chelsea makes a few clicks on her mouse.

MS. CHELSEA

\$12,363.

SEAN

Are you fucking kidding me?

MS. CHELSEA

I most certainly am not! I cannot unlock your account until a payment is made.

SEAN

Yeah, that's not happening.

MS. CHELSEA

Then you wish to pay off the amount yourself?

SEAN

I'm a fucking college student. I don't have that kind of money.

MS. CHELSEA

Please calm down.

SEAN

I am calm!

MS. CHELSEA

There are a number of financial aid options available. I'd be happy to assist you in filling out the forms-

SEAN

No thanks.

Sean grabs his bag; the chair dragging behind the door. He pushes it back and forth to get out.

MS. CHELSEA

Will you-... just leave it-...  
PLEASE GO!

Sean pushes the chair out of the way and against the wall before exiting. Ms. Chelsea takes another cleansing breath.

MS. CHELSEA

That went well.

She straightens her keyboard.

16

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

16

Sean and Kara walk along the classrooms; Sean heavy in thought.

KARA

I'm starving! You down for  
a sammich?

SEAN

Did you not hear a damn thing I  
said?

KARA

I heard you. What's that gotta do  
with lunch?

SEAN

Only that I might get kicked out.

KARA

You'll be fine.

Sean halts, staring at the black Cadillac parked on the street. BRAD GOODWIN (early 60s), a barrel-chested driver in a black box-cut suit and matching sunglasses, stands by the rear door.

KARA

Sean?

SEAN

Yeah. Lunch. I'll meet you there.



KARA  
But we gotta beat the lines!

SEAN  
Please?

Kara spots the car.

KARA  
Sure.

SEAN  
I'll catch up soon.

Kara reluctantly leaves. Sean approaches the Cadillac. Brad opens the car door. PATRICK JOHNSON (mid-to-late 60s), an image of rich, stuck-up poise, exits and buttons the top button of his slim-cut blazer.

SEAN  
What do you want?

PATRICK  
Is that any way to greet your  
uncle?

SEAN  
Uncle? That's a first. How did you  
find me? Oh wait, you've been  
stalking me since yesterday.

PATRICK  
Such a commoner response.

SEAN  
I doubt you drove all this way to  
talk shit about my father.

PATRICK  
Fair enough. The Family  
Quindecennial is this weekend at  
our private vineyard. Will you be  
attending?

SEAN  
I didn't even know it was  
happening.

PATRICK  
There are a couple of openings  
available. I wish to extend the  
invitation to you.

SEAN  
To me. Really.

PATRICK  
I know we've had our differences in  
the past, but you are still a  
Johnson.

SEAN  
I'm an Alexander!

PATRICK  
Your mother's blood runs through  
your veins. That makes you a  
Johnson!

Sean clenches his fist as Patrick composes himself again.

PATRICK  
She would have wanted you to know  
this side.

SEAN  
I don't think that's what she  
wanted at all.

PATRICK  
Consider it an olive branch, Mr.  
Alexander.

Sean loosens his tension at the sound of his surname.

PATRICK  
The others believe it's time for  
you to take your place among us. I  
am inclined to agree. We are  
stronger in numbers and must  
protect our own. Furthermore, I  
loved your mother. My only regret  
is that I hadn't resolved this feud  
while she was alive.

Sean looks away.

PATRICK  
These events are best with a  
companion. You may bring one guest.  
Perhaps that girlfriend of yours.

SEAN  
She's not my girlfriend.

PATRICK  
No matter. She is welcome.

Sean mulls over the idea.

PATRICK  
Your family needs you.

SEAN  
My father is my family.

PATRICK  
Think of it as a gift Mary left to  
you once you were of age.

Sean turns to walk away.

PATRICK  
Do this, and you'll never have to  
see me again.

Sean halts and half-turns back to Patrick.

SEAN  
I'm assuming that's with  
exceptions.

PATRICK  
No exceptions, but it does include  
your tuition paid in full.

SEAN  
You're joking.

PATRICK  
I never joke about family business.

SEAN  
Did you freeze my dad's payments?  
Is that what you're up to?

PATRICK  
I don't need to resort to such  
petty manipulation. Do you truly  
believe your father can afford this  
place?

Patrick smirks. Sean tightens his lip - he knew all along  
but never admitted it.

PATRICK  
If this is what it takes, then I am  
willing to pay it. One last weekend  
(MORE)

PATRICK (cont'd)  
at the vineyard is all I ask, then  
you may return to your life here.

SEAN  
You'd do that?

PATRICK  
I swear to it.

Sean searches within himself for clarity but can't find it.

PATRICK  
I'll give you till the evening. I  
expect an answer by then.  
(to Brad)  
Mr. Goodwin.

Brad opens the car door. Patrick unbuttons the top button of his coat before stepping inside.

The car drives away. Sean leaves for the cafeteria with his head heavier than before.

17 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

17

Sean quietly trudges by the empty classrooms when Kara jumps out from around the corner.

KARA  
HEY!

SEAN  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

They continue walking towards the cafeteria.

KARA  
Who was that? Who was that? Who was that?

SEAN  
No one.

KARA  
Looked pretty important to me.

SEAN  
He's just a shithead uncle.

KARA  
Gasp! An actual blood relative? Is he rich? Oh my God, he's rich, isn't he? Can I touch him?

SEAN  
Don't wanna talk about it.

KARA  
Come on! Tell me.

SEAN  
No.

KARA  
Tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

They take a few steps in silence.

KARA  
I'll pay for lunch.

Sean rolls his eyes and increases his pace.

18 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

18

Kara's tray of food clangs with anticipation across from Sean's; both have club sandwiches on their plates.

KARA  
OK. Spill it.

SEAN  
Can I take a bite first? I thought you were starving.

Kara rips off a chunk of sandwich with her mouth. Sean takes a smaller bite.

KARA  
(mouth full)  
So, your uncle. What's he do?

SEAN  
(mouth not full)  
Don't know. Don't care.

KARA  
Don't be a dick. I need the skinny on your fat-cat family.

SEAN  
I'm not being a dick.

KARA  
Should I go ask him instead?

SEAN  
He's not the type to just give you  
what you want.

KARA  
Then tell me.

SEAN  
Wine.

KARA  
I'm not whining.

SEAN  
No, he makes wine.

KARA  
Oh. So what's he want with a scrub  
like you? Ooh! Tell me you're  
getting an inheritance!

Sean swallows his food. Kara rips off another bite eagerly waiting.

SEAN  
They have this thing. They get a  
bunch of people together at the  
family winery.

KARA  
Some secret society shit.  
Interesting.

SEAN  
No, it's just a bunch of rich  
snobs.

KARA  
So it's a resort?

SEAN  
I don't remember. I was just a kid  
when they did the last one.

KARA  
So what? He wants you to help run  
this shindig?

SEAN

He wants me to go enjoy myself.

Kara practically chokes.

KARA

You're saying your rich uncle puts on this party for highbrow wankers at some fancy wine resort, and he wants you to go "enjoy yourself?"

SEAN

I didn't say it was a resort.

KARA

Did you say yes?

SEAN

Obviously no.

KARA

Obviously?!

SEAN

You don't know him like I do. It's complicated.

KARA

It's always complicated. So no money.

Sean avoids eye contact. Kara gasps.

KARA

There is, isn't there?

SEAN

He-... might have said he'd pay my tuition.

KARA

You little bitch. You gotta do this thing!

SEAN

No, I don't.

KARA

Weren't you just saying you couldn't afford to stay?

SEAN  
I don't need dirty money.

KARA  
Then let me go. I can rub elbows  
with the fancy pants.

SEAN  
Doubt they'll let you go without  
me.

KARA  
Then tell me about your family.

SEAN  
I told you, my dad kept me away  
after my mom died. I don't remember  
enough.

KARA  
Why are you so afraid to go? You  
scared you won't fit in by  
yourself?

Sean looks away, afraid of his next sentence.

SEAN  
He said-... I could bring a friend.

Kara slams her tray on the table.

KARA  
WHAT?! Are you fucking kidding  
me?! You're saying we can BOTH  
go?! Come the fuck on, Sean!! Take  
me! Take me right now!

Onlookers eyeball them scandalously.

SEAN  
Quiet down, please.

KARA  
You're totally screwing me on  
this. It's 40% of my grade!

SEAN  
Mine too.

KARA  
Will you please, please do me this  
solid? I never ask you for  
anything.



SEAN  
Definitely untrue.

KARA  
Look, I don't have some rich uncle  
to pay my bills.

SEAN  
He doesn't pay my bills-

KARA  
I can't afford to fail, Sean... not  
again. You have to go. I need you  
to, even if I can't.

SEAN  
I'll think about it, OK?

KARA  
Fine.

Kara stands up and snatches her tray from the table.

KARA  
Go think about it.

Kara storms off, throwing away her sandwich. Sean lowers his  
gaze as he notices more onlookers eyeballing him sitting  
alone.

19 INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

19

Sean lays in his bed scrolling through emails; the latest  
from the school with the heading, "THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
PAYMENT!" His phone vibrates - it's Kara.

TEXT MESSAGE: "Hav u changed ur mind yet??"

Then: "PLZ!!! Wit a shitload o cherries on top?" Followed by  
a line of cherry emojis filling the next line.

A knock on the door. Sean hauls himself up. He opens it to  
Brad practically filling the door frame.

SEAN  
Brad.

BRAD  
Mr. Alexander. Your uncle requires  
your reply.

Sean's phone buzzes; he acknowledges it but doesn't look.

20 EXT. MOUNTAIN DRIVE - MORNING 20

SERIES: Trees quickly rush by. A secluded one-lane road through a mountainous forest. The Cadillac drives along the winding road. The vast forest stretches far across the land.

[END SERIES]

21 EXT. VINEYARD ENTRANCE - DAY 21

The Cadillac passes a tall gate that opens to a vast vineyard. Across long, plowed fields of grapes lies a massive, rustic-style building with barred windows. Behind the estate sits a small dome disappearing into the ground.

22 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY 22

A cobblestone driveway lined with neatly pruned trees leads up to a roundabout in front of two large double doors. The Cadillac rolls to a stop. Brad exits and opens the back door. Kara steps out in awe.

KARA

Duuude. You totally lied to me.

SEAN

(exiting behind Kara)

For the last time, it's not a resort.

Brad pops the trunk and removes Sean and Kara's bags. Kara excitedly struts towards the entrance before Sean.

23 INT. LOBBY - DAY 23

Sean enters the spacious foyer and catches up to Kara. An empty front desk lined with tiny, potted succulents on either side of it stands to greet guests. A double staircase rounds the main area up to the second floor.

KARA

Holy cowza.

Sean spots couples everywhere. SCOTT (40s) and LAURA (late 30s) are tucked into a corner away from the others. They're both in blue jeans and t-shirts and look the most uptight.

A conservative older couple, ROBERT (70s) and GRACE (70s), sit alone gently holding hands across two cushioned chairs.

MANUEL (50s) smirks with the top 4 buttons of his shirt open; his fingers snug in the back jean short shorts' pocket of STELLA (20s) in her bikini top near a mini bar tended by TRISHA POMONA (30s).

TREVOR (20s) and ANGIE (20s) casually converse with CODY (20s) and JAKE (30s) on two wide comfortable couches near an ornate fireplace.

SEAN  
(leaning in toward Kara)  
I feel a little off.

KARA  
I'll say. Look at this place!

SEAN  
No. This is a couple's retreat.

Kara surveys the couples. She points to Cody and Jake.

KARA  
I dunno. What about them? They  
could be bros prowling for young  
puss-...

Jake inconspicuously rubs his hand on Cody's inner thigh.

KARA  
Oh. Nope. It's totally a couple  
thing. Damn. My gaydar is usually  
spot on.

PRISCILLA STEWART (25) enters from a side door with Brad hauling luggage on a cart when Kara's backpack tumbles hard to the floor.

KARA  
Hey! Handle with care!

PRISCILLA  
If you could afford actual luggage,  
it wouldn't be a problem. Sean?

SEAN  
Priscilla?

PRISCILLA  
The prodigal son returns.

SEAN  
Please don't call me that. What are  
you doing here?

PRISCILLA  
Working.

SEAN  
You work this thing?

PRISCILLA  
You know, it's family. What about  
you? I didn't hear you were coming.

SEAN  
Purely as a guest.

PRISCILLA  
(amused)  
Huh. OK.

Kara butts in, interlocking her arm with Sean's.

KARA  
Hey, Honey Bun. Who's your friend?

SEAN  
OK. Priscilla, Kara. Kara,  
Priscilla.

PRISCILLA  
(forcing a smile)  
Charmed.

KARA  
Ooh, me too! But hey, can you see  
to Bwad-Bwad? I think he  
desperately needs you. Help him  
out, mmkay?

PRISCILLA  
We'll catch up later.

SEAN  
Sure.

KARA  
Bubyeee!

Priscilla replaces Kara's bag on the luggage cart by  
Brad. Kara pulls Sean further inside, arms still  
interlocked.

SEAN  
What are you doing?

KARA  
She dropped my shit.

SEAN  
Don't ever call me Honey Bun,  
mmkay?

KARA  
Mmkay, Seany John.

Sean unhooks her arm and walks ahead annoyed.

KARA  
Too far? Too far. Wait! I'm sorry,  
Butter Bear, I didn't mean it! I  
swear!

Kara chases after Sean. Patrick emerges from the dining area with VIC BAKER (40s) in a chef's smock. Vic crosses his hands behind his back. Patrick clears his throat to get everyone's attention.

PATRICK  
Good morning, everyone. For those who don't know, my name is Mister Patrick Johnson and welcome to the Johnson Family Quindecennial Celebration.

KARA  
(quietly to Sean)  
Say that ten times fast.

PATRICK  
I hope this weekend is full of fun for you all, but as with any event, we ask you abide by a few house rules to make the most of your time here. Rule #1. No smoking indoors or in the gardens. There are designated smoking areas for your convenience. Rule #2. Electronic devices are not allowed during our celebration.

A murmur radiates from the group.

PATRICK  
Cell phones, music players, and radios will be collected, stored, and locked up securely for safe keeping.

TREVOR

Why do you need them?

PATRICK

This getaway is about bringing you back to your most natural roots. Electronics are the biggest distraction to that end.

ANGIE

(low key to Trevor)

Will you knock it off.

TREVOR

I'm just curious. I can't ask him a question?

Priscilla walks around with a basket. Angie puts her cell phone in. She flashes Trevor a look; he does the same. Everyone else puts their phones and other electronics into it.

PATRICK

Your belongings will be returned to you in the same condition you left them upon your departure.

Sean puts his cell phone inside. Priscilla holds the basket in front of Kara.

KARA

Sorry, don't have one. Couldn't afford it.

Priscilla sneers at her and moves on. Sean eyes Kara.

PATRICK

Excellent. Thank you very much. Rule #3. Our vineyard holds a strict curfew. All guests will be in their rooms by 11pm.

MANUEL

What he say?

CODY

Any kids here? No? I didn't think so.

STELLA

Too early! Nothing fun happens until after midnight.

TREVOR  
She knows what's up.

Angie discretely elbows Trevor. Robert and Grace glance at each other with slight smiles at the young mentality bustling about.

PATRICK  
I understand your trepidation, but I assure you there are reasons for this; none of which will inhibit your enjoyment.

MANUEL  
Naw, that's bullshit. This ain't what I signed up for.

STELLA  
Calm down, Baby.

JAKE  
What kind of reasons?

PATRICK  
We've recently experienced attempted break-ins into our vineyard...

Scott and Laura look at each other.

PATRICK  
We want to ensure your safety. As such, the building will lock down sometime after curfew. We don't want any of you left out in the cold.

MANUEL  
It's still bullshit.

PATRICK  
To compensate for the inconvenience, we have prepared something special in the morning as part of our tradition.

CODY  
It better be good.

PATRICK  
The families that arrange this retreat put in a lot of money to guarantee that each of you is cared  
(MORE)

PATRICK (cont'd)  
for properly; our generosity in  
lieu of a little compliance.

KARA  
(to Sean)  
Families? So not just yours?

Sean ignores her.

PATRICK  
Those are the only 3 rules we  
expect you to follow. We also ask  
our guests not wander off into the  
working areas without an escort. We  
take pride in our wine and maintain  
a high value of integrity in our  
flavors. Now that the formalities  
are out of the way, we can talk  
about what IS available.

CODY  
'Bout time.

PATRICK  
All food and beverages are on the  
house including our coveted 50-year  
Cabernet Sauvignon. Vic Baker is  
your personal chef.

Vic sternly nods to the group.

PATRICK  
A master at food pairing as you'll  
see later today. He will serve up  
rare delicacies from a variety of  
cultures. Miss Trisha Pomona is  
your talented bartender.

Trisha does a quick bottle flare.

PATRICK  
Aside from our trademark wines, we  
are stocked full of the finest  
liquors from around the world.  
Should you require any amenities,  
our attendant, Priscilla, shall  
accommodate you. You all know  
Mister Goodwin.

Brad waves to everyone.



PATRICK

He will be available to make town runs should you need anything we do not currently provide. Please note, we do have a groundskeeper running around. If you see him, do not be alarmed. Please make the most of your weekend here at the Johnson Quindecennial. Good day to you all.

Everyone returns to their usual bustle. Trevor and Angie bicker amongst themselves. Patrick makes his way to Sean and Kara.

PATRICK

Mr. Alexander. It pleases me you decided to attend.

SEAN

It's just for the weekend.

PATRICK

Of course. I see you brought your friend.

KARA

(formally reaching her hand out)

Kara Whitley, Sir.

Patrick sternly shakes her hand as she does an awkward curtsy.

PATRICK

If you'll excuse me. I have business I must address elsewhere.

SEAN

You're leaving?

PATRICK

I do not have the luxury of celebrating this weekend but please take full advantage while you can.

Patrick disappears into the interior areas.

SEAN

What was that?

KARA

What?

SEAN

"Kara Whitley, Sir." Since when?

Kara playfully shrugs it off.

SEAN

You know that was probably the last chance you'll get to interview him.

KARA

I thought he said he'd be back.

SEAN

When did he say that-

KARA

Ooh, I can pick out all your childhood details. Little baby Sean. Angsty pre-teen Sean. Hormonal masturbating Sean.

SEAN

Just stop for a second and breathe.

KARA

I am breathing.

SEAN

I meant me.

Sean takes a deep breath. Trevor and Angie have gotten up to argue away from Cody and Jake. Sean moves to the couch where they were sitting; Kara on his heels.

SEAN

Mind if I sit?

CODY

No, not at all.

Sean plops down. Kara makes herself comfortable.

KARA

(reaching over Sean)

Hey! I'm Kara.

CODY

Well hi! I'm Cody! This is my hubs Jake.

JAKE

Nice to meet you both.

SEAN  
(awkwardly with Kara leaning  
over his lap)

Sean.

Sean looks over to Trevor and Angie quietly arguing.

SEAN  
Are they OK?

CODY  
Ah, T-rev and Angie.

SEAN  
T-rev?

JAKE  
That's Trevor in Cody-speak.

CODY  
Lovers in quarrel the moment they  
arrived. Sad really.

JAKE  
How long have you two been  
together?

SEAN  
Totally not a couple.

KARA  
Not with that attitude.

JAKE  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to assume.

SEAN  
It's OK. We didn't know this was a  
couple thing.

Sean catches a glimpse of a dark figure passing outside.

STELLA  
I don't wanna leave! This is the  
first weekend we've had in months.

MANUEL  
Nah ah. Nobody tells me what to do.

Patrick reemerges from within.

MANUEL

Hey man, we gotta talk.

STELLA

You're really doin' this?

Everyone becomes restless as the dispute continues.

CODY

Ugh. Mr. Mexi-can't over there is at it again.

JAKE

On that note, I hear the pool is gorgeous. Have you seen it?

KARA

Nope, but I wanna!

CODY

Yeah. Let's get outta here.

The group gets up to exit out back. The others take the cue and leave as well. Trisha begins closing down the minibar to move outside. Even Stella gives up on Manuel and leaves him.

MANUEL

Nobody never told me I had ta be in bed by 10.

PATRICK

Eleven, but I understand. I have no control over the rules.

MANUEL

This your place, ain't it?

PATRICK

I am not the only one who makes them.

MANUEL

I'm not gonna do a stupid bedtime.

PATRICK

Tell you what. Have some free drinks and hors d'oeuvres, then Mr. Goodwin will take you back into town should you feel you still cannot commit to staying. No disputes.

MANUEL

Aight. I'm 'a drink you dry.

PATRICK

As you see fit.

Patrick moves to discuss the situation with Brad. Brad disappears into the interior. Manuel struts to the minibar where Trisha finishes her last bit of cleaning.

MANUEL

Tequila.

TRISHA

I'm moving to the outdoor bar. I'll be happy to serve you there.

MANUEL

I was told the alcohol was on the house! Tequila! Now!

Patrick nods to Trisha before taking his leave outside.

TRISHA

OK. I've got Tequila.

She pours a shot. Manuel snatches it, takes a test sip, then spits it out.

MANUEL

The fuck is this? I thought this's supposed to be the good shit!

TRISHA

I have better brands in the kitchen. Aged. Let me set up, and I'll grab it for you.

Trisha exits towards the outdoor bar leaving Manuel alone.

MANUEL

Stupid bitch.

Manuel enters the dining area.

24

INT. DINING AREA - DAY

24

The restaurant-style area is full of empty tables - some with chairs, others at booths. Manuel enters and searches the bar but only finds the same crap brand from before.

MANUEL  
 Alright, Fuckers.

He looks to the kitchen and enters through the swinging door.

25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 25

Manuel rummages through the cabinets. The cellar door cracks open behind him. He heads downstairs cursing to himself.

26 INT. KITCHEN CELLAR - DAY 26

Manuel slows his pace when he reaches the bottom of the stairs in the dark cellar.

MANUEL  
 Piece o' shit can't even afford  
 electricity.

He flips a light switch, exposing rows of wine bottles neatly lined on a few long shelves. He pulls one out, then tosses it behind him; it shatters on the floor. He sees a pitch black room with a wooden frame missing its door further back.

27 INT. KITCHEN CELLAR STORAGE ROOM - DAY 27

Manuel feels for a light switch along the inside of the door - there is none. He cautiously steps in. He feels eyes on him as the darkness envelops him. He reaches up and slowly pulls on a small chain. A dim bulb flickers on exposing rows of liquor.

MANUEL  
 Jackpot.

Manuel carefully reads through the labels on the bottles.

MANUEL  
 Tequila. Tequila. Yes! Aight. Blanco.  
 Reposado. Ah shit! Un Añejo!

He pops open the bottle and pulls a long swig.

MANUEL  
 Oh, fuck yeah.

Movement in the shadows.

MANUEL

Who's there?

Only silence.

MANUEL

Don't fuck with me! That Johnson  
guy said I could have whatever I  
want.

He anticipates an answer... nothing. He gulps as an  
unsettling feeling wrenches in his gut.

MANUEL

That's what I thought.

Manuel turns to leave taking another gulp from the bottle. A large, deadened hand grabs it, pinning it to his mouth. The assailant can't be seen but towers over him pressing Manuel to his burly chest. Manuel fights to free himself but can't, the liquor muffling his calls for help. The assailant's other hand reaches up in a hammer fist and slams hard on the top of the bottle. *WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!* The corners of Manuel's mouth split open. His body goes limp and slips to the floor, the bottle of Tequila lodged deep into his throat. Footsteps drag and thump in the shadows as Manuel's body quickly drags away into the darkness.

28

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

28

The covered veranda offers ample shade with wood stools at the outdoor bar and various couches to lounge. Small rounded tables stand sparingly around a quaint dance floor. A wood railing opens up to an elongated pool in a vast courtyard with neatly trimmed bushes along the walls. Lines of cushioned chaise lounge chairs with umbrellas surround the glistening water.

Stella exits, the last to join the group. She plops down next to Trevor and Angie. Sean, Kara, Cody, and Jake lean over the rail enjoying the view. Robert and Grace join them.

KARA

It's so beautiful.

CODY

I told you.

JAKE

I told them.

CODY  
Shoosh, you!  
(motioning to Sean)  
Is he the strong silent type?

KARA  
Most of the time, yeah.

SEAN  
I'm standing right here.

ROBERT  
Nothing wrong with keeping your  
thoughts private.

JAKE  
You are correct, Sir.

ROBERT  
Are you trying to make me feel old?

JAKE  
Sorry.

ROBERT  
I'm Robert and this is my lovely  
wife Grace.

Jake awkwardly waves. Grace doesn't break her gaze over the impressive pool area.

GRACE  
She's right, you know. It's fucking  
beautiful.

Everyone peers over to Grace with shock and approval.

GRACE  
What? It is.

CODY  
I like her.

Trisha enters the veranda and begins setup of the outdoor bar.

STELLA  
Bartender girl! Where's Manuel?

TRISHA  
I don't know. He might have left.



STELLA

Maldito.

Trevor notices Stella's wedding ring.

TREVOR

Everything OK with your husband? He was pretty pissed.

STELLA

Who, Manny? He's not my husband.

TREVOR

My bad. Fiance.

STELLA

(with a suggestive smile)

No.

Angie's face twists in disgust.

TREVOR

Name's Trevor.

STELLA

(daintily holding her hand out)

Stella. I'm sure the pleasure is all mine. Anyone ever tell you you look like Marky Mark?

TREVOR

No, never.

ANGIE

He hears it all the time.

TREVOR

(to Angie)

She doesn't know that.

STELLA

Lucky girl. He's definitely got the right stuff.

Stella winks at a puzzled Trevor who can't contain his smile.

STELLA

You two married?

ANGIE  
 (interjecting)  
 We're newlyweds. This is our  
 honeymoon.

STELLA  
 Oh, is that so?

ANGIE  
 That's so.

Scott and Laura keep their distance, refusing to socialize.

CODY  
 Isn't this supposed to be a party?

JAKE  
 (to Robert)  
 Do you drink?

ROBERT  
 I've had more liquor in my life  
 than the both of you combined.

CODY  
 I like him too.

JAKE  
 Bartender! Let's get a round of  
 shots!

Everyone makes their way to the outdoor bar except Sean,  
 Scott, and Laura. Trisha pulls out shot glasses. Kara back  
 steps to Sean.

KARA  
 That means you.

SEAN  
 It's not really my thing.

KARA  
 You actually have to try a thing  
 before you can say something's NOT  
 your thing.

Robert returns.

ROBERT  
 Care for a bit of advice from an  
 old man? Never pass up drinks with  
 good people.

SEAN

Alright.

KARA

Ah damn! Seany Sean 'bout to get  
his drank on!

Sean flashes a look at Kara. She smirks. They join the others.

JAKE

(to Alex and Laura)

Hey, you two! Come join.

LAURA

We're good.

GRACE

I want a toast with  
everyone. Doesn't have to be  
alcoholic.

SCOTT

OK. One drink.

Scott and Laura finally join the others at the bar.

LAURA

Arnold Palmer.

SCOTT

Mojito.

Laura turns to Scott concerned.

SCOTT

I'll be fine.

Most everyone holds shots except Robert with an Old Fashioned. Trisha hands Scott and Laura their drinks. Sean cradles his tiny glass as the most inexperienced drinker.

EVERYONE

Cheers!

GRACE

Bottoms up, Bitches.

Robert taps his glass on the bar. Everyone laughs and drinks.

Trisha treats the group to some music as long as they keep quiet. Robert dances with Grace gracefully; Jake and Cody dance more candidly. Scott and Laura returned to their antisocial whispers. Angie sips another margarita behind her sunglasses.

TREVOR

Do you wanna dance or what?

ANGIE

Not feeling it.

STELLA

I'll dance with you.

TREVOR

(to Angie)

Your loss.

Trevor gets up with Stella.

ANGIE

(to herself)

Bitch.

Sean moves to enjoy the light reflecting off the pool. Kara joins him.

KARA

Say it.

SEAN

No, it's stupid.

KARA

Come on. I never get to hear it.

SEAN

You write wins, not tragedies.

KARA

YES!!

A loud crash just outside the veranda interrupts the festivity. Dirty gardening tools lay scattered on the stone pavement. Sean and Kara rush over to help when Sean notices the gardener's face.

SEAN

Dad?

FRANK ALEXANDER (40s) stares mouth agape at Sean.

FRANK  
What the hell are you doing here?

SEAN  
Funny way to greet your son.

FRANK  
No no no no no. You shouldn't be here. Get out of here!

SEAN  
No. I'm a guest.

FRANK  
(grabbing Sean's arm)  
You don't understand. You don't belong here.

SEAN  
(yanking his arm free)  
You know what?

Sean stands, dropping the tools he's picked up.

SEAN  
Pick 'em up yourself.

Sean storms off inside the building.

KARA  
Sean!

Kara picks up some of the tools and hands them to Frank.

KARA  
He was right. You really are a bunch of dicks.

Frank, embarrassed, disappears quickly around the corner back to his duties. Kara plops on one of the outdoor couches.

CODY  
Aren't you going after him?

She shakes her head.

30 INT. LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON 30

Sean storms in looking for the staff.

SEAN  
Priscilla?

No answer. He pushes into the interior area infuriated.

31 INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 31

Sean enters looking around for Priscilla. A thump from below moves him to the open cellar door.

SEAN  
Hello?

Sean stares into the darkness creeping out of the cellar. He leans forward. A hand violently snatches him back.

VIC  
What're you doing?!

SEAN  
Sorry, I was just looking for-

VIC  
That's a restricted area! You don't belong down there!

Priscilla enters with a box of food, placing it on the counter.

SEAN  
Geezus, I said I was sorry!

PRISCILLA  
It's OK, Vic. He's family.

VIC  
This runt?

PRISCILLA  
Careful. That's Johnson blood.

Vic eases his grip and straightens Sean's shirt.

VIC  
My apologies.

Vic exits grumbling to himself.

SEAN

Handy little trick, but I'm not a Johnson.

PRISCILLA

Privileged information.

SEAN

I guess. So hey, quick question. What the hell is my dad doing here?

PRISCILLA

I thought you knew. He's been here since you left. You saw him?

SEAN

Yeah.

PRISCILLA

Was it bad?

SEAN

No "hello, nice to see you," nothing. Just ranted how I shouldn't be here.

PRISCILLA

Rude.

SEAN

Seems to be going around these days. Maybe he's right. I dunno.

Sean leans against the counter. Priscilla unpacks the food.

PRISCILLA

Or maybe he didn't want you to see him so low. Sometimes we have to get away from our parents.

SEAN

Like you did?

PRISCILLA

(pointing to her outfit)  
I'm working on it.

Sean cracks a smile.

PRISCILLA

Can I say something?

SEAN

If I said no, it wouldn't stop you.

PRISCILLA

All parents can be bastards to their kids, but he also got you out, right?

SEAN

I suppose.

PRISCILLA

Suppose nothing. That's a fact! Sounds like he means well.

SEAN

Easy for you to say.

PRISCILLA

Do you know how shitty it is to be stuck at home well into your 20s? If I even had the slightest chance to break away, my ass would be off in Tahiti right now. We're both here for a reason. Just accept it. I do.

SEAN

You're right.

Priscilla eyeballs him curiously.

PRISCILLA

You really don't know anything about your family, do you?

SEAN

No, not really.

PRISCILLA

Anyway, you're a guest. Who gives a shit what the janitor says.

SEAN

Thanks.

Sean starts to leave. Priscilla stares down the cellar steps.

SEAN

What's down there anyway? I thought I heard something.



PRISCILLA  
Family secret.

Priscilla winks at him. Sean furrows his brow.

PRISCILLA  
I'm kidding. I have no idea.

SEAN  
If it's that "surprise" for the morning, I don't wanna know.

PRISCILLA  
I guess we'll both be surprised then.

Sean exits. Priscilla turns back and shuts the door.

32 EXT. NIGHT SKY - EARLY EVENING 32

The Hunter's moon rises in the evening sky.

33 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 33

Brad naps in a twisting chair with his chin to his chest and arms crossed. He sits in front of an older CCTV system with a classic switchboard; taped labels marked in pen above the buttons and levers. The screens display various portions of the main areas - lobby, courtyard, kitchen, dining area, 2 hallways, 2 stairwells, front gate, and 3 of the vineyard. Beside the older CCTV rests another set of newer monitors not visible. Trisha enters with a plate of food.

TRISHA  
(kicking Brad's chair)  
Quit sleeping on the job.

BRAD  
I wasn't sleeping. I was thinking.

TRISHA  
You need to keep an eye on everyone.

Trisha places the plate of food on the desk.

BRAD  
This is what? Your second go around?

TRISHA  
It's almost time.

Brad stretches his arms between his legs, straightening up.

BRAD  
I know.

He blinks a few times before grabbing his plate to eat. They watch the group in the dining area.

34 INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

34

Everyone sits at a large table finishing up dessert and enjoying some laughs and cocktails. Vic buses the last set of dirty plates and utensils around the jolly group.

CODY  
... and then my dad said something  
I never expected. He says, "well,  
I'm still gonna love ya, even if  
you are a faggot."

Most everyone laughs.

ANGIE  
That's terrible.

JAKE  
Terribly funny!

ANGIE  
How can you say that?

CODY  
That's the most affection my old  
man has ever shown me. I'll take  
what I can get.

ROBERT  
Families can be tough, I know. I  
was raised as an only child...  
which really annoyed my brother.

Everyone laughs and continues in their own conversations.

KARA  
(turning to Sean)  
You good?

SEAN

Better.

Kara smiles. Vic enters one last time.

VIC

Folks, it's 10:30. Last call.  
Please return to your rooms in a  
timely manner before the curfew.

Jake grabs the last bottle of whiskey; it's half full.

JAKE

Dibs!

ROBERT

With that, we shall call it a  
night.

CODY

No, don't go!

GRACE

Even us young souls need sleep.

JAKE

C'est la vie.

GRACE

Don't get all Frenchy on me, kiddo.

Grace smiles and winks as she exits.

ROBERT

Good evening to you all.

STELLA

I guess I'll go too.

TREVOR

Already?

Angie scowls.

STELLA

Manuel's home by now and there's  
nothing exciting going on.

Stella leans forward, exposing her cleavage to Trevor.

ANGIE

Yeah, I'm turning in.

Angie pushes her chair out and leaves. Trevor quickly stands.

TREVOR  
Angie? Uh, goodnight.

Trevor chases after Angie. Scott and Laura also stand.

JAKE  
Don't poop out like everyone.

Scott waves them off as he and Laura leave.

CODY  
Yeah, I didn't think that would hold up. What about you, lightweights?

KARA  
(yawning)  
I'm wide awake.

Jake pours whiskey into 4 glasses. Vic grabs the last of the glassware and exits for the kitchen.

SEAN  
Please no.

JAKE  
One more for Jesus.

CODY  
Ugh. Last one.

JAKE  
(raising his glass)  
To wealth, to class, to many lovers in your ass.

KARA  
Amen.

SEAN  
Gross.

They guzzle their shots. Sean winces at the burn.

KARA  
WOO!

CODY  
Alright, Babe. Bed time.

Cody gets up tugging at Jake's arm. Sean feels the last drink more than the others. Jake grabs the whiskey bottle.

CODY  
Leave it.

JAKE  
Why? I'm barely feeling it.

CODY  
No. Time for bed.  
(to Sean and Kara)  
See ya'll in the morning.

Jake swallows what he can from the bottle.

CODY  
That's enough. You're cut off.

Jake leaves the bottle on the table.

JAKE  
(quietly to Cody)  
Are you serious right now?

CODY  
(trailing off)  
Yes. There's plenty more tomorrow.

Sean lays his head on the table. Kara pulls him up.

KARA  
No passing out yet, Mister.

SEAN  
I'm up.

They exit for their room.

35 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

35

Brad shovels food into his mouth with his fork.

BRAD  
(mouth half full)  
See? Everyone's going to bed.

TRISHA  
Whatever. I'm gonna check on Priscilla and rest for a bit. Stay awake.

Trisha exits. Brad looks to make sure she's gone. He pulls out a tiny speaker and his phone. He scrolls through his music until he finds Franz Schubert's Symphony 8: Allegro Moderato. The violins play. Brad gently sways his fork like a baton pretending to conduct the orchestra. He rhythmically scoops another bite into his mouth.

[MUSICAL INTERLUDE CONTINUES AS...]

36 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S ROOM - NIGHT 36

Grace fluffs her pillow. Robert reads a book in bed. She climbs in to join him.

37 INT. GUEST ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 37

Sean and Kara trudge down the long corridor. Cody and Jake find their room near the beginning of the hallway.

KARA

Goodnight!

CODY

Night night!

Cody and Jake disappear into their room. Scott shuts his door as Laura drops her heavy suitcase on the bed. Stella steps out of her room holding a towel under her arm. She passes by Sean and Kara.

STELLA

Just getting some fresh air.

KARA

Mmhmm.

Kara looks into their room. Sean's bag sits neatly next to the dresser while Kara's backpack looks as if it was thrown in.

KARA

Found our room.

Kara grabs Sean while he leans against the wall.

38 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 38

Brad chews his food feeling the music even deeper. Stella exits the frame on the hallway monitor. Brad misses her and watches Kara lead Sean into the room.

39 INT. SEAN AND KARA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 39

Kara leads drunk Sean into their lavishly large bedroom. All the rooms are furnished with a king-sized bed and an ornate dresser next to a private bathroom. Two white folded towels are stacked on top of each other next to two matching robes. A carafe of water sits on a silver tray with two upturned glasses. Sean flops on the bed.

40 INT. ANGIE AND TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT 40

Trevor sits on the bed while Angie exits the bathroom freshly showered. She removes her robe to her pajamas underneath.

ANGIE

Fuck you, Trevor. You've been all over that slut since we got here!

TREVOR

What? It's not my fault YOU didn't wanna dance.

Angie throws the robe at Trevor - he catches it. She pulls out a sleeping mask and an MP3 player wrapped with earbuds from her bag, then promptly tucks herself in bed.

TREVOR

This is why our marriage isn't working. You're just going to throw shit around and ignore me like you always do instead of actually talking to me.

Angie inserts her earbuds, powers up her player, and turns it up to drown out Trevor. She throws what would be Trevor's pillow on the floor before placing the mask over her eyes.

TREVOR

Real mature.

Angie ignores him. Trevor pretends to throw something at her.

TREVOR  
You fucking bitch.

Trevor snatches up the pillow from the floor and squeezes it in frustration. He looks out the barred window at the Hunter's moon. He spies Stella swimming in the pool below. He looks at Angie still intent on falling asleep without him.

41 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 41

Brad stands now in full swing with the music. He looks at the monitors. All clear. He closes his eyes and continues the overture as Trevor exits his room without Brad seeing again. Stella swims out from behind an umbrella.

42 INT. SEAN AND KARA'S ROOM - NIGHT 42

Kara, dressed for bed, opens the curtains to the barred window.

KARA  
Uck. It's like a prison. Really screws the view.

SEAN  
I'm lying down but everything's still spinning.

Kara pours a glass of water and brings it to Sean.

KARA  
Drink this.

Sean sits up, grabs the glass, and gulps the water down.

43 INT. GUEST ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 43

Jake sneaks out of the room - Cody already passed out in bed. He gently shuts the door. He walks down the hallway with his arm up to one wall so he can walk straight.

44 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 44

Jake continues out of view on the monitor. Brad sways his arms wide with full bravado, missing him as well.



45 EXT. POOL - NIGHT

45

Trevor emerges from the veranda to the moonlit pool area. He sits on a chaise lounge next to Stella's jean shorts and towel to gaze at her swimming. Stella stops when she realizes he's watching her.

STELLA  
Hey there.

TREVOR  
That looks nice.

STELLA  
Why don't you join me?

TREVOR  
I kind of like my view from here.

Stella smiles seductively as Trevor looks down at the moonlight beaming off her chest.

STELLA  
I've got a couple more laps to do.

TREVOR  
I don't mind.

STELLA  
What about your wife?

TREVOR  
She's sound asleep.

Trevor leans back in the chaise lounge and puts his arms behind his head. Stella smiles as she resumes her laps.

46 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

46

The musical interlude builds as Brad no longer pays any attention to his guard duties.

SERIES: Angie sleeps soundly on her back. Robert shuts off the light; Grace on her side. Cody turns over in bed. Kara takes the empty glass from Sean.

Brad briefly checks the monitors without breaking his rhythm. Just as the music hits a crescendo, Brad presses a Master Button on his control board - he's timed this moment perfectly.

The bolts on the front and veranda doors lock - a red light appearing just above the handles. The guest room doors automatically lock as well with red lights popping on in the hall. Kara hears the bolt flick as Sean flops back on the bed.

KARA

Woah.

[END SERIES]

Brad continues in full conductor mode when...

TRISHA

(O.S.)

What are you doing?

Brad catches himself from his embarrassing antics and shuts off the speaker. Trisha stands in the doorway.

[END MUSICAL INTERLUDE]

BRAD

I thought you went to bed.

TRISHA

Just making sure everything's secure.

Trisha moves to the screens, checking the side ones first.

47

INT. SEAN AND KARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

47

Kara approaches the door and tries to open it unsuccessfully.

KARA

Man, they take this shit seriously.

SEAN

I feel like I'm dying.

KARA

Sleep it off, you fucking alchy.

Sean shuffles on his back up to the pillow and kicks his shoes off, slowly drifting into sleep. Kara climbs under the covers.

SEAN

Hey, Kara.

KARA

Yeah.

SEAN

Thanks for taking care of me.

KARA

You'd do the same for me.

Kara looks at Sean still atop the duvet.

KARA

You can use the blanket. Just stay on top of the sheet... Sean?

Sean lets out a light, open-mouth snore.

KARA

Goodnight, you idiot.

Kara turns off the light next to her and shuts her eyes.

48

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

48

Brad nervously sits as Trisha examines the screens.

BRAD

See? All clear.

TRISHA

Then what's that?

Trisha points to the courtyard screen. Stella swims into view; Trevor's head just over the top of one of the chaise lounges.

TRISHA

And there too.

Jake scuffs his feet into the lobby. He giggles to himself, heading straight for the dining area.

BRAD

It's just a couple of stragglers. Nothing to worry about. I got it.

Trisha, not convinced, purses her lips. They watch Jake enter the dining area.

49 INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

49

Jake stumbles into the dark area. He walks his hands across the tables when he runs into a chair.

JAKE

Stupid.

The swinging doors of the kitchen move. Jake doesn't notice. He staggers to a booth and catches himself. He straightens up, his head cocked back in a dizzying stupor, mouth open.

JAKE

Fuuuuuck. I'm drunk.

Jake looks at his reflection in the glass of a framed painting. A boot-drag-thump on the dining room floor. Jake squints and focuses on a large, dark figure behind him.

[INTERCUT WITH...]

50 INT. SEAN AND KARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

50

Sean and Kara are sound asleep. Sean twitches.

Jake turns around from his reflection.

JAKE

You can't sneak up on a guy like that, big boy.

Eddie breathes deeply - his mask obscured in darkness; a long scar across his neck.

JAKE

Where'd you take the whiskey?

Eddie stands silent, his chest slowly heaving.

JAKE

(stepping closer to Eddie)  
No hablo English? Whis-key!

Jake tries to shove Eddie, but he's immovable.

JAKE

Sturdy lil bitch, aren't ya?

Eddie abruptly wraps his massive hand around Jake's neck, lifting him off the floor with one hand.

Sean shifts uncomfortably in his sleep; Kara undisturbed.

Jake hits Eddie's arms, but he doesn't let up. He braces his feet against Eddie's gut and pushes hard, forcing open his grip. Jake falls backwards and slams his head against the corner of a table.

Sean shifts hard.

Disoriented, Jake's head bleeds profusely from the wide open gash. He slides on the floor, a trail of blood smearing behind him. Eddie raises his dirty boot and stomps Jake's head in.

Sean jumps in his sleep; Kara still unaware.

[END INTERCUT]

Eddie looks at his shoe as a slimy mixture of blood and brains oozes on it. He wipes his boot off on Jake's back.

51 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 51

Brad and Trisha cringe at the bloody scene.

BRAD

WOAH!!

TRISHA

(stifling a gag)

Ugh, that's horrible!

They continue to watch.

52 EXT. POOL - NIGHT 52

Stella finishes her laps and wades back over to Trevor.

STELLA

Enjoying yourself?

TREVOR

Very much.

Stella climbs out of the water revealing a matching bikini bottom. Trevor can't help but let his eyes trace her curves as she wipes herself down. She saunters over to Trevor's chair, dropping her towel next to her shorts.

STELLA

You look so tense.

Stella straddles Trevor as he tenses from the chill of her thighs. She runs her fingers down Trevor's chest towards his crotch. He closes his eyes in pleasure. He grabs Stella's ass with both hands and kisses between her breasts. They kiss passionately. Stella slowly pulls away, biting his lower lip.

STELLA

Relax.

Stella pushes Trevor back into the cushions, then crawls backwards planting a trail of kisses down his chest. She pulls down his shorts. Trevor looks around cautiously. Stella starts working her magic. Trevor closes his eyes in ecstasy, loud slurps fill the night air.

TREVOR

Oh shit.

Trevor puts one hand on top of Stella's head.

53 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 53

Brad and Trisha watch Stella disappear into Trevor's lap. He looks down and pushes a button unlocking the veranda door - the red light shutting off.

54 INT. SEAN AND KARA'S ROOM - NIGHT 54

Sean twitches in his sleep. Visions of his previous nightmare fill his mind again. Mary appears at the foot of Sean's bed as Beth's chant echoes over and over again like before.

BETH

(V.O.)

Sanguinem maledicta. Omnes  
interficere.  
[*Blood curse. Kill them all.*]

[INTERCUT WITH...]

55 EXT. POOL - NIGHT 55

Trevor wraps Stella's hair around his hand as he spreads his legs along the sides of the chair. The veranda door creaks open. Trevor loses all awareness of his surroundings. Eddie breathes heavily as he approaches behind them.

Mary cries tears of blood. More people begin to chant with Beth - their voices slowly growing louder.

Eddie moves right up to Trevor's shoulder.

TREVOR  
Oh God. I'm gonna explode.

STELLA  
Do it, Baby.

Trevor gets closer to orgasm and closes his eyes, leaning his head back. Eddie pulls his axe from a leather loop on his belt.

Mary slides on Beth's mask, drawing the same rune on her forehead with blood. The voices continue to grow.

Eddie raises his axe high but then hesitates when he notices Stella below. Trevor orgasms hard. He opens his eyes to see Eddie with his axe raised high.

TREVOR  
What the fuck?

The chanting voices suddenly cease all at once.

MARY  
(V.O.)  
Dimittere eos!  
[Release them!]

Mary quickly swipes the bloody rune to the side, smearing it.

[END INTERCUT]

Eddie swipes down onto Stella's neck - still sucking away. Trevor screams as Eddie hacks again, blood spattering his face.

SERIES: Sean's eyes open; he jolts up. Brad and Trisha cringe and "ooh". Cody jumps in his sleep, rolling over looking for Jake. Angie sleeps unmoving with her music.

[END SERIES]

Eddie steps back curious at his work. Trevor looks down to find Stella's severed head clamped down on his manhood. He whimpers and runs. Eddie tosses the chair aside. Trevor pulls his shorts up the best he can as he flees along the pool. Eddie follows.

56 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

56

Brad leans back from the screen.

BRAD  
See? I told you I got it.

TRISHA  
Whatever.

BRAD  
Take Vic and start setting up.

TRISHA  
No more screw ups.

BRAD  
(clapping his hands together)  
We are on!

Brad resumes surveilling the screens. Trisha grabs 2 earpieces and 2 radios before exiting.

57 INT. SEAN AND KARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

57

Sean wipes sweat off his brow as he breathes heavily. The door pops open on its own. He sees Beth walk by in the hall.

SEAN  
(shaking Kara)  
Kara. Kara!

KARA  
(groggily)  
What?

SEAN  
Get up. I saw her.

KARA  
Who?

SEAN  
My mom.

KARA  
You're having a nightmare.

SEAN  
No, the door's open.

Kara looks over to the open door. Sean puts his shoes on.



KARA  
What are you doing?

SEAN  
I swear I heard someone scream.

Kara flops back onto her pillow.

KARA  
It was just getting good.

Kara throws the blanket off.

58 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 58

Trevor frantically searches for a place to hide, pulling on a locked gate across the way, unsure if he should scream for help or not. He rounds a corner and finds an old service door to an unused storage room. He looks for Eddie but doesn't see him. He slips inside as quietly as he can.

59 INT. UNUSED STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 59

Trevor shuts the door, staggering back. Eddie's heavy boot-drag-thump approaches. His shadow stops just outside, obscuring the moonlight shining under the bottom edge. Trevor holds his breath. He can hear his heartbeat heighten in his ears. The boot-drag-thump steps away, slowly fading. Trevor sighs in relief as the pain rushes to his mangled crotch. He eases onto a small bench, Stella's teeth clamped tight. He pulls and immediately cringes. It won't budge. He painstakingly grinds off Stella's head and drops it, stifling a gag. He backs away as the shadow behind the door returned - he failed to hear him.

TREVOR  
(quietly)  
Fuck.

Trevor searches for a hiding spot. He turns as a knife plunges into his gut. Before him is Beth's mask staring back at him. She slowly pulls the knife out as blood drips from the open wound. Trevor falls to the ground.

TREVOR  
Please. Don't.

The masked woman mounts him, stabbing him over and over again. Trevor dies in a puddle of his own blood. The woman snatches Stella's head off the ground.

60 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 60

Brad, back on guard, sees Sean and Kara leave their room.

BRAD

What the-...

He leans in. The switchboard still says it's on "Locked". He pushes the lever back and forth, but it's not working.

BRAD

Son of a bitch.

Brad grabs a radio.

BRAD

Trish.

[INTERCUT WITH...]

61 INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT 61

Trisha and Vic wear plastic gloves as they're packing up Jake's dead body. Trisha takes off a glove and clicks her button on her radio. She talks into the mic attached to her earpiece.

TRISHA

What?

BRAD

Two subjects are out of their rooms.

TRISHA

I said no more screw ups!

BRAD

Something's wrong with the switchboard. You have to stop them.

TRISHA

We are knee-deep in brain juice. Go get them before they wake the others.

BRAD

(to himself)

Dammit.

Brad gets up and grabs a headset. He pulls a shotgun from a cabinet behind him before exiting.

[END INTERCUT]

62 INT. CODY AND JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT 62

Cody paces back and forth when he hears a light knock.

CODY

Babe?

He rushes to the door.

63 INT. GUEST ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 63

Kara presses up to Cody and Jake's door.

KARA

You guys alright?

CODY

(O.S.)

No. Jake's gone. I can't find him.

KARA

Sit tight. We'll try to get you out.

Kara returns to their room.

MARY

(V.O. whispering)

Dimittere eosss.

[Release them.]

Sean turns to see Beth at the opposite end of the hallway.

KARA

(O.S.)

Hold this.

Sean jumps as Kara shoves her backpack into his chest. He turns back to look for Beth, but she's gone.

KARA

What is it?

SEAN

Nothing.

Kara unzips her bag and rummages through. She pulls out a pen, and tries to lodge it into the keyhole.

SEAN  
That won't work.

KARA  
Then you try.

Kara holds the pen out for Sean.

SEAN  
Do you have anything of use in  
here?

Sean searches through her backpack.

CUT TO

64 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 64

Sean and Kara stand in the hallway on the screen. A bloody hand reaches over to the switchboard and flips the guest rooms to "Unlocked".

BACK TO

65 INT. GUEST ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 65

Sean and Kara jump as all the bolts unlock on the doors.

KARA  
What'd you do?

SEAN  
I didn't do anything.

Cody flings the door open.

CODY  
Why was my door locked?

SEAN  
They all were.

CODY  
My stomach is totally fucked right  
now.

KARA  
What happened to Jake?

CODY  
I don't know.

SEAN  
You didn't hear him leave?

CODY  
I was asleep.

KARA  
Maybe he went back to the bar.

CODY  
Probably. That man has no control.

KARA  
(throwing on her backpack)  
Let's go check.

Kara and Cody exit the hall. Sean looks for Beth - she's not there. He follows after Kara and Cody.

66

INT. ANGIE AND TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

66

Angie sleeps soundly. The door handle to her room slowly turns. She shuffles in her sleep as the door squeaks open. A familiar boot-drag-thump lightly steps across the carpet. A shadow passes over Angie. The blanket at her feet rises up - someone crawls underneath and up her leg. Angie stirs awake.

ANGIE  
Knock it off. I'm not in the mood.

The body straddles Angie's legs, inching closer to her face.

ANGIE  
I said no. Quit being a dick.

Movement underneath gets just below her chest. Angie yanks out her earbuds and pulls off her eye mask.

ANGIE  
What the fuck, Trevor! Are you deaf?

Angie throws the blanket off. Beth's mask stares at her. Angie gasps, a lump catches her voice in her throat. She violently kicks to get the woman off her who slashes Angie's arm. Angie falls to the floor and scoots away from the bed. Beth's mask menaces over her, swinging the knife. Angie stumbles to her feet towards the bathroom. She rushes in and slams the door shut.

67 INT. ANGIE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 67

Angie rushes to the back corner, cradling her arm. She grabs an aerosol air freshener for defense. She notices the door still unlocked. She hurries over and locks it quickly, cowering back against the tub - the curtain drawn.

ANGIE  
(quietly)  
Mother fucker.

Angie holds her breath when she realizes there's slow, heavy breathing behind her. She slowly looks up - Eddie glares at her from over the curtain! She hops to her feet spraying at him. Eddie's axe slams into the side of her neck from above, hooking under her jaw, and lifting her off the ground. A burly arm wraps around her from behind the curtain. Angie squirms. Her blood sprays across the mirror.

BACK TO

68 INT. ANGIE AND TREVOR'S ROOM - NIGHT 68

Beth's mask faces the bathroom door in fascination as she taps the bloody knife on her face playfully as the struggle dies.

69 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 69

Kara and Cody carefully peek around the corner looking for danger. Sean warily catches up to them, placing his hand on Kara's shoulder; her neck zings.

SEAN  
Should we be out here?

KARA  
(hitting Sean)  
Don't do that.

SEAN  
What was that for?

CODY  
You guys don't have to come. He's my responsibility.

KARA  
We don't leave friends behind.  
Those are the rules.

CODY

Oh thank God. I'm scared as balls.

A hand reaches out behind Sean and wraps around his mouth. Sean grabs defensively. Cody squeals in terror as they realize it's Scott and Laura wearing tactical vests.

CODY

Mother fucker.

LAURA

You shouldn't be out here.

CODY

Says who? My husband's missing.

SCOTT

He left the room?

KARA

So did you.

SEAN

We think he went back to our table.

SCOTT

(to Laura)

Restaurant.

Laura moves to the dining area door.

CODY

What's she doing?

SCOTT

(blocking Cody)

You should go back to your rooms and barricade the doors.

CODY

Fuck off, Pilgrim. I'm not leaving my husband.

Cody tries to push his way past Scott, but he flips Cody around securing his arm, pinning him against the wall.

CODY

Ooh, kinky! Who the fuck do you think you are-

Sean and Kara move to intervene when Scott pulls a silenced pistol, holding it up on the wall in Cody's view who promptly shuts up. Scott holds his finger up, then nods to Laura. She draws her gun and disappears into the dining area.

CODY  
(quietly)  
Why do you have a gun?

SCOTT  
It's not safe.

SEAN  
You're the ones who brought weapons  
to a resort.

KARA  
Hah! So it is a resort.

SEAN  
Not now.

SCOTT  
They're not for you.

SEAN  
Then who are they for?

Laura re-emerges from the dining area and holsters her weapon.

LAURA  
Clear. But there's blood on the  
floor.

SCOTT  
Body?

Laura shakes her head.

SCOTT  
Dammit.

Scott releases Cody.

CODY  
What's going on? Is it Jake?

SCOTT  
Not sure.



LAURA

You should assume it was.

CODY

Oh really? Is that your sage advice?

LAURA

If you're smart, you'll get out as quick as you can.

CODY

Aren't you just a ray of fucking sunshine.

LAURA

I'm just being straight with you, but maybe you're just too "damaged" to get that.

SCOTT

We've got more important things to deal with right now like leaving.

Kara sees the red light on the front double doors.

KARA

How are we supposed to get out? The whole place is on red.

SCOTT

Command switch is probably in the staff quarters.

LAURA

What about the lower levels?

SCOTT

We don't even know if it's here or where they're hiding it.

SEAN

Does this have to do with the Johnson family?

Scott and Laura glance at each other.

SEAN

I need to know.

SCOTT

The less you know the better.

SEAN  
You don't understand. I'm-

Kara shakes her head vigorously behind Scott and Laura.

SEAN  
I-... I just want to know who I can  
trust.

LAURA  
Don't trust anyone.

KARA  
Not even you?

LAURA  
I'm not anyone.

CODY  
Psh. Hah!

LAURA  
What was that for?

CODY  
Oh you know, Psyc-ho Bitch.

LAURA  
You wanna go, Princess?

SCOTT  
Alright, that's enough.

CODY  
I will rip your balls off.

LAURA  
I'm not against hitting a woman.

CODY  
Such a gentleman.

SCOTT  
Hey! Knock it off!

CODY  
She started it.

LAURA  
And I'll finish it.

SCOTT  
No, I'LL finish it! This isn't the  
time or place to be arguing.

A fireplace poker bursts through Scott's chest. Kara screams  
as Eddie lifts Scott off the ground.

LAURA  
SCOTTIE NO!!

Scott squirms as his blood spurts across Laura and Cody's  
faces. Scott bounces on the poker and inadvertently fires  
his silenced gun. The bullets ricochet. Sean and Kara run  
behind the main desk. Cody dives behind the couch. Laura  
pulls her gun but can't get a clean shot. Scott shoots her  
upper thigh. She crumbles to her knee. Another bullet hits  
her vest knocking the wind out of her. Her gun falls and  
slides to Cody. Eddie throws Scott across the room. Cody  
grabs the gun and unloads the whole clip into Eddie's chest.  
Blood seeps from the bullet holes; they don't faze him.  
Eddie pulls his axe from its holster and moves after Cody.  
In a panic, Cody throws the gun at him. Eddie swings  
sideways, but Laura tackles Cody out of the way as the axe  
whizzes by. A small vase breaks on Eddie's face - it's Kara!

KARA  
(holding another potted plant)  
Get away from him, you bitch!

Eddie looks at them perplexed. Sean and Kara throw more  
items.

LAURA  
Let's go!

Laura pulls Cody up to his feet, and they run towards the  
guest room hallway. Beth's mask clears around the corner.  
Laura hobbles with Cody down an alternate hallway. Sean sees  
Beth's mask and dress. She looks right at him - eyes  
obscured.

SEAN  
Mom?

She points at Sean. Eddie, no longer perplexed, stomps  
towards Sean and Kara.

KARA  
Shit!

Eddie flings his axe at Sean's face. He ducks - the axe  
sticks in the wall behind him. Sean and Kara run up the  
stairs. Eddie slows down, horrible at pursuing with his

gimpy leg. Beth's mask goes limp, disappointed in his stupidity. She points to Cody and Laura's direction. She moves upstairs instead.

70 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 70

Sean and Kara sprint down the hallway trying doors on the way to the opposite end - all locked. Around a corner, they find a common room unlocked and hide inside.

Soon after, the bloody hand reaches the top of the stairs. She slowly walks down the hall gliding her fingers on the walls.

71 INT. STUDY - NIGHT 71

Sean and Kara desperately try to catch their breaths. Sean locks the door. Rows of brown book series perfectly align across built-in shelves along the walls. A large desk sits in back with a long lamp and pen stand holding a single, black pen.

SEAN

What the fuck.

KARA

Did you see that?

SEAN

Of course I saw it. I was there. It was right in my face.

Sean mimics dodging an axe.

KARA

No. I totally pulled a Ripley. I've always wanted to do that. Total badass.

Footsteps outside. They hold their breaths. The door handle jostles before the footsteps move down the hall. They sigh in relief.

Sean looks out the barred window for a way out when Kara spots a newspaper clipping framed on the wall.

KARA

Look at this.

The headline reads: "MANHUNT ENDS. TOWN REJOICES!". Reverend Stewart and his posse pose in front of the old Sheriff's station next to bloody sheets wrapped around two bodies in the background. Kara reads the names underneath the photo.

KARA

Luke Baker. Eugene Goodwin. Lilian Pomona. Ronald Hayes.

Kara pauses.

SEAN

Reverend Keith Stewart and wife Ida. Why do those names sound familiar?

KARA

Because they are.  
(pointing to Hank)  
Hank Johnson. Beth's husband. This was them.

SEAN

You really have to work on your communication.

KARA

My report. It's real.

A second door they hadn't noticed in back slowly opens.

KARA

It really happened.

SEAN

What are you going off about?

KARA

The 2 crazies. That's Beth and Eddie.

SEAN

Friends of yours?

KARA

No, they're your fucked up ancestors.

SEAN

Don't be stupid.

KARA  
 You're stupid, Stupid. Think about  
 it. Cody went all gangsta on his  
 ass, but he didn't even flinch when  
 he got shot. It's some witchy  
 voodoo shit.

SEAN  
 You can't see someone flinch with a  
 mask on. He was probably wearing a  
 bullet-proof vest.

KARA  
 Vests don't make you bleed.  
 Remember P.B.?

Sean replays the scenario in his head - he did see him  
 bleed.

KARA  
 And Beth. She pointed right at you.

SEAN  
 You threw a fern.

KARA  
 The axe went to you, remember?

Kara mocks Sean's mimic from earlier. Sean takes a moment to  
 come up with some explanation but can't think of one.

KARA  
 Baker, Pomona, Goodwin, Johnson.  
 They're all here.

SEAN  
 That doesn't make any sense.

KARA  
 Yes, it does.  
 (pointing to the covered  
 bodies)  
 Who do you think is under the  
 sheets?

FRANK  
 (O.S.)  
 Elizabeth.

SEAN  
 What the fuck?!

KARA  
 Mother Teresa's nutbag!

Sean and Kara jump back.

FRANK  
And her son.

KARA  
Why is everybody sneaking up behind  
me tonight? Not cool!

FRANK  
What's your name, girl.

KARA  
Kara.

FRANK  
Kara what?

She doesn't answer. Sean looks for an escape route.

FRANK  
I'm not with the others.

SEAN  
Right.

FRANK  
I tried to warn you earlier, Son.

SEAN  
Funny way of showing it.

FRANK  
Would you have believed me if I  
said anything back then?

Sean mulls over the logic.

FRANK  
I've been trying to find you since  
the lock down, but I didn't know  
what room you were in. You have to  
leave this place.

KARA  
The whole house is shut down.

FRANK  
I can get you out.

SEAN  
Our friends are still here.

FRANK

You can't help them, but you can get to safety if you come with me.

KARA

I think we should.

FRANK

Not you.

KARA

How come?

SEAN

She goes or you go alone.

FRANK

Then tell me your last name.

SEAN

What is it with you all and names?

FRANK

You want her to go? You give it to me.

SEAN

It's Whitley. What of it?

Frank's brow furrows.

KARA

I just want to get him out of here. Please. He's my best friend.

Frank thinks for a moment.

FRANK

Alright, but we move now.

SEAN

Not until you tell me what's happening.

FRANK

We don't have time.

SEAN

Make time! Or I find my own way like I always do.



FRANK  
You want the history?

SEAN  
I want the truth.

FRANK  
The truth-... it won't make much sense.

SEAN  
I don't care.

Frank checks his watch. He double-checks the doors, then sits on a chair. Sean sits across from him. Kara removes her backpack and settles in.

SEAN  
Are they really some hyped-up ghosts?

KARA  
They're witches.

Sean waves off Kara.

FRANK  
Sort of.

SEAN  
Well, that clears it up.

KARA  
I'm telling you, they're witches killing anyone in their path.

FRANK  
Beth and Eddie Johnson. They were victims of a horrible tragedy.

CUT TO

[FLASHBACK]

72

INT. JOHNSON CABIN KITCHEN - EVENING

72

Beth Johnson prepares dinner on a black stovepipe cooker.

FRANK  
(V.O.)  
Beth only wanted to protect her son.

BETH  
Eddie! Supper's on!

A plank creaks in the living room. Beth wipes her hands on her apron and cautiously leans an ear towards the sound.

73 INT. JOHNSON CABIN LIVING ROOM - EVENING

73

Beth enters the empty living room lit by candlelight - no electricity. A fire crackles in the fireplace.

BETH  
(picking up a candle)  
Come on out, ya hear?

She shines her light high to get a good look. Beth turns around and gasps as Eddie's white mask towers over her.

BETH  
(smacking his shoulder)  
What did I tell you?! Quit foolin'!

Eddie cringes at Beth's sharp tongue.

BETH  
Didn't ya hear me callin'?!

Eddie cowers back into a corner. Beth changes her tone.

BETH  
Oh, don't get all shy on me.

He sinks deeper into the corner.

BETH  
Alright. I understand.

Beth exits momentarily.

FRANK  
(V.O.)  
Born abnormally disfigured, the  
mask was for his protection.

She returns holding her mask and slips it on.

FRANK  
(V.O.)  
And hers was for him.

BETH  
 Will you please join me for dinner  
 before it gets cold.

Beth holds out her hand. Eddie gently grabs it.

BETH  
 Thank you. Please go wash up.

REVEREND STEWART  
 (O.S.)  
 Elizabeth Johnson!

Beth spots firelight from outside illuminating the cracks in the door frame [mimicking the opening story].

[INTERCUT WITH...]

74 EXT. JOHNSON CABIN - EVENING

74

Reverend Stewart stands tall with his thumbs dug deep into his trouser pockets; Ida just behind his right side, arms crossed.

Beth lifts her mask slowly, propping it atop her hair, realizing what's waiting for her outside.

BETH  
 Go on to your room and shut the  
 door.

Eddie fearfully clings to the corner of the wall.

BETH  
 Go! Now!

Eddie hurries to his room and mostly shuts his door.

REVEREND STEWART  
 We know you're in there. Why don't  
 ya come on out, and we can all have  
 a nice little chat.

Beth opens the front door and steps onto the porch.

[END INTERCUT]

BETH  
 Don't ya'll have anythin' better to  
 do? Pickin' on a child is shameful.

REVEREND STEWART  
That child single-handedly put four  
grown men in the hospital. Nearly  
widowed poor Lilian.

Lilian glowers at Beth.

BETH  
You folk tryna set fire to him  
would set anyone off. Whatever  
happened to "judge not lest ye be  
judged"?

REVEREND STEWART  
It's God's will to free the world  
of sin. Any good Christian knows  
that.

BETH  
Free the world of sin, not sinners.

REVEREND STEWART  
It ain't hard to follow the Word.  
In fact, your own husband agrees.

BETH  
What'd you do to Hank?

REVEREND STEWART  
Ask him yourself.

Hank timidly steps up from behind.

BETH  
Hank? What're you doin'?

HANK  
It's time, Beth. We gotta come  
clean. We can't keep runnin' from  
our wrongs. It ain't right.

BETH  
Is that what you think of your son?  
Of our family?

Hank averts his eyes in shame.

BETH  
Answer me!

Luke hands his torch over to Lilian. He, Eugene, and Ronald  
surround Beth.

REVEREND STEWART  
 (walking past Hank)  
 His conscious is clear. He's  
 answered to God and expressed his  
 love for you to do the same. So I  
 ask you. Will you absolve your sins  
 and give yourself to the Almighty?

Beth notices Luke, Eugene, and Ronald closing in on her.  
 Ronald has a lip of chew and spits.

BETH  
 At the price of my son?

REVEREND STEWART  
 There's a life for you and your  
 husband. A clean slate back in  
 town; nobody bothering you ever  
 again.

Luke, Eugene, and Ronald slowly close in.

REVEREND STEWART  
 What say you?

Beth straightens up brimming with motherly instinct.

BETH  
 I'd rather burn in hell.

Hank slinks further from sight.

REVEREND STEWART  
 Have it your way.

Luke closes in. Beth punches him in the face. Eugene strikes  
 her, sending her to the ground. Her mask flies off. Luke  
 hits Beth on the back of the head, knocking her unconscious.

75

EXT. JOHNSON CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

75

A rope under Eddie's foot catches hold of his right leg and  
 drags him out. He bellows, hoisted upside down on a tree.

Beth regains consciousness wearing just her slip - her dress  
 on Lilian. The zealots jeer. She looks up to see the  
 Hunter's moon rising. She spots Eddie hanging helplessly;  
 Luke next to him.

BETH  
 Oh Baby. I'm so sorry.

Eddie's bellowing lowers at the sight of his mother.

REVEREND STEWART

Last chance, Elizabeth. Renounce  
your witchcraft, beg for  
forgiveness, and we will set you  
free.

BETH

Fuck you!

REVEREND STEWART

(to Luke)

Do it.

Luke hacks hard at Eddie's midsection, spraying him with  
blood as his deep guttural screams of pain fill the air.

BETH

NOOO!!

Luke swings again, spraying more blood.

LUKE

Dammit!

BETH

LEAVE HIM ALONE!!

LUKE

(handing the axe to Ronald)

Take it!

Ronald grabs the hatchet and takes a few swings, covering  
himself with blood as well. Eddie tries to grab at him.  
Ronald swings and severs his left arm with a few hacks.

BETH

PLEASE STOP!! STOP IT!!

Ronald hands the hatchet to Eugene. He takes a few swipes,  
then severs Eddie's right leg holding him to the tree. Eddie  
slams onto the ground in a pool of his blood.

BETH

(sobbing)

Please just stop.

Eddie weakly pulls himself forward dragging on the ground  
with his one good arm. Eugene tries to hand the hatchet to  
Reverend Stewart, but he declines.

REVEREND STEWART

That's not my duty. But it is his.

Reverend Stewart looks to Hank. Eugene offers Hank the hatchet, he doesn't move. Eugene shoves it into Hank's chest.

HANK

Keith-... Reverend. Please.

REVEREND STEWART

It's the only way.

Hank trudges over to Eddie who weakly grasps hold of his foot in despair, whimpering. Eddie looks up to Hank, his eyes red and full of tears begging for mercy from his father.

BETH

That's your son! You can't!

REVEREND STEWART

This is your true penance.

BETH

Hank please. End this.

HANK

I am.

Hank quickly hacks at Eddie's neck. Eddie's severed head rolls close to Beth. She sobs in horror. The others jeer, all but the Reverend who smirks in satisfaction. Hank weakly walks back.

REVEREND STEWART

(his hand on Hank's shoulder)

Your sins are truly cleansed, Mr. Johnson. You're free from an eternity of hellfire.

BETH

You're all monsters.

REVEREND STEWART

Unfortunately, the same can't be said of your wife, though, we tried.

BETH

I'll kill you.

IDA

What did she say?

BETH  
I'll kill you all!

Ida snatches the hatchet from Hank and wanders over to Beth. Lilian follows - the mask in hand as she slips the dress off.

IDA  
You've brought enough evil to this world.

Lilian throws the dress in Beth's face before shoving the mask on her. Beth chants a spell over and over again.

BETH  
(repeating low to fierce)  
Sanguinem maledicta. Omnes  
interficere.  
[Blood curse. Kill them all.]

Eugene looks down to see Eddie's body convulse on its own.

EUGENE  
Uhh. Reverend?

LUKE  
She's bewitching him!

REVEREND STEWART  
She's calling forth Satan's  
power! Stop her!

Ida raises the hatchet and swipes down...

[END FLASHBACK]

BACK TO

76 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

76

Frank finishes his story.

FRANK  
They killed her. All 6 families  
did. Stewart, Goodwin, Pomona,  
Baker, Hayes...  
(looking at Sean)  
... and Johnson.

Sean ponders what everything means.



SEAN

What does this have to do with Mom?  
Why do I keep seeing her?

FRANK

Your mom- she tried to stop it...  
and was murdered in the process.

Kara puts her hand to her mouth.

SEAN

And you just sat back and let them?

FRANK

I tried to get to her in time! She  
called me when she found the truth,  
but I couldn't-

Frank looks away in shame. Sean stands and paces.

SEAN

I don't believe this shit.

FRANK

I told you it wouldn't make sense.

SEAN

No, you don't make sense! If you  
knew about all of it, why are you  
even here with these assholes?

FRANK

You don't understand. This goes so  
much deeper than you think. It has  
for generations. The ritual has to  
happen tonight.

SEAN

What ritual? You didn't say  
anything about a ritual.

FRANK

Every 15 years on the Hunter's  
moon, the blood of 12 sacrifices  
renew the seals on Beth and Eddie.  
And the Johnsons are responsible  
for seeing it through.

SEAN

And you believe that crap?

KARA  
Can't we just stop killing people?

FRANK  
If the ritual doesn't happen the  
blood curse continues, and they'll  
be free to hunt all 6 bloodlines.

SEAN  
Bullshit!

FRANK  
Sean. They killed your mother even  
when she tried to help them.  
There's no other way.

SEAN  
There's always another way.

FRANK  
They'll hunt down every last  
Johnson.

SEAN  
Well, lucky for me, I'm not a  
Johnson.

Sean moves to the desk looking for a weapon. Kara grabs her  
backpack and throws it on, following Sean.

SEAN  
We need to find Cody and Jake.

KARA  
Cody's with P.B.

SEAN  
You keep saying P.B. Who the fuck  
is P.B.?

KARA  
P.B. The Psycho Bitch.

FRANK  
You have to leave them.

Sean finds a letter opener and grabs it.

SEAN  
I'm not going anywhere without my  
friends.

FRANK

I told you, it's too late for them.

SEAN

We don't leave friends behind.  
Those are the rules.

Kara half smiles. Frank thinks to himself.

FRANK

If I help them, will you leave?

SEAN

No bullshit?

FRANK

No bullshit.

SEAN

Deal.

Sean holds his hand out. Frank shakes it, then moves to the back door to check the hall.

FRANK

It's clear. Head to that corner.  
There's a service door. Wait for me  
inside.

Sean exits. Frank stops Kara as she's about to follow.

FRANK

If anything happens, you get him  
away from all of this. You hear?

KARA

I promise.

Kara follows Sean. Frank shuts the door.

77

INT. SERVICE PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

77

Eddie's boot-drag-thump echoes throughout the empty declining passageway dragging Angie's dead body wrapped in a shower curtain behind him. He passes an older door.

78

INT. BACK STAIRWELL - NIGHT

78

Cody and Laura listen intently as Eddie's footsteps fade into the distance. Laura woozily leans against the wall.

CODY

You OK?

LAURA

I'm fine.

Cody pulls Laura's hand away to inspect her wound; she resists.

CODY

Hold still.

LAURA

I said I'm fine.

CODY

Holy shit, woman. Let me help you.

Laura stops resisting. Cody carefully inspects her leg.

CODY

The bullet went all the way through. That's good.

LAURA

How is that good?

CODY

We don't have to dig it out.

Cody rips off a strip of cloth from the bottom of his shirt.

CODY

You're lucky it missed the artery. You'd be dead by now.

LAURA

Are you a doctor?

CODY

R.N. Two years just outside ATL. A lot of bullet wounds.

Cody ties a tourniquet over her thigh.

CODY

That'll hold for now.

LAURA

Thanks.

CODY

Don't thank me yet. I can't sew it up here. Think it's safe to head out?

LAURA

I'm not chancing it with that thing.

CODY

Then where do we go?

Laura looks down the stairs.

CODY

Oh balls.

Cody and Laura make their way down. At the bottom, a large steel door blocks their way. She searches for an alarm.

LAURA

Looks safe.

CODY

Murder house. Serial killer immune to bullets. "Safe" was what I was thinking too.

LAURA

You sound like my sister.

CODY

Ah, well, she's got good wits then. She's the one you're looking for, huh?

Laura puts her ear to the door, then cranks the squeaky metal latch upward. Cody cringes at the sound.

LAURA

No. She died here 15 years ago... at the last one of these parties.

CODY

How is that even possible?

Laura pulls open the door - it squeals in the darkness. Cody plugs his ears, cautiously looking up the stairs. Behind the door a long corridor with 6 prison cells on either side stretches deeper into the underground areas.

CODY  
Oh balls, balls, BALLS. What kind  
of winery is this?

LAURA  
I told you it wasn't safe.

Up the stairs, the service door opens. Cody and Laura rush through the metal door.

79

INT. EASTERN CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

79

Cody and Laura swiftly move down the corridor; Laura hobbling as fast as she can. They reach a T-section at the end. Cody turns right. Laura turns left into a dead-end filled with stored materials lined with cobwebs. She falls against the wall and slides down to her butt - she's pushed herself too far. Cody motions for Laura to head over, but she weakly shakes her head. Laura pokes her eye around the corner. Cody peeks too. Robert and Grace enter the corridor. Cody almost moves out.

LAURA  
(quietly)  
Stop.

Cody sinks back. Brad enters behind Robert and Grace, a shotgun to their backs. Brad opens the first cell door with a key from his pocket and waves them in with the barrel.

BRAD  
Inside.

GRACE  
Go fuck yourself.

Brad shoves Grace in. Robert follows. Brad shuts the door.

BRAD  
There's one every time.

Brad looks down the corridor and notices fresh blood on the ground leading to Cody and Laura. He looks up; they barely move out of sight. Cody mouths "shit". Brad grips his shotgun and traverses the hall, following the drops of blood. Laura motions to Cody to leave, but he refuses. Brad inches closer. The tip of the barrel breaks past the edge of the wall in front of Laura's face. Brad quickly aims to Cody - he's gone.

GRACE

(O.S.)

Hey, asshole! Am I supposed to shit  
in the corner or right down your  
throat!?

BRAD

Shit on yourself for all I care!

Brad lowers his gun, just missing Laura pinned to the wall.

BRAD

Always one.

Brad walks back, hitting the cell door on his way out. Laura sighs. She looks for Cody, but he's gone. Her vision blurs as she passes out.

80 INT. UNUSED STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 80

Frank leads Sean and Kara through a door into the storage room. Kara jumps to the side, almost stepping in Trevor's blood.

81 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 81

Frank unlocks the tall back gate using his large set of keys he carries as groundskeeper. He opens the latch.

FRANK

This way.

Sean and Kara exit to the rows of grapes in the vineyard. Frank shuts the gate behind them and locks it.

SEAN

What are you doing?

FRANK

Straight down that path is another  
gate. It leads outside.

Sean rushes the gate. Frank backs away. He unhooks part of his keys and tosses them outside next to Sean's feet.

SEAN

You lying son of a bitch!

FRANK

Follow the road but don't walk on  
it. Disappear for the night. Don't  
contact anyone until sunrise.

SEAN  
I knew I couldn't trust you.

FRANK  
I'm the only one you can. None of  
you kids deserve to be haunted by  
the sins of our past.

SEAN  
Dad!

FRANK  
Run away, Sean.

SEAN  
You fucking prick! DAD!

Frank disappears into the estate. Sean kicks the gate,  
trying to open it. He picks up the keys, testing each one  
left on the keyring.

KARA  
Come on. We're almost there.

SEAN  
I'm getting everyone out.

KARA  
What? We don't even know if they're  
alive.

Sean continues trying keys.

KARA  
They won't work. He wouldn't have  
given them to you if they did.

He ignores her.

KARA  
(grabbing Sean's arm)  
Sean! Let's go!

SEAN  
(yanking his arm free)  
No! We have to go back.

KARA  
Are you stupid? You're going to get  
yourself killed!



SEAN  
But the rules!

KARA  
The rules?! There are no rules,  
Dummy! It's too late. They're lost.  
We're lost! Let's go home.

SEAN  
Then what? What do you want me to  
do? Just let them die?! Act like  
they never existed?! They pulled  
that shit on my mom! I won't do  
that to my friends.

Kara wrestles the keys away from him.

KARA  
I'm sorry.

Kara walks away. Sean kicks the gate. He pursues Kara and  
pulls the backpack from her back.

KARA  
HEY!

He opens the bag and pulls Kara's cell phone out.

KARA  
(trying to stop Sean)  
Your dad said not to contact  
anyone.

SEAN  
(shoving Kara's bag into her)  
I wouldn't leave you. What makes  
you think I'd do that to anyone  
else?

Kara zips her lip. Sean dials 911.

[INTERCUT WITH...]

82

INT. TOWNSEND COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

82

Mostly empty work desks fill the quaint station. They were  
once separated by dividers - indentations in the linoleum  
have never truly been buffed out. The phone rings atop the  
desk nearest the front entrance. A DEPUTY (20s) picks up the  
older wired phone and clicks the flashing line.

DEPUTY  
Townsend County Sheriff.

SEAN  
I need help. There are a couple of  
serial killers at the Johnson wine  
house. You need to get out here  
quick-

DEPUTY  
Woah woah woah. Slow down. I want  
to help. What's your name, Son?

The Deputy grabs a pen.

SEAN  
Sean. Sean Alexander.

DEPUTY  
You said serial killers?

SEAN  
Yes! Two of them! Wearing masks.  
They've already killed someone.

DEPUTY  
OK OK. Where are you?

SEAN  
The Johnson wine house. There are  
others trapped inside. Get out here  
quick before it's too late!

DEPUTY  
Alright. Is this a good number to  
call back?

SEAN  
Yes.

DEPUTY  
Sit tight. I'm sending someone  
right now.

SEAN  
Send a SWAT team or something!  
Hurry!

The Deputy hangs up. Sean hands the phone to Kara.

SEAN  
Police are on their way. We'll wait  
for them out front.

KARA  
We should just leave.

Sean ignores her and heads up the path. Kara follows.

[END INTERCUT]

SHERIFF CHARLIE (40s) exits his office from the back.

CHARLIE  
Everythin' good?

DEPUTY  
Just got a call from some kid  
claiming homicide at that winery up  
north.

CHARLIE  
Hmm.

DEPUTY  
It's probably another prank, but  
I'll call Miller to check it out.

CHARLIE  
No need.

DEPUTY  
Sir?

CHARLIE  
Miller's patrollin' the Harold  
neighborhood. We won't have the  
coverage if he goes that far north.  
I'll go.

DEPUTY  
OK, Chief.

Charlie grabs his sheriff's hat.

CHARLIE  
I'll call if I need anythin'.

Charlie exits the station.

83 INT. WINE FACTORY - NIGHT

83

Cody crosses the large machinery; the tankers shut off for the evening. His senses on edge, he hears a large thump echo through the factory. He slips behind a wooden door.

84 INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

84

Cody passes rows of large wine barrels stacked high when he happens upon a few of them in the middle of the aisle. Against the wall where they once stood lies a hidden steel door. A glimmer of firelight shines from behind it. He opens the door to a stone ramp leading further down.

85 INT. UNDERGROUND ALTAR - NIGHT

85

Cody steps down the stone ramp into a large, circular cavern with a high dome ceiling; a round skylight in the center. Torches line the stone walls. Twelve upright stone slabs lean slightly outward with old, screw-lock cuffs near the head and feet of each. They surround a waist-high altar in the center next to a single display pillar with a slightly slanted top. Faded blood stains lead down to a circular stone gutter below.

Cody cautiously moves to the slabs. He steps inside the circle. He turns right into Manuel's ripped face - he screams. He swivels into Scott strung up next to him. He tries to escape when he hits Trevor, then trips over Stella's head on the ground. He looks up and finally sees Jake. He audibly gasps seeing his husband's crushed head. He breaks down at Jake's feet, clutching his leg.

CODY

Oh Baby, no. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He pets Jake's leg. The metal door opens. Cody wipes the tears from his eyes and staggers to his feet. He looks for a way out - there is none. He hides behind a few stacked barrels in the corner next to some wooden planks. He peeks between them as Trisha and Vic haul in Angie's dead body.

VIC

Why are we always stuck on shit detail. I'm a chef. My hands are the tools of my trade.

TRISHA

Dammit, Vic! If I have to hear about your fucking "tools of the trade" one more time, I'm going to cut them off!

They lean Angie's body up against the slab. Vic holds her up. Trisha pulls down the cuffs and attaches them to Angie's hands.

86 EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

86

Charlie's headlights beam at the gate as he parks - his lights still on. Sean and Kara hide in the bushes. Sean steps to move out, but Kara grabs his arm.

KARA

This isn't a good idea.

SEAN

He's the only one that can help us.

Sean yanks his arm free and walks in front of the headlights waving his arms. Kara stays behind. Charlie exits the truck.

SEAN

Thank God you're here.

CHARLIE

(moving his hand to his  
pistol)

Hold on. Ease back.

Sean steps back. He looks behind and sees just the one vehicle.

SEAN

Is it just you? I said to send everybody! There's too many of them!

CHARLIE

Just tell me what's goin' on.

SEAN

Our friends are getting murdered!

Sean points to the estate.

87 INT. UNDERGROUND ALTAR - NIGHT

87

Vic and Trisha step back to take a break while Cody listens.

VIC

(counting bodies)  
Halfway there.

BRAD

(V.O. over the radio)  
Trish?

TRISHA  
 (pressing her radio)  
 What is it now?

BRAD  
 (V.O.)  
 Where's Priscilla? She's not in her  
 room.

TRISHA  
 We've got bigger problems. Did you  
 get the others?

BRAD  
 (V.O.)  
 I put 2 in the east block in #1.

TRISHA  
 That's only 8. What about the ones  
 out of their rooms?

[INTERCUT WITH...]

88 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

88

Brad walks back in and pushes his walkie.

BRAD  
 I'm looking right now.

Brad sees Sean at the front gate talking to Charlie.

BRAD  
 We have a problem. There's two  
 outside the gate... with the  
 sheriff.

TRISHA  
 Goddammit. What about the last two?

Brad looks closer. Laura hobbles into the factory. Eddie  
 enters from the opposite direction.

BRAD  
 One's being taken care of, and the  
 other...

Brad looks to the side monitors.

[END INTERCUT]

Trisha listens into her earpiece. Her eyes shoot up to the  
 barrels in the corner. Vic turns to look. Cody panics.

89

INT. WINE FACTORY - NIGHT

89

Laura hobbles between the wine machines looking for Cody. She hears Eddie's boot-drag-thump on the cement. She backs up against one of the tall canisters and slides along the edge. She accidentally kicks a metal pipe with her foot and picks it up. She listens intently but lost track of Eddie's footsteps. She turns a corner. Clear. Laura backs against some loose piping. A door creaks, then silence. She leans forward. Eddie grabs her from behind! Laura yells, his grip tight on her, but he can't fit through the pipes. She pulls herself free, her leg hurting worse as she crawls away.

Eddie rounds the corner to Laura - she's gone. He spots blood on the floor and continues searching. Laura stands high above on a platform along the top of a canister. She raises the pipe high, jumps, and cracks Eddie on the back of his head. He falls to his stomach. Laura tumbles in pain, the pipe rolling away. Eddie pushes to get up. Laura snatches the pipe and painfully pulls herself to her feet. She raises her weapon and whacks Eddie on the back. She strikes him repeatedly, then cracks the back of his skull. Blood spills on the floor, and he stops breathing. Laura catches her breath. She kicks him... nothing. She takes another whack at his head... nothing.

Laura holds herself up on a conveyor belt for grapes. Eddie grabs her leg, shoving his massive thumb into her wound. She screams and collapses. Eddie towers over her and grabs her by the hair. He drags her on the floor as she kicks and screams trying to break free. He pulls her up to one of the lower canisters, flips the lid open to a vat of red wine, lifts her up, and dunks her inside. She comes up gasping for air but Eddie shoves her back down. She struggles to free his grip but can't. Her struggling fades as she drowns.

90

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

90

Sean continues talking to Charlie by his truck.

SEAN

... We had the keys to the side gate, so we got out there. We barely escaped.

CHARLIE

You keep sayin' we. You out here with someone?

SEAN

Yeah. My best friend. I wouldn't have made it without her. Kara!

Kara drops her head.

KARA  
(to herself)  
You dummy.

SEAN  
Kara! You can come out! It's safe!

Charlie peers at Sean suspiciously.

SEAN  
Sorry, she's just scared.

Sean heads over to the bushes.

KARA  
(to herself)  
No no no.

She attempts to run, but Charlie snatches her, throwing her to the road.

SEAN  
What the hell?!

Sean rushes to her side.

SEAN  
You alright?

Charlie props his hat up.

CHARLIE  
You have got to be shittin' me.

SEAN  
What kind of cop are you?! You're supposed to help us, not hurt us!

Charlie pulls his gun, aiming at Sean.

CHARLIE  
Get up slow, hands behind your head!

SEAN  
(hands up, wide-eyed)  
WOAH! Sir! We're not joking, I swear-



CHARLIE

Shut up!

Charlie grabs Sean and slams him on the roof of his truck, handcuffing him.

SEAN

Real people are in danger!

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doin' here?

SEAN

I told you! We were invited!

CHARLIE

I ain't talkin' to you... What are YOU doin' here?

KARA

I-... I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry what?

Kara gulps.

KARA

I'm sorry-... Daddy.

SEAN

Wh-what?

Sean catches Charlie's name tag: WHITLEY.

SEAN

(to Kara)

You're a part of this?

KARA

I'm not, I swear.

CHARLIE

Shut your damn mouth!

Charlie punches Sean in the kidney. He winces.

KARA

Daddy no! Please!

CHARLIE

And you. Get your ass in the truck!

Sean throws his head back, headbutting Charlie. Charlie trips him. He falls hard. Sean scurries to stand, but Charlie pistol whips him in the back of the head, knocking him out. He heaves Sean into the backseat and slams the door.

CHARLIE  
I said, IN! NOW!

Kara hurriedly complies, throwing her backpack inside.

91 INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 91

Brad breathes a sigh of relief as Charlie yells to the camera.

CHARLIE  
Open the fuckin' gate!

Brad pushes a button and the gate unlocks. Charlie gets in his truck and speeds in.

BRAD  
(into his radio)  
And now we've got 12.

Brad exits the room without his radio.

92 INT. CELL ROOM 1 - NIGHT 92

Robert and Grace huddle in a corner. The cell door opens. The shadow of Beth towers menacingly in the door frame.

93 INT. UNDERGROUND ALTAR - NIGHT 93

Sean slowly comes to. He's cuffed to one of the stone slabs. Robert and Grace are already dead - each from multiple stab wounds. Laura hangs too, her clothes red from wine. Next to Sean whimpers Cody, his eye swollen and mouth taped shut; he shakes his head. Next to Cody, an empty slab remains. Charlie, Frank, Brad, Trisha, and Vic huddle around the altar.

CHARLIE  
That's my daughter!

FRANK  
And that's my goddamn son, Charlie!  
He's an innocent!

CHARLIE

They were all innocent! He made the choice to be here like the rest! She was tricked into comin'!

FRANK

How do you think they got my boy?!

CHARLIE

She has no idea what we do!

FRANK

Neither does he!

BRAD

That's both your faults.

FRANK

Shut up!

CHARLIE

Shut up!

FRANK

I am the only official representative of the Johnson family. I demand you let him go!

CHARLIE

Oh shut up, Frank. You ain't even a real Johnson.

FRANK

And you're not a real Haley! What gives YOU authority?

CHARLIE

(grabbing his crotch)  
My authority kept the families safe longer than you been pickin' these grapes!

Frank lunges at Charlie. Vic jumps between them.

TRISHA

Alright. ALRIGHT! Arguing isn't solving anything, and we're running out of time. The moon is almost in place. Where is she?

CHARLIE

She's not an option.

Charlie straightens his uniform.

CUT TO

94 INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

94

Kara sits against a row of wine barrels, her head buried in her arms and knees to her chest. She looks up when hearing Eddie's boot-drag-thump, but he ignores her and passes to the steel door. Beth's mask peeks around at Kara, she gasps.

BACK TO

95 INT. UNDERGROUND ALTAR - NIGHT

95

Eddie enters, interrupting the group by the altar. Everyone shuts up and steps back. Charlie's hand instinctively moves to his sidearm. Eddie walks to Brad and stops, towering over him.

BRAD  
(nervously)  
OK, Eddie. Get on the altar.

Eddie leans in, his breath in Brad's face. Brad grips his shotgun defensively as he swallows his building saliva.

BRAD  
Will you please get him up there.  
We don't have time for these games.

Beth's mask leans in from behind Trevor. She skips past Eddie.

PRISCILLA  
(patting the stone slab)  
Come here, Eddie. Up!

Eddie passes Brad, eying him, and lies down on the altar.

BRAD  
Take that damn thing off.

Priscilla removes Beth's mask. She places it on the pillar behind Eddie's head. She removes Beth's dress, folds it, and places it under the mask.

PRISCILLA  
I wanted the full experience my  
first time.

BRAD  
Is that why you busted my  
switchboard?

PRISCILLA  
I didn't break your precious board.

SEAN  
Priscilla? What are you doing?

Priscilla giggles and strolls over to him.

PRISCILLA  
It's family, Sean. Nothing is more  
important than family.

She pats Sean's cheek. Brad looks up - the edge of the  
Hunter's moon begins to shine through the circular skylight.

BRAD  
We're out of time. Where's the  
girl?

CHARLIE  
Nowhere.

PRISCILLA  
She's just outside in the cellar.

BRAD  
Bring her.

Charlie pulls his pistol on Brad; he lifts his shotgun in  
turn.

CHARLIE  
I can make you the twelfth.

BRAD  
You know how this plays out,  
Charlie.

Charlie grips his pistol tight.

BRAD  
Bring... the girl.

Priscilla merrily exits. She returns with Kara, throwing her  
inside the circle. Charlie rushes to Kara, pulls her up, and  
pushes her behind him, never dropping his gun from Brad.  
Priscilla moves next to Sean.

VIC  
Now what? We sit here till dawn  
and die?

Priscilla laughs to herself.

FRANK  
What's so funny?

PRISCILLA  
None of you see the solution right  
in front of you. But I do.

The group looks back and forth at each other.

CHARLIE  
What are you gettin' at?

Priscilla smirks at Sean, pulling out the kitchen knife.

PRISCILLA  
It's simple really.

Priscilla walks past Cody, eyeballing him playfully. She taps the knife on him - he shuts his eyes in fear. Priscilla saunters to Laura and guts her from sternum to belly. Her blood spills into the gutter. She continues down the line of victims slicing each the same - their blood filling the stream below.

PRISCILLA  
Sacrificial blood. Two for each of  
the 6 families. One for Beth. One  
for Eddie. Twelve in total.

Brad and Charlie look back and forth still aiming at the other. Priscilla ends on the body next to Sean. Frank steps forward directly behind Priscilla.

TRISHA  
But who's the twelfth?

FRANK  
Don't you dare.

PRISCILLA  
Right here.

Priscilla turns and stabs Frank.

SEAN  
DAD!

Priscilla pushes Frank back against the empty slab.

PRISCILLA  
No one's gonna miss a nobody. Isn't  
that the formula?

Charlie lowers his gun. Brad lowers his too. Frank turns to Sean.

FRANK  
I'm sorry, Son.

SEAN  
Dad. No. I can't.

Priscilla stabs him over and over. Kara turns away. Cody shuts his eyes.

SEAN  
NOOOO! YOU FUCKING BITCH!

Frank dies open-eyed staring at Sean. Sean drops his head in despair. Priscilla stands up covered in blood, pulling out the knife from Frank's chest.

PRISCILLA  
There. Problem solved. We can move on, right?

Sean raises his eyes furiously when he catches a glimpse of Beth crossing behind the stone slabs - no one else sees her.

SEAN  
Please.

Beth stops directly across from Sean and turns to him.

SEAN  
Help me.

PRISCILLA  
I never took you for a beggar.

SEAN  
This is family business. I'm done running. Help me.

PRISCILLA  
He's gone nuts! I was really hoping to enjoy this moment.

Priscilla forces a frown with a pout.

SEAN  
Help me get my vengeance.

Sean's shackles slowly unscrew on their own. Eddie's body convulses on the altar behind Priscilla - she doesn't notice. Brad and Charlie point their guns at Eddie. The others step back.

PRISCILLA

Are you serious? You really are pathetic.

SEAN

I'm a descendant of Beth and Eddie Johnson. MY blood. Not yours.

Eddie convulses more violently, the hatchet almost pulling towards Sean. Trisha grips one of the slabs for comfort.

PRISCILLA

You left, remember? You threw it away just like your filthy mother.

SEAN

I can't change my past. And you just fucked with the wrong family, Priscilla Stewart, Brad Goodwin, Vic Baker, Trisha Pomona, and Charlie Whitley. You all betray our legacy.

Kara turns back to Sean. Beth watches from outside the circle.

PRISCILLA

You're a disgrace to your bloodline.

SEAN

Listen up, you cunts! My name is Sean Alexander. You killed my father...

Eddie's body freezes. Sean's restraints undo; he falls to his feet. The hatchet flies to him; he catches it.

SEAN

(standing tall)  
Prepare to die.

KARA

Total badass.

Sean chops off Trisha's hand. He swings for Priscilla but misses, grazing Cody's slab. Cody flashes an angry look at him, mumbling through his tape.

SEAN

Sorry!

Trisha stumbles out of the cellar cradling her bloody nub. Kara runs to free Cody.



CHARLIE

Get back!

Priscilla slashes at Sean; he intercepts with the axe handle. Brad turns the shotgun to Kara and Cody. Charlie shoots him in the shoulder. The shotgun fires and misses. Vic ducks behind the altar. Eddie sits up and tears Vic's ear off; Vic falls to the ground. Brad takes cover behind a stone slab.

CHARLIE

Kara!

Charlie takes cover opposite Brad. Cody freaks out unable to defend himself as Kara undoes his cuffs. Eddie dismounts. Vic crawls for cover 2 slabs over from Brad, Charlie firing bullets in their direction. Brad looks up to the Hunter's moon - it's almost fully in view.

BRAD

We have to begin the ritual!

(chanting)

Antiqua sanguinem maledicta. Liga  
ea in terra.

[*Ancient blood curse. Bind them to  
Earth.*]

A wind mysteriously picks up in the underground altar. A misty white light builds around the circle of blood. Priscilla knocks the hatchet away from Sean. Vic tries to go after it but runs into Eddie. Vic punches Eddie; it doesn't faze him. He knocks Vic back towards the exit. Brad stops chanting. Eddie steps out of the circle, picking up the axe. Vic flees up the ramp.

BRAD

Goddammit, Vic! Shit.

Another bullet strikes the slab near Brad.

CUT TO

96

INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

96

Vic stumbles out. Eddie bursts through the door. He takes aim and throws his axe - it lodges into Vic's leg. He falls and tries to crawl away, flipping on his back. Eddie reaches for the axe, but Vic moves it out of reach. Eddie steps on his chest. Vic tries to push his foot away, but Eddie grabs his arms, spreading them up and apart in a V, and rips them off. Eddie retrieves his axe.

BACK TO

Priscilla and Sean fight behind Kara and Cody. She slams Sean into the wall. They fall to the ground, rolling about. Priscilla ends up on top and frees her hand with the knife. She stabs down. Seans screams - the knife stuck through his palm. Kara looks over; she's freed only one of Cody's handcuffs.

KARA

Shit!

Kara rushes to Sean. Cody unscrews his cuff. Kara kicks Priscilla in the side of the head, slamming her temple against the wall. Kara offers her hand to Sean. He holds up his bloody hand - the knife still lodged in it. He stands on his own and painfully pulls it out.

KARA

Hey. I'm sorry. I didn't know-

SEAN

Dude! Read the room!

A shotgun blast blows a chunk in the body next to Sean. Cody screams just as he gets the cuff off; he runs back to the barrels for cover. Charlie shoots at Brad; Brad sends rounds back at him. Sean spots Beth next to Brad reloading. He lunges with the knife. In the scuffle, he knocks down the open shotgun.

Eddie re-enters with Vic's body and drops him into the circle, then turns to Charlie. Eddie swings the axe at him. Charlie ducks, sparks flying off the slab.

Sean slashes Brad's stomach. Brad kicks him away - the knife flying. He picks up the shotgun. Kara runs over to Sean.

BRAD

It's over, Kid.

Brad snaps the shotgun shut. Behind him, Charlie stumbles; Eddie on his heels. Eddie raises his hatchet. Brad raises his gun. Just as Charlie dodges, Brad glimpses Eddie behind him with hatchet high.

BRAD

Son of a-

*BAM!* The axe buries deep into Brad's skull. With twelve killed, Eddie withdraws from pursuing Charlie. He grabs Brad by the leg and drags him into the circle. The hatchet catches on a slab. Eddie tugs a few times until it dislodges

and falls just outside the circle. Brad's blood spills into the gutter.

CHARLIE  
 (outstretching arms upward)  
 Antiqua sanguinem maledicta. Liga  
 ea in terra

The wind howls through the underground altar - the torches waning. White light flares up from the circle of blood below; the Hunter's moon in position. Beth disappears in a wisp of smoke. Priscilla awakens dazed.

SEAN  
 He's not saying it right!

KARA  
 What?

SEAN  
 It's wrong! The last part! It's  
 "dimittere eos!"

KARA  
 Dimitri what?

SEAN  
 (slower)  
 Dimittere eos!

KARA  
 What the hell does that mean?

SEAN  
 I don't fucking know!

Kara runs to Charlie.

KARA  
 Daddy stop!

Charlie looks at Kara but continues chanting when Priscilla stabs Charlie in the side - he falls.

KARA  
 DADDY!!

Sean grabs the hatchet with his bloody hand. Priscilla grabs hold of Kara - the knife snug on her neck.

PRISCILLA  
 I've worked too hard for you to  
 screw this up for me!

Priscilla chants a new spell. Eddie moves to stop her but can't get past the light barrier, pounding at it.

PRISCILLA  
 Antiqua sanguinem maledicta! Exaudi  
 me voca! Audit servus tuus!  
 [*Ancient blood curse! Hear my call!  
 Hear your servant!*]

She cuts her own hand, smearing blood along her palm.

PRISCILLA  
 Dona mihi potestas!  
 [*Grant me your power!*]

Priscilla reaches through the white light barrier and places her palm on Eddie's forehead. He eases back and willingly lays on the altar. Priscilla wipes some of her blood on Kara's forehead in a particular rune.

KARA  
 Ahh, gross!

Priscilla enters the circle with Kara and throws her to the ground, smearing the blood rune on her forehead. Cody sees a chance to escape and runs to them.

CODY  
 Let's get the fuck out of here!

Kara stands. Sean and Cody turn to flee, but Kara runs into the light barrier.

KARA  
 Sean!

Sean and Cody turn back to Kara trapped inside the barrier.

CODY  
 Shit! What do we do?!

PRISCILLA  
 Antiqua sanguinem maledicta! Illum  
 revelare! Ei mihi revelare!  
 Revelare, Eddie Johnson!  
 [*Ancient blood curse! Reveal him!  
 Reveal him to me! Reveal, Eddie  
 Johnson!*]

Priscilla wipes her blood on the knife and chants.

PRISCILLA

(repeating)

Liga eam! Liga ea in terra! Liga  
eam! Teneantur vitae! Circum eas  
mihi! Aeternus et umquam!  
*[Bind them! Bind them to Earth!  
Bind them! Bind them to life! Bind  
them to me! Forever and ever!]*

Cody grabs the hatchet from Sean and swings hard at the barrier; it sends him flying backwards into the wall. Priscilla chuckles and continues chanting, slowly raising the knife. Kara stares at Sean from behind the barrier.

KARA

Get out of here.

Priscilla stabs Eddie in the chest, then pulls the knife out. Cody recovers and grabs a wooden plank. He stabs at the barrier to look for a weak point but can't find one.

PRISCILLA

Rise up, Eddie Johnson!

Eddie climbs off the altar. He stands before Priscilla.

KARA

(to Sean)

Just go!

PRISCILLA

Put her on the altar.

Eddie hoists Kara up from behind.

SEAN

Kara!

Eddie places her on the altar, pinning her by the neck.

KARA

Run, Sean!

Priscilla puts Beth's mask onto Kara.

PRISCILLA

Antiqua sanguinem maledicta! Ea  
revelare! Ei mihi revelare!  
Revelare, Elizabeth Johnson!

Sean sees Mary just behind the mask pillar.

SEAN

Mom.

Priscilla smirks at Sean, unaware of Mary's presence.

PRISCILLA

When the ritual is done... kill  
him.

Cody continues to jab at the barrier when he kicks the hatchet.

CODY

Sean! Help me!

KARA

I said run, you stupid ass!

Mary cries tears of blood. Sean spots Eddie's axe - his blood on the butt of the handle just barely passed through the wall of light.

PRISCILLA

(repeating)

Liga eam! Liga ea in terra! Liga  
eam! Teneantur vitae! Circum eas  
mihi! Aeternus et umquam!

Priscilla places her bloody palm on Beth's mask. Sean runs and grabs the axe. He painfully squeezes his hand for blood to smear over it. Kara fights to free herself.

PRISCILLA

Can't you see? This is my  
birthright!

Priscilla wipes her blood on the knife again. Kara stops struggling. Sean frantically paints his blood over the axe.

PRISCILLA

The Johnson reign is over! The  
Stewart bloodline will usher in a  
new era of power... as it was  
always meant to be!

Priscilla raises the knife. Kara shuts her eyes. Sean lifts the blood-covered axe with both hands, yells, and throws it with all his might. The axe slips between the stone slabs, passes through the light barrier, and slams into Priscilla's chest. She catches herself on the altar and falls to her knees. Eddie releases Kara, now free from control. Kara pulls Beth's mask off and drops off the altar. Eddie yanks the axe out of Priscilla. She smiles at him.

PRISCILLA  
You're mine.

Eddie chops her head clean off; Kara still trapped inside with him. Sean looks up to the Hunter's moon.

SEAN  
We have to finish it!

Sean moves up to the blood circle, outstretching his arms.

SEAN  
(repeating)  
Antiqua sanguinem maledicta!  
Dimittere eos!

Cody joins him. Kara turns to the altar and chants. Eddie hears them and faces Sean. Beth materializes - as Sean has seen her before but with blackened eyes. She picks up her mask and puts it on. She takes her place next to Eddie. They continue chanting louder as the wind rages.

SEAN/KARA/CODY  
Dimittere eos! Dimittere eos!  
DIMITTERE EOS!!

A ripple flares through the barrier. For a split second, Mary appears behind Beth and Eddie. She warmly smiles at Sean, then places her hand on their shoulders. A light ring burns bright, exploding outward, throwing Sean, Kara, and Cody to the ground. The wind dissipates; the torches resume burning. All that's left is Beth and Eddie's masks on the ground.

CODY  
Is that it? Is it done?

Kara reaches for the light barrier - it's gone.

KARA  
Holy shit, we did it!

Kara runs to Sean and hugs him. He cringes from his wounds.

KARA  
I knew you wouldn't leave.

CODY  
Can we get the hell out of the  
creepy, killy Satan hole? Please?!

A gun hammer cocks. Charlie aims at Sean, cradling his wound. Kara steps between them.

CODY  
Oh, balls!

KARA  
Quit it. It's over.

SEAN  
(calmly pushing Kara aside)  
What do you need us to do?

Charlie kneels down searching Brad's pockets. He pulls out the Cadillac keys. He tosses them to Kara.

CHARLIE  
Nothin'.  
(holstering his pistol)  
I'll handle it.

KARA  
Daddy... Where do we go?

CHARLIE  
I dunno, but I hear California's nice.

Kara gently smiles. The trio leaves the underground.

98 EXT. VINEYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT 98

The Cadillac drives away from the estate.

99 EXT. MOUNTAIN DRIVE - NIGHT 99

Cody drives the Cadillac with Kara in the passenger seat; Sean settled in the back.

KARA  
Do you really think it's over?

SEAN  
I have a feeling it's only just the beginning.

They continue in silence pondering his words.

KARA  
OH SHIT!

CODY  
What?!



KARA  
My bag! It's still in my dad's  
truck! We have to go back.

CODY  
Are you stupid?

KARA  
You're stupid, Stupid! I'm going to  
get an F on my report!

SEAN  
You're really going to write about  
all this?

KARA  
Naw. I've gotta act it out.

SEAN  
But it's a report.

KARA  
It's the only way to properly tell  
the story! Now, turn around.

CODY  
No!

KARA  
You can 3-point here.

CODY  
Oh my God! We are NOT going back!

Sean smiles, finally relaxing.

100 EXT. JOHNSON ESTATE - MORNING

100

A sedan pulls up to the driveway. A boot steps out from the  
driver's side door, a silver briefcase hanging next to it.  
The case makes its way to the mansion. A hand knocks.  
Patrick opens the door to Charlie in civilian attire.

CHARLIE  
It's done.

PATRICK  
Good.

CHARLIE  
There were-... casualties.

PATRICK  
As to be expected.

CHARLIE  
(handing over the briefcase)  
The others won't be happy.

PATRICK  
When are they ever?

Charlie takes his leave.

PATRICK  
And the boy? Is he taken care of?

Charlie stops and turns back.

CHARLIE  
His ties to the family have been  
severed.

PATRICK  
A bit poetic of you. Aye, Charlie?

Charlie doesn't respond, returning to his car.

101 INT. JOHNSON ESTATE - STUDY - MORNING 101

Patrick reveals a hidden cabinet behind a bookcase shelf. He enters a combo and opens the safe. He's about to store the briefcase when he stalls - a funny feeling sinking in. Patrick places the briefcase on his desk and slowly opens it. He checks its contents, then furiously slams it shut.

102 INT/EXT. MOUNTAIN DRIVE - MORNING 102

Charlie drives along the winding road. Peeking out from beneath his sheriff's jacket on the seat next to him lies Beth and Eddie's masks. Charlie covers them up smiling to himself. The car disappears into the mountainous forest.

FADE OUT