

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A secluded clearing, miles from anywhere.

Sycamores and willows are silhouetted against the setting sun.

A large wooden cabin with a tool shed to its left sits in a meadow near an almost deserted bay.

A warm glow emanates from the windows.

SUPER: TEN YEARS AGO

EXT. LAKE - EVENING

A group of four teenagers walk back from the lake, along the jetty, and into the field that leads to the cabin.

Something by a large sycamore catches the attention of Guy Teen #1. He tries to concentrate, but Guy Teen #2 barges into him on purpose.

Guy Teen #1 slaps his friend on the shoulder but does not break his gaze. He squints to see into the darkness.

By the trunk of the tree, among the long grass, a faint blue glow.

GUY TEEN #1
I'll catch you guys up.

The others continue to the cabin.

Guy Teen #1 makes his way to the tree.

Girl Teen #1 looks back the way they came.

As the light from the cabin bathes her face, the darkness swallows her boyfriend.

Guy Teen #1 stops by the enormous sycamore, stoops under a thick branch that resembles an arm, bent at the elbow, a few feet above head height.

He parts the grass.

A small, blue light around the size of a welder's torch sits an inch above the ground.

The teenager studies the light for a moment, then reaches for it.

The light jumps to his hand and races up his arm in a flash.

GUY TEEN #1
Whoa. Shit.

Guy Teen #1 stumbles backward and falls to the ground.

He sits back up.

Checks his hands, his arms, his body.

He gets to his feet and runs to the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The group of teenagers climb the stairs to the bedrooms.

Girl Teen #2 calls down.

GIRL TEEN #2
Good night mum. Night Dad.

Girl Teen #1 stops by her door, turns to her boyfriend-

GIRL TEEN #1
(whispered)
You wanna come in for five?

-he follows her in.

BEDROOM--

Girl Teen #1 opens a window, lights a cigarette, and takes a drag. She offers it to Guy Teen #1.

GIRL TEEN #1
Want a drag?

He stands firm and stares at her.

She places the cigarette in a large, heavy, square ashtray.

She kisses her boyfriend on the lips.

He grabs her head, sticks his thumb in her eye, and forces her onto the bed.

She takes a breath to scream, but Guy Teen #1 clamps his empty hand over her mouth.

Realizing this is a better tactic, Guy Teen #1 takes his other hand from her eye to block her nose and suffocate her.

She punches, slaps, and tries to kick him, but nothing works.

She spies the ashtray. Sheer terror gives her the strength to move them both closer to it.

Girl Teen #1 grips the ashtray and swings with all her strength.

A dull THUD. Blood pours from Guy Teen #1's head.

A light arcs from his arm to hers. He drops to the ground.

Girl Teen #1 screams, but quickly stops.

She stands motionless.

KITCHEN--

MUM (50s) washes dishes.

DAD (50s) dries.

A SCREAM.

They share a look of shock.

DAD
I'll go check it out.

BEDROOM--

Girl Teen #1 finishes stuffing Guy Teen #1's body under the bed as Dad can be heard telling the other couple to stay where they are.

Dad KNOCKS. Girl Teen #1 stands, smooths her nightshirt, and takes a breath.

GIRL TEEN #1
Come in.

Dad stands in the doorway. He cannot see Guy Teen #1's arm, which protrudes from under the bed.

DAD
Did you scream?

GIRL TEEN #1
Oh. Yes. It was a spider.

DAD
Where's, uh...

GIRL TEEN #1
He has a bad stomach. He's in the bathroom.

She steps in close.

Way too close.

She reaches around the man in front of her with both hands and closes the door.

He backs up into it.

Just for a second, as he scans the room, she notices his gaze linger on her breasts.

She takes his hands and places them there.

GIRL TEEN #1
How do you like them?

She gently rubs his chest as he begins to squeeze hers. She maintains eye contact as she slides down to a kneeling position.

Dad's eyes roll in his head, which falls back against the door.

GIRL TEEN #1
You've always wanted me to do this, haven't you?

DAD
Oh... Yes.

Shock replaces his look of ecstasy, then abject pain. He looks down at his crotch, grabs her head.

DAD
What the hell?

He pulls free and zips up.

Girl Teen #1 leaps from the squatting position and punches him in the face. Again. Again.

He grabs her and throws her onto the bed.

She is back up in a heartbeat. She launches again. Another barrage of punches.

He turns for the door. She jumps onto his back, hooks her legs around him, an arm around his throat, braced by a hand around the back of his head in a jujitsu lock.

Dad tugs at her arm, but it is too tight. He stumbles back, trips over Guy Teen #1's arm, and falls.

Girl Teen #1's head smashes into the window.

Dad slumps to the floor.

He takes a moment.

Chokes as he stands.

A piece of broken glass extends from the window frame, through the back of Girl Teen #1's neck, and out through her throat, holding her in place.

DAD
(to himself)

No.

He strokes her face.

A blue light seeps from her cheek into his hand.

SMASH CUT TO:

KITCHEN--

Mum holds a kitchen knife as Dad attacks her.

She swings the blade, wildly, from left to right. Tears stream down her face.

MUM
Keep away from me.

Adrenalin pushes the knife out in front of her as Dad makes a spirited move forward, arms reaching for her neck.

Her husband slumps onto her, knife wedged in his sternum.

She draws a breath to scream.

A blue light shoots up the blade, through the handle, and into her hand.

All expression falls from her face.

Her husband falls to the floor.

She stands for a moment.

Regards her hands, and arms.

Her eyes slide to the stairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

LANDING--

Mum holds a poker which she swings across her daughter's face.

The girl drops but springs to her feet and they fight for control of the weapon.

Guy Teen #2 rushes to help his girlfriend.

He pushes Mum, harder than expected.

Mum teeters on the top step. Panic fills her eyes.

MUM

No!

She grabs her daughter's hand, and together they plummet down the stairs.

Two bodies lie in a mangled heap.

The light bleeds from mother to daughter.

SMASH CUT TO:

BEDROOM--

Guy Teen #2 is locked inside the room. He SCREAMS when he sees Girl Teen #1 impaled on the window glass. His eyes fall to his best friend, his head smashed in.

The door bursts open and Girl Teen #2 walks, casually into the room.

She grins when she sees the fear on her boyfriend's face.

GUY TEEN #2

Please, don't do this.

She swings the poker.

He dodges.

She swings again, this time the power of her swing spins her around, three-sixty.

Guy Teen #2 ducks the attack and heads for the nightstand. He picks up a lamp.

She attacks with a succession of quick swipes. He dodges all and swings the lamp against her head. The bulb smashes and the electricity flows through her skull.

Guy Teen #2 is hysterical.

GUY TEEN #2

Fuck. Fuck!

He backs away, down the landing toward the stairs. Tears stream down his face.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A 2004 Jeep Grand Cherokee cruises the blacktop.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

INT. JEEP - DAY

MINDY, (19), blonde airhead, grips the steering wheel and stares out of the windshield at the passing vehicles like her life depended on it.

TAMMY, (19), African American, rides shotgun. She slouches next to Mindy, chews her bubblegum, and regards everything she sees from the side window with complete disinterest.

TAMMY

Do you know where we are?

Stress mars Mindy's otherwise pretty face.

MINDY

Not really.

Mindy fiddles with the SatNav buttons. She flits between the road and the screen.

MINDY

This just shows that we are in
the middle of a field.

ROWAN and DYLAN, both twenty, both full-on stoners, occupy the two seats at the back.

DYLAN

(calling forward)

I didn't know we were going to
be spending hours stuck in this
P.O.S.

ROWAN

Yeah. We could have taken my car
and met you there.

Tammy leans around to face them.

TAMMY

You guys would have made it all
the way in that busted Pacer?

ROWAN

Hey! My car is badass.

DYLAN

Totally.

Tammy turns back to the side window, blows a bubble, lets it pop, and sucks it into her mouth.

TAMMY

(mocking)

Yeah. Totally.

DYLAN

(to Rowan)

We're stuck back here like a couple of kids on a family vacation.

Dylan pulls a spliff from his pocket.

DYLAN

Can we stop for a smoke?

ROWAN

Just spark it up in here.

Mindy doesn't take her eyes off the road as she calls back through the car.

MINDY

Do not spark anything up back there. This is my mum's car. Smoke your blunts when we get out.

Dylan holds up the spliff and shares a "what the hell" look with Rowan.

DYLAN

It's not a blunt.

MINDY

I don't care.

Dylan and Rowan slump in their seats.

Rowan scratches around.

ROWAN

Hey. What's this?

JORDAN (21), tall and athletic, who occupies one of the middle seats, puts down his magazine and looks across at MELISSA (20), with long dark hair and glasses.

Melissa does not look up from the newspaper articles, in which, she perpetually seems to have her nose.

Jordan looks back at Rowan and Dylan with interest.

Rowan pulls his hand up. He holds nothing, but pretends as though he has just made a shocking discovery.

ROWAN

Whoa.

Dylan joins in with his friend's charade.

DYLAN

What is it?

ROWAN

It's a dildo.

MINDY

It is not!

DYLAN

Isn't that the "black mamba"?

ROWAN

I think it is.

DYLAN

Looks like the twelve incher.

ROWAN

Mindy. Your mum always looks so serious. You'd think she would smile more.

Jordan can't suppress a grin, although he lowers his head so Dylan and Rowan can't see.

MINDY

You guys are assholes!

TAMMY

Yeah. You are so immature.

Dylan and Rowan crack up.

Jordan regains his composure.

JORDAN

Guys, we'll be there soon. Just keep it together, okay?

Dylan and Rowan nod in unison.

Jordan turns back around.

Dylan and Rowan lean into each other.

ROWAN

Dude. That is exactly the way they speak to children on long journeys.

DYLAN
This sucks.

Jordan sees a small gas station.

JORDAN
There is a place to pull in just
up ahead. Does anyone mind if we
stop? We can stretch our legs-

He leans forward to speak to the girls in the front and
stresses his next sentence.

JORDAN
-have a smoke. Calm down a bit.

TAMMY
Yeah.

MINDY
Okay.

Mindy pulls the SUV into a large graveled area.

Dylan and Rowan are out of the car in a shot.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Mindy stands by the SUV and pumps gas. She holds up her
nose and sniffs the spicy aromas that fill the air.

Rowan takes a long drag on the spliff as Tammy makes her
way over.

TAMMY
Give me a pull on that.

Rowan grabs his crotch.

ROWAN
What, on this?

The two stoners laugh hard.

TAMMY
Don't you guys ever stop?

DYLAN
No. We can go all night.

The laughing continues.

Tammy takes the joint when Rowan offers it.

Mindy is joined by Jordan and Melissa as she makes her way
to the office.