

k r I s t y

by

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First Draft

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TITLES: k r I s t y

OVER BLACK. The march of boots, radio chatter...

UP FROM BLACK:

EXT. UNNAMED COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAWN

Small and rural. Flanked by Northern California pine.
Or perhaps Oregon.

FOLLOWING A CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD

Having just arrived for his morning shift. The pace of
someone stunned, on-guard.

Taking in the eerie world around him:

The aftermath of a car fire.

Broken windows and breached doors in faculty buildings.

A LIGHT POLE fallen and smashed in the dorm parking lot.

Black TIRE TREAD. Everywhere.

NEXT MOMENT

Guard moving down the main pathway. FLASHLIGHT roaming
the pavement. It's still a bit dark. Daylight
struggling through a cool November mist.

His radio crackles small chatter.

He radios something back into a handset. Requiring
police, medical assistance.

We soon understand why...

BLOOD SLICK on the cold pavement.

Guard FOLLOWS its grim course. All the way up to a BODY.
Partially out of FRAME.

Don't need to see it. Too gruesome to digest.

A body dragged under a car, probably crushed.

FOLLOWING GUARD

As he has to take a beat and stop, catch his breath.
Goes back into his handset.

GUARD
County, be advised, I have another body.
Looks like a young woman, late teens.
Severely injured. Repeat, I have another
body on my 20.

Unidentifiable chatter from the operator.

Guard reaches down. Checks her bloody, bruised arm for a pulse.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Negative. She is dead. Guys, I need
some support now.

CLOSE ON HER HAND

Cut-up FINGERNAILS painted bright red. Eerie against the pale, dead skin.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLES: 14 hours ago

Beat.

UP FROM BLACK:

COLLEGE CAMPUS SEEN THROUGH A DORM WINDOW

Late-day sunlight trickles through the glass. We SEE the last of student and faculty cars heading out the main gates.

AARON (O.S.)
(reading)
*Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.*

INT. DORM ROOM - SAME

JUSTINE WILLS (19) lies on her side in bed, watching the sunset through the window. FRAME her FACE.

Pretty but not beautiful. A quiet introspection mixed with the aura of accessibility.

Every American college sophomore.

AARON (O.S.)

*My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near.
Between the woods --*

He kills a laugh. Makes Justine grin a little, shake her head.

JUSTINE

You're so immature, swear to God.

AARON (O.S.)

What.

JUSTINE

What, you're laughing at the queer part.

AARON (O.S.)

C'mon, give me a little credit.

JUSTINE

Then stop laughing.

AARON (O.S.)

No, I just can't believe you're doing a paper on this.

ON AARON (20)

Her boyfriend. Lying in bed beside her, shirtless. Reading a passage in her poetry book.

AARON (CONT'D)

I mean, this is fairly 8th grade. *Good fences make good neighbors*, we've been through this.

JUSTINE

The paper's about Robert Frost, not any one specific poem. Don't be a snob, Aaron.

Aaron moves up against her. Kisses her bare shoulder. Justine's looking down at her hands, preoccupied.

AARON

I'm not being a snob. I don't know, I guess I've heard this one too many times.

JUSTINE

Then go read your Edmund Burke philosophy bullshit.

CLOSE ON HER FINGERNAILS

She's applying a new coat of red polish. Cherry red, identical to the polish on those dead fingernails.

AARON

Kisses her neckline. She finally, gently rises from off her bed. Aaron watches.

AARON

We getting something to eat?

JUSTINE (O.S.)

I'm not hungry.

AARON

You're pissed.

JUSTINE

Having just thrown on a college tee. Still in underwear. A lanky, athletic figure. A swimmer's body.

AARON (CONT'D)

Seriously, you want me to finish reading the poem?

JUSTINE

No. You're an awful reader.

AARON

(grins)

Thanks.

She goes for her pair of blue varsity sweat pants thrown on the floor. Starts putting them on.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'll be back Monday.

JUSTINE

Come back when you want.

AARON

All right, so this is about Thanksgiving.

Throws him his pair of jeans.

JUSTINE

I don't care about Thanksgiving.

AARON

No, you obviously do. Justine. You're the one who didn't want to come.

She moves to the corner where her COMPUTER STATION sits. We spot other BEDS of her roommates. Made and unoccupied. They've already left for the holiday.

AARON (CONT'D)

What. Is it really about what my mother said before?

Justine checks her email on her laptop.

JUSTINE

Aaron, I don't want to talk about it. You got laid, you can hit the road now.

AARON

(nervous laughter)

Oh My God. Justine.

JUSTINE

(doesn't look at him)

And I need my little 8th grade book back.

AARON

Justine.

Beat. She finally looks his way. He has a hand out.

JUSTINE

I just did my nails.

His arm's still out. Justine fumes. Finally drifts over to the bed. Aaron kisses her hand.

Makes her grin.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Don't try, it can't work.

AARON
Not a little?
(holds out his fingers)
This much?

Justine has to wipe the grin from her face. Shakes her head. Aaron goes smaller.

AARON (CONT'D)
This much.

She gently clasps his fingers. Brings them to barely touching. Aaron smiles small.

AARON (CONT'D)
I'll take it.

JUSTINE
I know you will.

Beat. He runs a hand down her cheek. Something apologetic in his eyes. Justine quietly accepts it.

Whispers something in her ear. She shrugs.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
No, not now.

AARON
Why not?

JUSTINE
Because.

AARON
Can't keep up?

JUSTINE
Oh, it's the other way around.

AARON
(kissing her)
Then prove it.

JUSTINE
Don't make me.

AARON

C'mon.

JUSTINE

(giggling)

Don't make me.

SMASH TO:

INT. INDOOR POOL - LATER

Justine in swimsuit, doing quick, efficient sequence strokes. Racing against Aaron.

NEW ANGLE

The big pool is all theirs. A long and eerie place.

ON JUSTINE

Making it look effortless. Duck-dives underwater at the deep end. Comes back up even quicker. She's already half a lap ahead.

Aaron hits the edge, can't win. Throws off his goggles.

AARON

All right.

Voice echoes across the big cement rafters. She stops, mid-swim. Big smile.

JUSTINE

Owned.

AARON

So owned.

INT. SHOWER STALL - NEXT MOMENT

Under hot water, they kiss. Gentle, softly. He whispers something in her ear. She laughs, slaps his shoulder.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DUSK

High fieldstone walls erected around its small, attractively manicured quad. The quintessential brick buildings suggest a more rural Columbia.

Oddly, there is nothing overtly Gothic or eerie about the place. It's rather mundane and chipper in the dying light.

EXT. DORM PARKING LOT - SAME

Sun now sinking into the pine-laden horizon.

Aaron, dressed and ready to head out. Throws his tote and backpack into the passenger's seat of his black Jeep Cherokee. The air of money.

Comes around the truck where Justine stands. Dressed back in her swimmer knits. Hair still wet.

AARON

Last chance.

Justine nods, arms crossed.

JUSTINE

Yeah. For you.

AARON

You know I have to go. Come with me, all right? You have work to do, so do I. She won't bother you, I swear.

Justine weighs this. Looks out into the darkening sky.

JUSTINE

Aaron, it's got nothing to do with your mother. I just don't want to go. I'm not a big 20-to-a-table kind of girl.

AARON

(small grin)

Now who's being the snob.

Justine shows a small retraction. Maybe a little sad even. Gestures to the campus' front gate.

JUSTINE

5pm traffic, you better roll.

Aaron stares at her. Suddenly pulls his small DIGITAL TAPE RECORDER. She grins, has to shake her head.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I was wondering where your little friend was.

AARON

The only true way to survive Degon's lectures.

JUSTINE

No argument there.

He hits the RECORD.

AARON

Say it.

JUSTINE

Say what.

Beat.

AARON

You know what.

Justine pauses. Shakes her head.

JUSTINE

You can't corner me with technology.

AARON

(mouths it)

Say it.

Justine wipes something from her eyes. Grins a little, but it's awkward. This moment means a lot to her.

JUSTINE

(quiet)

Aaron, c'mon.

AARON

I love you.

(makes sure it's recorded)

I love you. Justine.

Justine regards this. Gently grips his hand, pushing a STOP button on the recorder. Moves closely to his ear. Whispers it back.

Aaron contemplates. Smiles small. Moves in.

LONG SHOT

In the quiet of the abandoned parking lot, they kiss.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Justine watches his Jeep drive through the big front gates. Arms crossed from the growing chill. Waves a final bye as the Jeep disappears through the gate and down the path.

Gates begin folding closed once again.

Justine turns around. Takes in the sudden and immediate solitude around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DUSK

STATIC SHOTS

The entire place is now entombed in rural silence. Cold November sun has set on the freshly mowed lawns.

EXT. TRACK OVAL - DUSK

FOLLOWING JUSTINE. Walking around the far end of the track. Cell to her ear.

JUSTINE

No, when'd you send it?

(listens)

Well, they suck here for mail, Mom, you know that.

(louder)

I said they suck here for mail. I'll probably get it Friday.

(beat)

Hello, can you hear me? No, I don't know what it is, the weather's getting bad here. Hang on.

She shakes the cell phone as a brisk whip of wind passes. Next one's so strong, she has to stop and wrap her zip-up hood over her head.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (to herself)

Wow.

NEW ANGLE

Justine moves past the bleachers, glancing at the GROUNDKEEPER waiting for his Doberman to do his business. Laughs a little.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (into cell)

Hey. No, there's a big dog taking a dump, I don't know why I'm laughing.

She waves at the Groundskeeper who waves back.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 No, it's the Groundskeeper's dog. I don't know what its name is, just whatever, I didn't mean to get off track.

Justine giggles a little.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 Because it's funny.

Watches the dog head off with the Groundskeeper.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 Of course. I want to see you, too. I'll see you Christmas, the flights are cheaper. No, they really are. Mom, I'm on the other side of the country, okay? Kim's in Florida, why aren't you ripping on her?

(beat)
 I'm kidding.

Sound of distant thunder. A thin sheet of rain passes.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 Mom, I'll give you a call tomorrow, it's starting to rain. No, it comes and goes. Say hi to Tom for me. No, you don't have to put him on the phone, just say hi for me.

(beat)
 Love you, too. Okay.

Flips closed the phone. Starts into a brisker walk.

PANNING AWAY...

To a nearly deserted campus and parking lot. The Groundskeeper and his dog are long gone. Thunder booms in the distance...

INT. DORM BUILDING - DUSK

Long stretches of abandoned halls. Sorority posters on the concrete block walls. Thanksgiving decorations.

The building is completely cleared for the holiday week.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME

Justine, wearing sweats and flip-flops. Throwing two loads from the washers to dryers. Shuts the machines closed. Uses her card and starts the tumble.

INT. DORM HALL - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING HER

Moving down the long hall. Turns a corner. Checks the big RIDE BOARD and CLASSIFIED ADS for a moment. Grins at some funky band's name. Keeps going, heading into the:

INT. BREAK/STUDY ROOM

Rows of vending machines. TV on. Justine uses one of her laundry dollars on the snack machine. Barely pays attention to the LOCAL NEWS REPORT.

ANCHOR

-- and with those flash floods becoming more frequent, state police may have to temporarily hold off on the hunt for that missing Randolph woman, Kristy Matthews, last seen three nights ago leaving a friend's house in Dovertown.

Justine, all but ignoring the report. Fighting with the machine to take her dollar.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Len, we are experiencing some rather odd back-and-forth weather right here in our own neck of the woods.

WEATHERMAN

Yeah, Tammy, lots of rain and wind and all that nasty stuff. And, unfortunately, it all seems to be heading our way for tomorrow's Tom Turkey. Not sure if you want to take that holiday drive to grandma's, well, we'll have your trusty KRVT five-day forecast right after the break --

Justine finally gives up on the vending machine, heading off out the room. Back into the:

INT. HALL

FOLLOWING HER AROUND ANOTHER CORNER

Spots a fellow STUDENT heading out of her dorm room with tote and suitcase.

JUSTINE

(shouting)

Bye, Liz.

STUDENT

(hall echo)

Bye, Justine. You really staying here?

JUSTINE

Me and Bobby Frost.

STUDENT

Aw, all right. Happy Thanksgiving.

JUSTINE

Happy Thanksgiving.

She heads off as we catch a glimpse of the DORM ELEVATOR. Justine watches her struggle a little with the suitcase.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

(echo)

Need some help?

STUDENT

I got it, thanks.

Justine waves bye, turning the corner. Sound of a CELL PHONE ringing. Silly little Pac-Man jingle. She quickens the pace. FOLLOWING HER to her corner DORM ROOM.

Works quickly to unlock her door as the ring goes to four.

JUSTINE

Shit.

Finally throws the door open, running for her cell phone on the computer desk. Flips it up.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Hey. You on the freeway?

INT. HALL - LATER

Justine sits crouched before the open door of her dorm room. Holds the cell phone to her ear. Now painting her toe nails.

JUSTINE

(into cell)

You have to do what you want. No, I said it has nothing to do with her. Aaron, can you just?

(stops herself, moves cell to right ear)

No, don't come back.

(listens)

I'm not lonely, I have Mountain Dew and the internet, I'll amuse myself with gay porn all night.

(smiles)

Yeah, you wish.

Footsteps sound off. Justine glances down the hall. SECURITY GUARD (WAYNE) in dark silhouette. Gives Justine a little wave.

WAYNE

(shouting back)

Think your laundry's done.

JUSTINE

Thank you.

(back into phone)

No, it's Wayne from security. Maybe I'll fool around with him.

(beat, laughs)

I don't care, I like an older man in uniform.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Justine's pulling her clothes out of the dryer.

JUSTINE (V.O.)

No, I don't want you talking anymore on your cell while you're driving. You have to stay safe. Call me when you get home.

(beat)

I don't care how late it is, I'll be up. No. There's something else we need to talk about.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Justine sits back at her laptop, working on the paper.

JUSTINE (V.O.)

No, because I don't want to say anything now. No, nothing's wrong.

She stops for a moment. Something big trails on her mind.

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

I'm not lying. Everything's okay.

Justine stares out her small window at the darkening sky.

INT. HALL

Justine now doing stretches. Bored. Tries a handstand.

JUSTINE (V.O.)

Then come back if you miss me so much.

She balances on her hands for a good five seconds. Finally falls back to the floor.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Back at her computer, on her cell. Printing out pages.

JUSTINE

No, yes. You said we'd be here together this weekend, but whatever. It's fine.

(beat)

No, there is no guilt trip, Aaron. Just call me when you get home. No. I'm not mad, I'm completely at one with the universe. It's all nicely balanced, okay?

(takes a moment)

You, too. Happy Thanksgiving. Call me later.

She finally flips the phone closed. Puts the cell on her desk. Frustrated. Maybe with herself. Snatches up the pages of her term paper. Gives them a glance. Lots of work ahead.

She leans back. Hits PLAY on her small CD player. Old Roxy Music. Makes everything a little better.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Back with the soulless snack machine. Can't get her dollar through. Finally pulls it out.

JUSTINE

Asshole.

Flips it the bird for good measure.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Justine. Car keys in hand. Waits out the final seconds of the elevator.

Doors open. FOLLOWING her as she comes out the elevator, into the:

INT. DORM LOBBY

Passing the utilitarian couches and chairs. A wall of phones to call up dorm halls. Turns a corner where Wayne sits at the SECURITY STATION.

WAYNE

Heading out?

JUSTINE

Just the 7-11. Want anything?

WAYNE

I'm fine, thanks.

JUSTINE

No Hot Pockets tonight?

WAYNE

Didn't refill the machine.

JUSTINE

She's being a little bitch tonight.

WAYNE

Never takes the dollar, right?

JUSTINE

Never takes the dollar. Lemme get you something. Snickers? Snowballs?

WAYNE

(nodding)
Snowballs.

JUSTINE

Sweet.

Justine slides her ID across a panel. Turnstile releases and she passes through.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

(calling back to him)
Should I bring a coffee back for Dave?

WAYNE

The hell with him, he's late on his break.

Justine smiles, heading out the front doors.

CUT TO:

SECURITY STATION'S MONITORING PANEL

Black-and-white video of Justine. Heading into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CAMPUS QUAD - NIGHT

Dim streetlamps shine down on the pavement. Justine heads through the scarce lot to her little Honda Accord, sitting in the corner.

Hits the keys. Two chirps and the lights blink.

EXT. CAMPUS DRIVE - NIGHT

Honda cruises past FRAME, heading for the big front gate. Cranky iron doors automatically open.

INT. HONDA - SAME

Justine drives through the gates, passing a CHEVY SUBURBAN. Security white with the campus insignia. She waves at SECURITY GUARD (DAVE). Driving back into the campus. Rolls down her window.

JUSTINE

Wayne wants his Hot Pockets.

DAVE

(from the SUV)

What else is new.

Justine giggles, rolling her window back up. Heads out into the rural darkness.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

Honda turns out of the college drive, onto the misty patch of dark road. Heading west, into the final glimmer of fading light.

INT. HONDA - NIGHT

Justine, window half rolled down. Radio on. Headlights glowing into the two-lane road ahead.

NEW HEADLIGHTS coming over a rise of hill. A slower rig. Trucker probably just starting his night haul.

Passes Justine's smaller Honda. Loud roll of tires on wet pavement as it clears. Justine watches it head off in the rearview.

Looks back ahead. Regards the spittle on the windshield. Flicks on the wipers for a beat to clear the glass. Shuts it off.

HER POV - THE WINDSHIELD

Going over that rise of hill.

NEW HEADLIGHTS coming on strong. BRIGHT HIGHBEAMS. Justine has to blink, put a hand over her face.

Flicks on her own HIGHBEAMS to either alert or scold the driver. Car whips past her, lights still bright.

JUSTINE

Asshole.

IN HER REARVIEW

The CAR suddenly slams on its brakes. Tail lights burn a vicious red.

Justine, on guard, watches it from her rearview.

The car just sits there in the middle of the road.

A small trace of fear, uncertainty in Justine's face. She glances back to the road ahead. And once more to the rearview.

THE CAR

Stalwart a moment more. Forgoes that infamous urban legend and starts to head out in the other direction.

Justine regards it. Turns back to the road ahead.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Happy Thanksgiving to you, too.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Wet from the passing drifts of rain. Justine's Honda drives onward, into the country dark.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Rural, the only place for miles.

Justine's Honda pulls off the highway, cruising into the small parking lot.

INT. HONDA - SAME

Justine pulls up to the front of the convenience store. Kills the engine. Checks to see if she needs cigarettes.

Opens the door, leaving her COLLEGE ID SWIPE on the dashboard. Climbs out.

INT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Justine moves down the aisles, collecting the appropriate materials. No Doz. Twinkies. Aleve. Earplugs. Snowballs. Water and Mountain Dew.

Stops at the magazine rack. Star and its newest celebrity scandals. She can't resist. Takes it along with an Us.

NEXT MOMENT

Justine moves down the medicine aisle. Spots something she's been ducking for the last couple of days:

PREGNANCY TESTER. She subtly picks it up. Checks the directions on the side. A moment of contemplation. We finally understand what's been racing around in her head.

Reluctantly, she takes it with her, almost hiding it beneath the magazines.

Behind her, A FORM OUT OF FOCUS. Ducked in a heavy knit rain parka. Suddenly passes her. Little curt. Justine regards him. No, her.

A girl.

Tall and lanky. Black fingernails. All we really see with the rain parka over her. Carries a six-pack of beer, aluminum foil and packs of dishwashing gloves.

It's all a little odd and amusing to Justine. Until she glances through the windows. Spots it in the parking lot:

A beat-up FORD CORDOVA.

Parked off to the side of the store. Tinted windows half down. Cigarette smoke rising from within. PEOPLE in the car. Dark shadows. Young like her. The aura of transient burnouts.

Justine regards them a moment more. Was it the same car from the highway? She's not sure.

NEXT MOMENT

Justine approaches the FRONT COUNTER. Girl is ahead of her, paying for her shit.

CLERK

ID.

Girl gradually pulls her ID. Hands it to him.

Justine, right behind her. Has to move back as the Girl stumbles a little. Drops the box of aluminum foil and the dishwashing gloves. Some batteries.

She bends down to the floor to retrieve her stuff. Like a kid strung out on bad heroin.

Justine realizes she needs help. Puts her stuff on the counter, helping the Girl recover the dropped items. We never see the Girl's face.

GIRL

(low and drained)

Thanks.

Girl hands the remainder of her things back over to the clerk. He gives her back the ID.

CLERK

Twenty fourteen.

Girl pulls a wad of bills. Spanks them to the counter. Has to fold open the crumpled ones.

Clerk, pissed and over-clocked. Counts out the money.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Dollar short.

Girl regards this. Looks around. Turns into Justine.

GIRL (O.S.)

Do you have a dollar?

Justine regards the question. A little brazen and entitled. Glances out to the parking lot.

That Ford Cordova is now pointed to the highway, waiting for the Girl.

Justine shakes her head with a slight grin.

JUSTINE

Yeah.

Pulls out a dollar, handing it to the Clerk. Justine glances back at the Cordova outside.

She turns back to the Girl. Clears her throat.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Was that your car back on the highway before?

GIRL (O.S.)

It's not my car.

She gestures to the Cordova.

JUSTINE

You're with those people?

GIRL (O.S.)

Yeah. But it's not my car.

Justine pauses. Needs to say it.

JUSTINE

You know, that wasn't cool with the highbeams. You can tell them that I said that.

GIRL (O.S.)
They already know.

Girl snatches up her bag. Heads out the doors.

Justine watches the Girl abruptly leave, heading out to the waiting Ford Cordova.

Slightly put off, Justine goes for her wallet as the Clerk starts ringing up her junkfood. Glances back outside.

The Girl, rain parka over her head. Climbs into the back of the Cordova, slamming the door shut. Black tint cloaking the individuals inside.

Car drives off into the night.

ON JUSTINE

Watches a moment more. A little chilled by it all.

CLERK
Ten-sixty.

JUSTINE
And a pack of Marlboro Lights, please.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS DRIVE - NIGHT

Justine's Honda cruises up to the closed gate.

INT. HONDA - SAME

Justine rolls down the window to activate the gate swipe. Suddenly realizes her ID's no longer on the dashboard.

She pauses. Looks again. Ruffles through some crap on the floor rugs. Tries the glove compartment.

It's gone.

JUSTINE
Shit.

EXT. GATE - NEXT MOMENT

With her door open, Justine has gotten on her knees.
Digging around on the floors and the seats.

Angry with herself, she finally gets up. Heads over to
an INTERCOM BUZZER on the gate.

SECURITY (O.S.)

Security.

JUSTINE

Hey, it's Justine Wills from Colby Hall.
I lost my ID.

INT. DORM LOBBY - NIGHT

Justine comes through the doors, frustrated. Passing the
SECURITY STATION. Waves at Security Guard Dave, sitting
in the back watching TV.

DAVE

You find it?

JUSTINE

No, I thought I put it on the dashboard.
Hey, are you gonna be here for awhile?

DAVE

Yeah, me or Wayne.

JUSTINE

Cause I might head back to the 7-11, see
if I dropped it there. You can buzz me
out?

DAVE

Sure.

JUSTINE

Thanks, Dave.

DAVE

Yep.

She throws them two packs of snowballs.

JUSTINE

For you and Wayne.

DAVE

Aw, much appreciated.

She regards the security turnstile before her.

JUSTINE

Okay. I can just jump this turnstile?

DAVE

I don't know, let's see how you do.

Justine laughs at the ridiculousness of it. Jumps it cleanly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

All right.

Justine waves, heading off to the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALL - NIGHT

Bathroom door partially ajar. Justine sits on the toilet bowl, peeing onto the pregnancy tester.

INT. DORM HALL - NIGHT

Justine sits against the wall, by her open door. Eyes red from having just cried a little. Contemplating the new road before her.

Beat.

She wipes her eyes clean. Quietly pulls those CIGARETTES from her pocket. Throws them into a wastebasket.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Justine's back in front of her computer. Cell phone to her ear.

JUSTINE

No, I was there about 30 minutes ago.

(beat)

I don't know, I think I lost it in your parking lot, I'm not sure. I don't remember if I took it in with me --

(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (frustrated, tired)
 No, it's okay. I'm coming back down
 there now. If you find something, just
 give me a call on this number?
 (beat)
 And what's your name?
 (nods)
 Okay, thanks Paul.

She clicks off. Sits there for a moment more.

Glances out the window, into the dark. A little
 confused. Not sure where to go from here. What to say
 to Aaron. Starts to shutdown her laptop again. Closes
 the crack of window.

Beat.

Creeps up on her small bed. Lies down for a moment.
 Stares at her closed dorm door. A POSTER of Spain.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. DORM - LATER

Justine stirs awake. Realizes she's drifted off.
 Fumbles up, glancing at the alarm clock. 12:01.

JUSTINE
 (whisper)
 Shit.

She moves off her bed. Goes for her cell phone. Has a
 message. Checks the voice mail.

7-11 CLERK (O.S.)
 Oh, hi, this is Paul from the 7-11. I'm
 actually heading off now, not sure if
 you're showing up, but I let the night
 guy know that you lost your thing so-

JUSTINE
 Shit, shit.

She flips off the phone, putting it on the desk. Goes to
 get her clothes.

NEXT MOMENT

She's throwing her flip-flops on. Getting her knit pull-over.

CELL PHONE suddenly rings. Justine checks the ID. CALLER UNKNOWN.

Thinks about letting it go. Frustrated. Still subdued by the shock of pregnancy. Finally answers the call.

JUSTINE

Hello.

No answer.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Hello.

Then...

VOICE

(male)

Kristy.

Justine absorbs the name.

JUSTINE

No. You have the wrong number.

Justine clicks off. Suddenly spots MOVEMENT under her closed dorm door. SHADOWS of someone lingering in the hall for a beat. Drifting onward.

Justine regards it. As she goes to open the door:

Cell phone RINGS again. UNKNOWN CALLER.

Now she's getting pissed, answers.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Hello -- ?

VOICE

(now female)

Kristy.

Beat.

JUSTINE

No. You have the wrong number, okay?

Stop calling. Hello.

(off the silence)

Hello?

Beat. Call hangs up. She checks the call record, can't get a number.

UNDER HER CLOSED DOOR

Hallway light suddenly dims. She reacts. Puts her phone down.

INT. HALL

Justine comes out of her locked dorm room. Stares down the hall at a DARK SILHOUETTE of a MAN. Pulling out a long, fluorescent bulb from one of the ceiling panels. Blackens the others out.

Justine steps forward. In the small shaft of light, she can make him his uniform as Dave the Security Guard.

JUSTINE

(calling out)

Dave?

Dave looks up, face covered in shadows. Waves slowly to her.

Justine shrugs, motions to the hallway lighting.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Dave says nothing. Looks upon her a moment more. Heads off with the handful of bulbs.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Dave.

She starts off after him.

NEXT MOMENT - TURNING A CORNER

Comes to an adjoining hall. Dave is long gone. It's all shadows and dim lighting.

INT. BREAK ROOM

Justine comes in. Spots a table filled with unscrewed FLUORESCENT BULBS. All of the SNACK MACHINES have been unplugged. The air is stale.

INT. HALL - NEXT MOMENT

Justine moves out of the break room. Regards the RIDE BOARD. Now completely bare, cleared of any postings.

The plastic pins have all been arranged to form one complete straight line.

No rhyme or reason to it.

Justine stares at it a moment more. Keeps going.

FOLLOWING HER DOWN THE LONG HALL... TURNING A CORNER...

As she starts for the BUILDING ELEVATOR...

LOUD MUSIC. Jolts her back around. Echoes and sways down the long hall.

Of all things, the melodic intro of Roxy Music's More Than This.

Justine absorbs it.

INT. HALL - NEXT MOMENT

Moving around the corner, Justine spots her own dorm room. The music BOOMING from within. Reverberating down her dark hallway.

NEW ANGLE - FOLLOWING HER

Moving to her open dorm room.

Bryan Ferry's love song to the world has never sounded more eerie and filled with dread.

It was fun for a while...

... there was no way of knowing...

Like dreams in the night...

... who can say where we're going...

INT. DORM

Justine cautiously turns into her room. CD has been clicked on.

Justine. Chilled. Finally slaps the player off.

Listens to the absorbing silence. The rustle of curtains in the wind.

It's only then she realizes her LAPTOP is missing. Concerned eyes glance at the dorm WINDOW, now half-open. Curtains blowing restlessly.

She comes over to the window. Her LAPTOP is smashed to pieces on the pavement below.

JUSTINE
(a whisper)
Jesus.

Justine's eyes go from concerned to fearful. Quickly pulls down the window slide, locking it shut. Throws on her flip-flops, heading over to get her cell phone.

It's now MISSING from the table. Justine absorbs this. A chill runs down her spine.

NEXT MOMENT

Reaching underneath her bed, Justine pulls a softball bat.

SMASH TO:

INT. DORM LOBBY - NIGHT

ELEVATOR DOORS open. Justine comes out, bat in hand. Tense eyes.

The lobby is dead quiet. She can barely hear the mumble of late-night talk show.

JUSTINE
Dave? Wayne?

NEXT MOMENT

Approaching the SECURITY STATION, Justine spots the abandoned front desk.

JUSTINE

Hello?

Through a SECURITY WINDOW, Justine makes the small TV flickering in the darkness. No one watching.

SECURITY RESIDENT BOOK open on the counter. Dorm occupants and their room and phone numbers.

Someone looked up her number.

Justine starts around the counter to investigate. CAR ALARM suddenly sounds off. Scares us all.

Justine snaps to the FRONT ENTRANCE. Has to clumsily jump the turnstile. Moves up to the closed front door, peeking through the plexiglass window.

In the PARKING LOT, her own Honda is flashing headlights. Alarm siren wailing.

Justine regards this. Opens the door, starting out. Realizes she'll be locked out. Slips her flip-flops in the door to keep it ajar.

EXT. DORM BUILDING - NIGHT

Armed with the bat, Justine comes into the parking lot. Looks around her.

JUSTINE

(shouting)

I have a fucking bat! You see my bat?

She checks all angles. No one and nothing.

FOLLOWING HER as she quickly, cautiously approaches her flashing, screaming Honda.

Ready with the bat, Justine moves closer to the car. Realizes the front driver's window has been smashed open. WIRES pulled from the electrical system.

Can't find the words to describe Justine's face. She looks around her. Feeling horribly exposed.

The Honda alarm finally whines and dies.

NEW HEADLIGHTS BEHIND HER

Justine jolts around. Aurora Highbeams in her face. Has to shield her eyes from them.

Realizes the car is the lone Ford Cordova from the 7-11. TWO FORMS. Can't see their faces. Cloaked in dark rain parka hoods.

Justine absorbs this. Steps backwards. Starts back quickly for the:

INT. DORM BUILDING - NEXT MOMENT

Kicks her flip-flops from out of the door, slamming it closed.

Barefooted, she comes around the security station. Snaps up the PHONE at the MONITOR PANEL.

Anxious, short of breath, she dials 911. Suddenly realizes the line is dead.

JUSTINE
(a frantic whisper)

No.

She hangs up the phone, trying to think. Glances into the SECURITY MONITORS. Suddenly spots them in different angles.

The two from the Cordova.

Dressed in rain parkas, wearing gloves. Standing at the side of the dorm building, next to a POWER CONVERTER BOX.

Justine's eyes tense. Watches the one with a TIRE IRON pull open the box. Fiddling with some of the inner workings.

He finds whatever mesh of wires he's been looking for. Extrapolates them with the heavy tire iron.

LIGHTS AND POWER SUDDENLY CUT OUT

Justine reacts as the MONITORS go dead.

She takes heavy breaths, looking around her. Fans and the whine of machinery putters and stops. Full on black out.

Justine mutters under her breath. Clutching that baseball bat. Fumbling a little in the dark, she comes over to the front entrance. Peeks once more through the small window.

HER POV: THE PARKING LOT

All dark save for the eerie glow of headlights from that one Ford Cordova.

Standing in front of it is a FORM. One of the two from the power converter box. Dressed in dark parka hood and filthy jeans.

It's difficult to tell from his twenty-yard distance, but he appears to be wearing a shiny, reflective mask under the parka.

Justine takes a breath. Before she can check another angle...

FORM 2 SLAMS HIS MASKED FACE INTO THE WINDOW

MASK MADE OF ALUMINUM FOIL.

Justine SCREAMS, falling to the floor. Her BAT gets away from her. Rolls into the darkness. As she struggles to get up...

TIRE IRON slams through the window. Cracks glass. Sprays all over Justine. She SCREAMS.

TIRE IRON slams again. More glass spills.

Justine stumbles up, unable to spot the bat. FLASHLIGHT flickers over her face.

Across the lobby, FORM 3. Dressed in Dave's security uniform.

Like his cohort, wearing that eerie mask made of aluminum foil. Black holes for eyes. No mouth. A wraith. Clutching Justine's SWIPE ID in his gloved hand.

Justine mutters, hyperventilating in the sheer terror.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (hushed, terrified)
 What. What do you want?

Form 3 shows nothing. Just standing there. Enjoying it.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (finally screaming it)
 WHAT DO YOU WANT?

FORM 2 finally breaks through the glass. ARM reaches for the lock.

Justine stumbles up, tearing into a run. SCREAMS as she steps barefooted over the glass. Fragments tear into her skin.

She nearly falls again. Regains her footing. No time to retrieve her flip-flops. Climbs over the SECURITY STATION COUNTER as Form 3 starts for her.

INT. BACK ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Justine limps through the dark, tears running down her face. Bumps into the table where Dave was watching TV. Hides behind it.

HER POV: THE LOBBY

Form 3's FLASHLIGHT slashes over darkness. Gently reaches down and picks up Justine's bat. He's now joined by Form 2 with the tire iron.

Both ducked in parkas and aluminum foil masks. Like full-bodied shadows, they break off on either side of the room. Immediately start approaching:

JUSTINE

Muttering, terrified. Trapped. Nowhere else to go.

THE FORMS

Moving around the security counter with their bat and tire iron. Flashlight beam gives their shadows the rise of giants.

JUSTINE

Under the table, shaking from pain and terror.
Flashlight flicker suddenly affords her a glimpse of a
half-ajar BATHROOM. The ones used by the guard station.

Justine takes a moment, gearing for the hard sprint.
With her sliced-up foot, it's going to hurt but --

THE FORMS

Moving into the room. Now spotting her under the table
and --

JUSTINE

Wills herself up and SCREAMS. Throws a chair into the
Forms. Gives her the priceless luxury of an extra
second. To run across the room, falling into the:

INT. BATHROOM

Crashing to the floor, she kicks closed the door. Throws
all her weight against it, locking shut the bolt.

A quiet, sterile moment.

In the darkness, Justine puts a hand over her mouth from
muttering, crying. Struggling to regain composure.
Steps away from the door. Listens intently to the sounds
on the other side of the door.

Under the door, she can see the shine of flashlight.
They're right outside, in the room.

Flashlight skims across the carpet. A click and it
suddenly goes black.

Justine regards this. Quiet and trembling, she pulls
that pack of MATCHES she got with the cigarettes from the
7-11.

Takes a deep breath.

Soft-strikes the match to light. Burns the entire pack
to get enough visibility.

Takes a step back, watching the door.

BUMPS into something slumped against the toilet. Again, she checks herself from screaming.

The small match fire glows all over her face. Her horrified EYES taking in the grim sight before her:

SECURITY GUARD DAVE

Throat slit ear to ear from multiple thin razor blade incisions. Blood drenching his tee shirt and underwear. Stripped of his security uniform.

Justine throws herself against the wall, fighting the urge to scream. Drops the burning pack of matches. Crouches to the ground in tears.

Dave's dead, sunken eyes reflect in the eerie glow of the dying fire. Still, horribly 1% alive. Saliva bubbles gurgle in his mouth. Involuntary muscles twitch.

Justine has to shut her eyes to it. Tears streaming down her face.

Beat.

Opens her eyes again. Has to keep going. In the dying fire, she spots the small VENT above the toilet.

3X3. Barely enough room to crawl through.

Looks back at the dying Guard. Lifeless now. Dead.

She mutters to herself. A mind forcing the body up. Has to pick out a couple of glass fragments from her foot.

NEXT MOMENT

With tears and hair running down her face, Justine moves over to Dave.

Has to gently, quietly push his dead, bloody body off to the side. Give her leverage to climb the toilet seat.

As she goes to check on the VENT...

FLASHLIGHT clicks on again. They're right outside the door.

A low, gentle KNOCK. More terrifying than any loud rap.

Justine has to practically hold her breath in silence. Stepping up on the toilet seat. Getting hands around the vent lid. Held in by small screws.

Wipes away tears, pulling a dime from her pocket of change. With a trembling hand, she inserts the dime into one of four screws. Begins keying it open.

Justine takes a deep breath. Works quickly, furiously to unscrew the bolt.

Another quiet knock. Justine wipes sweat from off her eyes. Summons words:

JUSTINE

I -- I have a gun. You hear me?
(a little louder, more
confident)

He had an ankle piece. You missed it when you took his uniform. I found it under... under the toilet. It fell under the toilet. You come in here, I'll blow your fucking eyes out.

Silence from the other side. Weighing the lie.

Justine finally gets the first screw off. Pings to the ground. The match fire is nearly out.

She immediately begins working on the second screw. Mutters from the cuts in her bleeding foot. Almost slips.

Beat.

A second KNOCK. More curt.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

I'LL SHOOT YOU DEAD. GO AWAY. JUST GO AWAY.

She's half way through the second screw. A tinge of hope. Then:

BATTERING ON THE DOOR

Loud and horrifying. They're using the bat to break through the bolt.

Justine SCREAMS at the third slam, dropping the dime to the ground. It's lost in the darkness.

Another SMASH in the door. Becoming warped at the hinges.

Justine, no time or resources to unscrew the remaining pegs. With her bare hands, fighting to pry open the vent.

Another SMASH. Next one will break through.

Justine digs her fingernails into the vent. Breaks one. Uses a final SCREAM for strength. Breaks the vent lid. Jumps, squirms into the small opening.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN

INT. VENT - NEXT MOMENT

Justine crawls fast through the filthy space. Won't stop to look behind her. Hears their echo in the bathroom.

Flashlight beams racing across the walls of the vent.

TURNING A CORNER IN THE DARK

A trace of moonlight from a VENT leading to the outside.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NEXT MOMENT

Vent panel is fumbled open.

Justine comes out, face first. Slips out, tumbling into a wall of manicured bushes three feet below.

Cries out, having scraped herself from the thorny bushes. Looks around her. All is dark but quiet.

She forces herself up, starting through the grassy quad.

NEXT MOMENT

Using the outlining quad to hide in, Justine limps for the front gate.

EXT. FRONT GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Justine moves under a growth of woods. Checks her angles. Suddenly spots that SECURITY SUV at the closed gate. A centurion on guard.

Justine whispers to herself. Gambles a step closer away from the wood growth to get a better look.

SUV'S LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO BRIGHT

We can now make FORM 4 behind the wheel. Foil mask and parka.

The dead, bloody body of security guard Wayne in the passenger's seat.

JUSTINE

Shaking her head in horror, disbelief. Starts backwards.

THE SUV

Suddenly powers on. Goes full pedal.

Justine SCREAMS as it starts for her. She tears into a run...

HEADING THROUGH THE PATCH OF WOODS

Stumbles, fights for speed. Looking for anywhere to hide.

SUV BEHIND HER

Lights bright. Roaring through the campus woods. Thin twigs that break apart in the overpowering strength of the truck.

Justine summons every possible inch of strength and turns on the sprint. Cut-up foot now covered in mud and blood.

CUT TO:

WINDSHIELD'S POV

Tracking her. Will run her down and --

JUSTINE

Finally arrived back at that section of building wall.
Nowhere left to run. Turns back to the SUV that is
roaring towards her.

Has to SCREAM and jump from its path.

AS THE SUV SMASHES INTO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING

Front tires explode. Hood's mangled. Stale HORN wails
into the night.

Cold beat.

Justine, on the grass. Ten feet from the wreckage.
Looks up to see the DRIVER'S SEAT.

Form 4's already out of the truck. Parka hood and foil
mask. Before he/she can start out on Justine...

Sound of a DOG BARKING.

Yard LIGHT from the GROUNDSKEEPER'S HOUSE. Suddenly
blinks on. Alerted to the noise of the SUV wreck.

Justine, glimmer of hope. Looks back to the SUV. Form 4
has already vanished.

GROUNDSKEEPER appears on his front porch, dressed in
houserobe, having just awoken.

A dog barks like hell.

Groundskeeper shines light into the damaged SUV.

Justine starts for him.

FOLLOWING HER RUN

JUSTINE
HELP. HELP ME.

Begins tripping in her limp.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
HELP.

Groundskeeper realizes she's filthy, foot bleeding.
Turns on more flood lights.

INT. HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Groundskeeper helps Justine through the door, guiding her to a small seat. Has to pull away his hard-barking DOBERMAN.

JUSTINE

Lock the door. You have to lock the door.

Groundskeeper does it. The dog throws big claws up on the window glass. Barks full fury.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

(voice trembling)

Oh, God. They're trying. Trying to kill me. One tried to run me down with the truck.

GROUNDSKEEPER

It's okay, just calm down a bit-

JUSTINE

NO. They're out there, they killed the two guards. Oh, God.

Groundskeeper pulls his dog back from the draped window. Glances out into the darkness.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Who are they?

Justine finds her voice again.

JUSTINE

I don't know.

(fighting back tears)

They killed the two guards. Blacked out the power in the dorms.

Groundskeeper absorbs this. Looks at Justine's swollen foot.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

They... they have my ID. They found out my name and address, they called me.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Why?

JUSTINE
GODDAMN IT, I DON'T KNOW WHY.

Doberman barks hard and heavy.

GROUNDSKEEPER
Lady, down!

The Doberman moves to the front door. Starts scratching it up. Groundskeeper heads past Justine.

GROUNDSKEEPER (CONT'D)
Stay here.

JUSTINE
No, don't leave-

GROUNDSKEEPER
I'm not leaving you, I just have to go into the next room to call the police. It's all right, just stay here. Okay?

Justine takes a deep breath. Nods.

Groundskeeper grabs a small blanket from the couch, wrapping it over Justine's foot.

GROUNDSKEEPER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get some water and cotton for your foot, okay?

JUSTINE
Just call the police. Please.

GROUNDSKEEPER
I will.

Groundskeeper gives her a small look of assurance. Heads quickly into the next room.

Momentarily alone with the dog, Justine scans the place.

A lonely place.

Living room and small kitchen. A bedroom. PHOTOS of the Groundskeeper fishing. One with him and a friend on a pier.

Justine glances at the Groundskeeper's ID on the coffee table, along with his keys.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
They distracted me and took my ID. It's
how they were able to get in.

GROUNDSKEEPER
How many out there?

JUSTINE
I don't know. Four at least.

Groundskeeper weighs this. Goes back to his cell phone.

GROUNDSKEEPER
Okay, here we go.

As he dials -- LOUD SMASH FROM OUTSIDE.

Jolts Justine. Another.

Groundskeeper moves over to the window, throwing a drape
open.

Spots two of the four FLOOD LIGHTS smashed out.

Doberman goes wild.

GROUNDSKEEPER (CONT'D)
Sonsofbitches.

Flash of a FORM running across the pathway. Like a
wraith in black parka.

Groundskeeper goes to his front door.

JUSTINE
NO.

GROUNDSKEEPER
I SEE EM.

The Doberman tries getting through him, barking
viciously.

JUSTINE
DON'T GO OUT THERE.

ANOTHER SMASH as more light blacks out through the
drapes.

Groundskeeper throws open the door. FIRES shots into the
dark. Forms scatter.

GROUNDSKEEPER
YOU FUCKING SONSOFBITCHES.

 JUSTINE
COME BACK INSIDE.

He begins FIRING wildly into the darkness. Heads out after them.

 JUSTINE (CONT'D)
NO.

The door, left wide open. Justine stares at it. Listens intently to the battle outside.

Another SMASH. TWO MORE GUNSHOTS.

People running.

 GROUNDSKEEPER (O.S.)
 (from somewhere)
Kill you sonsofbitches.

Fifth GUNSHOT echoes. Followed by the hard THUD of a bat.

Someone collapsing.

Terrifying because we never see it happen.

Justine, wild eyes. Stares at that open porch door. Smacks back and forth in the night wind.

Beat.

A LONG HUMAN SHADOW then appears. Moving towards the door.

Justine, total instinct. Fires up, SLAMMING THE DOOR CLOSED. Bolts it again.

Their cue to KILL THE HOUSE'S POWER.

Justine reacts, screams with a closed mouth. Once again, alone and consumed in darkness.

Sound of the Forms regrouping. Conspiring to infiltrate.

Justine quickly, furiously moves into the KITCHEN. Starts throwing open cabinets.

Looking for anything she can use.

Finds a FLASHLIGHT. It's dim but functional.

QUICK CUTS

Going through the drawers with the flashlight. Pulls a good piece of CUTLERY KNIFE. Some rags.

Cuts apart the rags, using them as tourniquets for her wounded foot.

Small, gentle knock on the front door. Seems to be their grotesque signature.

Justine tries to faze it out. Starts looking for any other weapons. Maybe another gun the Groundskeeper may have tucked away.

Beat.

LOUD BANG on the front door. She jolts to it. They're coming for her.

She looks up at the KITCHEN WINDOW.

Back at the living room.

Spots the Groundskeeper's KEY RING he left on the coffee table. Keys to many doors in the campus.

She has to go back for it.

FOLLOWING HER

Rushing into the living room, up to the coffee table. Another BANG on the door.

Justine snatches the KEY RING. Starts back for the kitchen just as the FRONT DOOR SMASHES OPEN.

She has to quickly duck into the BEDROOM.

Locks the door shut. Stumbles over to the BEDROOM WINDOW. Frantically wraps a pillow case around her hand. Punches the window open.

BANGS on the bedroom door. They're kicking through the lock and --

JUSTINE

Knife in hand. Moves out of the shattered window --

EXT. HOUSE

Falling to the wet ground. Lands beside the body of the dead Groundskeeper. Hacked in the face and chest with a tire iron and razor blades.

Justine has to cup her mouth from screaming. They now have his gun.

Justine regards him a moment more. Remembers the man having tucked the cell phone into his inner houserobe pocket.

Digs through it. Through the blood.

Comes up with the phone.

Spots FLASHLIGHTS flickering against the walls. One of them's turning the corner.

Armed now with the knife, flashlight and cell phone, she starts into a fast limp.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - NIGHT

Justine makes her way through the darkness, back across that desolate running oval. Starts underneath the metal bleachers, trying to elude her pursuers.

Finally comes to one of the HIGH WALLS securing the campus from the wilderness surrounding it.

She tries to climb.

It's twelve feet high and slick as oil.

This, coupled with her injured foot makes it impossible for her the even get a glimmer of a foothold.

Turns back around. FORMS in the distance. FLASHLIGHTS searching the fields. They're looking for her.

Heading this way.

Justine has little choice but to press on.

Forgoes the high walls and heads for the small patch of pine forest scattered by the faculty buildings.

NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING HER

Sprinting hard and heavy through the darkness. All we hear are her heavy breaths. The sounds of twigs snapping beneath her feet.

She finally crashes down in a patch of cold still weed. Forms with flashlights are circling the track field. For the moment, she seems to have eluded them.

Looks around her. She's too far from the front gate.

She wipes tears and sweat from her face. Suddenly spots the LIBRARY in the near distance. The heavy, protective doors.

A good place to make the phone call.

She takes another moment. Finally committing. Starts out across the dark quad.

QUICK CUTS

Looking behind her. No one seems to be on her tail.

Reaching the front door, she quickly fumbles the keys. Starts trying them. Looks behind her again.

The flashlights have now disappeared. They're most likely on the move.

Panicked and anxious, she tries another key. Won't fit.

JUSTINE

(angry whisper)

C'mon, goddamn it.

Another. Key finally inserts. She twists and pulls on the bolt.

INT. LIBRARY - SAME

Comes through the big door, into the cold darkness. Bolts it closed.

Clicks on the flashlight, throwing beams into the long, cavernous reading hall. Stained glass and dark chandeliers haunt the space.

NEW ANGLE

Justine moves past the front desk, trying one of the phones. Like everywhere else, the lines are cut.

Beat.

She suddenly has to bend down. Feels the pangs come and go. The reality of it finally hits her. She bends down and vomits.

LIBRARY - COUNTER AREA - NEXT MOMENT

Moderately recovered, Justine throws the flashlight strap around her neck, wearing it like a necklace.

Immediately pulls the cell phone from her wet pocket. Clicks it on. Watches the bars go from zero to four. It's functioning.

Hope, small relief in her face. As she goes to dial 911...

PHONE SUDDENLY RINGS

She reacts. On guard, cupping the ringer to squelch the sound. Sees the ID: UNIDENTIFIED CALLER.

Beat.

Justine weighs the moment. Finally folds it open. Listens in silence to the other end.

911 (O.S.)
 (female operator)
 911 Emergency, did someone just call us
 on this number?

Justine reacts. Small relief.

JUSTINE
 Hello -- ?

911 (O.S.)
 911, I say again-

JUSTINE

Yes. Oh, God. It was the groundskeeper, he was trying to call you. Listen, please, listen. My name is Justine Wills. I'm a student at (BLACKED OUT) College. There are people here. They're trying to kill me.

(holds back tears)

They've already killed at least three others and they're after me. I need police, please.

911 (O.S.)

Where are you right now?

JUSTINE

On campus.

(swallows a breath)

In the library.

911 (O.S.)

The main library.

JUSTINE

(nodding)

Yes.

911 (O.S.)

Is there anyone else with you?

JUSTINE

No, I'm alone. I don't... I don't think they know where I am. Please, send somebody. Hello?

911 (O.S.)

Stay on the line. We're sending someone now.

Justine closes her eyes for a moment.

JUSTINE

Okay. Thank you.

(beat, starts crying)

Thank you.

Beat.

911 (O.S.)

You're welcome, Kristy.

Justine reacts.

What little color was left in her face drains completely. Begins trembling. Now realizing the trap that she just fell into.

911 (THE GIRL) (CONT'D)
Kristy, Kristy, Kristy-

Justine slams the phone closed. Throws bangs from her face. As she goes to dial the real 911 --

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS SHATTER OPEN

Justine SCREAMS.

More windows breaking. Rocks and bricks fired into the big hall. Glass shatters to the floor.

They know she's barefooted, using it against her.

Justine, running into the big READING ROOM.

Starts underneath tables, making an escape through the labyrinth of long book rows.

FOLLOWING HER QUICKLY

All around her, FLASHLIGHT BEAMS flicker across the shelves. They've now made their way into the reading room.

Justine ducks a corner, getting on the floor. Tries to make their BOOTS moving through the maze of books. Hard to see through the dark.

She holds her breath. Checks her CELL PHONE. The bars have receded. She needs a clear place to make the call.

The horrible smash of tables being overturned.

Book shelves smashing down.

They're cutting to the chase by tearing down her hiding grounds.

Each thrown-down shelf prompts Justine to move further away. Finally finds herself against the wall. Nowhere left to go.

As the final book shelves begin to topple. Terrifying because we barely see the people causing their fall.

HARD ON JUSTINE'S EYES

Holding the knife up to her face. Ready for the finality of this. Ready to fight them.

But then. Suddenly spots it in the corner: WALL LADDER. Used to reach high books.

Justine pays it a moment's more glance. Realizes she can get up to the second floor and out a ROOF EXIT.

With flashlight flickering across the walls, with books dropping to the ground, she has about two more seconds to contemplate.

Finally commits, making a mad dash for the ladder. Starts up it as the final book shelves crash down.

Before flashlight beams can aim her way, she's already over the ladder and railing of the:

SECOND FLOOR

Falls over the railing, onto the hardwood. Accidentally drops the knife. Falls into the darkness below.

NEW FLASHLIGHT BEAMS race across the walls and ceilings. They're heading for the stairs.

Justine pulls herself up from the floor, making a run for the ROOF EXIT. Again, has to fumble for the keys.

They're moving up the stairs.

Justine, furious, goes for another key. Finally gets it and turns. Snaps the door open, rushing into the roof stairwell. Bolts the door shut again.

EXT. LIBRARY ROOF - NEXT MOMENT

Justine comes out of the access way, into the cold night air. Stumbling. Foot showing signs of bleeding again.

She moves up to the edge of the roof. Tries the CELL PHONE. Bars now showing 50%. Possible signal.

Trembling finger dials 911. Rings long and hollow.

JUSTINE
 (cell phone to ear)
 C'mon, c'mon.

SMASH OF DOOR from below. They're breaking through the access.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 ANSWER.

Call connects on third ring. This time, a professional male voice.

911 (O.S.)
 911, what is your emergency.

JUSTINE
 (hushed, terrified)
 This is Justine Wills, people are trying to kill me, I need police.

The communication is bad, filled with static.

911 (O.S.)
 Caller, can you repeat again?

JUSTINE
 GODDAMN IT, I NEED THE POLICE.

DOOR FINALLY BREAKS OPEN. Dark Forms in parka hoods, moving out onto the roof.

911 (O.S.)
 What is your location?

More static.

JUSTINE
 (crying, muttering)
 (BLACKED OUT) College. You have to come now.

911 (O.S.)
 Caller, say again.

GUNSHOT. Smashes roof inches from Justine. She SCREAMS, dropping the cell phone.

DARK FORM, gun in hand. Now joined by THREE OTHERS.

OPERATOR'S VOICE on the fallen cell phone. Buffered, barely audible in the bad connection.

Justine, frozen in the sight of the Form's gun. Backed against the roof. Nowhere left to go.

Stares down at the grass and trees three stories below. Small GUTTER BROOK flowing cold and dark into a SEWER PIPE.

Looks back at the Forms. Aluminum foil masks reflecting in the flashlight. Can't see their eyes.

JUSTINE
(breathless, hollow)
Why are you doing this?

They show nothing. Give nothing.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

Form with the gun takes another step forward.

Justine whispers something. Maybe a prayer.

Form raises the gun to fire.

Justine SCREAMS.

AND JUMPS OFF THE ROOF...

COLLAPSING THROUGH PINE...

HEAVY BRANCHES BREAKING HER FALL...

ONTO THE HARD AUTUMN GRASS

Nothing cool or pretty about it. It's brutal and ugly and looks as bad as it sounds.

Justine rolls into the gutter brook. Overflowing from recent rainfall and mud. Coughing, panting. Wind knocked out of her.

Tries to get up. Winces in the new flash of pain.

Cut-up foot now has a sprained ankle.

She looks up to the roof above. Sees the flicker of flashlights move through the mist. They're approaching the edge.

She coughs. Struggles in the pain. Starts up. Through the sludge and cold water of the gutter brook.

FOLLOWING JUSTINE

Stumbling, tripping with her. She wants to cry but pushes it down. Starts muttering. Whispering to herself. Anything to stop thinking of the pain.

Looks back around.

ONE FORM

Remains on the roof. The tallest of the four. Watches Justine as the others head off to give chase.

INT. SEWAGE DRAIN/CANAL - NEXT MOMENT

Justine scrambles through the small opening, putting flashlight beam into the darkness ahead. It's a void. Long and wet and scary as hell.

She takes a deep breath and starts in. Will have to crawl for a good thirty, fifty yards. Doesn't look behind her.

Concentrates on the yards ahead.

CLOSE ON JUSTINE'S FACE

Feeling her way through the muck. The shit and rocks.

Has to stop occasionally and cough out the disgusting black water spitting into her mouth.

NEW ANGLE - FOLLOWING HER

Crawling heavy as she practically slides her injured foot.

Heaving breath. Endless butterfly strokes in the pool have conditioned her arms to work the pace.

Finds herself going deeper. The canal's on an incline, becoming slick with muck and algae.

She has to stop again to cough. Pulls the flashlight from around her neck. Suddenly gets away from her, sliding down into the darkness.

JUSTINE
(breathless)

No.

Light drains from her face as the flashlight slips down into further tunnelway.

LIKE JUSTINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY ENGULFED IN DARKNESS

All we HEAR are pants. Echoes from everywhere. The sounds are warped and erratic.

Justine, engulfed in the void. Creeps her way further down. Through the horrid filth.

Again, starts whispering something to herself.

It's only engaged with her in the darkness that we realize what she's muttering: Robert Frost's Stopping In the Woods On a Snowy Evening.

An eerie and spectral dynamic in this dark hell:

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
*Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
(coughs, restrains tears)
To watch his woods fill up with snow.*

Sounds boom and echo around her. She keeps going.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
*My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest...
(beat)
Darkest evening of the year...*

She stops. Fumbles around. Feels it in her fingers. The FLASHLIGHT.

Sound of Justine's breath. Like someone almost ready to laugh. Having found water in the desert.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Went out. Goes out sometimes. It's
 okay. We check the batteries. We turn
 the batteries.

Sound of her unscrewing the flashlight. Switching the
 batteries' places.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 (barely over a breath)
 There we go, Jus. There we go.

She seals the flashlight back up. Shakes it. Clicks the
 button.

A flicker of light, then nothing.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
 Okay, c'mon.

Shakes it again.

Clicks button.

FLASHLIGHT BEAM RETURNS.

CLOSE ON JUSTINE'S FACE

Icy tears coursing down her face. Small look of relief.

Suddenly hears the small crackle of vermin. Turns
 flashlight on:

A FLOOD OF RATS

Covering her legs and feet. Snaking down the sewer
 canal.

Justine SCREAMS. Kicks her legs as the vermin bodies
 scatter like pond water to stone.

More ahead, running through her hair and face. She has
 to shut her eyes. SCREAMS, using the flashlight as a
 weapon. Some bite into her hands.

She bashes one dead with the flashlight. Keeps on
 moving. Never crawled so fast in her life.

Working through the fleeting horde...

Following the sound of new brook water...

Moonlight giving new shadows to the drain pipe. The end in sight.

Justine, furious eyes. Working her muscles faster, harder than any swimming competition. The roar of falling water soon eclipses everything else...

EXT. DRAIN PIPE - NEXT MOMENT

Flashlight flickers as Justine squirms out the small opening. Stares down into a cold foam of dark waterfall. Pouring into a small pool of filthy brook water.

Looks at the stone walls around her. Realizes she's just outside the campus.

Takes another breath, falling down into the freezing water.

WITH HER AS SHE RESURFACES

Breath frosts in the dead of night. Gains her swim, reaching out to some sharp, wet rocks. Pulls herself out the brook.

Falls to the wet brush for a beat. Having suddenly realized how exhausted her body is. Shivering cold. Feels like Iceland. Wants to collapse into sleep.

Sudden drip-drop of blood stirs her around. Pings on wet rocks beside her. She regards it. Glances up above.

Puts a hand over her mouth. Breaks into a soft, sterile cry. As we soon realize what she's staring at:

A MUTILATED DOG CARCASS

Hanging on the tree branch. The skinned body of the groundskeeper's Doberman.

Justine has to stop herself from screaming out. Knows they may be close, possibly guarding the perimeter.

Has to take a deep breath and say it to herself...

JUSTINE

(a whisper)

Get up. Justine, get up.

(angrier)

Get the fuck up.

She talks herself into it. Finally struggling up. Winces at the pain. Closes her eyes, collapsing against a tree. Swallows a breath.

NEXT MOMENT

Justine, limping through the dark woods. Basically following the moonlight. Any direction away from the walled-in campus. Stops for a moment to get her bearings.

Suddenly hears it. First, barely a rumble. Becoming more distinct... tires on pavement.

EXT. WOODLANDS - NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING JUSTINE

Drenched and shivering, breaking through the thin branches. Ignoring the scrapes and pine needles, she follows the sound of a car in motion. Growing closer.

Breaking through the final wall of branches, Justine comes to PAVED ROAD.

Realizes she's arrived on that thin strip of ROAD heading in and out of the campus.

Crouches down as a JEEP roars past her. Takes her a stunned moment to realize...

JUSTINE

-- Aaron --

(coughing, trying to find her voice)

Aaron.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD

Justine stumbles onto the pavement. Takes a breath to scream it:

JUSTINE

AARON.

Jeep BRAKES 10 feet from the front gate. Red tail lights glow in the mist.

Beat.

Door opens. Aaron comes out, tries spotting her through the darkness.

Justine takes another step into the road.

Aaron realizes it's her.

AARON

Justine -- ?

Justine, limping towards him. Falls a little.

Aaron now sees she's banged up, wet and filthy. Starts for her.

AARON (CONT'D)

Jesus.

JUSTINE

(through tears)

Get in the car, Aaron.

AARON

(starts running)

Justine, what happened?

JUSTINE

GET IN THE CAR.

AARON

(worried, scared)

Are you hurt-

GUNSHOT. Smashes Aaron's forehead.

Blood sprays.

He collapses to the road, dead. That fast.

Justine, horrified, in shock.

FOLLOWING HER, SCREAMING

Stumbles over to him. Dead on the ground. Blood continues to run out his skull.

Tries to say his name. Can't utter it.

Behind her, FORM 1 moving out of the pine. Groundskeeper's gun in hand.

Justine. As though momentarily oblivious to him. Crouches down beside Aaron's dead body. Gently running a hand over his lifeless face. Brain matter on the pavement.

JUSTINE

(muttering, in shock)

Aaron. Aaron.

In front of her, GATE manually opening.

Form 2 revealed on its other side. Tire iron in hand.

Like his cohort, staring at Justine for a cold moment. Amused by her dire expression. Best night of their lives.

ON JUSTINE

Cold tears streaming down her face. Looks behind her at the Form with the gun. In front of her. Aaron's Jeep still sitting ten yards from the gate.

Collective fear and terror turns to a silent rage. Growing hysterical. Forgets about the pain.

Just charges towards the Jeep. SCREAMING.

Form 1 FIRES off another shot. Skims past Justine.

Justine, running on her bad limp. Burning stare. Racing hard and heavy for the Jeep's door. It surprises Form 2. He starts for her and --

JUSTINE

Reaches the Jeep, throwing herself into the --

INT. JEEP

-- driver's seat. SCREAMS and punches the gas. SLAMS into Form 2 so fast it throws him onto the hood.

Justine, no plan. Just rage and action. Batters Aaron's Jeep through the gate as Form 2 begins slamming the tire iron into the windshield glass.

His faceless foil mask reflecting Justine's own eyes.

Form 2 wields again, splintering glass. Justine SCREAMS, slamming on the brakes. Hits her head on the dashboard as Form 2 is catapulted off the hood.

Slams down into the campus parking lot.

We're still with Justine. Forehead cut. In a momentary daze, glances through the rearview at Form 1 running back through the open gate.

Form 2 ahead of her, struggling to rise from the parking lot pavement.

Rage returns to Justine. Throws down the stick. Punches the gas.

SLAMS INTO FORM 2 FULL-ON

He's partially pinned, dragged on the Jeep's tow fender.

Justine, watching his struggling form from the SPLINTERED WINDSHIELD. Driving the jeep a good 40mph --

SLAMMING HEAD-ON INTO A PARKING LOT STREET LAMP

Crushes Form 2 instantly. Breaks bones. But he's scrambling, still alive.

Justine, having taken another brunt from the steering wheel.

Throws the stick into reverse.

Backs up, momentarily releasing Form 2's body.

Practically sticks to the street lamp. Arm flailing, trying to wield a tire iron that no longer exists.

JUSTINE

Throws the Jeep into drive, punching the gas. Hits him again. So hard, the big pole comes crashing down on the Jeep. Instant electrical spark. Fries the hood and roof.

Justine braces as SPARKS shoot all around her. Blood slick on the broken street lamp is all that remains of Form 2.

Justine, dazed from a small concussion. Takes a hard, cold breath. Realizes the electrical collapse has created a car fire on the hood.

Spots Form 1 moving towards her.

Joined now by his TWO REMAINING COHORTS.

Justine calculates. Spots Aaron's BACKPACK on the Jeep floor. Reaches down, sweeping it up.

Grabs a plastic CIGARETTE LIGHTER in his coffee holder. Starts out the open driver's door as the fire breeds around her.

FOLLOWING JUSTINE

Limping through a shower of electrical sparks. Heading for the closest BUILDING for refuge.

MOVING AROUND HER

As she picks up the pace. Can't sprint. Has to limp - jog badly, outrunning the brewing Jeep fire now in the BACKGROUND.

Ten more feet and it EXPLODES. Impact puts her down for a moment. Lights up the whole parking lot, creating a temporary veil between her and the rest of the crew.

Justine keeps moving, clutching Aaron's backpack.

MOVING AROUND HER ONCE AGAIN

Revealing a UTILITY ACCESS DOOR she's making for. Pulls that set of keys from her wet pocket.

INT. UNDISCLOSED BUILDING - NEXT MOMENT

Veiled in darkness.

Sound of keys wrangling. DOOR finally opens as Justine stumbles through.

Nearly trips and falls at the STAIRWELL leading to the BOILER ROOM level of wherever the hell we are.

She shuts and locks the door behind her, once again entombing the place into darkness.

With hushed, heavy breaths she strikes up Aaron's lighter. Puts it on full burn, creating a mini torch. Glow gives her a bit of illumination.

Uses it to find her way down the industrial grate steps.

Moving... moving...

Arriving in the BOILER ROOM. Stepping through silent machinery and meters.

FOLLOWING JUSTINE

The small glow of firelight travelling with her. Something primordial and ancient about it all. Passing down a small hall with a sign on cinder-block wall.

Justine, trembling from the cold and adrenaline. Puts the lighter up to a sign on a locked door:

POOL HEATER

She absorbs this. Realizes she's in the POOL AND GYM BUILDING. Keeps moving, finding her way to another set of STEPS.

INT. NEW ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Door unlocks and opens. Justine comes through, eyes glowing in the lighter burn. Bangs hanging down her face.

FOLLOWING HER

Through a small alcove. Turning a corner, revealing the:

OLYMPIC POOL AREA

The water black in the eerie lighter glow. Diving boards hover over the deep end. A place familiar to Justine. Already knowing where to go, she starts out. Cringes in her bad limp.

Heading for a DARK OFFICE in the corner of the area.

INT. POOL OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT

Door opening. Justine comes through, throwing Aaron's backpack to the ground. Immediately goes for the COACH'S DESK against the wall.

Tries the phone. Dead.

Tries a locked drawer. Shakes it, furious.

Has to spark the lighter once again to get visibility. Suddenly remembers something.

NEXT MOMENT

Opens one of the wall cabinets, pulling a RADIOVAC TV/RADIO MODULE from a shelf. The kind used for camping/emergencies.

Tries the module's built-in FLASHLIGHT. It's working.

NEXT MOMENT

Justine sets the module on the desk. Powerful flashlight now sets the small room aglow. Has the TV on for added illumination.

QUICK CUTS:

Using a heavy paper weight, Justine begins bashing the click-lock on the drawer. Has to stop a beat and listen to the outside sounds. They'll be here soon.

She bashes the drawer again.

Finally breaks the lock.

Ruffles through an odd assortment of junk and files.
 Finally comes up with what she's been searing for:
 CABINET KEY.

Unlocks a CABINET in the corner. Pulls a MED KIT. Some
 small towels.

MOMENTS LATER

With the glow of the small TV, Justine applies the final
 gauze to her foot and leg. Sloppy but efficient.
 Working on the final bands.

Opens Aaron's backpack, looking for anything she can use.
 Digs through his text books. Comes up with that MP3
 RECORDER.

She wipes another tear away. Her eyes suddenly freeze on
 SOMETHING ELSE in the big pouch. She gently pulls out a
 silly little TURKEY STUFFED ANIMAL and a card.

Opens the Thanksgiving card:

SORRY FOR LEAVING. LET'S HAVE OUR OWN HOLIDAY.

LOVE, AARON

CLOSE ON JUSTINE'S FACE

Absorbing the simple significance.

Tears begin forming.

Finally has to cup her face and sob. Ultimately drops
 everything, falling to her side on the floor.

As though the shock has worn down. Realizing the full
 horror of his death.

JUSTINE

No.

(beat, enraged)

No.

SCREAMS it. VOICE booms across the place.

Tinny voice from the unseen LOCAL NEWS REPORT.

We hear the name *Kristy*.

Justine, heavy breath. Reacts. Turning to the unseen PORTABLE TV. Sets her face aglow.

REPORTER

Yes, David, it appears all but confirmed now that the body discovered an hour ago in the woods just off Dars Harbor is indeed that of twenty year-old Kristy Matthews.

Justine absorbs this. Face pale and frozen.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

With signs of bludgeoning even after the victim's death, police are now investigating this as a particularly brutal and bizarre murder. Now there are apparently no leads into-

Big BANG.

GENERATOR LIGHTS suddenly power on. They've breached the gym, heading for the big pool room.

Justine reacts, reaches up and clicks the TV off. Kills the flashlight.

Outside the office, the big rafter lights turn an eerie red auxiliary.

Justine, low to the floor. Starts out.

MOVING WITH HER ON THE FLOOR

Newly bandaged foot. Half-crawling through the ajar door.

(NOTE: FOR THE DURATION OF THIS SEQUENCE, THERE IS NO CUT OUT. THIS IS ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT. WE ARE ENTIRELY WITH JUSTINE IN HER EXPERIENCE)

Justine keeps low to the cold tile ground. Spots the roam of FLASHLIGHTS reflecting off the walls across the pool room.

They're heading down that one utility hall.

Justine regards the walls around her. No exit save for the locked front door and the hall. Can't go back in the office.

Summoning all strength, she limp-starts for the deep end of the pool.

Sounds of their boots now echoing down the hall. Sinister and predatory.

Justine quietly, cleanly moves off the pool's edge and into the water.

Careful.

Very careful not to disrupt the water's surface. Cringes at the burn of chlorine into her wounded foot.

AS WE FOLLOW HER INTO THE BLACK WATER

The Forms' FLASHLIGHT BEAMS now roaming the room.

Justine takes the deepest breath of her life and SUBMERGES.

GOING WITH HER UNDERWATER

Far down eight, ten feet. Enough that she's nearly out of their visibility. Has to hold her nose from any escaping air bubbles.

As we LOOK with her to the surface.

FLASHLIGHTS skimming the water. Relentless and bright.

TWO FORMS moving down both sides of the pool. Slow and deliberate, checking all angles.

One stops right above us. Shines flashlight into FRAME. Makes a momentary flicker across FRAME.

Justine, frozen as ice. Beginning to experience the pangs of airless seconds.

The Form ultimately shifts flashlight. Keeps going.

Justine, now clinging against the side of the pool. Waits out a few more seconds.

INDUSTRIAL LIGHTS slam off. She's suddenly engulfed back in darkness.

Lungs ready to burst, she finally, gently comes up for air.

Breaks through the surface, mouth first.

Wants to drink in every inch of air, but has to be quiet and patient.

Gradually pulls her head and arms out of the water, clinging to the edge of the pool. Peeks over the concrete crest.

Spots ONE FLASHLIGHT roaming in the coach's office.

His cohort is gone.

Justine calculates. For the first time, she has the powerful advantage of surprise.

Wills herself to gently, silently climb the pool ladder, out of the deep end.

With quiet, aching deliberate steps, she creeps a dark corner just before the office door.

PANNING DOWN...

To reveal what she's been clutching in her hand all this time: THE KEY to the office cabinet. Held like a stabbing weapon.

We PEEK with her through the crack of door. Spotting the Form crouched beside Aaron's backpack. Going through the remainder of his college things.

Justine closes her eyes for a moment. Taking a final beat before committing to this.

(END OF CONTINUOUS SHOT)

INT. OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT

FORM, crouched before Aaron's backpack. Foil mask cloaked under his parka hood. Regards the MP3 recorder and some text books.

Presses PLAY on the recorder.

JUSTINE'S VOICE

Say what.

AARON'S VOICE

You know what.

JUSTINE'S VOICE

You can't corner me with technology.

Beat.

AARON'S VOICE

I love you. I love you. Justine.

Sound of a creaking door...

Form snaps around. Puts flashlight on the half ajar door. Creaking a little as though the wind or perhaps someone moved it.

Form calculates. Starts forward, KICKING open the door. Slams ugly against the cement wall.

Checks all angles of the pool with his flashlight. Calculating. Suddenly spots a small DEEP-END FAUCET turned on. Trickling new water into the pool.

Beat.

Form cautiously moves over to it.

FOLLOWING HIM

To the edge of the water. Crouching down to twist it off. Takes a beat, shining FLASHLIGHT into the black water. Sees his foil mask reflecting.

More shockingly, JUSTINE now right behind him.

He whips around just as she STABS the KEY into his face. Stunned, he drops the flashlight.

Two hard stabs and she finally makes contact with the eye.

He viciously swings the tire iron but can't see, blinded by the blood. Like an automaton winding down, the silent predator wields the heavy weapon through the air. Can't find his target.

Justine, athletic and alert, anticipates the next swing. When it passes, she slams into him.

AND BOTH CRASH INTO THE POOL

UNDERWATER

Justine and the Form. Fighting, struggling six feet below.

He's big and manic but this is her world. Her eye's not gouged and she can hold her breath and --

THE FORM

Succumbing to the chlorinated water gushing into his lungs. Tries to get back to the surface.

Justine, full-on rage. Strength she never knew she had. SCREAMS are buffered in the weight of water.

Overpowering the shocked and stunned Form. One more kick and jerk before body finally goes limp. Lungs popped.

Justine, still clinging to him. Wants him to suffer. Finally lets go as his body sinks to the bottom.

She plunges down to the pool floor, grabbing the fallen tire iron.

NEXT MOMENT - POOL SURFACE

She breaks once more. Inhales the wonderful air. Crying, but this time with the exotic mixture of rage and joy.

Two down, two left.

Finds herself clutching her stomach. Like a mother to a future newborn. Face surreal in the glow of the dropped flashlight.

Wiping off tears. Whispers it to herself:

JUSTINE

Won't let them do it. To you. Won't let them take you. Won't let them take you. From me.

(breathless)

Promise you. Swear to God, baby, I promise you.

She looks around her. Spots FLASHLIGHT heading quickly through another hall, alerted to the new noise...

SMASH TO:

FORM 3 MOVING DOWN A DARK HALL

The one dressed in the SECURITY UNIFORM. Parka over his head. Tallest, biggest of the crew.

Comes full force back into the:

INT. POOL AREA

The water now rippling. Crisp and eerie waves echo across the walls and lockers.

FOLLOWING FORM 3

Down the side of the pool. Puts flashlight on the deep end. Spotting his dead cohort's body lying on the pool floor.

CLOSE ON FORM'S FACELESS FOIL MASK

Black sockets for eyes. Trying to calculate what went wrong. Roar of a HAND DRYER.

Snaps Form 3 around. Shines light onto CLOSED DOUBLE DOORS. Roar of hand dryer's coming from the other side.

The sign on the doors: Weights/Showers

CUT TO:

A DOOR SLAMMING OPEN

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Flashlight infiltrates the darkness as Form 3 moves into the eerie, lifeless setting.

Hand dryer ROARING from somewhere in the darkness.

FREE WEIGHTS and NAUTILUS MACHINES cover the room. Wall mirrors. A place of dread.

Form 3 feels out the place. Pulls that one GUN from his pocket. Starts out among the maze of weights and machines...

FOLLOWING HIM THROUGH THE FREY

Unlike his cohort, he's more cautious. Calculating. Following a fresh WATER TRAIL undoubtedly left behind by Justine.

Shines light on the many posters. Wrestling trophies and such.

A big workout MIRROR reflects his own foil mask.

NEXT MOMENT

Having followed the water trail and hand dryer to a SHOWER/BATHROOM AREA. Realizes the trail ends here. Must have used the hand dryer to dry her body of pool water.

Dryer finally stops.

Gives silence to a new sound...

whimpering...

... breathless crying, barely audible.

Form 3 hears it but tries not to blatantly react. Slowly turns his head to the point of emanation...

A DARK SHOWER STALL

Where she's hiding. Trembling and terrified.

CUT TO:

JUSTINE'S EYES

All we FRAME. Hiding. Trying to keep from crying...

CUT TO:

FORM 3

Picking up on it. Cloaked and monstrous in the big parka hood and foil mask.

Starts silently for that corner shower stall. The hushed crying and heavy breaths of Justine having given herself away.

CUT TO:

JUSTINE'S EYES

Unblinking. Waiting out the seconds...

CUT TO:

FORM 3

Now a stall away. Gun ready to fire...

CUT TO:

JUSTINE'S EYES

Widening in the horrifying anticipation of it...

CUT TO:

FORM 3

Reaching the last stall. Spots the SHOWER CURTAIN pulled closed. Justine's pained breaths audible from within...

CUT TO:

JUSTINE'S EYES

One last beat before the horror. As she reacts to the:

PULL OF A SHOWER CURTAIN

Form 3, gun ready to blow her face off. Freezes at the sight before him:

AN EMPTY STALL

All that lies there is Aaron's MP3 RECORDER. Justine's RECORDED BREATHS echoing across the tile walls.

Off the Form's blind-sided freeze...

CUT TO:

JUSTINE

Having been ducking down in an opposite shower stall.

Moves out just as Form 3 turns around. Raises gun to fire and --

Justine SCREAMS, SMASHING HIS ARM WITH THE TIRE IRON.

Gun spits from his hand, into the darkness.

Form 3 falls against the wall as Justine wields again. Smashes his shoulder.

Form 3 slices her with a hidden Exacto RAZOR.

She SCREAMS, dropping the tire iron. Adrenaline winning over pain, she scrambles for the dropped gun.

Form 3 sweeps up the tire iron, heading hard for her.

Justine falls to the floor, scouring the tile.

Form 3 moving towards her, slams the tire iron to the floor. Smashes tile. A horrible sound.

Justine, crawling forward. Arms flailing. Suddenly finds the .33. Clumsily grips it, turning around.

Form 3 charging and --

JUSTINE FIRES A SHOT

Shockingly misses him. FIRES again. Grazes his side. Throws him back against the wall.

She fires again. Empty click. No more rounds.

SCREAMS, throwing the gun into his face. Starts out, bleeding from her new cut.

FOLLOWING HER BACK INTO THE WEIGHT ROOM

Grabs up a 20 pound weight. SCREAMS for strength, throwing it hard at Form 3. Flings another one at him. Smashing mirror.

Form 3 kicks aside an ab bench, stumbling towards her. Limping but very much able and --

JUSTINE

Picks up an anaerobic workout staff. Wields it through the air like a sword.

FORM 3

Reflective foil mask shining in the eerie flashlight. Smashes out another mirror with the tire iron. Looking to corner Justine.

So close that she can't make a run for it. Both wounded, ready to kill.

FORM 3

Eyes just dark sockets. Watching Justine prepare to strike with the long, lead staff. It's no match, he's got that tire iron and --

JUSTINE

Steady eyes. Furious, intense. Waiting to time it right.

FORM 3

Another moment. Finally wields the tire iron with horrifying strength. Misses Justine's head by a fly's wing.

Now on the weak side of his swing and --

JUSTINE

Smartly neglects wielding back -- uses the staff as a force weapon instead -- SMASHING HIS FACE WITH THE BUTT.

Does it again.

Blood suddenly foams through his foil mask. She broke his nose.

Stunned by the blow, he drops the tire iron.

Justine SCREAMS, smashing him again. Enough force to send him crashing back onto a weight bench.

Doesn't think. Just drops the staff, falling on top of him. Punches his broken nose with three consecutive blows.

He lunges for his Exacto knife but Justine gets it first. Slashes his foil face. New streaks of blood form around the metal.

A final slash into his throat.

Blood bubbles up from his larynx as he begins to cough, choke.

Arms like cannery machines, still grabbing for her face. Punches her eye, giving himself a moment to scramble forward on the bench press.

Justine SCREAMS full rage, pulling up the weight bar. SMASHES it down onto his head. Does it again. And again. Crushing his skull.

His body convulses in the brain seizure.

Justine, furious, possessed. Doesn't stop. Slams them down again.

And again.

Body finally falls limp. Arms hang down from the bench.

Justine SCREAMS, bashing his skull in a final time. Finally stumbles off the bench.

Collapses to the hard foam floor.

NEW ANGLE

Justine, exhausted, bleeding on the ground. Form 3's body continues to convulse, twitch on the bench.

CLOSE ON JUSTINE

Taking deep, painful breaths. Looks down at the deep slash on her waist.

Spits out saliva, coughing.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS

Justine grabbing a thick clump of paper towels from the dispenser. Applying them to her new wound. Uses bench tape to secure the makeshift tourniquet.

Starts again with the brutal chore of re-taping her injured foot and ankle.

NEXT MOMENT

Flashlight on the sink bar.

Justine, finished with applying her new tourniquets. Has to finally take a beat and glance at herself in the mirror. Drowsy, loss of blood. Can no longer cry.

Gently turns on the faucet to clean her face.

Beat. TEXT MESSAGE CHIRP.

Prompts her to suddenly shut off the water. Turn around.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

With flashlight and razor in hand, Justine comes around the corner. A second TEXT CHIRP.

NEXT MOMENT

She moves towards the dead body on the weight bench. In a strange state of grace. Fearlessness. Reaches down, retrieving her own STOLEN CELL PHONE from his pocket.

Regards the new TEXT:

U GETTER?

Justine absorbs this. Slow, trembling fingers text back one single letter: **Y**

Beat. Message comes back:

SHE BLEED OUT?

A tear falls from Justine's eye. Can't believe people, things like this exist. Texts back a **Y**.

Beat.

LOL.

Then: **WE CALL NXT 1 JUSTINE, Y?**

Justine regards this. This is how it works. Painfully texts back:

Y

Long, eerie beat.

Message comes back:

K. IN CAR. READY 2 GO

Justine absorbs this.

Folds closed the phone. Suddenly stumbles against the wall, nearly collapsing. Has to keep alive. Fights the urge to just close her eyes and sleep.

Punches the wall. The pain and hate keep her alert. She swallows a breath.

Moves back over to the dead body on the bench. Gets a grip on his arms. Fights to pull it free from the weights. One final pull and it sets loose.

WEIGHTS SMASH down onto the bench.

CUT TO:

A HORIZON OF PINE AND SKY

Heavy storm clouds have gradually moved on to reveal a glimmer of dawn. Silent mourner to the earth below.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN

Lone Ford Cordova sits dark and silent.

INT. CORDOVA - SAME

FINGERNAILS are being brushed with cherry-red nail polish. Forgoing their original GOTH BLACK.

NEW ANGLE

The Girl. Hood thrown over her face/mask. Sits in the driver's seat. Paints her nails with the polish she took from Justine's room.

Indifferent, nearly oblivious to the death and destruction around her.

Sound of a BUILDING DOOR opening.

Girl looks up from her nails, glancing through the dark tint at the GYM BUILDING across the parking lot.

Her COHORT moves out of the building, ducked in the rain parka and gloves. Tire iron in hand. Starting through the parking lot.

Girl goes back to her nails. Her own PARKA HOOD temporarily blocks out our view of the Form heading through the parking lot.

Girl finishes her final nail. Blows on them. Stares down into them. STILL NEVER SEE HER FACE.

She caps the polish, putting it in her pocket. Glances back through the window...

THE FORM IS NOW GONE

Having seemingly vanished from the parking lot.

NEW ANGLE

The GIRL. FRAMING HER FOIL-MASK FACE. EYES trying to find her cohort. Rolls a window down to get a better look.

No one and nothing.

Beat. She reaches into the car's glove compartment, pulling one of those Exacto utility razors. A little on guard.

Starts the car up. Goes to her CELL PHONE. Texts with gloved fingers:

WHERE R U

Hits SEND. CHIRP sounds off right outside the car.

She turns into JUSTINE DRESSED IN THE HOOD. SLAMS THE TIRE IRON THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

Girl freaks, gutting the car into drive as Justine rams the tire iron through the driver's window.

GLASS EXPLODES.

Justine grabs onto the Girl as she punches the gas.

For a horrible moment, Justine's dragged on the side of the car. All we hear is the ROAR of engine.

Girl slices Justine's arm with the razor. Justine finally collapses to the pavement as the Girl drives on.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Justine crashes to the ground, wind knocked out of her.

The TIRE IRON is now a good ten, fifteen yards away and --

THE FORD CORDOVA

Suddenly puts on its brakes. Spotting Justine on the ground.

Justine inhales deep breaths. Struggles to get up.

THE CORDOVA

Suddenly fires backwards. She's going to ram Justine.

JUSTINE

Trips back to the pavement. Losing blood. Leg bad. SCREAMS herself up.

Nearly clears the Cordova.

Right rear SLAMS into Justine's side.

Throws her back on the hard pavement.

Justine staggers, coughs cold air.

In her BACKGROUND, Cordova finally stops ten yards behind her.

Door opens.

Girl's distorted FORM climbs out of the driver's side.
Picking up the tire iron.

Justine starts crawling, dragging herself to that front gate.

Behind Justine, the Girl moving steadily towards her.
Eerie in the faceless mask.

Justine, finally stops. Realizes it's futile. Turns back to her final pursuer.

Girl stops, too.

Justine swallows a hard, heavy breath. The light of day coming alive behind her.

JUSTINE

They're all dead. You have nothing.
(grim, satisfied)
Fucking bitch, you have nothing.

Girl regards this. No emotion. Or none we can see through her foil mask.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

NOTHING.

Justine throws the cell phone at her. Defiant, ready to die.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

NOTHING.

GIRL

Regards her a moment more. Once again starts for Justine, gripping the tire iron to wield.

JUSTINE

Appearing exhausted, unable to fight back.

GIRL

Two feet away, starting her wind back to thrust the heavy piece of metal.

JUSTINE

Final SCREAM as she suddenly kicks her foot out, sweeping the Girl's leg.

Girl crashes to the pavement as Justine reveals the EXACTO KNIFE tucked in her hand.

Cuts the Girl before she can grab the tire iron.

Justine stabs her again in the shoulder.

Girl, furious, SCREAMING through her mask. Trying to tear Justine's eyes out.

Slashes Justine's face with fingernails. Pulls on Justine's wet and filthy hair like she's going to scalp her and --

JUSTINE

SCREAMING. STABS THE GIRL AGAIN.

This time, the Exacto blade gouges into the side of the Girl's neck. Sticks there.

Like a shot of bad adrenaline, the Girl breaks from Justine, scrambling up. Trying to pull the blade from the side of her neck.

Blood spitting. Disturbing to watch.

Justine throws herself up, crashing down onto the Girl. Both hitting the pavement hard.

Girl, still pumped with adrenaline, latching onto Justine's throat. Trying to choke the life out of Justine. Blood running down her neck.

Justine fights with every last inch of strength. Grabs the girl's head. Smashes it against the pavement.

Does it again.

Girl's still holding hard to Justine's throat.
FINGERNAILS digging through skin.

Justine finally SCREAMS, smashing Girl's head again.

Two more and she's finally knocked out. So hard, the
Exacto blade releases from her neck. Smacks to the cold
concrete.

Long, cold beat.

Justine, crashed on top of the Girl. Has to close her
eyes and catch her breath.

Finds the strength to move again. Push the Girl's body
away. Stumbles up, practically half alive. Starts for
the Ford Cordova.

INT. CORDOVA - NEXT MOMENT

Justine, engulfed in a cold November silence. Numb to
the pain and blood.

Trembling hand goes for the ignition.

She has to suddenly stop. Cups her face and cries
softly.

She clutches her stomach. Whispers something. We never
know what. But we understand.

THROUGH THE GRIMY WINDSHIELD

The trickle of day. A parking lot that looks like a
wasteland.

BACK ON JUSTINE

Takes it in a moment more. Goes back to the ignition.
Fumbles the key.

Finally starts it up. RADIO goes on. 1010 WINS.
Thanksgiving football predictions.

Justine, utterly oblivious to the tinny voices. Takes a
deep breath.

Puts the car into drive.

As she goes to close the door...

THE GIRL EXPLODES INTO HER

Tearing at her face with long, sharp fingernails. Blood streaming down her head. Pulls Justine back out --

BOTH SLAMMING BACK TO THE COLD PAVEMENT

Justine SCREAMS, kicking her in the head. Does it again. Falls back into the Ford Cordova, door still open.

Fires the stick into hard reverse.

ON THE GIRL

Bleeding on the pavement. Mask slashed apart, but still on. Trips over to the tire iron, gripping it hard and --

IN THE CAR - JUSTINE

Reversed back ten yards. Guts the stick into drive and --

THE GIRL

Turning around to face her.

IN THE CAR - JUSTINE

Staring upon her through the splintered WINDSHIELD. Floors the pedal.

THE GIRL

Meeting it head on. Tire iron raised.

IN THE CAR

Justine going full force.

Ultimately SCREAMS. SMASHES HEAD-ON INTO THE GIRL.

SLAM TO BLACK

Long, cold beat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Long stretch of road surrounded in pine. HEADLIGHTS on the rise of hill.

INT. SECURITY SUV - SAME

GUARD at the wheel. The one from the first sequence. Juggles the wheel and coffee.

RADIO chatters with local news and weather. Thanksgiving morning weather. Will linger all the way through Black Friday.

Guard takes another sip of coffee. Turns off the road, onto the COLLEGE PATHWAY.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Wipers slapping back and forth from the slight mist drizzle. Headlights now reflecting on that closed gate.

Guard hits a button on his dash visor. The gate doesn't respond.

Suddenly spots Aaron's DEAD BODY lying on the pathway. He mutters something to himself, braking the truck.

EXT. PATHWAY - NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING GUARD

As he cautiously approaches Aaron's body. Muddy, head covered in dried caked-on blood. The buzz of flies. Can't FRAME it too long.

Guard crouches down, gets a hand on his support radio. Starts to call it in.

NEXT MOMENT

Guard moving quickly up to the gate's manual keyhole. Glancing through the closed iron doors.

Through the gate, he spots the charred remains of Aaron's Jeep. The fallen parking lot lamp.

He steels himself, pulling his radio and flashlight.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING GUARD

Moving through the misery and horror of the first sequence. Calls in his report.

Following the blood slick up to that one YOUNG WOMAN.

GUARD

County, be advised, I have another body.
Looks like a young woman, late teens.
Severely injured. Repeat, I have another
body on my 20.

Again, he reaches down. Checks her bloody, bruised arm for a pulse.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Negative. She is dead. Guys, I need
some support now.

As we SUDDENLY SPOT HER OTHER HAND. The BLACK NAIL
POLISH still showing.

It's the Girl's body, not Justine's.

The sudden sound of whispers, reciting...

Guard shifts direction.

Spots Justine, back to us, cradled on the ground.
Maternally clutching something in her arms.

NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING GUARD TOWARDS HER

We HEAR Justine's low, whispering voice. She's reciting
the Robert Frost poem.

GUARD

Miss? You all right?

Guard quietly goes to his shoulder set. Notices the
blood trickling from Justine's clothes.

GUARD (CONT'D)

I have a third civilian, she's alive, in need of med support.

(approaching her)

Miss, just sit there, I have medical assistance on the way.

Guard gently puts flashlight on Justine's face. Oblivious to his presence. Cradling Aaron's STUFFED ANIMAL in her arms. Handling it less like a toy, more like a child.

Guard just stands there, doesn't know what to do.

CLOSE ON JUSTINE

Hollow, never blinking. Cold and bleeding but doesn't know it.

JUSTINE

(breathless whisper, to Aaron)

*... between the woods and frozen lake,
The darkest evening of the year.
He gives his harness bells a shake,
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.*

Guard talks softly into his shoulder set. Something about severe loss of blood, shock.

CLOSE ON JUSTINE

Hears none of it, numb to the world around her. Thinking about the moments of life ahead of her.

The possibility of going on.

The stuffed animal, crusted with dried blood. Justine wraps herself closer to it.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

*The woods... the woods are lovely, dark
and deep. But I have promises to keep...
and miles to go before I sleep...*

(barely audible)

And miles to go before I sleep.

GUARD (O.S.)

Miss?

(beat)

Miss, we gotta get you inside the truck.

His HAND gently comes down upon her shoulder.

GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Miss.

SHE SCREAMS. LONG AND CHILLING.

CUT TO BLACK

END