

Flakka Z

by

Kate M. McMahon

Radiant First Productions  
Brandon Riley  
Brandon@radiantfirst.com  
817-808-8086

**INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

LUCAS DAVIS, (almost 18), stuffs his backpack with pop-tarts and cookies from the kitchen cupboard, then closes it.

Mom's standing there. Startled, he SHRIEKS. Mom CHUCKLES.

MOM  
Never gets old.

A car HONKS. Lucas dons the backpack, picks up his duffle.

Mom presses a folded note into his hand. Dangles a key ring with two keys.

MOM  
Chore list - get them done first so you can relax. Small key's for the shed. Make sure tools are put away and locked up.

LUCAS  
How did three days at the lake turn into Three Men and a Rake?

Lucas reaches for the keys. Mom holds them back.

MOM  
Maybe you'd like to spend your last weekend before college with me and your little sister shopping for pink notebooks and purple pens?

LUCAS  
Okay, okay.

Mom gives him the keys.

MOM  
Be responsible. Promise?

LUCAS  
Yes. I promise.

MOM  
Your friends know there's no Internet up there?

LUCAS  
And spoil the surprise?

**EXT. DAVIS FAMILY HOME - PORCH - DAY**

Lucas bolts out the door and down the steps. Mom steps out. Halfway down the walk he turns, climbs the steps again.

MOM  
What did you forget?

Lucas kisses her cheek.

Mom squints to see inside the Mustang revving at the curb.

MOM  
Who's that next to Dylan?

Lucas cranes to see. Disappointment turns to anger.

LUCAS  
Mason!

MOM  
Mason, huh? Guess you can practice turning the other cheek.

Lucas considers halfheartedly. Mom tousles his hair.

MOM  
I'll pray for you.

LUCAS  
Better pray for Mason.

They both chuckle. Lucas runs toward the car.

**EXT. AT THE CAR - DAY**

He drops his duffle in the trunk beside a cooler, fishing rods, a guitar. Then beelines for the front seat.

CARLOS (18), a heavy-set Mexican American, leans out the rear window, high-fives Lucas.

Lucas' smile fades as he glares at MASON (19), riding shotgun. Mason doesn't budge.

LUCAS  
That's my seat.

MASON  
Oh, that's right. You get car sick.

Mason clambers over seats into the back. Lucas hops in front next to his best friend, DYLAN (17) who's driving. Mason wolf- howls as the car peels out. A sudden gust of wind.

**EXT. DON'S GAS AND GO - DAY**

Dylan pumps gas as Lucas hefts two bundles of wood into the trunk. Carlos hums in back.

Lucas glares at Mason who leans into another car to chat with hippie chick KAT (20).

LUCAS  
Like a moth to a flame.

DYLAN  
(hangs up nozzle)  
You know Mason.

They look away and miss seeing Mason give Kat an e-cigarette.

CARLOS  
I'm in love.

Carlos nods toward a petite, frail Japanese girl, FERN (20), walking the tiniest dog in the world close to Kat's car.

DYLAN  
With the girl or the dog?

CARLOS  
Both.

DYLAN  
Yo. Mason. Let's go.

Mason throws Kat a wink. As he gets in the car, his foot kicks Carlos' bag. Bottles clank.

LUCAS  
What's that?

Carlos holds up the tequila. The boys hoot, except Lucas.

LUCAS  
You're not bringing that into my grandmother's house.

DYLAN  
Ease up, dude.

LUCAS  
And you better not have any pot,  
Carlos.

MASON  
That's right Carlos. You better not  
have any pot.

Carlos and Dylan laugh at Mason's impersonation of Lucas.

LUCAS  
Or you, Mason.

MASON  
Who me?

CARLOS  
(sincerely)  
I feel you, Bro.  
I'll keep this in the car.

Lucas smiles, turns back around. Mason sneaks a drink from his flask. As they drive off, dark clouds form in the sky.

**EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Carlos, Lucas and Mason push the car with a flat while Dylan steers.

MASON  
Why does Dylan get the easy part?  
He's the one who hit the pot hole.

They round a bend in the driveway. The house comes into view.

LUCAS  
(winded)  
We made it! Welcome to Grandma's.

They fall to the ground exhausted. Dylan jumps out energetically.

DYLAN  
Smell those pines!

MASON  
All I can smell is Carlos.

**EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - PORCH**

They assemble on the porch as Lucas unlocks the door.

INSERT: A plaque to the right of the door, with a cross and the words "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Lucas leads the boys inside. Mason scoffs, sticks a wad of gum dead center on the cross, then saunters in.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Lots of antique figurines the boys handle and mock. Lucas scolds, replaces precisely. The classic painting of "Jesus at the Door Knocking" hangs over the mantle.

CARLOS

A bona fide time machine in here.

MASON

Blue-eyed Jesus and everything.

LUCAS

First a few rules to go over.

CARLOS

You owe me ten bucks, Dylan!

He gives Dylan a thumbs up.

LUCAS

(pacing)

Number one... No drinking or smoking in the house. Number two. No girls.

Carlos and Mason start backing away, snickering. Signal for Dylan to follow.

LUCAS

Number three. No fish scales in the disposal.

While Lucas's back is turned, they bolt for the kitchen.

LUCAS

Number four...

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT**

Mason, Carlos and Dylan pass the tequila as Lucas tends the campfire. Dylan offers Lucas the bottle.

LUCAS

No thanks.

DYLAN

Okay but it's your turn. This time, don't scare yourself.

LUCAS

Ha. Ha. All right. Let's see.

Lucas puts the flashlight up to his chin; gets into it.

LUCAS

It's midnight. The fog is thick. A late model Chevrolet inches into town. A young woman gets out in front of a boarding house--

DYLAN

Horror Hotel, Nineteen sixty-one!

LUCAS

And for the extra point?

DYLAN

It was released as "City of the Dead" in England.

Lucas high-fives Dylan, hands him the flashlight. Lucas sits.

CARLOS

(to Mason)

Them two know every horror movie ever made.

CARLOS

(to Dylan)

Yo, you gonna do movie trivia all night or tell us a story?

Mason studies the pair jealously then pops up.

MASON

My turn. Gimme that.

Dylan hands him the flashlight.

MASON

Not that!

Mason points to the booze. Dylan gives it, he swigs hard.

MASON

One night, long ago in a forest much like this, four guys told ghost stories around a fire as the moon rose high and the wind howled.

Mason walks around the boys, howling menacingly.

MASON

As they listened, the wind formed words. A question. They strained to hear the question. What was the question? What was the question?

Mason leans low as the boys lean in closer to hear.

MASON  
WHAT FRESH HELL IS THIS?

The boys break into laughter, except Lucas.

LUCAS  
Go ff...jump in the lake.

DYLAN  
Hey. Guys. Come on.

Mason flips Lucas the bird and walks off.

LUCAS  
Don't go away mad. Just go away!

DYLAN  
What is it with you and Mason?

LUCAS  
This is supposed to be OUR weekend!

DYLAN  
Sorry. I thought he'd be cool.

LUCAS  
That's what you said prom night.  
Right after he puked all over my  
mother's Persian rug. Or when he  
hit on that biker's wife and almost  
got us killed? He ruins everything!

DYLAN  
Nothing's ruined! Tomorrow we'll  
catch some fish, take the dinghy  
across the lake, meet some girls. I  
promise, Mason will behave.

LUCAS  
He better!

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Music blares. Carlos lies on the couch tossing a football.  
Dylan and Lucas arm-wrestle at the dining room table.

O.S. KNOCK at the front door. Dylan rushes to answer it.

DYLAN (O.S. LOUDLY)  
Come on in, LADIES.

Carlos stops throwing. Lucas jumps to his feet.

Dylan ushers in Kat and Fern.



CARLOS  
Well, hello!

KAT  
Hi. I'm Kat. She's Fern.

A teacup dog, YURI, peeks out of Fern's vest.

KAT  
And that's Yuri. Mason said there was a party.

LUCAS  
Great. Just great.

DYLAN  
I'm Dylan, Mason's cousin. This is Carlos, and this is Lucas. Beer?

The girls nod. As Dylan disappears to the kitchen, Carlos sweeps socks, chips, empty beers off the couch. Carlos turns the music down, invites Fern to sit.

DYLAN (O.S.)  
Hey Mason! You have visitors!

LUCAS  
You live around here?

KAT  
Greenbrier. Other side of the lake.

LUCAS  
(rudely)  
I know where it is.

KAT  
Look. If Mason's not here-

Dylan enters with the beer. Fern pushes it away.

FERN  
Kat, we should go.

Mason enters from the hallway.

MASON  
Go? You just got here.

Dylan pulls Lucas aside, hard.

LUCAS  
Ow.

Mason and Kat hug. She hands him the e-cigarette. He lights it, puffs and passes it to Kat. She takes a puff.

DYLAN

What's with the attitude?

LUCAS

Mason had no right to invite them!

DYLAN

Well they're here now. So, don't be rude, prude.

LUCAS

Quit calling me that.

DYLAN

I'm sorry, man. But just look at Carlos over there. When was the last time you saw him lift a finger except to eat? Do it for him, huh?

Lucas watches Carlos bend as low as he can for a candy wrapper stuck under the chair. Lucas laughs.

LUCAS

Okay. But I am going to kill Mason.

They fist bump and re-join the others. Dylan offers Lucas tequila. He hesitates, then drinks. Mason passes the e-cigarette to Carlos who puffs and then passes it to Dylan.

DYLAN

What is it?

MASON

Spice. Gives you a nice buzz.

Dylan hits it. Passes it back. Mason offers it to Lucas.

MASON

And it's LEGAL.

Everyone stares. Lucas is tongue-tied. He darts outside.

**EXT. PORCH**

Lucas takes deep breaths and paces.

LUCAS

One. Two. Three. Four. Five--

He sees the wad of gum stuck to the cross and storms inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Lucas wrenches the e-cigarette from Mason's hand and tries to break it, but it's made of metal so he can't. Mason laughs. Frustrated, Lucas throws it in the burning fire.

LUCAS  
My house. My rules.

Mason tries but can't retrieve it from the fire.

MASON  
You'll pay for that.

Mason storms out.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Mason kicks rocks along the drive. Absently, he looks --

INSIDE KAT'S CAR

Mason gets in. Rummages through Kat's purse.

MASON  
What else you got, girl?

He finds a paper pouch. Opens it. A white powder.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Bingo!

He roots around in the purse. Finds a compact, cleans off the mirror. Pulls some twenties from his wallet. Shoves a couple in her purse, leaves one out. Gets his driver's license.

Mason pours powder onto the mirror, cuts it with the license into lines. He snorts a line.

His eyes roll back in his head. His body twitches. He screams like a banshee and bashes his head into the dash repeatedly, gouging his forehead open. He claws his face as if there are ants crawling on him, leaving bloody scratches.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Carlos, Kat and Fern dance drunkenly to blaring music. Dylan plays solitaire. Kat fans herself, heads for the front door.

**EXT. PORCH**

KAT  
Air!

Kat plops into the well-worn rocker, strokes the armrests. A lump of wet pine straw lands nearby.

KAT

What the--

Lucas descends from the ladder.

LUCAS

That didn't hit you did it?

KAT

You're cleaning gutters? In the dark?

LUCAS

Full moon helps. Hey, sorry about...before. Mason brings out the worst in me. I'm not usually so uptight.

KAT

Oh. Yeah, sure.

LUCAS

I mean, first he invites himself here. Then he picks up some random girls. Not to mention the "spice" or whatever he called it.

Kat squirms. Lucas thinks he insulted her.

LUCAS

Oh, no, I didn't - I mean you're nice and everything but you could have turned out to be a-

KAT

Serial killer?

LUCAS

I was going to say a thief. You weren't worried about going to a party of some guy you just met?

KAT

He seems harmless enough.

LUCAS

Ted Bundy would have loved you.

KAT

O-KAY. Mason's cocky for sure. But, they can be the most vulnerable.

LUCAS

Or the biggest jerks. He blurts out whatever pops into his head.

KAT

No filter, huh? You'd be surprised how common that is.

Lucas almost gets the hint.

KAT

What's his mother like?

LUCAS

She died when he was little.

KAT

Step?

LUCAS

His dad never re-married.

KAT

That explains a lot. Boys raised by men exclusively tend to be less sensitive to others' feelings.

LUCAS

Let me guess...psychology major?

Kat nods. Fans herself.

LUCAS

Smart college girl.

KAT

Hot college girl.

LUCAS

Yep.

KAT

I mean it's hot. I can't cool down.

LUCAS

Lake's open.

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

Lucas, Dylan, Kat and Fern laugh and splash. On the shore, Carlos hums and plays guitar with his toes in the water.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT**

Mason approaches the campfire laughing like a crazy person. He sees the teens' clothes and towels in a pile near the fire. He cackles and kicks the clothes around until he falls from the dizziness. When he stops laughing, he hears...

DYLAN(O.S.)

Marco.

KAT(O.S.)

Polo.

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

Splashing and laughing as Kat tries to escape Dylan.

DYLAN

Marco.

KAT

Polo.

Dylan pretends to be Jaws, dives under. Kat avoids him flailing below feeling for her legs. She SQUEALS when caught.

DYLAN

Haha, you're it, Kat!

FERN

I want to try. Let me be it.

Carlos stops playing.

CARLOS

You said you can't swim.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT**

LUCAS(O.S.)

Fern's it. Everyone get closer in.

Mason angers hearing Lucas. He rips Lucas's hoodie, flings it into the fire. Mason walks zombie-like toward the lake.

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

FERN (O.S.)

Marco-oh!

Fern suddenly drops under the water with a gasp.

LUCAS

Polo. Fern? FERN?

KAT  
Where is she? FERN? FERN?

DYLAN  
Over here! The bottom drops off!

Rapid SPLASHING. Carlos lumbers to his feet, distressed.

CARLOS  
Yo! Yo!

KAT  
Something's got me -- pulling me --  
down -- Agh!

Kat goes under.

LUCAS  
Kat! Kat!

Lucas finally dives in after her.

Dylan surfaces with a traumatized Fern. Kat and Lucas pop up next. They all gasp for air. Carlos drops to the ground with relief, breathing heavily.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Mason tracks a squirrel with a pointy stick.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATER**

Lucas stokes the fire. They are all in their underwear wrapped in towels, except Carlos who is fully clothed.

Kat dries Fern's hair with a towel.

FERN  
I feel so stupid. It was stupid for  
me to play. I'm stupid.

KAT  
You're stupid? I got tangled in  
reeds. Forgive me for not saving  
you?

DYLAN  
Don't blame yourself, Kat. Lucas  
was the closest to her.

LUCAS  
Oh, come on! We were playing a  
game. I look away and she goes  
under! Like a rock.

DYLAN

Did you dive in after her? No. Once a coward, always a coward.

CARLOS

Not this again.

KAT

You guys fight like a married couple.

LUCAS

He's never forgiven me for not saving his hamster from my neighbor's dog. When we were *NINE*.

DYLAN

Not the time I was thinking of.

FERN

Stop, please! It's my fault. I knew I couldn't swim. I'm sorry!

LUCAS

Hey, it's cool, Fern. He's just raggin' on me.

DYLAN

Yeah, nobody's mad. It's just our way.

Lucas pokes the ashes, pulls out a piece of his hoodie.

LUCAS

What the heck? This is... This is my Ol' Miss hoodie. I've had this since I was eleven. Did you-?

DYLAN

Hell, no. Of course not. I would never do that. You know that.

CARLOS

Make sense, Bro! We was all wick-u.

LUCAS

Everyone except--

DYLAN

(jumping up)  
Anybody want to look for Mason with me?



When no-one answers, Dylan looks into the darkness. He sits back down on a rock behind the girls.

CARLOS  
What, you ain't going now?

LUCAS  
Scared of the dark, little buddy?

KAT  
I'll go with you, Dylan.

LUCAS  
Me too.

FERN  
So everyone's going, now?

CARLOS  
Not me.

He smiles broadly at Fern who looks pleadingly at Kat to sit.

KAT  
I'm sure he's fine. If I know guys,  
he'll be back when he gets hungry.

LUCAS  
She's right. He came back before.

KAT  
Fern wants spooky campfire stories.

Fern's mouth drops open.

DYLAN  
Really? That's great. We got plenty  
of those.

FERN  
No vampires though.

KAT  
Or Zombies. That's so overdone.

FERN  
Or misunderstood monsters. It's too  
sad when they die.

LUCAS  
You mean like Frankenstein?

DYLAN  
Or like Sloth in "Goonies"?

LUCAS  
Warner Brothers, nineteen eighty-five.

The guys high five.

KAT  
I hate it when they shoot first, ask questions later. Then you find out the monster was a really nice guy with a family.

FERN  
And after he dies, he changes back to the good guy. Like his scars dissolve and his hair is all perfect again and his face is calm and angelic looking. But he's dead. Because some redneck with a gun felt threatened.

KAT  
Exactly.

FERN  
(rapidly)  
Or when aliens land and everyone wants to put them in a clear acrylic cell and study them and perform medical experiments on them, only they end up killing an innocent being in the process. I would never do that.

A long pause as the guys wonder what to make of Fern.

DYLAN  
What about ghost stories?

KAT  
Yeah, but not about little kids.

LUCAS  
Okay, Carlos, got that? No misunderstood monsters, ghost children, vampires or zombies.

Carlos gets up, cracks his knuckles.

CARLOS  
This ain't a movie like Lucas and Dylan been tryin' to lay on you.

It's a true story passed down to me  
by my grandpa on my mother's side,  
who lived in Mexico his whole life.

Carlos places flashlight under chin. Kat stifles a laugh.

CARLOS

(heavy Mexican accent)

There once was a boy named Mateo  
who lived happily with his mother,  
father and grandfather in a small  
village in Southern Mexico.

But as happy as they were, Mateo  
was a very spoiled boy. One day,  
Mateo asked his father to hunt a  
young deer for his supper, so the  
meat would be lean and tender.  
After searching from dawn to dusk,  
the father saw only old bucks, and  
came home empty-handed. Angry,  
Mateo killed his father. As mother  
cried, grandfather punished Mateo.

He tied him to a tree, whipped him  
til he bled and squeezed lemons on  
his back. He filled a sack with the  
father's arms and legs and made  
Mateo carry it on his back. The  
grandfather banished and cursed him  
saying: "You will be damned, for  
the rest of your life!"

Carlos signals to Dylan who heads into the woods.

CARLOS

Then he set the dogs on him,  
knowing they would track the smell  
of the sack and torment Mateo.  
Mateo whistled to calm his fears.

Dylan starts whistling and walks further into the woods.

But the dogs caught up to him, and  
tore his flesh from his bones.

Dylan stops whistling. Carlos continues...

CARLOS

But, The cursed Mateo still wanders  
today, whistling his tune, bringing  
death to those who walk the plains.

Carlos nods at Lucas. Lucas whistles his way into the forest,  
getting further and further away.

CARLOS

Mateo is a tricky boy, though.  
Those who hear his whistle panic  
and run away. And of course, the  
whistling grows fainter.

Dylan sneaks up on the girls, quiet as a mouse.

CARLOS

But just as they feel the relief of  
escaping death, in that very  
moment, they realize - too late -  
that the further away the whistling  
sounds, the closer Mateo is.

Dylan sticks his head in between the girls' heads, WHISTLES.  
Kat and Fern SCREAM. Kat jumps up and chases Dylan.

**EXT. WOODS**

KAT

Agh! You little shit! Oh my god.  
You better run.

They laugh and run. Dylan circles back to the campfire but  
Kat doesn't see him. She runs toward the house.

O.S. Mason SHRIEKS. Kat can hear Mason but cannot see him.

KAT

That's not how I sound! Haha.

Kat runs into Mason and falls backward onto the ground.

KAT

Mason?

He lunges toward Kat. His eyes are bloodshot, his face  
smeared with blood. In his hand, a headless, bloody squirrel.

KAT

What is that?

Mason grabs Kat's leg and pulls her, SCREAMING, toward him.  
She breaks free and runs toward the campfire.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE**

Lucas and Dylan hear Kat's scream and run toward her.

KAT

Help! Oh my god, he's crazy!

LUCAS

Who?

KAT  
Mason. He ate a squirrel.

DYLAN  
What?(yelling into the darkness)  
Mason! Hey Cos?

Dylan runs into the darkness. Kat continues to SHRIEK.

LUCAS  
Mason's pulling your leg. You're  
just spooked by the Whistling Boy.

KAT  
No, this was real! He BIT my toe!

Kat raises her foot. A flip-flop with teeth marks dangles from her bleeding toe.

**EXT. WOODS**

Dylan finds Mason lying stiff as a board, his eyes rolled up.

DYLAN  
Mason! Mason!

Dylan shakes him. Mason sits up like Frankenstein's monster and tries to strangle Dylan. Dylan punches him in the head.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE**

Carlos and Fern run toward Kat and Lucas. O.S. Dylan SCREAMS.

FERN  
Who's screaming?

LUCAS  
(running toward Dylan)  
Get back to the house.

**EXT. WOODS**

Dylan fights the monstrous Mason. Lucas pulls Dylan free, rush toward the house. Mason follows, GRUNTING and FLAILING.

**EXT. PATIO**

Lucas and Dylan burst in through the back door. Mason reaches the door just as Carlos slams it shut and locks it.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Dylan and Lucas recover from coughing fits.

KAT

W-T-F.

Fern scoops up Yuri and strokes him.

FERN

Is he still out there?

Kat parts the ruffle curtain on the kitchen door, flips on the patio light.

**INT. KITCHEN/EXT. BACK DOOR**

Suddenly, Mason's face presses against one of the six small window panes. They SCREAM. He pulls his head back, thrusts.

The glass shatters. His head is through. Fern SCREAMS.

Carlos grabs a toaster, rips the cord from the wall, smashes the toaster into Mason's head. Mason SCREAMS, RECOILS.

DYLAN

Hey!

LUCAS

You do something then. He's your cousin!

DYLAN

The table.

Lucas, Dylan and Kat move the table to the door and load it up with chairs and appliances.

Fern cries, clutching Yuri. Kat tries to calm Fern.

O.S. BANGING on the patio door in the DINING ROOM--

**INT. DINING ROOM**

The teens creep into the room. Lucas pulls open the blinds.

Mason bangs his forehead against the patio door. His head gash oozes more blood and flesh with every rhythmic bang.

Fern faints but Kat catches her. Yuri hides. Lucas shuts the blinds.

He grabs his duffel and pulls out a shirt and pants. Gets dressed.

DYLAN  
Smart idea. Die with dignity.

LUCAS  
Relax, no one is going to die.

Dylan gets his own bag and puts on some clothes.

KAT  
(like Dorothy in Oz)  
Got anything in that little black  
bag for us?

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Kat sits on the couch with her foot on the coffee table as Dylan bandages the toe. She and Fern swim in the sweats and shirts borrowed from the guys.

Kat strokes Fern's head on her lap, coaxes her gently awake.

**EXT. PATIO**

Mason twirls in circles on the patio.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Lucas watches Mason. Dylan enters.

LUCAS  
I'm calling the cops.

Lucas pulls out his phone to dial.

LUCAS  
I forgot. No service.  
Give me your keys.

DYLAN  
You forgot about the flat too?

LUCAS  
I knew we should have fixed it  
right away. You never listen to me!

DYLAN  
Stop blaming me. You could've  
changed it.

LUCAS  
I was doing the chores. While you  
guys were taking naps.

CARLOS  
Hey, hey, you'll wake the baby.

Carlos holds the sleeping Yuri on his lap.

DYLAN AND LUCAS  
Shut up Carlos.

DYLAN  
Well no-one's stopping you now.  
Spare's in the trunk.

Dylan hands Lucas the keys.

LUCAS  
I can't do it now. With him out  
there.

Lucas gestures toward the patio. Both look out.

DYLAN  
Where'd he go?

O.S. A GRINDING NOISE from the kitchen. They creep into the kitchen. The NOISE startles them. Then relief.

LUCAS  
Ice maker.

Lucas checks the barricade at the kitchen door.

DYLAN  
We gonna leave him out all night?

LUCAS  
He's not coming inside.

DYLAN  
But-

Lucas stares him down. Dylan nods.

LUCAS  
Let's check the bedrooms.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Kat breaks up the embers with a poker. Now awake, Fern cuddles Yuri. Carlos picks his guitar.

Dylan and Lucas enter from the hallway.

DYLAN  
No sign of him?



Everyone shakes their heads.

LUCAS  
What are you doing?

KAT  
Trying to put it out. It's too hot  
with all the windows closed.

DYLAN  
I'll help.

Dylan takes the poker from Kat and digs hard. Sparks fly, the e-cigarette rolls out onto the hearth.

DYLAN  
Well lookie here. The smoking gun.

LUCAS  
Oh. So, you think it's my fault he  
went crazy? That I provoked him?

DYLAN  
Of course not!

Lucas tries pushing a desk in front of the door. Dylan helps.

DYLAN  
It's never your fault what happens  
between you two.

CARLOS  
Oh boy.

KAT  
Can we not block EVERY exit? What  
if there's a fire or something?

They stop moving the desk.

LUCAS  
Good point.

Lucas plops on a chair.

CARLOS  
He's ba-ack.

They all look out at the patio. Mason presses his face to the door and peers inside. He bangs his head repeatedly.

CARLOS  
Ouch. That's harsh. I can't watch.

Lucas pulls the blind closed.

LUCAS  
That's it. I'm going to Bridges'  
Diner. Kat, can I borrow your car?

DYLAN  
Hold on. Let's think about this.

LUCAS  
What's there to think about? Don't  
you care what happens to him?

DYLAN  
Since when do you?

Lucas starts toward Kat. Dylan grabs his arm.

DYLAN  
If the cops come, we'll all get  
busted for drinking.

LUCAS  
If he breaks the door, my mother  
will kill me!

KAT  
Guys. Guys! He stopped.

Lucas peeks behind the blinds.

KAT  
What's he doing?

LUCAS  
Just standing there.

She hobbles over and peeks out.

KAT  
Catatonic trance.

CARLOS  
What's cata - cata -?

Fern closes her eyes tightly, recites from memory.

FERN  
Catatonia is a state of neurogenic  
motor immobility and behavioral  
abnormality manifested by stupor.  
Catatonic patients will sometimes  
hold rigid poses for hours and will  
ignore any external stimuli.

CARLOS

Damn. Cute *and* smart.

FERN

I'm not smart. I memorize well.  
There's a difference.

Fern joins Kat. She peeks outside squeamishly.

FERN

I want to go. Let's go, Kat.

LUCAS

Will you drop me at the diner? I'll  
ride back with the cops.

DYLAN

Come on, don't leave. He's calm.

Dylan cracks the blinds. Kat is drawn in to Mason's stare,  
like he's a zoo animal. For a long moment, she studies him.

Mason FLAILS. Kat runs to living room, Mason into the dark.

KAT

I'm not going anywhere as long as  
he's on the loose.

LUCAS

I'll go. Dylan, you create a  
diversion. Hey, you listening?

DYLAN

Why are you hell bent on getting  
him into trouble? He'll go to jail.  
All of us might.

LUCAS

I'm trying to help him! I won't  
call the cops then. An ambulance.  
I'll call an ambulance. We'll clean  
up. Everyone else will go to bed,  
and I'll just tell them, that he,  
uh, he suddenly started acting  
crazy, and we, uh, I was afraid to--

DYLAN

You? Honest Abe? You're going to  
tell this tall tale? You're  
breaking into a sweat already.

Lucas wipes his brow.

DYLAN

Use that giant brain of yours to  
come up with a better plan.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Mason waddles in circles giggling. Kat downs a shot.

LUCAS

That's not helping.

KAT

It really is.

Carlos plays and sings to Fern.

CARLOS

Yo, yo no me doy por  
vencido Yo quiero un  
mundo contigo Juro que-

KAT

What's it mean Carlos?

CARLOS

I will wait. I don't surrender.

LUCAS

For a black guy you really know  
your Spanish.

CARLOS

I'm Mexican! And black.

DYLAN

His name is Carlos.

LUCAS

So, your name's Dylan - doesn't  
make you Irish.

DYLAN

But I am Irish.

FERN

(really slurring)

I'm Japanese. One hundred percent.  
Centuries of tradition, of honor  
and superior intelligence to  
uphold! And I'm First Generation  
American."You were born in this  
great land of opportunity. Now  
make us proud!" Yeah. No pressure.

Fern grabs the bottle, salutes the air, swigs. Twice.

O.S. Mason SHRIEKS again.

LUCAS

How did he get like this?

Carlos nods to a near-empty bottle of tequila.

CARLOS

Maybe he drank the worm?

Laughter from all except Lucas who grabs the unopened bottle.

DYLAN

Do you see a worm? Do you?

Carlos looks hard then shakes his head.

FERN

Tequila doesn't have a worm. You're thinking of Mezcal.

CARLOS

See. Smart.

Fern puts the bottle in front of him, turns the label to him.

FERN

It's on the label.

Carlos reads it. Beams at Fern.

LUCAS

What about that drug. That "spice"?

DYLAN

I caught a buzz, but not like that.

Kat jumps in, eager to change tracks.

KAT

What about mushrooms? They're all around the woods.

DYLAN

Mason eat a vegetable? Not unless it's deep-fried.

Everyone but Fern laughs. She opens her mouth but-

KAT

What?

CARLOS  
Come on. We all friends here.

FERN  
Maybe he's a sleeper zombie?

Kat bursts out laughing.

KAT  
Good one, Fern.

FERN  
I knew it.

KAT  
Wait, you're serious? You, Fern  
Watanabe, the smartest girl I know,  
believes in zombies?

FERN  
There are a lot of things you don't  
know about me.

LUCAS  
Mason is not a zombie.

KAT  
Thank you.

LUCAS  
Zombies have to die first.

DYLAN  
Then they get re-animated by an  
outside force.

LUCAS  
Like radiation or a virus.

Kat's shocked, then busts out laughing. They remain serious.

KAT  
O.M.G. Clearly, I'm not drunk  
enough.

Kat grabs the unopened bottle of tequila and hobbles down the hallway. Dylan follows Kat.

#### **INT. BEDROOM**

Tipsy Kat lies on the made bed, her foot rests on the pillow. Dylan lies opposite her, examining her toe.

DYLAN

Does it hurt?

KAT

Not as much as you pulling my leg.

DYLAN

Sorry, just habit. You were giving Fern a hard time, so we came to her rescue. It's what we do.

KAT

Would Lucas stick up for Mason?

DYLAN

Mason's a different story. Lucas is my boy and Mason is my blood. But they never got along.

KAT

Awww. It's a bromantic triangle.

DYLAN

You mean with me? Nah. They're just polar opposites. Like you and Fern.

KAT

That's just people's perception.

DYLAN

What do you mean?

KAT

That the hot girl is dumb and the Asian girl is a genius. When the reality is--

DYLAN

You're both hot.

KAT

We both want the same thing.

DYLAN

Faster Internet speed?

KAT

(hitting him playfully)  
I'm being serious! Acceptance. We want acceptance. That there's a place in this world for imperfect people like me and Fern. You know?

DYLAN

I accept you. Totally.

Dylan leans in. He kisses her just as Fern enters the doorway. Fern is crestfallen. She leaves.

O.S. Carlos SCREAMS from the DINING ROOM.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Lucas rushes in, followed by Kat and Dylan. The patio door is open.

Carlos fights Mason. Lucas jumps on Mason's back who frees his grip on Carlos.

Mason throws Lucas off his back. Fern pulls a wooden cross from the wall, holds it out against Mason with shaking hands.

Lucas grabs the cross from her, holds it out to Mason. Everyone backs away.

LUCAS

Mason, something's happened to you.

Mason GROWLS DEMONICALLY then faintly smiles. He grabs the cross, hurls it into the fireplace, runs out the patio door.

Lucas grabs the cross from the embers, burning his hand.

Dylan notices blood running down Carlos' hand as he cups his half-eaten ear. On the floor, the rest of the ear.

DYLAN

Mason did that?

LUCAS

That's it! Kat, your keys?

Kat digs in her pocket, tosses them to him. He exits house.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Lucas creeps cautiously to Kat's car, on the watch for Mason. He reaches the drivers' side and gets in quietly and quickly.

**INT. KAT'S CAR**

Lucas starts it, puts on headlights, floors it. He turns the wheel quickly, causing the back door that Mason left open to swing shut. He looks back toward the noise as Mason steps into the headlights. Lucas swerves to avoid him, ditching the car, and hitting his head on the steering wheel. The horn blasts continuously.



**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Dylan examines Carlos who alternately winces and swigs from the bottle of tequila. Kat rushes in with kitchen towels and paper towels. Then rushes out again.

CARLOS

He was choking out there. Havin' a seiz-, a seiz-. Havin' a fit. Then he stopped breathing. He was turning blue. I had to go out there-

Carlos shrieks in pain, brushes Dylan away.

DYLAN

Hold still. Let me see it.

Kat brings a bowl of ice, kitchen tongs, and a Ziploc bag. She plucks the piece of Carlos' ear from the floor, bags it and drops it in the ice. Dylan holds a towel to Carlos' ear.

DYLAN

Hold it there - apply pressure.

O.S. The HORN blasts continuously.

Kat rushes to the window. See the headlights. Squints.

KAT

Shit! He ditched my car.

DYLAN

What?

Dylan runs over. Races outside. Kat watches from the window.

**INT. KAT'S CAR**

Lucas, a gash on his forehead, rouses slowly. He grabs a hurt knee with his burned hand. Winces. Sees steam rising from the radiator. He looks out nervously for Mason.

A drop of blood drips onto his face. He notices the gash now. Tries to open the driver's side door. It's stuck.

Crosses over to the passenger side, on a tilt. Opens the door. It falls back with gravity. Notices Kat's steering wheel "Club," and picks it up. Pushes open the door and uses the Club to hold open the door.

Suddenly Mason grabs the Club, smashes the car window with it. Lucas falls back inside. Slides to the driver side, tries the door again. Mason screeches, runs off.

Lucas looks outside, no Mason. Climbs out the window of broken glass, cuts himself. Picks up the club from the ground and limp-runs toward the house.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Dylan runs down the driveway. The moonlight helps them see each other coming.

DYLAN  
What happened?

LUCAS  
Mason jumped in front of me. I swerved.

DYLAN  
Did you hit him?

Suddenly Mason flies out of the darkness and straight for Lucas. Lucas cocks back the Club.

DYLAN  
No!

His yell is so forceful Lucas freezes. But Mason plows him over. They roll on the ground. Lucas barely holds Mason off.

Dylan finds a stick and beats Mason's back as Lucas gets free. Mason moans.

Dylan helps Lucas run toward the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Lucas and Dylan rush inside. Kat locks the door behind them.

Kat helps Dylan place Lucas next to Carlos holding his ear.

CARLOS  
This is all my fault. I shouldn't have opened the door--

LUCAS  
You let him in?

CARLOS  
He was choking to death.

Kat tears off some paper towel. Hands it to Lucas, gestures toward his forehead. He presses the paper towel to it.

LUCAS  
Ow.

Carlos tries to get up. Kat eases him back down. He closes his eyes. Nods off.

DYLAN

What difference does it make how it happened? What matters now is-

Dylan reaches for the tequila, plops on a chair.

DYLAN

What does matter now? Lucas? I'd love to hear your thoughts.

LUCAS

Not now.

Lucas lifts his leg onto the coffee table. Winces.

KAT

That looks bad. I'll get some more ice.

Kat exits.

DYLAN

Come on. We're all ears. No pun intended, Carlos.

Dylan looks at Carlos who is passed out.

Kat hobbles in with ice wrapped in a kitchen towel.

LUCAS

Okay, Plan B: get to the diner. One of us needs to make it down the drive and hope for a passing car.

DYLAN

And by one of us you mean me. Since both you and Kat are gimps, and Carlos, well, even on a good day...Unless you mean Fern?

KAT

Oh my God. Where is Fern?  
(heads toward hallway)  
Fern? Fern?

Carlos wakes up. From behind a chair, a soft voice.

FERN

I'm here.

Kat follows the voice. Finds Fern hiding with Yuri.

KAT

You scared the shit out of me. I thought Mason had you. Don't do that to me!

FERN

Yuri has to go to the bathroom.

KAT

Can we lay out some paper towels in the kitchen?

FERN

He won't go anywhere but grass. Until he can't hold it anymore. Then he'll go...anywhere.

LUCAS

No. That CANNOT happen. We need a way to get Mason's attention and then keep him busy long enough to --

DYLAN

You're missing the obvious.

KAT

What?

DYLAN

We lure him INSIDE the house. Lock him into a bedroom. Problem solved.

LUCAS

Are you crazy? Or just drunk?

DYLAN

It's better than this! Noone can go anywhere. We're the ones trapped.

LUCAS

You think we can corral him into a room? And even if we did, he'd destroy everything in it. No way.

Yuri yips, smells around.

LUCAS

Don't let that thing poop in here.

FERN

He's not a thing.

(to Kat)

We should have never come here.

Kat comforts Fern.

KAT  
It'll be okay. Right guys?

Kat nods toward Fern without her seeing it.

DYLAN  
Yeah.

LUCAS  
Mmhm.

CARLOS  
Don't worry Fern. I got you.

Dylan and Lucas scoff. Kat leers at them.

KAT  
Thanks Carlos. You just worry about yourself.

Kat nods to Dylan to follow her into the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Kat and Dylan whisper.

KAT  
That piece of ear won't last long.  
He needs a doctor.

DYLAN  
I've got an idea. Back me up.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Near the fireplace, Lucas paces with the cross.

Dylan and Kat enter excited, but deflate with Lucas' mood.

LUCAS  
This was on purpose. He smiled just before he threw it in the fire.

DYLAN  
Bullshit.

LUCAS  
He's a Bad Seed.

DYLAN  
What?

LUCAS

Warner Brothers, nineteen fifty-six. Mason's a bad seed. Nothing but trouble. Always was, always will be.

DYLAN

He's out of his head! Maybe it was the spice...maybe he's allergic or something...I don't know and I don't care-

LUCAS

Well I care! Look what he's done! Look at Carlos. And Kat. And me. And this. (Holds up the cross). And the kitchen window. And Kat's car!

DYLAN

You wrecked Kat's car! Always running to Mommy or the cops or whoever, cuz you're too lame or too stupid to solve your own problems. Case in point - Sandy Fletcher.

LUCAS

Don't you dare-

DYLAN

If you weren't such an ass, Mason wouldn't have run off. You, the big Christian! You're all about church and soup kitchens and "doing the right thing." But you never cut Mason a break! Why is that?

This truth hits Lucas hard; his mouth agape.

CARLOS

Stop it! Don't make me choose, bros. Now I ain't fast enough to run down the driveway, but I can be a Hodor or somethin'. So wha-cha need me to do?

KAT

Dylan has a plan. Tell them.

DYLAN

Forget it. Lucas always knows best.

Dylan grabs the tequila, heads for the bedrooms. Kat follows.

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Dylan places the bottle on the bureau, enters the closet.

He pulls the light cord. The rack holds men's suits, shirts, ties. On the floor, Grandpa's shoes in a light layer of dust.

Kat enters the room and joins Dylan in the closet.

KAT

That went well.

DYLAN

You called it. Jealous rivals.

KAT

I'm a genius when it comes to other people's problems. Whatcha doing?

DYLAN

Getting a tie to hold that cloth around Carlos' head. But these are all so nice.

Kat is lost in thought. She pulls the suits to her nose and breathes in deeply. Coughs from the dust. Disappointment.

KAT

What made me think all Grandpas would smell the same?

Dylan picks a tie with a pattern of pink hearts.

DYLAN

What do you think about this one for our gentle giant?

Kate giggles and nods.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Fern in wonderment and half drunk stupor watches Carlos snore, fully upright, still holding onto the bowl and his ear. He begins to lean; Fern reaches for the bowl, causing Yuri to jump down and wander toward the kitchen. Fern catches the bowl before it drops. She studies the ear grimly.

**INT. GRANDPA'S WORKROOM OFF THE KITCHEN - SAME**

Lucas pulls the light cord. On the shelves: tools, parts and projects in progress. He strokes a half-carved decoy duck.

Yuri zips past Lucas unnoticed and out the doggy door at the back. Lucas pulls a framed photograph off the wall.

INSET: It's Lucas, aged ten, and Grandpa holding a large trophy. Behind them, a contraption of pulleys and buckets. Lucas puts the photo down, picks up fishing line. Leaves.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Fern searches under the furniture.

FERN

Yuri. You better not be going.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Fern gasps when she sees Yuri on the patio sniffing around. She looks. No Mason. Slides open the door, steps outside.

**EXT. PATIO**

A shadow falls on Fern. Mason towers over her and Yuri.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Carlos lies on the floor sobbing. Lucas rushes in. Sees the patio door open and shuts it.

LUCAS

What the hell, Carlos!

Kat and Dylan enter with the tie. They rush to Carlos.

KAT

Where's Fern?

Carlos can't talk through his sobs; points down the hallway.

KAT (O.S.)

(running down the hallway)

Fern! Fern Honey! Where are you?

DYLAN

What happened? Was it Mason?

**INT. DINING ROOM**

CARLOS

The growling woke me up. I couldn't figure out where it was coming from. Then I looked out there.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Kat looks under bed, in closet.



KAT

Fern? Please let me know where you are. I'm worried.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

CARLOS

The dog was biting Mason's ankle and wouldn't let go. He was shaking his leg and the dog was just floppin' around. Like a cartoon.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Kat pulls away the shower curtain, crying softly.

KAT

Please baby. Let me see you.

As Kat is leaving she hears a faint word.

FERN

Marco.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

CARLOS

Fern was frozen. She couldn't talk or move. Then Mason picked Yuri up.

**INT. BATHROOM**

KAT

Polo.

Kat opens the linen closet. Fern is curled up like an embryo. She's cradling something wrapped in a blanket.

KAT

Come on honey. You're safe. I'm here. Come on. Come on out.

Fern's out. Kat tries to see what she's holding. She pries her fingers loose. Opens the blanket. Yuri lies dead.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

CARLOS

(sobbing)

He twisted his head. One time. Snapped his little neck.

O.S. Kat SHRIEKS and SOBS.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Dylan lies prone on the floor, staring vacantly into space.

Finally, his eyes focus on Lucas at the dining room table laying out stuff he collected from the workroom. Lucas leaves, then enters again with a mop and broom.

DYLAN  
What are you doing?

LUCAS  
Making a snare.

Dylan joins Lucas at the table.

Kat cleans the dried blood from Carlos' hand. The bowl with his ear rests on the coffee table. Next to Kat, Fern sleeps.

CARLOS  
She really ain't gonna want me now.  
Half an ear and I let her dog die.

KAT  
You can't blame yourself for that.  
Besides, you could be Prince  
Charming and it wouldn't matter.

CARLOS  
She got a boyfriend?

KAT  
She likes girls. Specifically, me.

Dylan's ears perk up.

CARLOS  
Why didn't she just say so?

KAT  
Oh, she's not out. Not even to  
herself.

O.S. A loud CLAP.

DYLAN  
What was that?

Lucas listens, thinks for a moment.

LUCAS  
The attic. The plantation shutter.  
I'm supposed to fix it.

KAT  
Plantation shutter. Aren't those on  
the inside?

LUCAS  
Mmhmm.

KAT  
So we'd only hear it if the window  
is open, right?

Lucas jumps up in fear. Dylan sits up.

DYLAN  
The attic? No way. How could he  
have gotten in?

LUCAS  
The gutters. I left the ladder up.

**INT. ATTIC**

Lucas and Kat climb the attic steps. He's holding a flashlight, she a toolbox. When they reach the top, the flashlight flickers off. He shakes it back on.

Lucas pulls the dangling light cord. Nothing. Bulb is blown.

LUCAS  
Another thing on the list.

Lucas points toward the window with the flashlight.

KAT  
(whispering)  
You should have a hammer or  
something.

Lucas looks down. Kat holds a gigantic wrench. He shrugs her off but pans the room with the flashlight.

Nearing the window, they crouch under the eaves. Lucas shines the flashlight on the shutter. The top sash window is lowered just slightly.

LUCAS  
Nothing to worry about. This window  
shimmies loose sometimes.

Lucas closes the window top and bottom, locks them.

Kat opens the toolbox. Lucas reaches for a hammer and nail.

KAT

I carried it. Let me do the fun part.

She taps in the nail, then another to refasten the shutter hinge. Kat crawls, stands up when she reaches the apex.

KAT

What all is up here anyway?

Kat dusts off a box.

KAT

Hey, this one has your name on it.

Lucas joins her, opens the box filled with Matchbox cars and Hot Wheels.

LUCAS

Ha ha. Some of these cars were Grandpa's that he let me play with. But never outside. He was pretty particular about his stuff.

KAT

The apple doesn't fall far. So what else did you get from him?

Lucas unveils a black velvet painting of Jesus from the 60's.

LUCAS

Well, we have Him in common. I guess.

KAT

But you're not sure?

Lucas shrugs.

LUCAS

Lately I seem to have more questions than answers. What about you?

KAT

Agnostic.

Lucas scoffs.

LUCAS

That's a cop out. You either believe or you don't.

KAT

Okay. I don't. Wow. No lightning strike. Guess I'm right.

O.S. A crash from the other side of the attic.

Kat and Lucas jump. Lucas scrambles for the hammer.

LUCAS

Mason?

Lucas and Kat creep toward the sound. Kat SCREAMS. Lucas swings the hammer. A thud.

Lucas shines the flashlight. It's a dressmaker's dummy, the claw part of the hammer stuck into the chest. Kat trembles.

Footsteps running toward them.

Lucas shines the flashlight toward the sound. It flickers off. He shakes it. It flickers on. It's Dylan.

Lucas collapses from fear, drops the flashlight.

The flashlight flickers off and on, illuminating the dummy.

DYLAN

Are you crazy, man?

LUCAS

I thought you were Mason.

DYLAN

(horrified)

That's what I mean!

Dylan picks up the flashlight. Points it at the dummy.

KAT

It's instinct. Right? You can't control stuff like that.

Dylan shakes his head in disgust and disbelief.

LUCAS

Why were you running this way?

DYLAN

I heard Kat screaming.

KAT

What was that noise before?

DYLAN

I heard you talking and then, well-  
I knocked over a lamp.

KAT

You were eavesdropping?

DYLAN

No! I just didn't want to  
interrupt.

LUCAS

You should have said something. I  
almost killed you, man.

They all look at the dressmaker's dummy.

DYLAN

But killing Mason would be okay?

LUCAS

If it's him or me.

DYLAN

What's happening to you, dude? I  
feel like I don't even know you.

Dylan storms off downstairs.

KAT

Dylan. Wait.

LUCAS

Let him go.

Lucas pulls the hammer from the dummy. He repairs the hole by meticulously pressing the stuffing back in. He looks for and finds the baby bump pillow pad, Velcro's it to the dummy.

LUCAS

Grams made all my mother's  
maternity clothes. I'd help her for  
hours just to be with her. I  
remember when I first saw my  
mother's actual pregnant belly. I  
was shocked it didn't look like  
this.

Kat giggles. She tears off the baby bump, slips it under her  
shirt and presses it to her belly.

KAT

How do I look?

Lucas gives her the A-OK sign. She replaces it on the dummy.

LUCAS

Dylan's right. I am different now.

KAT

Well, we're all different now.  
Having a guy I just met kill my  
best friend's dog did it for me.

LUCAS

He's not just talking about today.

KAT

Oh. Sandy Fletcher?

Lucas nods.

LUCAS

We dated last year. She got  
pregnant a few months ago - not by  
me. She wanted to keep it. And she  
wanted my help.

KAT

How?

LUCAS

Go to the doctor's with her, figure  
out ways to hide it, stuff like  
that. After a few weeks I couldn't  
handle it. The secrecy. And the  
lies. I told my mother. She told  
Sandy's mother.

KAT

What happened?

LUCAS

Sandy's father made her have an  
abortion. A week later, she killed  
herself.

KAT

Holy shit. Oh, sorry. I mean that's  
awful. But it's not your fault.

Lucas tears up.

LUCAS

It is! Grams always believed I was  
special. That I could "see the way  
and be the way." Did that part of  
me die when she did?

Because I sure didn't do that for Sandy. And I didn't do it today. I blamed Mason, but this is my fault.

Lucas gets up, paces.

KAT

I think we all played a part.

LUCAS

The thing is, Grams was right. I knew when I saw him I should call the weekend off, but I didn't listen to myself. I let my mother convince me to go. Then I let everybody drink. And smoke. And I drank. And I wrecked your car. Kat, I'm so sorry.

Kat rises, pats his back, tries to calm frantic Lucas.

LUCAS

I could have stopped this all from happening. Yuri. And Carlos!

KAT

Listen, just sit down. It's okay.

LUCAS

Dylan's right. I hate Mason - but why? Maybe it's because he knows what he wants and gets it.

Lucas presses his hands around his skull.

KAT

Sometimes we hate in others what we can't face in ourselves.

His gaze falls on the velvet Jesus. Sudden clarity.

LUCAS

Mason's lost. And so am I.

O.S. Dylan SCREAMS.

Kat and Lucas run downstairs.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM**

Kat and Lucas rush in. Dylan lies unconscious on the floor.

Mason and Carlos fight. Like a linebacker, Carlos pushes Mason backward into--



**INT. DINING ROOM**

Kat and Lucas grab the mop and broom and beat on Mason who breaks away, grabbing the broom and breaking it in half. He lunges the broken piece at them, cutting Kat and Lucas.

KAT

Fern. Run!

Fern is frozen. Carlos grabs her by the hand and runs her out the front door. Comes back in. Lucas grabs a punch bowl off the buffet table, smashes Mason's head. He falls unconscious.

LUCAS

Quick before he wakes up.

Lucas grabs arms and Carlos grabs legs, drag Mason into the--

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Lucas drops his arms, rushes inside the closet, comes out with several ties, throwing a few to Carlos. As they start to tie Mason up, he wakes up. He thrusts the boys off of him, kicking and flailing. They rush out the door and close it.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Kat rushes in, helps them hold the doorknob closed as Mason bangs. Lucas gets the skeleton key that hangs inside the hallway hutch. Locks the bedroom door.

Together they slide the hutch in front of the door. Mason bangs a minute longer, smashes something, then quiets.

LUCAS

I'm so dead.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Lucas and Carlos shake Dylan until he wakes up, flailing. They hold him down.

LUCAS

Hey, it's us. You okay?

Dylan holds his head. A goose egg forms on his forehead.

DYLAN

Mason!

LUCAS

He's in Grandpa's room. You got your way after all.

Dylan cracks a laugh that hurts his head.

DYLAN  
He came through the kitchen.

Lucas races toward the kitchen.

Kat rushes out the front door.

DYLAN  
Fern?

Carlos nods, concerned.

CARLOS  
You feel okay?

DYLAN  
Yeah. Go. I'm good.

Carlos exits through the front door.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Lucas checks the kitchen door. It's barricaded properly. A questioning look.

The workroom door is open. Lucas goes inside, turns on the light.

Tools on the walls. A CROSSBOW rests on hooks.

He faces the door leading to the back yard. Checks that it's locked.

His eyes travel to the doggy door. He guesses aloud.

Dylan enters.

LUCAS  
Yuri out. Mason in. Damn it!

Lucas rummages for wood, a hammer. Boards up the doggy door. On the way out, Lucas' gaze rests on a framed photo.

INSERT: Lucas and Grandpa with a Blue Ribbon and giant fish. Lucas closes his eyes as in prayer.

LUCAS  
Grandpa, if you've got any great ideas for neutralizing a drunk, crazy teen -- without hurting him -- now's the time.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Carlos lumbers down the gravel driveway.

KAT (O.S.)  
Fern? It's over. We have Mason.  
We're safe. Fern?

Carlos looks in Dylan's car. Checks the bushes that line the driveway. Approaches Kat's car in the ditch.

Looks in the back seat. Does a double take. Carlos looks around to see if anyone is watching. Clammers into--

**INT. KAT'S CAR**

The compact mirror with the Flakka lines and rolled up bill is perched on the edge of the seat. His palms sweat.

CARLOS  
You been holding out on us, Kat? I  
get it. Coke ain't the kind of  
thing you want to bring into  
Grandma's house.

Carlos tears his eyes away, but they creep back.

CARLOS  
Not the kind of thing at all.

He looks away again, then back. He moves the compact further back on the seat so it won't spill.

He positions the bill to his nose and leans down to the seat.

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Mason clears every surface with angry sweeps of his hands.

He sees himself in the full length mirror. A grotesque image leers back - bulging eyes and blood-stained lips. He smiles.

Then, like a flash hallucination, he looks normal age. This makes him angry. He bangs his head forcefully into the mirror, breaking the glass.

He shrieks in pain. Spins. Runs headlong toward the window.

Mason breaks through the window with his body weight alone.

**INT. GRANDPA'S WORKROOM**

O.S. A LOUD CRASH as Mason breaks through the bedroom window.

LUCAS

Shit!

**INT. HALLWAY**

Lucas peers through the keyhole.

DYLAN

What's he doing?

LUCAS

Damn it!

Lucas starts pushing the hutch away from the door.

DYLAN

Don't let him out!

Dylan tries restraining Lucas.

LUCAS

Let. Me. Up.

Lucas elbows him hard in the nose. Dylan WAILS.

Dylan pulls back his hand from his nose. It's bloody. He yanks Lucas down to the ground. They wrestle.

Lucas throws a punch. Dylan blocks it. Lucas tries to scramble away. Dylan grabs his feet. Lucas kicks.

DYLAN

Stop it!

Lucas kicks Dylan off, starts to crawl away. Dylan jumps further up Lucas's legs, grabs him by the waist of his jeans.

Dylan pulls him down again. They wrestle.

DYLAN

What. Is. Wrong. With. You.

LUCAS

Let go!

Lucas lands a knee in Dylan's stomach. He releases his grip on Lucas. Lucas stumbles to his feet. Starts moving the hutch, but it's too heavy and he's exhausted. He slinks to the ground, defeated.

LUCAS  
See for yourself.

Dylan peers through the keyhole. Spies all the toppled furniture and broken knickknacks.

Blood begins to ooze from Dylan's nose. He puts his head back, pinching his nostrils together.

DYLAN  
I'm sorry. You were right. We should have kept him outside. We'll help you fix as much as we can. Mason too.

LUCAS  
You really don't get it.

DYLAN  
I get he's out of his mind. He attacked *me*, remember?

Lucas contemplates but is not satisfied.

LUCAS  
I know what I saw in his eyes when he threw Grandma's cross into the fire. He's intentionally trying to hurt me. Did you see Grandpa's watch on the floor? Shattered.

DYLAN  
I thought this trip would... help.

LUCAS  
Help us what? Maybe now you realize throwing us together is not helping.

DYLAN  
Him. Help him. His dad has cancer.

LUCAS  
No way.

Dylan nods.

DYLAN  
He didn't want me to tell you.

LUCAS  
What kind? I mean what's the-

DYLAN  
Pancreatic. It's terminal.

Lucas shakes his head in disbelief.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

A winded Carlos comes in through the front door. Kat motions for him to join her and Fern on the couch.

CARLOS  
Where was she?

KAT  
Under the porch. You feeling okay?

Kat touches his forehead.

KAT  
You need water.

Kat exits to the kitchen.

Carlos bares his teeth at Fern. His eyes roll in their sockets.

Fern eases off the couch, tiptoes toward the front door.

Carlos GROWLS.

Fern SCREAMS as she rushes out the door.

Carlos leaps up with unnatural energy, chases after Fern.

Kat runs in from the kitchen with a glass of water.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH/LAWN**

Kat runs down the steps onto the lawn.

KAT  
(loudly)  
Fern? Carlos?  
(to herself)  
This is getting old. I need a nap.

Kat plops down on the grass, then lies flat. She stretches her arms out to her side, lets them flop. Looks at the moon.

She sits up quickly, curves her elbow and looks at the back of her arm. It's sticky and wet.

Shines her phone's flashlight on the grass where her arm had been. A decapitated rabbit, its guts splayed.

Kat SCREAMS. Jumps up. Steps in something SQUISHY. Shines the flashlight. Mason's vomit. She GAGS. Slowly, feeling compelled, she shines the flashlight on the grass --

One bloodied rodent, frog and snake carcass after another. Kat bends over in dry wretches. Horrified, she shivers.

O.S. RUSTLING

A shadow falls on the house, then moves, catching her eye.

KAT  
Fern, is that you?

Kat shines the flashlight. Nothing. She follows the sound to the driveway. Nothing. As she is about to go in the house, she hears--

O.S. A faint WHIMPER.

She follows the sound to Dylan's car. Shines the flashlight inside. Nothing. Turns to leave. A louder WHIMPER.

Slowly, she opens the door. Fern's on the floorboard curled into a ball, terrified.

O.S. CARLOS GROWLS

KAT  
What was that?

FERN  
Carlos. Zombie.

KAT  
No Honey. Mason Zombie. But he's inside. All locked up. It's all right. Here we go.

Kat helps Fern out of the car.

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Carlos climbs through the broken window.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Lucas and Dylan rest against the dresser.

LUCAS  
How's your nose?

DYLAN  
Not as bad as my head.

O.S. CARLOS GROWLS

LUCAS  
Oh joy. He's awake again.

DYLAN  
Well at least there's not much left  
to break.

LUCAS  
(sarcastically)  
Ha. Ha.

O.S. A SYMPHONY OF GROWLS. FURNITURE BREAKING.

DYLAN  
What the?

Lucas jumps to his feet. Peers into the keyhole.

LUCAS  
Carlos?!

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Mason climbs through the window; jumps on Carlos' back.

Carlos throws him off, but stumbles backward.

Mason body slams him.

Mason and Carlos GRUNT AND GROAN as Mason tries to bite  
Carlos' head.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Dylan pushes him Lucas aside. Peers inside.

DYLAN  
Jesus Christ! They'll kill each  
other.

Dylan turns back frantic. Lucas is staring into space.

DYLAN  
Quick! Do something!

LUCAS  
I'm thinking!

O.S. LOUD BREAKING NOISES



**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Kat and Fern enter. Hear the commotion. Kat sits Fern on the couch and runs into--

**INT. HALLWAY**

KAT

That does not sound good. What's he doing in there.

DYLAN

Fighting Carlos.

KAT

Carlos?

FERN (O.S.)

Carlos. Zombie. Carlos. Zombie.

KAT

(shaking her head)  
Never mind. Let me see.

Kat peeks in then talks through the keyhole.

KAT

Carlos, Honey, get out of there.  
(to the guys)  
Why is he in there?  
(looking into keyhole)  
Who knew he could move that fast?

LUCAS

I have an idea!

Lucas dashes off down the hallway.

**INT. GRANDPA'S WORKROOM**

Lucas pulls the light cord. Grabs a couple of lengths of rope from the workbench. Exits to--

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Mason lowers his head and charges into Carlos, knocking him down onto the broken glass and falling on top of him.

MASON CRIES OUT. Like a superhuman, he pushes Carlos off of him.

He lunges at Carlos, blood dripping from fresh cuts on his back and arms.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Lucas rifles through the cupboards, finds

A CAST IRON SKILLET

He smiles victoriously and somewhat maniacally.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Lucas returns with rope and skillet.

He throws Kat one of the lengths of rope.

O.S. CARLOS and MASON GROAN AND GROWL. LOUD CRASHES.

He places the skillet and second rope on the floor.

LUCAS

Dylan and I will push the hutch  
aside first. Then Kat, you be ready  
to toss Dylan the other end of the  
rope across the doorway. I'll  
unlock the door and push it open.  
You guys pull the rope taut.  
Hopefully Mason will make a dash  
for the door, trip on the rope and  
we can tie him up.

DYLAN

And the skillet?

LUCAS

Insurance.

KAT

(into the keyhole)  
Carlos, we're going to open the  
door, so just let him go.

Lucas and Dylan start sliding the hutch away.

O.S. A VERY LOUD THUD. Then ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

Dylan looks through the keyhole. Sees Mason pulling a limp  
Carlos out of sight.

DYLAN

Oh. No. He's dragging Carlos. He's  
not moving!

Lucas and Dylan finish moving the hutch. Lucas opens the door  
cautiously.

Kat picks up the skillet like a weapon. The three enter.

**INT. GRANDPA'S BEDROOM**

Fully into the room, we can now see the utter destruction. Lucas gapes at the open space and layer of broken glass that was once the window.

**EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE**

Lucas (with the skillet) and Dylan rush around the side of the house to Grandpa's broken window.

In the moonlight, Lucas points out the matted grass where Carlos' heavy body has been dragged.

They follow the trail into--

**EXT. THE WOODS**

Lucas and Dylan see a figure leaning over another. Creeping closer, they see it's Mason, biting into Carlos' forehead.

DYLAN

Mason!

Dylan races toward Mason.

Lucas rushes behind.

Dylan jumps on Mason's back. Mason throws him off.

Mason turns to face the boys. Bits of Carlos' flesh hang from his mouth.

The boys look at Carlos who lies lifelessly in the dirt.

Dylan drops to his knees, shaking Carlos.

Mason lunges for Lucas.

Lucas swings the cast iron skillet. Misses.

Dylan grabs Carlos' leg, but cannot budge him.

Mason barrels into Lucas. Lucas drops the skillet.

Mason dives for more of Carlos's "brains"

Dylan picks up the skillet. Hits Mason. It does nothing.

Mason swats it from his hand like a fly. Lunges for Dylan.

Dylan backs up.

DYLAN  
(to Lucas)  
Get Carlos!

Dylan fights back Mason.

DYLAN  
Mason. Stop. MASON!

Lucas leans over Carlos. Shakes him. Feels for a pulse.

LUCAS  
Oh God.

Turns Carlos' head toward him. A huge bite hole in Carlos' head.

LUCAS  
Oh my God.

Lucas recoils.

Lucas leaps to his feet. Pushes Mason from behind. Beats on his back.

LUCAS  
(raging, crying)  
You killed him! You killed him!

Mason turns his attention to Lucas. Lunges for him.

DYLAN  
What!?

Dylan drops to see for himself, but realizes he has to help Lucas fight off Mason. Gets up.

Dylan and Lucas meet Mason backward. Mason trips over Carlos, falls.

DYLAN  
(crying tears)  
Carlos! Carlos!

Mason rises.

Lucas pulls Dylan away. They run toward the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Kat lets the boys in the front door, locks it behind them. Dylan is hysterical.

KAT  
What happened to *him*?

Lucas helps Dylan onto a chair. Kat looks out the window.

KAT  
Where's Carlos?

FERN  
Carlos. Zombie.

KAT  
No. Fern. Not Carlos. Mason. Mason  
Zombie. Carlos good. Mason bad.

LUCAS  
Don't say that.

Kat looks surprised. Lucas grabs the bottle of tequila and swigs; passes it to Dylan.

LUCAS  
Here little buddy.

Dylan weakly shakes his head no.

KAT  
Now you're scaring me.

LUCAS  
(nodding to Kat)  
Help me?

**INT. HALLWAY**

Lucas and Kat push the hutch fully in front of Grandpa's bedroom door.

LUCAS  
We need to double-check every door  
and window.

KAT  
Are you going to tell me what's  
going on? Where's Carlos?

FERN (O.S.)  
Carlos. Zombie.

Kat covers her ears. Storms into--

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

KAT  
(screaming)  
For the love of God, shut up!

A shocked Fern curls up even tighter. Kat rushes over. Kneels before her and strokes her hair. Covers her with a blanket.

KAT  
Oh. God. I'm sorry, Sweetie. It's okay. Mama's just tired.

Lucas enters from the hallway.

As she tucks in Fern, Kat watches Lucas check the front door and windows. Lucas gently squeezes Dylan's shoulder. Dylan wipes his eyes. Kat notices.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Lucas enters, checks the patio door.

Kat enters.

KAT  
(whispering)  
What happened out there?

Lucas struggles to speak. Abruptly exits to--

**INT. KITCHEN**

Kate follows Lucas. He checks the door lock.

KAT  
(suspicious and angry)  
Where's Carlos?

Lucas turns to her. Their eyes meet. Kat's face goes ashen.

KAT  
(blood curdling scream)  
No!

Kat rushes toward the front door, Lucas fast behind her. He catches up as she unlocks the door. Pulls her away.

KAT  
Let me go! Carlos!

Lucas strong-arms her away from the door. Locks it again.

KAT  
 (crying)  
 No. No. No! Not Carlos!

Kat is sobbing uncontrollably now, kneeling on the floor. Lucas kneels next to her. Fern sobs under the blanket.

KAT  
 Where is he?  
 (panicked)  
 Where is he? I want to see him!

Dylan cries from the couch.

LUCAS  
 (emotional)  
 Please, just listen for a minute,  
 okay? As soon as we get Mason--

KAT  
 He's out there - alone? You left  
 him out there? You can't just leave  
 him out there!

Kat breaks for the door. Lucas pulls her back.

Dylan rises, wipes his tears.

DYLAN  
 We can't help him now, Kat. We've  
 got to help each other. The four of  
 us. We have to protect the four of  
 us now.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The clock chimes four times. Cuddled next to Fern on the couch, Kat channel surfs in a stupor.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Lucas and Dylan lay out items on the table: rope, fishing line, an animal trap, a knife.

**INTERCUT: LIVING ROOM**

Kat flicks through many snowy channels until she finds an old rerun. Watches it on mute for a few minutes.

LUCAS  
 (O.S. from Dining Room)  
 Sorry there's no cable out here.

KAT

It doesn't matter.

Kat clicks through a few more snowy channels and lands on a news story. The reporter is speaking into a microphone while a man writhes violently in the background.

SHAKY CELL PHONE FOOTAGE -- People running away from something.

Kat changes the channel.

Dylan enters.

DYLAN

Wait, go back.

Kat changes back to the news story.

Men and women SCREAM, RUN, VOMIT, GROWL. Some have blood on their mouths or on their clothes.

DYLAN

Turn it up.

Kat turns up the volume.

Lucas enters.

REPORTER

--After taking Flakka, a new and deadly brand of bath salts.

DYLAN

(laughing)

Flakka? Sounds like a crust punk band.

Lucas shushes Dylan.

REPORTER

This new formula is fifty times more potent than ordinary bath salts, and is blamed for at least four deaths right here in the Lakes region. Apparently, the drug can make its users behave like zombies, biting -- even eating -- the flesh of their victims.

Lucas draws closer to the television.

LUCAS

Oh my God.



REPORTER

These drug users or Flakka-Z's as they are now being called, are not only a threat to others but to themselves. Last month, two teens high on the drug jumped to their deaths. Another two died of overdoses. Reporting live from Bell Lake, I'm Marcy Clemmons. Back to you, Dan.

ANCHOR DAN

Will it be warm temps and sunny skies this weekend? Weather, coming up next.

Kat mutes the television as a commercial airs.

LUCAS

Rewind!

Kat tries. Nothing happens.

DYLAN

It's not cable. You can't rewind.

LUCAS

What did she call it? Flecka, Flocka?

DYLAN

Flakka.

Kat looks worried.

LUCAS

That's got to be what Mason took.

Lucas starts pacing.

DYLAN

Bath salts? That doesn't sound like Mason. Wait, what are they? Where do you get bath salts anyway?

LUCAS

Check the bathroom.

Dylan exits. Kat keeps her head down. But then, the inevitable question.

LUCAS

Kat. What do you think?

KAT

Oh. Uh. Yeah. I know some kids at school get them for parties.

Lucas spots Mason's backpack, rushes to --

**INT. DINING ROOM**

Lucas picks up Mason's backpack from a pile in the corner. He shoves his hand in the outside pockets. Then unzips it.

Kat enters.

KAT

You're going through his things?  
Seriously?

Lucas sits. He dumps out the backpack. Sifts through the contents.

KAT

Wow. Okay.

Disapprovingly, Kat watches Lucas dig through the outer pockets one more time, pulling out things as he goes. Earbuds. Phone charger. Gum.

Lucas chucks the empty bag into the corner.

Kat sits next to him.

KAT

No Flakka? Guess you can't bust him, huh, Sheriff?

LUCAS

You think this is funny?

KAT

Of course not! God!

Lucas gets an idea -- snaps his fingers.

LUCAS

That's why he wants in here so badly. To get more of the drug.

Lucas dumps out the black trash bag Mason used as a suitcase. Starts turning his clothes inside out.

Lucas pushes the items on the floor around.

Lucas spots a paperback in the pile. Turns it over.

LUCAS  
Dune? I didn't take him for the  
type.

KAT  
What type is that?

LUCAS  
Someone who reads.

Kat chuckles but it doesn't last.

KAT  
You do like to put people in boxes.

LUCAS  
If that's where they belong.

KAT  
And do they ever get out?

LUCAS  
There's hope for everyone.

Lucas holds up the book.

LUCAS  
Even Mason. If drugs are the reason  
he's doing all of this - and he  
quits them for good - then maybe  
there's a chance for me and Mason  
to bury the hatchet.

Kat smiles as she pats Lucas on the shoulder.

Lucas absently thumbs through DUNE. A card falls out. Lucas  
can't believe his eyes. Suddenly, he's animated, angry.

LUCAS  
Or not.

Lucas shows her the card.

LUCAS  
You see this?

KAT  
(peering)  
Jose Canseco?

LUCAS  
His 1986 Donruss Rookie card?

Kat shrugs.

LUCAS

It's the only card I need to complete my Grandpa's collection. Very hard to find in mint condition. He knows I've been looking for it. We've talked about it a hundred times!

KAT

So?

LUCAS

He probably bought it just to irritate me. He doesn't even need it!

KAT

You just said you wanted to start fresh!

Kat's remark has no effect on Lucas.

LUCAS

I'm sure he couldn't wait to rub it in my face.

Lucas puts the card in the book and tosses it in the corner. Sees Mason's sweatshirt on the back of a chair. Yanks it off, turns out the pockets. He finds nothing. Throws it on the floor.

LUCAS

He's trouble. Pure and simple. What some people see in him, I will never know.

KAT

And by people you mean me?

Lucas kicks the rest of Mason's stuff.

LUCAS

He's the reason you're here, right?

Lucas looks around the room for anything belonging to Mason.

LUCAS

He must have it on him. Unless.

Lucas sizes Kat up. She feels the heat.

LUCAS

That news report said the drug was here - in the Lakes region.

At the gas station today, he didn't  
happen to ask you where he  
could...if you knew anyone...

Kat rises, angry.

KAT

Dylan was right. You'll always find  
someone else to blame.

LUCAS

No one is blaming you. I'm just  
trying to figure out--

Kat leaves with contempt.

Lucas surveys the mess on the floor, his fists in a ball.

His eye glances "Jesus at the Door Knocking" over the mantle.

Lucas looks to Heaven.

LUCAS

And whenever you stand praying,  
forgive, if you have anything  
against anyone, so that your Father  
in heaven may also forgive you your  
trespasses.

Anger turns to remorse.

Lucas respectfully packs Mason's belongings back into the  
backpack.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Kat TAPS on the bathroom door.

KAT

Dylan?

No answer. KNOCKS.

KAT

You in there?

No answer. Tries the handle. Locked. BANGS LOUDER. Panics.

KAT

(shouting)  
Dylan open up!

DYLAN (O.S.)  
 What? Yeah. Coming.

O.S. Toilet flushes. Sound of water in a sink.

Dylan opens the door, half awake.

DYLAN  
 Sorry. I fell asleep on the--

KAT  
 TMI! I was afraid Mason had --

Lucas meets them in them hallway.

LUCAS  
 Any bath salts?

Dylan shakes his head. Lucas is disappointed. Kat looks guilty.

LUCAS  
 Never mind.  
 (to Dylan)  
 There's a net in the work room we  
 can use. Give me a hand?

Lucas and Dylan head for Grandpa's Workroom.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Kat tiptoes to the couch. Fern is asleep. Kat listens at the kitchen doorway.

O.S. In the workroom, the boys MURMUR. CLINKING and CLANGING.

Kat sneaks to the front door. Confirms coast is clear. Exits.

**EXT. WOODS**

Carlos opens his eyes.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Kat creeps down the driveway, spooked by every night noise. When she gets to her busted car, she covers a SHRIEK.

She surveys the damage. Goes from shock to sadness to anger. Looks back at the house. Flips the bird.

Kat opens the car door to the back seat. Dome light comes on. With her body holding open the door, she leans into the car.

Kat sees the line of Flakka on the mirror. GASPS. Grabs her purse. Pulls out the loose twenties with surprise.

Kat looks all over the back seat, finally on the floorboard. White powder is spilled out. Next to it, the other packet.

She picks it up, turns it over slowly, hoping against hope.

INSERT: A printed label: Bath Salts. Underneath, an open space for stamps that identify the specific blend of salts. Here a crooked stamp reads "Flakka". At the bottom, printed: Not for human consumption.

KAT

Oh my God!

Kat sinks to her knees, numb.

Mason GRUNTS. Kat turns around. He looms over the car door.

Kat SCREAMS. She pulls the car door toward her and shoves it back hard against him. He stumbles backward. She rolls out.

Kat runs toward the house screaming. Mason jumps, catches her by the hurt toe. She WAILS, then kicks him hard in the head with her other foot. She ducks into the bushes that line the driveway.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM**

Dylan examines the animal trap.

LUCAS

Be careful with that!

Lucas motions for Dylan to put down the trap.

DYLAN

You aren't thinking of using this on Mason?!

LUCAS

It's not going to hurt him permanently. But it will hurt enough to bring him down.

DYLAN

(dismally)  
So what's the plan?

LUCAS

We get the trap set up somewhere out back. Near the deck but far away enough to give us good sight lines and cover.

DYLAN

You act like it's a war.

LUCAS

A war FOR Mason, not against him. He's obviously under the influence. So the best we can do for him is tie him up and keep him tied up until daybreak. You with me?

Dylan nods.

Lucas picks up the animal trap.

LUCAS

Grandma and Grandpa used to have a coyote problem. One summer, Grandpa and I caught three using this trap.

Lucas demonstrates.

LUCAS

This is the pan. This is the trap dog. Funny name I know. The dog secures to the pan. That sets the trap.

LUCAS

The most important thing is to keep your fingers on the outside. I'll pull the claws apart, if you can stick that dog onto the pan, right here.

Lucas points to the area. Dylan nods.

Lucas pulls the claws apart.

Dylan sets the trap dog.

LUCAS

Okay, hands back. Here goes.

Lucas cringes and lets go of one hand-hold on the trap. The set holds.



**EXT. BUSHES ALONG THE DRIVEWAY**

Kat peers through the bushes at Mason who paces the driveway, blocking her way to the house.

**INT. DINING ROOM**

LUCAS

We'll lure Mason to the trap, then when he's down, we throw the net over him. We tie ropes around Mason, then stake the two ends to the ground. Then I will release his foot from the trap. The net and ropes should hold him safely until the drug wears off.

DYLAN

What if it never wears off? What if all this - the stuff on TV - what if we are witnessing a real-life zombie apocalypse? What if Mason stays a zombie? Permanently.

LUCAS

First of all, Mason is not a zombie. Zombies aren't real. Second of all, we just have to believe that the drug will wear off.

DYLAN

But if it doesn't?

LUCAS

If it doesn't, then something far worse might be happening.

DYLAN

What?

LUCAS

Possession.

DYLAN

You mean by demons? You believe in demons but not zombies?

Lucas nods to the rope. Dylan hands it to him.

LUCAS

It's in the Bible. Drugs can open a window to the soul for demons to enter. You believe evil exists don't you?

DYLAN

I guess.

He measures a couple of arm-lengths, then cuts it with scissors.

LUCAS

Well so do I. So if Satan has a hold on him, we have to get him back.

Lucas kneels down. Nods to Dylan to do the same.

LUCAS

We should have done this before now.

Lucas bows his head, clasps his hands. Dylan follows suit.

LUCAS

God, we ask for your protection now and forever, and we pray that you will keep your servant, Mason, from harm. And deliver us from all evil.

LUCAS AND DYLAN

Amen.

#### **EXT. WOODS**

Kat runs toward the shed. She crouches behind it to catch her breath. It won't come. She deliberately breathes slowly and deeply.

She hears faster breathing than hers it's getting louder.

A running figure in shadow. Footsteps close. Mason tackles her. Kat SCREAMS. She squirms free, runs, ducks past trees.

Glancing behind, she sees Mason gaining on her.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM**

Lucas hears Kat's SCREAM.

LUCAS

Did you hear that?

DYLAN

What?

Lucas looks into the living room.

LUCAS  
Where's Kat?

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

They rush to the window. See the dome light in the car is lit, car door open.

DYLAN  
(panicked)  
She's not safe out there!

He beelines for the door.

LUCAS  
Wait. We can't keep blindly chasing  
after him. Let's set the trap. Now!

**INT. BATHROOM**

Lucas guides Fern into the linen closet. She curls up. He packs towels in front to hide her.

LUCAS  
You'll be safe in here. Just be  
quiet. We'll come back for you.

DYLAN  
Not a sound.

Dylan shuts the linen closet. Fern SQUEAKS. Then silence.

**EXT. SHED IN THE WOODS**

Kat tries the first shed window. It's locked, circles around to the other one. Locked. At the door, she grabs a clay pot and breaks a pane. Cuts her arm badly as she tries to unlock the door. Mason catches up.

Exhausted, she grabs a glass shard and threatens to jab him.

KAT  
(through sobs)  
Please. Stop.

Mason steps toward her. She swipes. Cuts his hand. He YELLS. Doubles over. Kat runs, trips over the barbed wire of a dilapidated fence. She struggles to free her feet, crying out with each twist and turn. Mason comes toward her, more dazed than angry.

Once free, she scuttles like a crab backward, her legs and feet cut and bleeding, her bad toe swollen and bruised, her bleeding arm hanging at her side.

Mason stops suddenly like he doesn't know where he is. He places his hands on his temples, squeezes his head.

MASON

Kat?

Kat stops crawling, barely able to catch her breath.

KAT

Yeah. It's me. You understand me,  
Mason?

Mason reaches his hands out in front of him. He starts laughing then suddenly stops. Squeezes his head again.

MASON

Head. Ache. Aaagh!

Mason starts beating himself in the head.

KAT

No. Stop that. You need sleep.

Mason stops. His eyes roll up. He seems in a trance.

Kat slowly gets up on her feet, keeping her distance.

MASON

Sleep.

Mason collapses. Kat approaches him cautiously.

KAT

That's it. Just stay right there.

KAT

Mason, I'm going to leave now but  
I'll be right back. Okay? You just  
lie here and wait for me.

Kat looks for a response.

KAT

Are you asleep?

Mason doesn't respond. Kat runs toward the house.

**EXT. BACK YARD**

Kat runs toward the back door.

DYLAN

Kat! Stop!

Dylan steps out from behind a bush.

DYLAN  
Thank God, you're all right.

Kat steps in something squishy. Looks down.

KAT  
What the fu--

Lucas appears from nowhere.

LUCAS  
Bait. For Mason.

KAT  
You killed a rabbit?

LUCAS  
Of course not. He did. We just cut  
it open. To draw him in.

KAT  
To what?

Dylan steps aside with a wave of his hand.

Kat sees the animal trap and the net.

KAT  
I don't think you're going to need  
those. He's coming down off the  
drug. Is Fern still asleep?

DYLAN  
We hid her - in the linen closet.  
Just to be safe. Where's Mason?

Kat points.

KAT  
A few yards from the shed. Asleep.  
I'll check on Fern.

LUCAS  
No! We need your help.

**EXT. WOODS**

Carlos wakes again, rises. The drug's effects have worn off.

**EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD**

Lucas, Kat and Dylan hide behind bushes, waiting.

After a minute...

KAT

I told you. He's out like a light.  
Let's just go tie him up.

Dylan and Kat rise. Lucas pulls them down.

LUCAS

Just Kat. See if he's still out. In  
case he comes, we need to be ready.

Kat shrugs. She heads off toward the shed.

LUCAS

Take this. In case.

Lucas hands her a baseball bat.

#### **INT. BATHROOM**

The linen closet opens. Towels fall to the floor. Fern steps out. Faces the full length mirror, stares at herself blankly.

#### **EXT. WOODS**

Kat approaches Mason cautiously.

KAT

Mason, how are you?

He doesn't move. Kat pokes him with the bat. Nothing. She rolls him onto his back, careful to keep her distance.

MASON

Help. Me.

Re-assured, Kat moves closer.

KAT

Yes. I'll help you. Can you stand?

Mason tries moving. Then loses consciousness.

She takes off her sweatshirt and lays it flat on the ground, then rolls Mason on top of it, face up.

She loops the sweatshirt sleeves under his arms and ties the cuffs together to form a makeshift sled. She walks backward, pulling on the sweatshirt, but he's just too heavy.

Kat tries a different angle, using her chest like an ox to pull. She gets a little further, but not enough. Defeat.

Kat leans over Mason.

KAT  
I have to get the guys.

Mason wakes violently, chokes Kat. She punches him, runs. He pulls her down. Her hand finds a rock; hits him hard.

Kat runs toward the house with Mason close behind.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Fern faces a butcher block of knives, pulls out the cleaver.

A draft cracks open the door to Grandpa's Workroom. She pushes open the door. Fern scopes it out. Sees the crossbow.

**EXT. BACK YARD**

Kat is running straight for the trap, YELLING.

KAT  
Behind me!

Mason is gaining ground.

Suddenly, the patio door opens.

**EXT. BACK DECK**

Fern steps onto the deck holding the loaded crossbow. On her back, a quiver of arrows.

She In a superhero stance, she aims the crossbow at Mason.

KAT  
Fern. No!

Kat runs in front of Mason.

BEGIN SLOW MOTION

Dylan runs toward Fern, who gets off the shot. He tackles her and they both go down. Fern faints.

The arrow whizzes into the air. It grazes Kat's thigh, ripping flesh. It lands in the grass in front of Mason.

Lucas runs toward Kat, forgetting about the animal trap. He steps on it. Writhes in pain.

END SLOW MOTION

Mason grabs the arrow, runs at Lucas. Dylan picks up the crossbow, pulls an arrow from the quiver. He struggles, but loads the bow.

Mason is about to reach Lucas with the arrow when--

Dylan, trembling, aims at Mason.

DYLAN  
I'm sorry, Mason.

LUCAS  
No. Don't!

Through tears, Dylan releases the arrow into the air.

Suddenly, Mason TRIPS. He goes down fast. His head hits a big rock and cracks his skull. Blood pours out. Mason DIES.

The arrow sails beyond Mason to the shed. It lands dead center in a heart-shaped wooden placque.

INSERT: The placque reads, "Family Makes It Fun."

## **START EPILOGUE**

### **INT. DINING ROOM**

Dylan and Lucas lay Mason on the dining room table, his head wrapped in a bloody shirt to keep the brains in. The dawn breaks through the patio window, casting a golden beam of light on Mason's peaceful, angelic face.

LUCAS  
Help me get Carlos?

Dylan nods. Lucas starts for the door.

DYLAN  
Hey. In case I forget later.

Dylan picks up Mason's backpack and pulls out DUNE. He opens the book, pulls out the Jose Canseco baseball card.

DYLAN  
He was going to give this to you this weekend... to make a new start. That's really why he wanted to come. He was the one that outbid you on eBay for it. Just so he could gift it to you. He made me promise not to ruin the surprise.



Dylan takes Lucas' hand and puts the card in it. Lucas stares at the card.

Lucas breaks down, sobbing.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

With her bandaged foot on the coffee table, Kat cuddles Fern who's gripping the broken broom handle tightly.

KAT  
You don't need that any more,  
Sweetie. It's all over.

Kat tries to take it, but Fern won't let her.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Carlos enters through the front door, bloodied but alive.

CARLOS  
Hi Honey, I'm home!

Kat GASPS.

KAT  
Carlos!

Fern jumps to her feet. She rushes toward Carlos and leaps into the air, the pointy broom handle in her tight grip.

FERN  
Zombie Carlos!

Fern shoves the stick deep into Carlos' eyeball. Carlos dies instantly.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

MONTAGE: The police, Sheriff and EMTs investigate the scene.

- Police interview the shattered teens.
- Paramedics remove the bodies of Mason and Carlos.
- On the couch, a policewoman sits with Fern who's in shock.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

A policewoman and Kat approach the front door.

Kat crosses to Dylan and Lucas, her tear-stained face pleading.

KAT

I didn't give it to him. Not the salts - I swear. I bought them for a friend. For a rave at school next week. I didn't know they were so bad. You have to believe me.

The policewoman escorts Kat.

KAT

I didn't mean for Mason to find them. For any of this to happen! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

Lucas and Dylan glare at Kat as she passes. Now we can see that Kat's hands are handcuffed behind her back.

**EXT. PORCH**

As she descends the steps, Kat looks back at the house.

Lucas and Dylan look out the door after her.

Slowly, they raise an arm around each other's shoulders.

**END EPILOGUE**

THE END