

A THOUSAND WORDS 2

by

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THIRD DRAFT
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FADE IN:

1 INT. NEWS ROOM -- NIGHT

Camera pans and scans across a room full of Desks in an otherwise empty and dark office setting. One of the desks is dimly lit by a lamp. We see the back of a woman's head and hear her typing away eagerly. The camera closes in as the woman finishes typing her latest article and follows her ritual shut down for the night.

She gathers her coat and purse and turns off her lamp then heads for the exit. We follow her out an exit door down a poorly lit stairwell and out into a parking lot.

2 EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

She crosses the lot to her car, the camera does not follow. We see her get in her car from a distance when the camera follows quickly from a POV shot.

She starts her car and puts it in gear. She goes to back out and hits something. She stops as her car had suddenly not been able to get over what ever object she hit. She gets out of her car with it still running to see what is going on. The camera watches her every move from what is now a short distance.

The camera pans across the front of her car trying to keep her in view and comes up behind her. She suddenly spins round from checking the back of her car to looking behind her. Nothing is there. She goes back to looking at what she sees now that was stopping her from moving the car and bends down to pick up the small box.

From POV of the woman, she opens the box slowly to reveal a single piece of paper too small for the box forced into it. She peels out the paper slowly noticing it is a photo. She turns it over to reveal it is a photo of her doing a news report from about a year ago. Confused she stares at the photo until she recognizes where the photo was taken. She drops the box and the photo backing up toward the car door.

She clamors to get back into the car and turns the key nervously though the engine is still running from before. We see the car pull out of the parking lot.

3 EXT. STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

The car speeds along a little faster than it should be. The woman drives down what looks like a back road and comes to a stop on the empty road at the end of the street.

4 INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

She looks left then right and left again. A hand reaches up behind her and grabs her head back. She screams as the assailant's other hand comes around and cuts her neck with a slicing motion using an old ax.

5 EXT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

We see the outside of the car zooming out we see a camera flash once or twice as the car horn goes off and we fade out.

6 EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD -- DAY

POV of someone looking through some bushes. The camera zooms in slowly on four people sitting on a deck. Two girls dressed in bikinis are sunning while their boyfriends converse behind them.

Cut to behind the person who is watching, it's Steven, Jack's neighbor, he's taking close up pictures of leaves and other things around his yard.

He looks away on hearing a bird chirp, when he goes back to focusing on his photos we see Jack and Shaun are not on the deck anymore. Suddenly Steven is shoved aside pretty roughly.

JACK

What the hell are you doing, creep?

Steven tries to speak but stumbles over the words as he collects himself and gets over being stunned. Shaun and Jack look on as if expecting an answer but enjoying Steven's struggle.

STEVEN

I'm just taking some pictures -

SHAUN

Of what?

Steven is defiant, more from fear than from courage.

STEVEN

Trees. Birds.

SHAUN

Our girls?

Steven looks at Jack, nervous. Shaun looks at Jack and smirks, but Jack is angry.

Jack jerks Steven up by his shirt.

JACK

You get off staring at pictures of our girlfriends?

Jack grabs Steven's chin and spins him to face the girls. The girls finally notice what's going on.

Jack leans in close, his words hushed.

JACK (CONT'D)

See that? That's mine, not yours.
Never was, never will be.

Steven tries to hide his shame. He didn't want her to see him like this, helpless.

Jack shoves Steven so hard that Steven falls to the ground. Jack looms over him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Keep your distance, freak.

Shaun lurches at Steven, without hitting him. He's satisfied to see the smaller boy cringe.

Steven holds his camera close as the bullies turn and walk away.

7 INT. STEVEN'S FAMILY ROOM -- DAY

Steven enters his home, defeated. His camera hangs limply around his neck.

IAN (O.S.)

Steven.

Silhouetted in the kitchen doorway is Steven's father, Ian, drying a glass with a dish towel. He says the name without warmth.

Steven doesn't answer.

IAN (CONT'D)

Something's wrong. What is it?

STEVEN

Nothing, Dad. Nothing.

Ian stops drying the glass.

IAN

It was that little bastard again,
wasn't it? The slut's boyfriend?

Ian's voice is dripping with venom. His rage is palpable, but contained.

STEVEN

Don't call her that!

Steven realizes he's betrayed his feelings. He hurriedly changes his tone and the direction of the conversation.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Let it go, Dad. It was just a... a
misunderstanding.

Ian takes a step toward the son, hovering around the edge of the light. They stare at one another across the room, silent, unmoving.

Wordlessly, Ian turns away from his son and returns to the kitchen. Steven hears the faucet turned on and the clink of dishes in the sink.

Cradling his camera, Steven moves across the room and up the stairs.

8 INT. STEVEN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Steven enters his bedroom, closes the blinds, and slides into his computer chair.

He connects his digital camera to the computer and begins downloading the images.

One a time, the images appear on-screen: sunlight peering through the leaves of a tree, a bird singing on a high branch, a cluster of leaves.

Then, a close-up of leaves, with two sunbathing girls in the background, out-of-focus. Next, another picture of the girls, closer and in-focus.

Another picture appears, and another, and another. Each subsequent picture zooms in closer and closer on the girls, on Jennifer.

The images finally stop on a picture very close to Jennifer, so close that Steven might have been standing right beside her when he took it.

He reaches for the screen, gently caressing the image with his fingertips.

A faint smile crosses his face, filled with yearning and heartbreak.

9 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A four-year old boy lies on the floor, halfway beneath the kitchen table. He's looking up at his mother, Pam.

She stands over him, her sweet features twisted in anger. She's yelling.

PAM

You clumsy little shit! Get your sorry little ass up off the floor and clean this up, now!

She points to a bowl turned upside down on the floor. A few macaroni noodles lie beside it.

He pulls his hand away from his face. Blood.

PAM (CONT'D)

Move!

A pair of legs move toward the angry woman, his father's. The boy hears the man's voice, but doesn't look up.

FATHER

Pam, calm down. This isn't necessary.

Pam turns her anger on the father. She assaults him verbally and physically.

PAM

Having a kid wasn't necessary!

FATHER

I just don't think you should -

She punctuates each sentence by slapping him.

PAM

What? You don't think I should have married the first good lay I had?

From beneath the table, the boy dares to speak.

BOY

Mommy?

10 EXT. METRO PARK -- MORNING

Steven stands near a jogging path in a metro park. He photographs the surrounding area, lost in thought.

Jennifer jogs his way, an early summer morning workout. She's the only person on the path.

She slows to a walk when she notices Steven. Should she talk to him or continue her workout?

She jogs off the path in his direction.

JENNIFER

Hey, Steven!

Steven turns, a shy smile on his face, as if noticing her for the first time.

STEVEN

Hey.

She comes to a stop in front of him. He tries not to stare at her lithe figure.

Jennifer notices his attention and is flattered.

The silence between them is broken as they both start to speak simultaneously. They laugh. His is awkward, hers is genuine.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You first.

JENNIFER

No you.

STEVEN

About the other day... I wanted to apologize.

JENNIFER

Jack should be the one apologizing. He can be a real jerk sometimes.

STEVEN

Yeah. No kidding.

Jennifer leans back and smiles. She didn't expect him to agree so quickly.

Steven catches her surprise.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Wait, no, I didn't mean...

He's at a loss for words.

JENNIFER

Yes you did.

She flashes a coy smile.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I like you, Steven. You're a sweetheart. Jack is... well... Jack. I told him to stop giving you such a hard time.

STEVEN

You think that'll help?

JENNIFER

I know it will.

STEVEN

Why?

JENNIFER

He'd do anything for me, Steven. He loves me.

Steven's smile fades. He looks away, noticing something in the distance. He's suddenly agitated.

STEVEN

I need to go.

He begins walking away, into the woods. Jennifer calls after him.

JENNIFER

Hey!

Steven pauses and looks over his shoulder.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Stay out of trouble.

Steven smiles, nods, and hurries away.

11 EXT. METRO PARK PARKING LOT -- MORNING

A beat up old car sits at one end of the parking lot, far away from the jogging path.

Ian sits inside, watching Steven and Jennifer from a distance.

He raises the camera to his eye and snaps a picture.

12 EXT. METRO PARK -- AFTERNOON

Steven is deep in the woods, snapping more nature pictures. Alone.

His peaceful solitude is shattered as a heavy hand slaps his shoulder and spins him around.

Jack and Shaun glare at him angrily. Jack grinds his right fist in the palm of his other hand.

JACK

When I told you to keep your distance,
freak, I meant it.

Steven looks around frantically for help but sees no one.

Jack grins.

JACK (CONT'D)

Run.

Steven spins on his heels and races down the gravel path.

Jack and Shaun laugh, giving their quarry a head start before they take off after him.

Steven pants as he runs, his legs pumping faster and faster. He clutches at his camera.

Jack and Shaun call after Steven, taunting him. Jack continues on the path as Shaun bolts off into the undergrowth.

Steven rounds a corner and pauses for a moment, catching his breath. Just ahead, he sees the parking lot.

Safety!

He looks back and sees Jack, too far away to catch him in time. Steven turns back toward the parking lot and starts running...

WHAM!

Shaun appears out of nowhere, shoulder tucked, and levels Steven. Steven hits the ground hard, dazed. He's still clutching his camera.

Shaun is on him in a heartbeat, dragging Steven to his feet. He pins Steven's arms behind his back as Jack swaggers closer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Last time, I let you off nice.
Jennifer can't stand violence.

Steven opens his mouth to call for help, but Jack's sucker-punch knocks the wind out of him. Jack twists Steven's ear.

JACK (CONT'D)

Good thing she's not around this time,
isn't it?

Jack rips the camera from Steven's neck and throws it to the ground, destroying it.

The broken camera lies still and shattered, as Jack and Shaun unleash their anger on Steven.

13 INT. STEVEN'S FAMILY ROOM -- EVENING

Steven creeps in through the front door, trying to avoid his father. No such luck.

His father is sitting in a chair in the dimly lit family room, facing the door. He's clearly waiting for his son.

IAN

Where have you been?

Steven steps into the light where his father can see the bruises and dried blood.

Ian rises from the chair, bristling with anger. He struggles to keep his emotion in check.

IAN (CONT'D)

What is this?

Steven doesn't answer.

For a moment, Ian surrenders to his anger. He screams.

IAN (CONT'D)

Steven, you WILL tell me what happened
right now!

Steven's eyes widen. He shrinks away from his father.

Ian regains control. He lowers his voice, but remains firm.

IAN (CONT'D)

Tell me.

STEVEN

It was Jack, Dad. Jack and Shaun. I went to the park this morning to take some pictures...

Steven waits a heartbeat to see if his dad will acknowledge being at the school that morning.

Ian betrays nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

... and I ran into Jennifer. We talked, and I guess Jack found out. He tracked me down, told me to run...

Steven's voice cracks. He can't continue.

Ian moves steadily toward his son. Steven begins sobbing quietly, arms at his sides.

For a moment, Ian's coldness gives way to compassion. He wraps his arms around Steven.

IAN

Son, I'm sorry.

Steven pulls back and looks up, surprised.

IAN (CONT'D)

I would do anything to protect you, to keep you safe. Anything. You know that.

Silence.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'll take care of this. I...

Steven steps back from his father, almost ashamed.

Slowly, he lifts his left hand to reveal what's left of his camera.

STEVEN

They did this, Dad.

Ian stares at the broken camera. He looks to his son's beaten face, and back to the camera. His anger begins to swell, threatening to erupt again.

Then, an icy calm settles over him.

Steven sees the change. He's frightened by it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Dad? What are you going to do?

IAN

I'm going to... discuss this with Jack's parents.

14 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pam and the boy's father are arguing.

She punctuates each sentence by slapping the father.

PAM

What? You don't think I should have married the first good lay I had?

From beneath the table, the boy dares to speak.

BOY

Mommy?

PAM

Don't you EVER call me that!

She moves to strike the child again, but his father grabs her arm. She slaps the father across the face.

MOTHER

Don't you TOUCH me!

She slaps him again and again. He lets go of her arm and walks away.

She turns her fury back on the child, crouching down to his level. Her face is a mask of pure evil.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I never wanted you, did you know that?
From the day you were born, I couldn't
stand the sight of you.

Silently, the father appears behind the mother.

She doesn't notice his return. And she doesn't notice the small ax in his right hand.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

All I wanted was someone to provide for
ME, to take care of ME. Instead, I end
up with a helpless brat and a photog-

Thunk!

She stops mid-word. Her eyes widen, and a thick stream of blood flows down the center of her forehead.

15 INT. JENNIFER'S FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

No one's watching the movie on the television.

Shaun and Anne make out on the couch. Empty beer and wine cooler bottles litter the end-table.

Jack and Jennifer stand at the foot of the stairs, engaged in a hushed conversation.

JACK

Come on! They're gone for the whole
weekend. This is the opportunity we've
been waiting for.

JENNIFER

I don't know, Jack. I... I don't think
I'm ready.

JACK

We're both ready. We've been together
for two years, now. Two years! We
both want this.

Jennifer fidgets, biting her lower lip.

JENNIFER

I'm just not -

JACK

Look. Let's go upstairs where it's quiet. We can sit down and talk about this in private. Alone.

Hesitantly, Jennifer nods. She begins walking up the stairs, Jack close behind.

Shaun, still kissing Anne, opens one eye and looks to Jack. He gives Jack a big thumbs-up. Jack grins and returns the salute.

The doorbell rings.

Jennifer stops and turns. Jack looks at her and shrugs.

The doorbell rings again.

JENNIFER

Better see who it is.

Jack curses under his breath. He bolts down the stairs, frustrated, and stomps into the foyer.

16 INT. JENNIFER'S FOYER -- NIGHT

Jack yanks open the front door.

JACK

What?

Ian stands outside, barely illuminated by the interior lights. He extends a small box to Jack.

IAN

This package ended up at my house. I believe it's yours.

URGENT stickers cover the box.

JACK

Couldn't this have waited until tomorrow?

Ian says nothing. He stands still, waiting for Jack to accept the package.

Jack grabs the package from Ian's hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Thanks.

He closes the door in Ian's face.

17 INT. JENNIFER'S FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

Jack walks back to the stairs, package in hand.

JENNIFER
Who was that?

JACK
The freak's dad.

JENNIFER
Stop calling him that, Jack.

JACK
OK. The creep's dad.

Jennifer is getting angry. Jack sees the change, and alters his tone. He doesn't want to kill the mood.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Jennifer softens.

JENNIFER
Well, what did he want?

JACK
This package ended up at his place.
For some reason, he had to drop it off
tonight.

JENNIFER
Looks pretty important. Who's it
addressed to?

Jack looks at the label for the first time. It's addressed to "The Little Bastard."

JACK
(furious)
That stupid, arrogant son of a bitch.
I'm gonna slash all four tires on that
piece of crap he calls a car!

Jennifer ignores his rant. She's staring at the box.

JENNIFER
Jack?

JACK
What!

JENNIFER
Jack, the box. It's dripping.

Jack raises the box to see one corner sopping wet, stained dark red.

18 INT. JENNIFER'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The four teenagers stand around the island in the kitchen, the mysterious package in the center.

SHAUN
Well?

JACK
Well, what?

SHAUN
Are you gonna open it?

Jack stares at the box, building his nerve.

JACK
Hell yeah, I'm gonna open it.

Jack reaches for a knife in the knife rack. Carefully, he slides the knife through the tape. He slowly opens the box.

SHAUN
What's in there, dude?

Jack reaches in and pulls out a small stack of pictures. Shaun is visibly relieved.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Holy crap, man. I thought it was gonna be something crazy. I thought... hey, Jack?

Jack's eyes betray his terror. He flips through the pictures faster and faster. He drops them on the counter and runs to the sink to vomit.

JENNIFER

Jack? What's the matter? What is it?

SHAUN

No way...

The three teens stare at the scattered pictures as Jack continues to retch.

The pictures reveal two older couples, bound and gagged.

ANNE

(to Jennifer)

Are those your parents? And Jack's?

The pictures tell the story of two couples arriving together. From outside the front window, the pictures show the couples playing card together.

<flashback, from stills to live action>

The pictures capture their surprise as someone enters their house. The empty wine bottles and their dull glazes reveal their drunkenness, their inability to grasp what's truly happening.

<flashback, from stills to live action>

The pictures finally reveal ax coming down again and again, splattering blood everywhere.

<flashback, from stills to live action>

Jennifer begins to sob.

Anne peers into the box as her boyfriend carries on.

SHAUN

This is someone playing a sick joke,
that's what's going on. It's that
little freak, man. He talked his dad
into helping him get back at us.

JENNIFER

Get back at you? For what?

Anne points inside the box.

ANNE

What's that?

Shaun reaches into the box and pulls out a small bundle,
wrapped in a white cloth. One end of the cloth is crimson
and wet.

Shaun slowly unwraps the bundle. Inside...

Four severed adult ring fingers, two male, two female, each
wearing a wedding band.

The lights go out.

Anne screams.

SHAUN

What the -

A flash! Someone just took their picture.

Anne screams again.

SHAUN

Jack! Someone else is in here!
Someone's in the house!

Anne's scream stops abruptly, following a wet crunch...
the sound of metal penetrating flesh and bone.

Another flash!

Anne lies dead on the floor, her head split open. Blood
streams down her face.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Aw, no, Anne...

Another flash!

Shaun is temporarily blinded. He never sees the ax that slits his throat. He paws at the wound, gasping, unable to staunch the flow.

Flash! Shaun slides to the floor, mutilated, dead.

Jennifer screams as Jack grabs her arm, wiping the vomit from his mouth.

JACK

C'mon! We're getting the fuck out of here!

19 INT. JENNIFER'S FOYER -- NIGHT

Jack and Jennifer run down the hallway to the front door, trying to escape.

The door sticks. No matter how hard Jack pulls, it won't budge.

Flash! The killer is behind them in the hallway!

KILLER

Run.

Jennifer screams as Jack grabs her arm and drags her through the family room.

20 INT. JENNIFER'S FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

They make it to the back sliding door.

Jennifer pulls the door open...

Thunk!

Jack stops suddenly, eyes wide.

JENNIFER

Jack?

Jack falls at her feet, an ax planted in his back. Blood is already soaking through his shirt.

Frozen in fear, Jennifer looks up at the killer.

Ian!

Ian looks at Jennifer for a moment, cocking his head to one side. His scowl turns into a sinister grin.

Lifting his camera, he snaps a picture of the boy at his feet.

Jack moans and moves one arm.

JACK
(weak)
Jennifer. Help me...

The ax makes a wet, slurping sound, as Ian pulls it from Jack's body.

On one knee, Ian raises the ax and strikes the boy again and again and again, each blow more violent than the last.

Jennifer stands there, frozen in fear.

Covered in gore, Ian pulls back and regains control. He stands, slowly, and snaps one last picture of the corpse.

Jennifer backs through the door, terrified. She bursts into a run from the patio, into the backyard.

21 EXT. JENNIFER'S BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Panting and crying, Jennifer can't catch her breath to scream. She stumbles around the side of the house, scrambling for the front yard.

As she rounds the front corner, she's grabbed and pulled down behind the bushes, an instant before Ian appears around the back corner.

It's Steven! He pulls Jennifer close and puts a hand over her mouth.

STEVEN
(hushed)
Shhh! He'll hear you!

Jennifer instantly stops struggling.

The teens lie together, holding their breath. They see Ian's legs from their hiding place. The older man pauses as within a few feet of them, looking around.

Then he walks away.

The few seconds that they wait feel like hours. Convinced that it's safe to move, Steven stands up. He removes his hand from Jennifer's mouth.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Come on!

Jennifer follows Steven around back, holding his hand. In his left hand, Steven carries a small backpack.

Steven goes to the back door, the same door Jennifer escaped from a few moments earlier.

She resists him, near hysteria.

JENNIFER
(crying)
No, Steven, I can't! I can't go back
in there!

STEVEN
He won't think to come back here. It's
safe.

She pulls away from him.

JENNIFER
(begging)
Steven, please! No.

STEVEN
You have to trust me.

Steven stands at the door, his hand extended to her. She looks all around, too terrified to even think straight.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Please.

The sincerity in his voice, the love, clears her mind long enough to make a decision.

She moves toward him, burying her head in his shoulder. He guides her through the door, holding her close.

22 INT. JENNIFER'S FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

Steven guides Jennifer through the carnage. The young woman whimpers into his shoulder but never looks up.

Steven takes in the scene with indifference. His face is placid as he surveys the carnage.

He moves toward the living room.

STEVEN

In here.

23 INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

He guides her through the living room, seating her on the floor behind couch.

Tears stream down Jennifer's face as she squeezes her eyes shut, trying to block out the images of recent memory.

Steven sits beside her at a respectable distance.

JENNIFER

(desperate)

Steven, what's happening?

She opens her eyes and notices the blood and bruising from Steven's earlier run-in with her boyfriend.

STEVEN

Jack and Shaun did this to me. Dad found out, and -

JENNIFER

Steven, he killed them! Your dad killed them!

STEVEN

I know!

JENNIFER

Did you know he was going to do this?

<Flash to an image of Steven's mother, an ax planted in the top of her head, sinking lower in the frame. Ian crouches down and smiles at his son.>

Steven shakes off the memory.

STEVEN

I didn't know what he was going to do.

Jennifer starts crying again.

JENNIFER

What about us? What now?

Steven reaches down into his backpack and pulls out an ax. Jennifer scrambles away from him, terrified. Steven tries to calm her.

STEVEN

Wait. Wait! This...

He lowers the ax behind his back, out of her sight.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I brought it for protection.

Again, the innocence in his eyes, the love.

Jennifer calms down. Steven stands and walks to the front window. He peers out from behind the curtains.

JENNIFER

We can't just sit here. We need to call the police. We need a cell phone.

Steven continues staring out of the curtains.

STEVEN

Look in my backpack.

Jennifer pulls the backpack closer and begins rummaging around. A handful of pictures spill out on the floor.

Jennifer sees images of an attractive young woman sitting at a desk in a newsroom. The pictures are dark and voyeuristic.

Steven turns from the window to look at Jennifer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I need you to understand...

Jennifer looks at him, still holding the pictures.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Before we moved here, Dad did something. Something horrible. That reporter was close to figuring out it was him, so we ran.

A bitter edge creeps into his voice.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

We moved here to get away from that bitch, left everything and everyone we knew. We just wanted to start over. But she wouldn't let it go.

Jennifer shakes her head, confused.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

He loves me, Jennifer. He'd do anything to protect me. And I'd do anything to protect him.

Jennifer looks from Steven to the pictures. The next one in the stack is of the reporter in her car, her throat slit ear to ear.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I love him.

JENNIFER

Oh my god...

Jennifer drops the pictures. She looks across the room and sees a cordless phone on one of the end tables.

Steven sees the phone, too.

STEVEN

I can't let you turn him in.

Jennifer tries to get up from the floor, but Steven attacks her with lightning speed. He knocks her back down, stunning her as her head bounces off of the hardwood.

He talks over his shoulder as he reaches into his backpack and pulls out a new digital camera.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

He was right, you know? About women?
He's always telling me, never trust
them, never let them get close to you.
But I couldn't listen. You were so
nice, so... beautiful.

Jennifer starts crying again. Steven moves toward her as she speaks through the pain.

JENNIFER

Steven, please don't do this.

Steven continues talking, mimicking his father.

STEVEN

They only hurt you, Steven. You and
the ones you love.

Steven resumes in his own voice.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I actually thought you'd come to your
senses, leave that bastard, see me for
who I am. I thought everything would
work out.

JENNIFER

(desperate)

Steven, I won't call the cops. I won't
say anything. To anyone.

Steven raises his ax in one hand, his camera in the other.

STEVEN

I know you won't.

<CUT TO BLACK>

JENNIFER

Steven?

THE END