

A THOUSAND WORDS: REVELATION

By

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Based on characters created by
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1 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 1

A YOUNG FAMILY sits around the kitchen table, enjoying dinner. MOM and DAD laugh over a shared joke. Their SON sneaks scraps of food to the DOG.

TWO KNOCKS at the front door. Dad rises to answer it.

Mom and son hear a muffled conversation, then silence.

The door CLICKS shut.

MOM

Honey?

She rises to check on her husband.

2 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 2

Mom sees Dad leaning against the door, facing away from her.

MOM

Who was at the door?

He doesn't answer.

When she gets closer, she sees the puddle of BLOOD at his feet. She screams.

IAN appears behind her, his HATCHET raised high.

Her son appears in the archway. He sees what's about to happen, but not in time.

Her scream stops abruptly. A look of HORROR dominates the boy's face.

Ian whips around and stares at the boy.

The boy runs up the stairs to his room.

With the patience of Job, Ian follows.

3 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 3

The boy disappears into his bedroom. Ian follows.

A few moments later, Ian emerges, BLOODIER than before.

At the end of the hall, the family dog BARKS defiantly at this invader.

Ian just SMIRKS and walks toward the dog.

4 EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

4

Ian closes the trunk of his car. In one hand, a FOR SALE SIGN.

He pounds the sign into the ground with the blunt end of his hatchet.

Admiring the house, Ian reaches into his pocket and pulls out a CELL PHONE. He makes a call.

IAN

Steven? I found our new home.

5 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

5

BEGIN TITLES

A pair of male legs walk down the sidewalk, just outside one of the campus buildings.

Moving in the opposite direction, toward the male legs, is a pair of female legs.

The boy and girl bump into one another. Books and papers fall to the ground.

Hands reach down to pick up the book. They meet and pull back, embarrassed.

The hands clean up the mess.

The girl stands, smiling, shy. She brushes her long hair out of her eyes.

The boy stands. In another time and place, he would have turned around and run the other way, embarrassed.

Not any more.

He extends a hand in greeting.

STEVEN

Hi. I'm Steven.

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END TITLES

6 INT. ADVISER'S OFFICE - DAY

6

SABRINA PRIEST (35) sits behind her desk, poring over schedules and student profiles. Her glasses sit high on her tussled hair. She's smartly dressed and smoking hot, but she cares more about her students than her looks.

A knock at the door.

SABRINA
Please come in.

Steven nudges the door open and steps just inside.

SABRINA (cont'd)
You must be Steven.

He nods, shy and nervous.

Sabrina takes her glasses out of hair and stands, shaking her hair in sultry, seductive manner. She slinks to the front of her desk and leans against it, tempting the young man before her.

SABRINA
I've been waiting for you.

Steven stares, speechless.

Sabrina smiles at the boy as BLOOD begins to seep from her scalp, crimson rivulets streaming down her face.

Steven smiles back, relaxed, comfortable.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Steven? Are you okay?

Steven snaps back to reality. Sabrina is behind her desk, looking at him with concern. The daydream is over.

STEVEN
Sorry.

Sabrina mistakes his hesitance for shyness. She turns on the charm to put him at ease.

SABRINA
Come over here and grab a seat,
Steven. Let's talk about your
future.

Steven obeys. He takes in the books, the decorations, the entire office.

(CONTINUED)

SABRINA (cont'd)
So, Steven. Your file says you want
to study pre-law?

STEVEN
(mumbling)
My dad thinks I'd make a good
lawyer.

SABRINA
I get the feeling you're not
chomping at the bit to start on the
legal classes.

Steven smirks at her insight, not that he tried to hard to
hide his disinterest.

SABRINA (cont'd)
What do you want to study?

Steven reaches into his backpack and pulls out a thin PHOTO
ALBUM. He hands it to her.

Sabrina opens the album and her smile fades.

SABRINA (cont'd)
(stunned)
Wow.

She flips through page after page of BRILLIANT PHOTOS.

SABRINA (cont'd)
Did you take all of these?

Steven nods, smiling now.

SABRINA (cont'd)
These are... amazing. You're
obviously a very talented
photographer.

STEVEN
My dad taught me everything I know.

SABRINA
Have you talked to your parents
about pursuing a degree in
photography?

STEVEN
It's just me and Dad. He's a
photographer, too, but he wants me
to do something different.

SABRINA

There are dozens of career opportunities for a photographer, especially one as talented as you.

STEVEN

Tell him that.

SABRINA

Maybe I will. Do you live nearby? You're file also says that you're a commuter.

Steven is flummoxed. Man, she's forward.

STEVEN

Yeah. I... I live just a few blocks away. We moved here a couple of months ago.

Sabrina stands.

SABRINA

I've got an hour before my next appointment. Let's walk.

She reaches her hand out to Steven. Hesitant, he accepts.

7 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

7

Steven walks across campus, talking to Sabrina, really opening up.

From the library roof high above, a HOODED FIGURE tracks Steven's movement through a camera viewfinder.

The figure gently presses the shutter release, taking picture after picture.

Click. Click. Click.

8 INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

8

The doorbell rings. Ian opens the door.

Steven and Sabrina stand on the front porch. Ian is caught off-guard at the goddess standing before him. Sabrina unleashes a radiant, disarming smile.

Steven grins.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Dad, this is Sabrina Priest, my
academic adviser. Ms. Priest, this
is my dad, Ian.

Sabrina extends her hand. Ian wipes a sweaty palm on his
slacks and accepts her handshake.

SABRINA

Pleased to meet you, Ian.

IAN

Uh... likewise.

They shake hands just a bit longer than necessary.

STEVEN

Dad? Can we come in?

9

INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

9

Steven sits on the couch, next to Sabrina, but not too
close. Ian sits in his recliner, leaning forward.

SABRINA

Your son has a tremendous eye for
photography, Ian. Before we commit
to an academic path, I need to
ask... is there a particular reason
that you don't want him to study
photography?

IAN

I'd rather he didn't follow in my
footsteps.

Sabrina looks around the room.

SABRINA

You seem to be doing fairly well
for yourself.

IAN

Don't be fooled. We were fortunate
in finding this house. It was a
steal.

SABRINA

It's been my experience that
students who pursue a career path
that is not of their choosing
either do poorly, or they drop out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SABRINA (cont'd)
before they attain a degree. I'm
here with your son's best interests
in mind.

IAN
So am I.

Sabrina ponders for a moment.

SABRINA
If I could make a proposal? The
school offers a photography club
that meets in the evening, once a
week. Let's focus on core classes
this semester, let Steven explore
his artistic side, and we can come
to a decision next semester. Does
that sound fair?

Ian looks at his son. Steven doesn't speak, but his eyes
plead for agreement.

Ian nods.

STEVEN
(clenching a fist)
Yes!

SABRINA
Excellent! Maybe I could swing by
again after your first photography
club meeting?

Steven looks to Ian, and Ian nods again. A faint smile
flickers across Ian's lips.

IAN
I'd like that.

10 INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

10

Photography club, first night.

Steven hesitates at the door, but crosses the threshold at
the urging of the instructor.

The class discusses photography concepts and styles.

The instructor whiteboards an image of a camera and lens,
explaining the science behind photography.

(CONTINUED)

The students share some of their photos. A crowd gathers around Steven, everyone clearly impressed with his work.

Steven is on cloud nine.

11 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT 11

On his way home, Steven is still beaming.

He doesn't see the HOODED FIGURE fall into step behind him.

He doesn't hear the quickening FOOTSTEPS as the hooded figure rushes him.

But he feels the fist that SLAMS into the back of his head, knocking him to ground.

The hooded figure straddles Steven, beating him mercilessly.

The beating relents only when Steven is on the brink of unconsciousness. His world swims in and out of focus.

The hooded figure stands, panting, and snatches Steven's backpack from his weakened grasp.

HOODED FIGURE

The fun's just beginning, bitch.
Welcome to my playground.

The hooded figure slinks away, leaving Steven writhing and moaning.

12 INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 12

Sabrina and Ian sit on the couch, talking. Ian is distant, almost standoffish, but he's making an effort.

Steven limps through the front door.

SABRINA

Steven! How was your first night
at...

Her words trail off as he steps into the light.

SABRINA (cont'd)

Dear Lord...

Ian and Sabrina stand simultaneously. Ian stays in place, staring at his son. Sabrina rushes to Steven's side, taking his face in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

Steven winces, but the tears are in Sabrina's eyes, not his.

SABRINA (cont'd)
(gentle whisper)
Oh, Steven.

IAN
(firm)
What happened?

STEVEN
Someone jumped me... on the way
home. I didn't see who it was. He
took my backpack.

Ian's fury is barely contained. If he knew who did this to his son...

Sabrina nudges Steven toward the kitchen.

SABRINA
Come on. Let's get you cleaned up.

13 INT. STEVEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

13

Sabrina cleans Steven's wounds at the sink.

SABRINA
We need to call the police, file a
police report.

IAN
No!

Sabrina freezes at the forcefulness behind the word. She turns to Ian, a curious expression on her face.

IAN (cont'd)
I mean... I'll take care of it.
I'll call the police. You've
already done more than enough.

SABRINA
I can help.

IAN
I think it's time you went home.

Sabrina hesitates, then places the medical supplies on the counter. She takes Steven's face in her hands again.

(CONTINUED)

SABRINA

Stop by my office tomorrow, Steven.
I want to be sure you're okay.

Steven nods. Sabrina leaves.

Silence hangs in the air before Steven summons the courage to break it.

STEVEN

It wasn't her fault, Dad. You
can't...

Ian stares at his son, his expression fading from angry to "how could you?"

IAN

Of course it wasn't her fault. It
wasn't yours, either. When I find
out who did this-

STEVEN

Let me come with you, dad. (beat)
Let me kill him.

Ian is surprised at the anger in his son's voice, at the bloodlust in his eyes.

IAN

When I find out who did this, I'm
going to submit an anonymous tip to
the police.

Steven is visibly disappointed. Ian puts a hand on his son's shoulder.

IAN (cont'd)

Our past need to stay there. We're
here to start over. It's time for
us to start doing things
differently.

Ian glances at the door, his thoughts on Sabrina.

STEVEN

I can take care of this.

IAN

(sarcastic)

Like you took care of your
girlfriend, Jennifer?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

I did that for you!

They stare at one another, their tempers on the verge of exploding. Ian forces himself to calm down. He places one hand on Steven's shoulder.

IAN

The life we had before is finished.
It never happened. All that matters
is that we're here, now. We're not
going down that path again.

Steven still looks defiant. Ian's hand slips from his son's shoulder.

IAN (cont'd)

(commanding)

I am your father, and you will do
as I say.

Steven submits. Ian starts to walk away, then stops. He turns back to his son.

Ian takes his son in his arms and hugs him.

14

INT. ADVISER'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Steven opens Sabrina's door without knocking, peeking inside.

STEVEN

Ms. Priest?

Sabrina is behind her desk. She lights up when she sees him.

SABRINA

Steven! Come in. How are you
feeling?

STEVEN

Better.

He steps in and takes a seat. Sabrina notices the new backpack.

SABRINA

Looks like you guys have been
shopping.

Steven smiles. He reaches into the backpack and takes out a brand new digital SLR camera.

(CONTINUED)

SABRINA (cont'd)

Oh, my.

STEVEN

Dad got this for me today. Said it was time I got a new camera anyway.

SABRINA

I thought your dad didn't want you to follow in his footsteps.

STEVEN

I guess some habits are hard to break.

Her smile starts to fade, but she forces it to stay.

SABRINA

Did your dad file the police report?

Steven hesitates, then nods a little too enthusiastically. She knows he's lying, but she's not going to press it. Steven doesn't give her a chance.

STEVEN

Dad really appreciates you helping out last night, taking care of me and all. I have photography club again next Tuesday. Dad wants to know if you'd like to come by... for dinner.

Sabrina smiles, flattered.

STEVEN (cont'd)

He thought maybe you guys could eat, and then come by school and we could all walk home together.

He gets that "please say yes" look on his face again.

SABRINA

Steven, I'd love to.

STEVEN

Cool.

An awkward moment. Steven wants to say more, but he's not sure how to express what he's feeling.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)
 I... uh... I've got to go to class.
 But I'll see you next week!

SABRINA
 I'm looking forward to it.

Steven leaves the office, the spring back in his step.
 Sabrina watches him leave with a huge smile on her face.

15 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY 15

Steven walks across campus, on his way to class.

The hooded figure watches him again. Not from the library
 roof, though. From the shadows behind a set of stairs.

Closer to the prey.

More pictures, this time with Steven's STOLEN CAMERA.

Click. Click. Click.

16 INT. STEVEN'S DINING ROOM - DAY 16

Ian and Sabrina are sharing a quiet dinner in the dimly lit
 dining room. It's almost... romantic.

SABRINA
 Mmmm. You're quite the cook.

IAN
 Years of practice.

SABRINA
 I hope I'm not being too forward,
 but... Steven's mother. What
 happened to her?

Ian stops chewing. He pauses, takes a drink, and sets down
 his silverware.

SABRINA (cont'd)
 I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked.

IAN
 No. It's fine.

Sabrina places her elbows on the table and leans in,
 attentive.

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)
Steven's mother wasn't a nice person. Not in the end, I mean. When we were first married, she was very different. She was artistic. She found the humor in every situation. She was always laughing...

Ian pauses, savoring the memory. He snaps back to reality.

IAN (cont'd)
She wasn't ready to be a mother. Having children was my idea. Looking back, it's obvious, but back then...

Sabrina hangs on every word.

IAN (cont'd)
Postpartum depression. The things she did, the things she said... it wasn't her fault.

Ian looks to Sabrina. Her eyes are tearing up.

IAN (cont'd)
She... left. Suddenly. Steven has some memories of her, but he was very young. Steven has grown up without a mother. I try to take care of him as best I can, but I'm not the most... compassionate person.

Sabrina reaches across the table and takes his hand.

SABRINA
You're a very compassionate person, Ian. And an excellent father. You care very deeply for your son, and he's lucky to have you in his life.

Sabrina smiles at Ian, and he smiles back. Ian opens his mouth to say something, but there's a sound in the hallway behind him.

IAN
Steven?

HOODED FIGURE
No. Not Steven.

(CONTINUED)

The hooded figure lunges from the hallway shadows. The BLUE SPARK of a stun gun CRACKLES before it sinks into Ian's neck.

Ian goes down, out cold.

Sabrina screams.

The hooded figure stabs the stun gun at Sabrina, and her entire world goes black.

17 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT 17

Steven sits on the steps in front of one of the buildings.

Photography class is finished, and the last student walks down the steps and back toward one of the dorms.

Steven looks in both directions for Ian and Sabrina.

Waiting.

Alone.

18 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 18

Ian wakes as a glass of ICE COLD WATER is thrown in his face. He sputters, instantly alert.

He's bound to a chair with ropes and chains. A gag is wrapped around his mouth, and he SCREAMS in rage and anger against the restraints.

The HOODED FIGURE stands looming over him.

HOODED FIGURE
Together again. At last.

Ian stops struggling and looks up into the hood, confused.
Who is this?

The hooded figure steps to one side. Directly opposite Ian's chair is Sabrina, likewise bound and gagged.

With one small exception.

Sabrina's arms are tied to the chair, but no ropes or chains cover her midsection.

(CONTINUED)

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
I've been waiting for this moment,
planning every detail for years. I
was hoping to do this with you and
Steven, but this... I like this
even better.

The hooded figure walks into the shadows and drags a
POTTER'S WHEEL into the center of the room, directly between
Ian and Sabrina.

Ian can see Sabrina's terrified, tear-streaked face. She's
scared beyond belief, whimpering, begging him to help her,
to do something.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
Have you told her who you really
are yet, Ian Black? Have you told
her how you pass the time?

Ian screams, shaking his head violently. Don't tell her!

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
Have you told her how many people
you've murdered?

Ian stops struggling. Sabrina stops whimpering.

The hooded figure giggles, then walks to Ian and loosens his
gag.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
Go ahead. Tell her. Tell her the
names of everyone you and Steven
have killed, you sick, twisted
fuck.

Ian stares straight ahead, refusing to give this freak the
pleasure.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
Fair enough. I've done my homework.
I can do it for you.

The hooded figure turns to Sabrina, getting a step closer
with each name. Grisly images of each victim flash in Ian's
mind.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
Jack Hill, Shaun Brackett, Anne
Chambers, John Moran, Debra Moran,
Wes Hill, Laurie Hill, Kathleen
Shapiro, Nancy Thompson, Maureen
Prescott...

(CONTINUED)

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
I watched and waited and watched
some more. Now it's your turn to
watch.

The hooded figure sets down the knife, picks up a STAPLE GUN, and staples the intestine to the top of the potters wheel.

The hooded figure picks up the knife and starts working the foot pedal. The wheel starts to spin.

Sabrina cries out in agony as her intestines are slowly ripped from her body.

Ian stares straight ahead, trying not to look. Tears spring to his eyes.

Sabrina goes silent. The wheel stops spinning.

 HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
Oh, look. Scary old Ian Black is
crying. Poor little thing.

The hooded figure walks into the shadows. The CLANG of the knife being dropped on the floor echoes through the basement.

The hooded figure comes back into the light, carrying a large BASEBALL BAT.

 HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
If you think that was nasty, wait
until you see what I have in store
for Steven.

Ian whips his head around to stare at the hooded figure. He starts screaming into the gag, furious, not for his own life, but for the life of his son.

 HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)
You're gonna love it. Dad.

The hooded figure beats Ian into unconsciousness.

When the work is done, the hooded figure drops the bat and picks up Steven's camera from a nearby table.

Time for the pictures.

Click. Click. Click.

19 INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 19

Steven walks in front door, finding it partially open.

STEVEN

Dad?

Steven looks around the living room, but the place is deserted.

20 INT. STEVEN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 20

Steven walks to the dining room table. The meal Ian and Sabrina shared is still sitting out, half-eaten.

Steven stops.

On the table, his stolen camera.

Beside it, a small note reads, "Take a look."

Steven looks around, afraid. Only when he's convinced that he's entirely alone does he pick up the camera.

He switches to display mode and scrolls through the pictures on the camera's memory card.

Then he sees them. The pictures of Sabrina's mangled body. The pictures of what's left of his dad.

Steven starts to cry softly to himself.

STEVEN

No, no, no...

Steven stops on one picture. It shows a street address, scrawled in blood on a cinder-block wall.

Steven brings himself under control. The tears are replaced by a look of grim determination.

He walks to the hall closet, opens the door, and rummages around inside.

The rummaging stops. He's found what he's looking for.

Steven closes the closet door.

In his hand, a familiar HATCHET...

21 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 21

Steven stands on the street, facing a darkened house.

He checks the address on the mailbox against the picture on the memory stick.

This is the place.

He puts his camera in his backpack, takes out the hatchet, and walks up the driveway.

22 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 22

Steven creeps through the front door, dead silent. He doesn't bother with the light switch.

He sneaks down the hallway. Ahead, the only source of light is the flicker of candles from an adjacent room.

Steven steps to the doorway, hatchet at the ready. He peeks around the corner.

He sees Sabrina seated in a chair, eyes closed, head tilted forward.

STEVEN
Ms. Priest!

23 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 23

Steven runs to her. It's dark in the room, but when he's close enough, he can see the pile of ENTRAILS in her lap.

Steven steps back, looks around the room, and then he sees his father seated at the opposite end of the table.

What's left of him anyway. Ian has been beaten to a BLOODY PULP, barely alive.

Steven breaks down. The hatchet falls to the floor.

STEVEN
Dad! No!

Click.

This time it's not a camera. It's the soft click of a GUN being cocked behind him. Steven feels the barrel press into the back of his head.

(CONTINUED)

HOODED FIGURE

I saved a seat for you, Steven.

The hooded figure pushes Steven forward. Steven is guided to a chair between Ian and Sabrina.

On the table in front of the chair is a pair of handcuffs, their chain bolted to the table with a small U-bracket.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)

Put them on.

Steven hesitates, defiant. The hooded figure raps the back of Steven's head with the butt of the gun.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)

Put them on!

Steven rubs his head, then complies. He stares at his hands, refusing to look anywhere else.

The hooded figure swaps the gun for the hatchet, then moves behind Ian.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)

(to Ian) Live by the sword,
die by the sword. Isn't that
how it goes? (to Steven) I
wanted you to see this.

The hooded figure raises the hatchet high.

STEVEN

No!

HOODED FIGURE

What, Stevie? You don't approve?
Dear old Dad here killed almost a
dozen people. That we know of!

STEVEN

No, he didn't.

HOODED FIGURE

I've been following him for years,
Steven. Don't insult me. I can
count.

STEVEN

He didn't kill all of them.

(CONTINUED)

HOODED FIGURE

Like father, like son, is that it?

Steven doesn't answer. The hooded figure moves closer to Steven, hatchet still held high.

HOODED FIGURE (cont'd)

(taunting)

Don't lie to me, Steven. You're pathetic. Weak. You couldn't-

STEVEN

I'm not weak! I've killed before! I killed a reporter who was coming after my dad. And I killed a girl who was going to go to the police when she found out who he was.

HOODED FIGURE

Not exactly.

The hood slides back to reveal... a beautiful but disfigured JENNIFER, long jagged SCARS covering her face and neck.

Steven's mind is overwhelmed with images and sensations from the night this girl begged for mercy, as he stood over her with the very same hatchet.

STEVEN

(astonished)

You're dead.

JENNIFER

Now is that any way to greet your sister?

Steven is stunned into silence.

Jennifer smiles in satisfaction and leans forward on her elbows. He's so confused. And she loves it.

STEVEN

I don't have a sister.

JENNIFER

Yeah. You do. For another few minutes, anyway.

Jennifer moves to stand behind Ian again.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

While you and dad were off having the time of your lives, I was getting raped by my foster father.

(CONTINUED)

She presses the side of the hatchet against Ian's bruised cheek.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

And I could count on a beating from my foster "mother" every time she found out. Maybe if she had laid off the Twinkies, the drunken bastard would've spent more time in her bed than in mine.

She forces a laugh, trying to hide the pain behind her words.

IAN

(weak)

Jennifer...

JENNIFER

Shut up!

She smacks Ian so hard that blood flies from his mouth.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

(to Steven)

None of that was necessary. Not one minute. Dad never wanted a little girl. He wanted a boy.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

24

INT. IAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

24

Ian and Pam play with a baby Steven. The happiness deteriorates into an argument.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Daddy's little man. When I was a kid, he wouldn't have anything to do with me. Drove mom nuts, to the point that she didn't want much to do with me either. Mom stopped working when I was born to take care of me, and Dad's photo gigs dried up.

END FLASHBACK.

25 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

25

Jennifer looms over Steven.

JENNIFER

When money got tight, he talked her
into putting me up for adoption.

Steven shakes his head, not believing any of this. Jennifer
moves to stand in front of him.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I was four years old! I begged and
pleaded with them to keep me. I
told them I'd skip dinner every
night, that I didn't need any new
clothes or toys. Mom was crying her
eyes out when they drove away.
Dad... he just stared straight
ahead like he didn't care.

Jennifer starts pacing, playing with the hatchet.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

So when I was old enough, I started
helping Dad.

BEGIN FLASHBACKS:

26 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

26

Jennifer meets with Nancy.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

The email he got about the job in
Haddonfield? That was from me.

27 EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

27

Jennifer meets with a reporter.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

So was the call from the newspaper,
the one where I pretended to be
that reporter that he... sorry,
you... ended up killing to keep
quiet.

28 INT. REALTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 28

Jennifer meets with a realtor.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

And the realtor who led you guys to
the house right next door to mine?
That was all me.

END FLASHBACKS.

29 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 29

Jennifer has a mocking grin on her face.

JENNIFER

Of course, you falling for your
sister... a little twisted, but
that's just par for the course,
huh?

She stares at Ian's battered form.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

If he hadn't wanted a son so bad, I
never would've ended up in foster
care. He never would've killed mom.
All of those women, the reporter,
your friends... none of them had to
die.

She walks to Ian's side, places his hand on the table, and
CHOPS IT OFF. Ian cries out, weak.

STEVEN

Dad!

Jennifer grins from ear to ear. She walks to the other side
and CUTS OFF his other hand.

STEVEN (cont'd)

Stop it!

Steven starts shaking his head, crying. Jennifer walks
behind Ian and raises the hatchet high.

STEVEN (cont'd)

No, no, no...

The hatchet comes down hard into Ian's skull. He twitches
just a few times before going limp.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)
(in tears)
Dad...

JENNIFER
Dad? What about poor Ms. Priest.
How did she get tangled up in all
of this? By trying to help you.
You're the reason all of this
happened, Steven. You!

STEVEN
Stop it!

Jennifer sits down, hands on the table.

JENNIFER
No, Steven. You stop it.

Jennifer produces a STRAIGHT RAZOR. She slides it across the table. Steven catches it in one hand.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
You're never going to have a normal
life. Wherever you go, people are
going to get hurt. People are going
to die. You're the root cause, the
common variable. You need to do the
right thing. End this.

Steven opens the razor. The blade trembles in his hands.

STEVEN
(defeated)
It doesn't have to be this way.

JENNIFER
Do it for Ian, Steven. Do it for
Dad.

Steven reflexively looks at his dad's corpse. He breaks down into tears.

Biting his lower lip, Steven braces himself. He leans his head forward and touches the razor to his throat. Jennifer leans in closer.

As she does, Steven lashes out, barely missing her eye with the razor's blade.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Look who decided to finally grow a
pair.

(CONTINUED)

Steven stares her down.

She casually moves behind him, out of reach, out of sight. Again, she raps the butt of the gun against the back of his head.

Dazed, Steven loosens his grip on the razor.

Jennifer snatches it up from the table and grabs a handful of Steven's hair. She pulls his head back, exposing his throat.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

See you around, little brother.

Without emotion, she drags the razor across his throat. She lets his head fall forward as he struggles to breathe, to stay alive.

She watches intently as Steven's strength fades.

Steven lays his head on the table, still conscious. A pool of BLOOD begins to spread on the tabletop.

Jennifer runs her fingers through Steven's hair in a gentle, loving manner.

The life fades from Steven's eyes.

Jennifer walks back to her side of the table and takes a seat. She looks at each corpse in turn.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Finally. One big happy family.

She giggles to herself.

Then she picks up the gun and places it against her temple.

CUT TO BLACK

BLAM!