

UNTITLED ARIZONA PROJECT

by

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

The camera glides low across the Arizona desert, hurtling over white sand and red rocks. There are no signs of life out there. The heat is relentless.

A nine-foot concrete wall, painted pale pink, rises ominously in the distance. The camera speeds towards it, craning upwards at the last minute and swooping over to reveal a startling oasis of impossibly green lawns, impossibly blue swimming pools, and impossibly big houses. Dozens of identical, newly constructed McMansions sit in perfect, evenly-spaced rows.

TITLE CARD: "Harding, Arizona"

TITLE CARD: "June, 2007"

EXT. HARDING - OPENING MONTAGE

The credits play over a MONTAGE of billboards advertising luxury homes for sale in Harding's dozen gated communities.

The developments have names like "Sunrise Bluffs," "The Colony at Portales," and "Trianda Terrace." They feature homes in French Provincial, Hawaiian Plantation, Tuscan, English Manor, Mediterranean, and Classic Spanish styles.

The houses boast walnut floors, vaulted ceilings, bridal staircases, in-laws quarters, temperature controlled wine cellars, and other deluxe amenities. "Live your dream!" promises one sign. "To buy or not to be," proclaims another.

EXT. MCMANSION - FRONT YARD - DAY

A palatial house sits with a "Bartka Realty" sign planted in its emerald lawn. A pretty brunette smiles falsely beneath the slogan "Cassie Francis: A HouseSOLD Name!"

CASSIE (V.O.)  
This is the cook's delight floor  
plan with exotic granite island and  
walk-in pantry.

INT. MCMANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CASSIE FRANCIS (37) is giving a tour to the BOYCHUKS, a balding middle aged man and his much younger second wife. Cassie is dark haired and attractive. She smiles enough to be described as perky, but only by someone who wasn't really paying attention.

CASSIE  
Subzero, of course, Viking...  
everything top of the line.

MRS. BOYCHUK is checking herself out in the metal door of an enormous refrigerator. She fixes her hair.

MRS. BOYCHUK  
I love the stainless steel.

CASSIE  
So sophisticated.

INT. MCMANSION - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

They stand around an enormous, sparkling pool.

CASSIE  
The swim-up bar is probably one of  
the house's sexier features.

MRS. BOYCHUK  
Pool's for the kids, mostly.

CASSIE  
Oh. Wonderful. How many do you  
have?

MR. BOYCHUK  
Two.

MRS. BOYCHUK  
He has two. (BEAT) I'm not allowed  
any.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

CASSIE  
And how great is this yard? The  
landscaping for all these units was  
designed by an internationally  
known architect.

INT. MCMANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Boychuk is looking up at the 25 foot ceiling. A gaudy, glittering crystal chandelier looms over them.

MR. BOYCHUK  
It's definitely a lot of space.

CASSIE

It's a lot of space. It's a lot of privacy. Nobody right on top of you.

MR. BOYCHUK

Who are the neighbors?

CASSIE

Well they used to call these towns bedroom communities, but judging from the cars you see driving around, I think it's really more of a "boardroom community."

Mr. Boychuk gives her a look. Cassie blushes.

CASSIE

I'm sorry, Gary makes me say that. It's terrible.

EXT. MCMANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They're standing by the Boychuk's enormous SUV.

CASSIE

So you'll call if you have any questions?

MR. BOYCHUK

Like why house prices have been dropping?

Cassie smiles, unfazed.

CASSIE

Was waiting for that one. Look, Mr. Boychuk, this town barely existed two years ago. All this from nothing. It's sort of miraculous. And people... everybody got excited. And maybe a little carried away.

MR. BOYCHUK

So the bubble burst?

CASSIE

There's been a slight correction. But honestly, all it means is that there are deals to be had. I just bought a home here in Harding myself, if that makes--

A woman's scream pierces the air, interrupting her.

MR. BOYCHUK

Um...?

They listen, not sure where it came from.

CASSIE

I'm sure it's just--

Another scream. Long and loud. They look out at the house across the street, then back at each other.

MRS. BOYCHUK

Like, creepy.

CASSIE

I know her. That's Mrs... uh...

From across the street, the woman's voice cries out.

WOMAN (O.S.)

HELP!!

CASSIE

And her husband. Shit. They've been in the office. Gary sold them that house.

WOMAN (O.S.)

HELP ME!!!

CASSIE

I'm going over.

Cassie runs out across the lawn.

MR. BOYCHUK

We shouldn't... (CALLING AFTER HER)  
Shouldn't we call the police?

Cassie sprints across the street. Mr Boychuk jogs after her, unenthusiastically.

MR. BOYCHUK

Let's just call the police.

Cassie ignores him and bounds up to the front door. She rings the bell. Nobody comes, so Cassie turns and bolts around the side of the house, heading to the back.

MR. BOYCHUK

Now where?

CASSIE

I can get us in.

MR. BOYCHUK

But do we want-- I mean, we can't  
just break into houses.

The backyard has a familiar pool with a familiar swim-up bar. Cassie runs over to a sliding glass door. She puts her hands flat against it and, with a quick shove upward, lifts the door off it's tracks. It falls back towards her.

CASSIE

(TO MR. BOYCHUK) Take this.

MR. BOYCHUK

How do you even know how to do  
that?

CASSIE

They put these shitty goddamn doors  
on all these units. Take it!

Mr. Boychuk struggles with the heavy door as Cassie races inside. She sprints past the exotic granite kitchen island, over walnut floors, and up the spiral staircase.

Then she stops dead in her tracks.

In the master bedroom, a man hangs from a ceiling fan, a rope around his neck. A sobbing woman bear-hugs his legs, trying to lift him up to take pressure off his neck. The guy is still breathing, but barely.

WOMAN

Please help me!

Cassie, unsure of what else to do, joins her in grabbing the guy's legs. He's heavy and unsteady, listing from one side to the other. Every time he falls in one direction, the rope goes taught and they try to angle him back the other way.

WOMAN

(HYSTERICAL) I don't know what  
happened. Y'know, the bank was--  
but he didn't, and I try not to,  
y'know, because I don't, I try to...

CASSIE

Okay, it's okay. We're gonna get  
him down.

There's a loud crack. Bits of dry-wall fall on them from above. The fan has pulled halfway out of the ceiling.

WOMAN

Oh god...

CASSIE

No, this is good. It's too cheap to hold him. We just have to--

Before she can finish her thought, the fan rips out of the ceiling. Cassie and the woman can't hold the guy up. He falls to the floor with a thud. The fan comes down right on his head. The sound of the impact is stomach-turning.

The woman screams. Cassie scrambles over and pushes the fan aside. It's a horrifying sight. Half the guy's skull is caved in. His teeth have been knocked out. Plaster rains down on them like snow.

CASSIE

Oh my god.

The man tries to talk, but his jaw is in pieces and his mouth is filling with blood. He's almost incoherent.

MAN

(GARBLED) Kill me.

CASSIE

I'm calling an ambulance.

MAN

(LOUDER) Kill me!

CASSIE

Somebody get help!

The man screams louder. The camera is close on his face. Blood and saliva spray everywhere.

MAN

FUCKING KILLL MEEEEEE!

The screen goes black.

TITLE CARD: "Two Years Later"

INT. CASSIE'S CAR - EVENING

The sun is going down, but it's still 95° out as Cassie drives a dented Corolla through the extra-wide streets of her gated community. She takes a drag off a cigarette, trying to blow the smoke out the open window. The Dave Ramsey Show plays on the radio.

MALE CALLER (ON RADIO)  
...good or bad I have another seven,  
it was a ten year interest only  
loan, so I have another seven years  
before it starts amortizing..

DAVE RAMSEY (ON RADIO)  
Mm-hm.

MALE CALLER (ON RADIO)  
What I'm looking at right now is,  
I'm way underwater, um, and I can't  
qualify for any kind of a  
refinance.

The car slips past block after block of huge, empty, big-lot  
houses, almost all of them for sale. "Foreclosure" and  
"Public Auction!" signs sprout like weeds from dead lawns.

DAVE RAMSEY (ON RADIO)  
So there's no problem here from the  
original deal except the value has  
tanked and you woke up and realized  
you had a stupid mortgage.

MALE CALLER (ON RADIO)  
Correct.

DAVE RAMSEY (ON RADIO)  
Okay. You're probably not gonna  
like my answer much...

Cassie drives out past the guard shack at the entrance to the  
development. It's deserted. The gate-arm that once forced  
cars to a stop is permanently raised.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - LATER

Cassie pulls the Corolla into a parking space in front of a  
strip-mall sports bar called "Swish!" She frowns at the sign.  
Not the most masculine name for a sports bar.

INT. SPORTS BAR - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie enters the dark and sparsely populated bar.  
Diamondbacks jerseys and Arizona Wildcats pennants cover the  
walls. Flat-screen TVs play a poker tournament on ESPN.

A middle-aged guy in a Tommy Bahama ensemble waves to Cassie  
from a booth across the room. A bit too tan, but otherwise  
handsome. This is BURT, her date.

BURT  
Cassie?

Cassie smiles back at him, but it's the same smile she had when she was selling houses.

INT. SPORTS BAR - BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Burt are in the booth, enormous ten-page menus on the table in front of them.

BURT

Sorry I didn't stand. Don't want anybody stealing the booth out from under us.

CASSIE

That's okay.

BURT

(RE: BOOTH) This one's the best because you can see both big screens.

CASSIE

(NODDING) Definitely.

An uncomfortable beat.

BURT

Have you had the chicken soft tacos here? (IMPASSIONED) Ridiculous.

The waitress arrives carrying two comically large, sweet looking margaritas.

WAITRESS

Two 'extremos' with salt.

BURT

I ordered you one. They're ridiculous.

INT. SPORTS BAR - BOOTH - LATER

The waitress drops off a fresh pair of 'extremos' and collects two empty glasses. Given how relaxed Cassie seems, they must be on their fourth or fifth. Awkward tension has given way to drunken intimacy.

BURT

...I don't know, she's getting remarried to, like, some old dude she met at Havasu. I'd be bitterer except the guy, y'know, the guy's new-- the new guy's name is Ernie.

CASSIE  
So? (THEN) Oh. (POINTING AT HIM)  
Burt and Ernie. That's hilarious.

BURT  
She's so embarrassed. She won't  
even use his name on Facebook. It's  
all "with my bf, on our way to  
Cancun..."

He trails off. His smile twitches.

BURT  
Guy's loaded, though. He bought her  
a boat.

CASSIE  
Mine's started dating my daughter's  
counsellor from fat camp.

BURT  
She's fat?

CASSIE  
She's a little big. (BEAT) It's  
tough.

BURT  
I bet. Getting dumped for some cow.

CASSIE  
Oh. No. I thought you meant my  
daughter.

BURT  
What? No. I thought you meant the  
new--

CASSIE  
(GETTING IT) Kelsey. She used to be  
fat. Now she just lords it over  
everyone. Like she's an inspiration  
because of what she overcame.

BURT  
Fat bitch.

Cassie grins. There's a moment of silence.

BURT  
Hey, do you want to get out of  
here?

EXT. SPORTS BAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Burt settle into his SUV. He turns the key and the radio jumps to life, blaring Nickelback. Burt shuts it off.

BURT  
Sorry. Whoa. (BEAT) Um, right, so...  
you want to hit up your place or...

CASSIE  
Shouldn't we go to yours?

There's a weirdly long pause. Burt nods.

BURT  
My place it is.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - LATER

Burt pulls into the driveway of an enormous, estate-size house. He keeps the car running.

BURT  
This is it.

A beat. They don't get out.

CASSIE  
So...

BURT  
I don't live here.

Cassie blinks at him.

BURT  
Right now. Anymore. I mean, it's  
still mine. I own it. I just have  
to rent it out, to help cover the  
mortgage. I'm staying in a cheaper  
place with some buddies.

CASSIE  
Shouldn't we... go there, then?

BURT  
Yeah, no, yeah. I just wanted you  
to see my house. So you know I'm  
not some sort of loser.

There's a pause. Cassie looks out at the building.

CASSIE  
Well it's a really nice property.

BURT  
(SINCERE) Thank you for saying  
that.

INT. BURT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Burt and Cassie enter a shabby, plain-wrap apartment: white walls and beige carpeting. The front door opens directly into the living room, where two middle aged guys (DON and ANDY) sit on a faux-leather couch, watching TV.

BURT  
Hey guys.

DON  
There he is. (RE: CASSIE) And look  
at this!

BURT  
Don, Andy... this is Cassie.

Cassie waves sheepishly.

ANDY  
Hi.

DON  
I know Miss Cassie Francis. She  
sold me my house.

CASSIE  
Oh. (BLINKS) No, I remember you.  
John?

DON  
Don. Like Burt just said.

CASSIE  
I'm sorry. I'm not-- (BEAT) How are  
you liking it? The house.

DON  
They took it.

CASSIE  
Right. Hence...

She gesture half-heartedly at the room. A moment of silence.  
This couldn't be going worse.

BURT  
So what are you guys watching?

ANDY  
Australia was on HBO.

They all look at a paused image of a rugged Hugh Jackman riding a horse, backlit beautifully.

DON  
It's kind of weird. (THEN) What are you two crazy kids up to?

Cassie looks at Burt. She's suddenly feeling a lot less drunk.

CASSIE  
I should probably get going, actually. It's late.

BURT  
Oh. (BEAT) Really? Because they're not... I mean, I do have my own room. With door.

Burt hears himself and nods sadly.

BURT  
Jesus. I wouldn't fuck me either.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY

Cassie is in the pool, floating on her back. She stares straight up at the sun, burning menacingly in the cloudless sky. Everything is quiet. Then there's the sound of a car pulling up out front.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - FRONT-YARD - CONTINUOUS

A convertible is parked in the driveway. An overweight teenage girl exits the passenger side as Cassie comes out of the front door, wrapped in a towel.

CASSIE  
Hey sweetie.

MORGAN, her 13 year-old daughter, blows right past and goes inside.

MORGAN  
Hey.

Cassie watches her go with a raised eyebrow, then turns back to the convertible. Her ex-husband, SCOTT, leans against the car. He smiles at her.

CASSIE  
Good weekend?

SCOTT  
I'm worried about her.

CASSIE  
She's thirteen. (SHRUGS) And the  
product of a broken home.

Scott's smile flickers but doesn't fade.

SCOTT  
She still won't talk to Kelsey.

CASSIE  
Does Kelsey talk to her about  
anything other than dieting tricks?

SCOTT  
Kelsey tried talking to her about  
boys. And clothes. And MTV's True  
Life: I Have a Summer Share 2.

Scott laughs to himself. With maybe a faint touch of  
bitterness.

SCOTT  
They actually have a lot in common.  
Both being teenagers and  
everything.

Cassie smiles at this, in spite of herself.

CASSIE  
How's that going?

SCOTT  
It's... okay. It's good. She's very  
young. Which can be refreshing.

CASSIE  
I bet. After years of me just being  
so... y'know...

Cassie trails off. There's a beat of silence.

SCOTT  
Thirst-inducing. Is the opposite of  
refreshing. (GRINNING) And that's  
you. Like a dry cracker.

Scott smiles at her hopefully. Cassie doesn't smile back. He sighs and looks out across the street. The neighbor's house seems to be deserted, but the lawn is bright green.

SCOTT  
What's with the grass?

CASSIE  
Somebody's been going around spray-painting all the dead lawns green.

SCOTT  
God. Painting the roses red.

CASSIE  
(SHRUGS) Gotta keep property values up somehow.

Scott gets back into the car.

SCOTT  
You should really move back to Phoenix. This place is turning into a ghost town.

CASSIE  
I'd think you'd like it. Nobody around to see what you're doing. Great for sneaking around.

Scott nods and turns on the engine.

SCOTT  
I'll see ya, Cass.

He backs out of the driveway. Cassie watches him go. Her expression is hard to read, but she stays out there a little too long, watching the convertible disappear down the road.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Morgan is in front of the TV, playing Dance Dance Revolution on a roll-out pad on the floor. She's not particularly good at it. Cassie walks in, looking at her cell phone.

CASSIE  
Come on, we're late. Where's your bag? We have to pick-up Madison.

MORGAN  
But I just started. Kelsey said fifteen minutes every morning.

CASSIE  
I thought you didn't like Kelsey.

MORGAN  
(SHRUGS) I don't. But she's pretty.

Cassie tries to take this in stride.

CASSIE  
Okay, fifteen minutes.

Morgan keeps dancing, clumsily.

INT. CASSIE'S CAR - LATER

Cassie is driving. Morgan and another 13 year-old, MADISON, are in the backseat. Both girls have ipod headphones on. They stare out the windows, lost in their music. Morgan sniffs at the air and removes an earbud.

MORGAN  
Were you smoking in here?

CASSIE  
I don't smoke.

Morgan sniffs again and puts the headphones back on. They drive along a two-lane highway, past all the gated communities and out into the desert. Distant mountains dot the horizon. The car seems very small.

EXT. BARNES COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Cassie drops the girls off in front of a large high-school.

MADISON  
Thanks, Cassie.

MORGAN  
Bye mom.

CASSIE  
Sweetie, I'm gona be home late, okay? I have a showing at 5:00.

MORGAN  
I know.

CASSIE  
And Madison's mom is picking you guys up.

MORGAN  
(IMPATIENT) I know.

Morgan starts to walk away.

CASSIE  
Hey. What do we say when we get out  
of the car?

MORGAN  
(RELUCTANTLY PLAYING ALONG) Thank  
you, driver.

Cassie smiles.

CASSIE  
That's a good girl.

Cassie watches as her daughter disappears into a mass of  
other teenagers.

INT. CASSIE'S CAR - LATER

Cassie is driving back along the desert highway when her  
phone vibrates. She checks the caller ID, sighs, and answers.

CASSIE  
Hello?

MAN (V.O.)  
Can I speak to Casandra Francis?

CASSIE  
She's not here right now, can I ta--

MAN (V.O.)  
I have this is as her cell.

Cassie pulls to a stop at a railroad crossing. The red lights  
are flashing.

CASSIE  
No, sorry. Office.

The train-crossing bells are clanging loudly. It's not a  
sound you'd typically hear at an office. Cassie tries to  
shield the phone's microphone with her hand.

CASSIE  
We expect her back super soon,  
though.

MAN (V.O.)  
And who am I talking to?

CASSIE  
This is Ms. Francis' assistant.

MAN (V.O.)  
Do you have a name?

A beat.

CASSIE  
Phoenix. (WINCES) May I ask who's  
calling?

MAN (V.O.)  
Well, Phoenix, this is Glen with  
Desert National Bank and Trust. I'm  
calling about Mrs. Francis's  
mortgage payment.

Cassie's phone beeps. She looks down. It's an incoming call  
from "Gary Office"

CASSIE  
I'm sorry, sir, I have someone on  
the other line. I'll have Casandra  
call you as soon as she gets in.

MAN (V.O.)  
Listen, I'm not--

Cassie switches over to the other line, cutting him off.

CASSIE  
Gary?

GARY (V.O.)  
Where the fuck are you?

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GARY BARTKA (40ish, short, tan, and weirdly buff) sits at his  
desk in the back of a nondescript strip-mall office.

GARY  
No, lemme guess. You're almost  
here, you just got stopped at the  
train.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
I did.

GARY  
Bullshit.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

Cassie holds the phone out so he can hear the clanging bells.

CASSIE  
It's coming.

GARY (V.O.)  
You're fucking ballsy, I'll give  
you that. Usually when people  
haven't sold shit for six months,  
they try to get in early, maybe  
prove to me they're not--

The train is almost on her. It's getting louder.

CASSIE  
Train's here.

Gary tries to yell over it.

GARY (V.O.)  
--PROBE TO ME THEY'RE NOT TOTALLY  
FUCKING WORTHLESS AND I'M NOT--

The freight train thunders past, drowning out Gary and everything else. We PUSH IN slowly on Cassie as she watches it go by. The deafening roar builds on the soundtrack.

The train just keeps going and going. An endless parade of identical red and green cargo containers. It seems absurdly, impossibly long. It must take a full forty seconds to pass.

Then, abruptly, it's over. The bells have stopped blaring. The train is gone. And in the gulf of silence it leaves in it's wake, we can just barely make out the small, tinny sound of Gary still yelling. Cassie brings the phone up to her ear.

GARY (V.O.)  
...time. I hired you for two reasons,  
and they weren't your goddamn  
brains, so get your--

Cassie hangs up on him. She takes a deep breath, then drives forward, over the tracks.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - LATER

Cassie arrives at Bartka Realty. It's an unmemorable office space: gray carpet and dropped ceilings. The front wall is all glass. Dusty mini-blinds are drawn to hold back the sun.

Gary's desk is towards the back. He looks up from his computer, closing a browser window with a little too much urgency. Probably porn, possibly on-line dating.

GARY  
You hung up on me.

CASSIE  
The train came.

GARY  
You look fucking hot.

Cassie's in her business-sexy uniform. Low-cut white blouse, tight black skirt, knee-high leather boots.

CASSIE  
For the showing.

He looks her up and down, then rolls his eyes back into his head and makes an orgasmic noise.

GARY  
Uurrrhhhh.

Silence. Cassie isn't quite sure how to respond to that.

CASSIE  
(BEAT) Cool?

GARY  
So why're you late?

CASSIE  
I had to drop off Morgan 12 miles away. It's not my fault there's no high school in this town.

GARY  
Why'd you move here then?

CASSIE  
Because somebody told me it would be a glorious place to raise a family.

A beat. Gary snorts.

GARY  
If I didn't feel bad about that, you wouldn't still have a job. Your incompetent ass should be on your fucking knees, thanking me.

CASSIE  
I know.

GARY  
Good.

CASSIE  
I appreciate it.

GARY  
You should.

Cassie takes a seat at her desk by the front door. She's just turning the computer on when her cell phone rings again.

CASSIE  
Hello?

It's the debt collector again.

MAN (V.O.)  
Casandra Francis?

Cassie looks at the phone's display and frowns. The guy used a different number this time.

CASSIE  
I'm sorry, she's still not--

MAN (V.O.)  
So here's the deal, Casandra, you can play your little games, but I'm gonna keep calling and calling. You may not have all day to deal with me, but I've sure as fuck got all day to deal with you.

Cassie angles her body away from Gary.

CASSIE  
I wasn't--

MAN (V.O.)  
You've missed six straight mortgage payments, babe. You're lucky it's me and not the police, so let's just cut the crap.

During this, the door to the office swings open and a tall guy in shorts, a "Freedom isn't Free" tee-shirt, wrap-around sunglasses and an Arizona State baseball hat strides in. This is SONNY. He blows past Cassie.

SONNY  
Hey Gary.

Gary greets him with obviously false enthusiasm.

GARY  
Oh hey! Cool. What's up man?

SONNY

You never called, so I decided to  
just swing by. (BEAT) Surprise!

As Cassie watches, the debt collector gets impatient.

MAN (V.O.)

Cassandra?

CASSIE

(SOFTLY INTO PHONE) I know, I know.  
Look, I'm showing a house later and  
this commission would be enough--

MAN (V.O.)

You can't shit a shitter, bitch.

CASSIE

I promise I'm not shitting you. I  
wouldn't...

Behind her, Gary and Sonny's conversation gets heated.

GARY

I meant to call yesterday, then I  
totally got totally swamped.

SONNY

Are you busy right now?

GARY

I mean, I've got a few things that--

SONNY

You don't look busy.

GARY

(BEAT) Okay. Yeah. No. Let's talk.  
Cool. Why don't you sit down.

SONNY

(PETULANT) Why don't you?

Gary's already sitting.

GARY

Okay, look... my guy at bank, and  
this is just one guy, but he said  
they're not accepting any more  
short sales. They'd rather just  
hold onto assets and hope it turns  
around.

Cassie is half listening to them, half listening to the debt collector. It's all happening at once.

MAN (V.O.)

Am I interested in your promises?  
No. Why? Because you're obviously  
not a person who keeps her word.  
And right now it's my boot on your  
throat, so you better--

SONNY

You said it was a slam dunk!

GARY

I said I'd do what I could.

SONNY

Slam dunk. Slam dunk! SLAM DUNK!

CASSIE

(INTO PHONE) Can you just hold on  
for one second--

Cassie stands up and starts to head for the door.

MAN (V.O.)

No, I can't fucking hold. I don't  
fucking hold. I won't fucking hold.  
You better not be--

CASSIE

(WHISPERING) I'm still here, Jesus,  
I'm still here. I'm just going  
outside for a little privacy.

Cassie exits the front door of the office, leaving Gary and Sonny screaming at each other.

EXT. STRIP-MALL - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The office is on the second floor of a two-story strip-mall. All the businesses on the top floor are connected by a long concrete balcony with a battered metal railing.

Bartka Real Estate is the only place still open in the complex. A big "Retail Space For Lease" banner hangs from the railing. Some offices have never been occupied. Others bear the signage of recently shuttered businesses (like "I Pity the Pool" -- a pool cleaning supply store).

MAN (V.O.)

Mrs. Francis?

Cassie looks up at the sun. It must be pushing a 100° and it's not even 10am. She shields her eyes and ducks into an empty office space next door.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The room has the same layout as the real estate office, but no furniture. A few panels have been removed from the dropped ceiling. A visible layer of dust blankets everything. A dozen unplugged office phones are piled against one wall.

She can still hear shouting from Gary and Sonny through the paper-thin plaster walls. The argument is escalating.

There are no blinds, so Cassie has to walk to the back of the office to get out of the sun.

CASSIE

Sorry. I had to get somewhere quiet.

MAN (V.O.)

What, are you embarrassed? You don't want people knowing you're a fucking deadbeat? Well maybe I'll just have to go knocking on doors, then. I'm sure your friends and neighbors would be very interested to know exactly how much money you owe and--

CASSIE

I don't have any neighbors.

MAN (V.O.)

Excuse me?

CASSIE

My development is almost deserted. So have fun.

MAN (V.O.)

I'm sorry, are you getting tough with me? 'Cuz I'm the guy with his boot on your throat right now, and--

CASSIE

I think I'd like to speak to your supervisor.

MAN (V.O.)

Well I think I am the supervisor, Casandy. So you'll fucking talk to me.

Cassie closes her eyes, out of frustration or exhaustion or both. Suddenly there's a loud crash from next door. Her eyes spring open. There's another crash and more yelling.

MAN (V.O.)

I'm trying to help you here, but  
don't forget that I can end your  
life. Not violently. This isn't a  
threat. But I will end your life.  
That's not a threat.

Cassie isn't listening to the guy. She's looking at the wall. There's a muffled yell from the other side, then loud, quick foot-steps leading from the back of the office (Gary's desk) towards the front. Cassie follows the sound with her eyes.

Suddenly, through the glass front wall, Cassie sees Sonny burst out of the real estate office, pushing Gary in front of him. With his size advantage, Sonny has Gary lifted off his feet -- his toes barely touch the ground as he's propelled backwards.

Sonny slams Gary's back hard against the railing of the balcony. Gary goes up and over. Sonny lets go and Gary plummets. His scream is immediately cut short by a dull thud.

Cassie's eyes go wide. She drops the phone from her ear.

MAN (V.O.)

Mrs. Francis?

Out on the balcony, Sonny peers over the railing. Cassie is frozen in place. Her breath is caught in her throat.

MAN (V.O.)

Cassandra?

Cassie hangs up on the guy without looking down. She takes a step back, silently.

On the balcony, Sonny realizes something. He spins around and stares into the real estate office. Then he looks off to his right, towards the far end of the balcony. Cassie scans the office around her for somewhere to hide. It's a huge, empty white room.

She looks back at Sonny. He's staring right at her. Their eyes lock.

CASSIE

(SOFTLY) Shit.

Sonny opens the door and storms into the empty office.

SONNY  
What did you see?

CASSIE  
I'm calling the cops.

SONNY  
Don't do that.

CASSIE  
I'm calling the cops!

Sonny grabs a discarded office phone from the pile on the floor. Cassie tries to dial 911 on her cell, but there's not enough time. She looks up and Sonny is already on her. He slams the phone receiver down on the side of her head with vicious force.

You'd expect the screen to go black. Instead, Cassie just drops to the ground, clutching her head and moaning in pain. Sonny looks down at her with consternation.

SONNY  
Shit.

He raises the phone and slams it down on her head again. It makes a sickening thump. Cassie sobs and curls into a ball.

CASSIE  
Please don't kill me.

SONNY  
I'm not trying to kill you! I'm  
trying to fucking knock you out!  
Fuck!!

He flings the phone against a wall in a fit of frustration. It makes a dent in the plaster, leaving a little smear of Cassie's blood.

Sonny pulls out his Blackberry and types something into it. Cassie looks up at him, trying to focus.

CASSIE  
What are you doing?

SONNY  
Shut up.

There's a pause as he waits for his phone to load something.

SONNY  
(BITTERLY) Fucking Verizon.

He looks down at Cassie.

SONNY  
Stop looking at me!

He makes a half-hearted attempt to cover his face with his hands.

SONNY  
(RE: PHONE) Come on. Come on. Okay.  
(READING) Blah blah blah, knee bent, right arm down... blah blah blah... let out a mighty scream?  
(BEAT) Shit.

He looks down at Cassie.

SONNY  
You have to be standing for this to work.

Cassie just lays there, clutching her head.

SONNY  
Stand up!

Cassie looks up at him.

SONNY  
Don't look at me! Close your eyes!  
Stand up and close your eyes!

He grabs Cassie by the arm and yanks her to her feet. She wobbles, so he shoves her up against a wall to steady her.

He consults his black-berry, then assumes a boxers stance. Right knee forward, left knee back.

SONNY  
(READING) Stay loose. Aim for the chin. Unleash a mighty scream.

He slips the Blackberry back into his pocket, then drops his right hand and twists at the waist. He unleashes a mighty scream. It sounds like a dog being strangled.

SONNY  
Aiigghhhhhh!

He punches Cassie hard on the side of her chin. She drops to the ground again, writhing in pain but not blacked out.

SONNY  
Fuck!! Seriously?

He takes a deep breath. There's a pause.

SONNY

Okay. Let's go again.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie lies on her back, on a brown leather sectional sofa. Her wrists are duct-taped together. So are her ankles. It takes an enormous effort to open her eyes.

She's in a living room not that different from her own: IKEA furniture, recessed lighting, built-in speakers, and a giant flat-screen TV mounted on one wall.

There's a bag resting on her head, wet with condensation. It was once frozen. It's now melted.

CASSIE

Hello?

Nothing. Cassie tests her jaw. She winces in pain.

CASSIE

(LOUDER) Hello?

Quick footsteps from the direction of the kitchen, then Sonny steps into the room.

He's wearing a black, hooded, Arizona State Sun Devils sweatshirt. But it's on backwards. The hood is up over his head, completely covering his face, except for two eye holes which have been cut out so he can see.

He tries to disguise his voice, making it deeper. Like Christian Bale as Batman.

SONNY

How do you feel?

Cassie says nothing. She's not all there yet.

SONNY

Let me get that.

He reaches down. Cassie flinches, but Sonny just grabs the bag off her head.

SONNY

Frozen margarita mix. (THEN) You know how when you make margaritas it's mix, tequila, and ice? With this stuff, the ice is the mix, so it saves a step.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)  
(BEAT) Plus you're not gonna  
realize at the last minute that you  
didn't buy enough ice and...

He trails off. Cassie's not sure what to say.

SONNY  
Anyway...

He points to the hood over his face.

SONNY  
Sorry about this, but I can't let  
you see my face. I have a ski mask  
from when I lived in Denver, but I  
seriously can't find where I put  
it. So many closets.

Sonny plops down opposite her into a leather La-Z-Boy. Cassie  
tries to sit up, but it's too hard with her ankles duct-taped  
together. She gives up and just lies there.

An adorable golden retriever wanders into the room with a  
tennis ball in it's mouth. It tries to get Sonny's attention  
by dropping the slobbery ball in his lap. Sonny ignores it.

SONNY  
So... I'm just gonna say it out loud.  
(PAUSE) Gary is dead.

CASSIE  
Oh God.

SONNY  
I know. I still can't believe it.

Cassie closes her eyes. Her head is throbbing.

SONNY  
The whole thing was an accident. We  
just had a fight. (THEN) He ruined  
my life.

He waits for Cassie to ask how. She doesn't.

SONNY  
He sold me this house. Which I  
love. It's amazing. But Gary said -  
- it was a promise -- he promised  
that an adjustable-rate would be  
fine. And I know he's not a finance  
guy, but a promise is a promise.

The dog picks up the ball in it's mouth and drops it on Sonny's lap again.

SONNY

(TO DOG) Lefty! Come on. (TO CASSIE)  
Then he promised me, after it'd all gone to shit, he promised me the bank was taking short-sales. He knew a guy. He said he'd make a call.

Cassie nods stiffly.

CASSIE

Slam dunk.

SONNY

You heard that. (BEAT) Now I'm embarrassed.

Cassie is starting to get her wits about her.

CASSIE

Don't be.

SONNY

I'm a grown man. I shouldn't have hissy fits. But my business is fucked. My wife left me. My new wife. And this house... y'know, so I'm under a lot of stress right now. (BEAT) And I have a temper. Which is good in business. You gotta be a shark. But it's still my bad. Gary was a friend.

Sonny pets his dog. The deep voice he had been affecting is almost entirely gone.

SONNY

He just went over the railing. I tried to catch him.

CASSIE

What do you want from me?

Sonny looks at her for a moment. The backwards hood slips down over his eyes a little. He adjusts it.

SONNY

First lemme give you a tour.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny, with the backwards hood still covering his face, leads Cassie on a tour of his McMansion. Her hands are bound, her ankles aren't. They're trailed by Lefty, the golden retriever, wagging his tail boisterously.

SONNY

We got a refi and did a bunch of work to, y'know, customize the standard plans. This was Vicki's "dream bathroom." Italian tile. His and her sinks.

He gestures out the window.

SONNY

I didn't care about that stuff, as long as we were by the golf course.

Cassie looks out the window. The entire development is built around a golf course, but it's unfinished. Instead of rolling greens, there's just a sea of dirt. Trenchers, excavators, and other digging machines dot the landscape, gathering dust.

SONNY

They're never gonna finish it. I say it's breach of contract, but turns out it wasn't actually in the contract. That's my bad, again. Stupid. Do you golf?

CASSIE

Not really.

SONNY

I love it. More than anything. I'm not supposed to play anymore, because of my back, but I do anyway.

Sonny smiles broadly, trying to get her to like him. Then he remembers that he has a hood on and she can't see his face.

SONNY

It's the only thing that keeps me sane.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They're standing in the big bedroom.

SONNY

Master bedroom, obviously. I turned Vicki's precious walk-in into a gym.

He opens a closet door, revealing an enormous closet. It's empty except for a weight lifting bench and a treadmill.

SONNY

Revenge!

He laughs a little. His cell phone rings. He checks it, gives a snort, then pockets it. Cassie is distracted by a photo on the bedside table. It's of Sonny, a woman, and two boys.

CASSIE

Are these your sons?

SONNY

Yeah, that's me and my ex-wife -- my first ex-wife, I guess I have to say now -- and our boys. Chase and Penn.

There's a pause as Sonny realizes she's looking at a photo of him. He awkwardly removes the backwards hood.

SONNY

I'm letting you see my face as a sign of trust. Okay?

CASSIE

Okay.

Sonny gestures to a set of built-in dressers along one wall.

SONNY

We had the built-ins added. And I had them install this.

He opens a hidden panel next to the closet, revealing a huge safe. Sonny punches in a combination and it swings open, revealing two dozen guns. Everything from handguns to assault rifles. He pulls out a rifle and inspects it lovingly.

SONNY

Had to keep them out of the way of the boys.

He looks down at the gun then up at Cassie.

SONNY

Don't want anybody accidentally getting shot.

The air has gone out of the room a little. Cassie shifts her weight ever so slightly.

SONNY  
(BRIGHTLY) You want to see the pool?

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They're looking out the kitchen window at the pool, which has floating basketball nets on it.

SONNY  
I swim every morning. It's easier on the back than golf so...

His phone rings again. He looks down at it, rolls his eyes, then sends it to voicemail. He turns back towards the kitchen. The countertops are just plywood, still under construction.

SONNY  
Sorry the kitchen is such a mess. We started to redo the counters, but, y'know, the best laid plans...

He holds up two jagged samples of polished granite. One is a slightly warmer shade of gray, one slightly cooler.

SONNY  
Just to settle an argument, which one of these do you like better?

CASSIE  
What's the point of this?

SONNY  
For the counters.

CASSIE  
All this. The tour.

SONNY  
I wanted to show you my house.

CASSIE  
Why?

SONNY  
I don't know. Just... this is my home. It's who I am. (BLUSHES) That sounds stupid. I just thought you should see it. You understand, right?

She doesn't.

CASSIE

I do.

SONNY

If they foreclose, I lose my kids.  
You can't keep custody if you're  
financially unstable.

His phone rings in his pocket. This time he doesn't even look  
at it before sending it to voicemail.

SONNY

(RE: PHONE) Jesus.

CASSIE

I have debt collectors calling me  
too. I'm totally underwater on my  
house. I know how stressful it is.

SONNY

(MEANINGFUL) Thank you, Cassie.

Cassie wasn't sure he knew her name. He shrugs.

SONNY

Gary used to talk about you. (THEN)  
And I looked in your wallet. Sorry.

CASSIE

That's okay.

SONNY

I just want you to know that I'm  
not a bad guy. And if you promise  
to keep this whole stupid thing to  
yourself, I'll let you go.

CASSIE

I don't think you're a bad guy.

SONNY

Don't talk to the cops. If they  
ask, tell them you were off...  
y'know, showing a house today or  
whatever. You never went in to the  
office.

CASSIE

I promise I won't tell anyone.

SONNY

Okay. Good.

There's a pause. Sonny nods to himself.

SONNY

I don't believe you.

CASSIE

I won't go to the police.

SONNY

You have bruises all over your face. How are you gonna explain that?

CASSIE

I won't go to the police.

SONNY

Why not? I would if I were you.

CASSIE

No, but... I wouldn't. I don't want to help them take your kids.

SONNY

I know you were in love with Gary. You must hate me.

CASSIE

What?

SONNY

I know about you two.

CASSIE

We weren't. I'm not-- I'm single. Very single.

SONNY

Well, whatever. Sexually.

CASSIE

That's not true.

SONNY

So you're calling Gary a liar?

CASSIE

(BEAT) I don't know.

SONNY

You don't know?

CASSIE

Yes. If he said we had sex. Which sounds like him.

SONNY

Bitch.

CASSIE

No, this is good. It's good news. I wasn't in love with Gary, so I'm not mad and I'm not going to tell the cops on you, okay?

SONNY

Don't talk to me like I'm ten. You think I'm stupid? You think you're the first woman to ever lie to me? (WOMAN'S VOICE) "No, you've got it all wrong... We didn't have sex...Nothing happened between us."

CASSIE

Nothing did happen between me and Gary.

SONNY

(YELLS) Don't call my friend a liar!

CASSIE

(YELLING BACK) You killed him!

SONNY

That was an accident! I TOLD YOU THAT ALREADY!

Sonny is shaking in anger. Cassie tries to compose herself. She needs to calm him down.

CASSIE

I know it was. I know that. I'm so sorry.

SONNY

I'm not ten, Cassie! I'M NOT A FUCKING CHILD!!

He grabs a huge kitchen knife from a drawer and points it at her chest.

SONNY

Sit down.

CASSIE

Okay.

Before she can sit, he pushes her down into a kitchen chair. He grabs a roll of duct tape and tapes her ankles to the chair legs. Then he uses the knife to slice the duct tape around her wrists. Cassie flinches.

Sonny slams the knife down on the kitchen island, pulls her arms behind her back, and duct tapes them each to the chair.

SONNY

I have to take the dog for a walk.

He walks over and opens the freezer. It's filled with hundreds of bags of frozen margarita mix. He holds one up.

SONNY

You need another one of these?

Cassie shakes her head. Sonny tosses it angrily back into the freezer.

SONNY

Whatever. (CALLING OUT) Lefty!

The golden retriever enters, wagging his tail feverishly.

SONNY

Scream if you want. There's not another occupied house for two or three cul-de-sacs. (TO DOG) Come on, buddy. Yeah, who's a good buddy?

EXT. SONNY'S DEVELOPMENT - GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny stands on the unfinished golf course, hitting a tennis ball with a driver. His form is perfect. The ball soars off into the distance, Lefty sprinting after it.

As Sonny waits for the dog to return with the ball, his phone buzzes in his pocket. He takes it out and checks the caller ID, but doesn't answer.

He kicks angrily at a weed peeking out of the dirt.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie eyes the knife that Sonny left sitting on top of the island. It's handle slightly overhangs the edge.

Her feet can touch the ground, and she manages to turn the chair around so that her back is to the knife.

The counter height is too high for her hands to reach. She has to try to knock the knife off.

Going up on her toes, she shoves the chair backwards. It knocks into the knife, which goes shooting across the island and falls off, clattering to the ground. But now Cassie has to make it all the way around to the other side.

As she starts the arduous journey, she hears a key in the front door. She freezes, then tries awkwardly to maneuver back to where Sonny had left her.

But it isn't Sonny who comes walking into the kitchen. It's a 30-something blonde woman in a pink Juicy track suit. Cassie recognizes her from some of the photos upstairs. It's Sonny's second ex-wife, VICKI.

VICKI

Who the fuck are you?

The front door opens and slams shut as Sonny comes sprinting in, followed by Lefty.

SONNY

What are you doing, Vick? You can't just let yourself in anymore.

VICKI

Me? What am I doing?

Sonny clenches his fists and closes his eyes. The stress of the situation is starting to overwhelm him.

SONNY

Oh, fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

VICKI

What is this?

CASSIE

(TO VICKI) Please call the police.

SONNY

Don't do that!

VICKI

Then tell me who she is!

SONNY

Okay, okay. There was an accident.

CASSIE

He killed somebody!

SONNY  
(TO CASSIE) Shut up.

VICKI  
You fucking killed someone?

SONNY  
Gary.

VICKI  
Gary the real estate guy?

SONNY  
It was an accident. You know I  
wouldn't ever hurt anybody.

Vicki laughs in disbelief.

VICKI  
Are you crazy? If it was an  
accident then--

SONNY  
I AM NOT CRAZY!

CASSIE  
Please help me.

SONNY  
Look, I'm not going to hurt her. I  
don't even know her. I just have  
her... retained so I can make sure  
she's not going to talk to anyone.  
If she promises, I'll let her go.  
(TO CASSIE) That's our deal, right?

Cassie looks at Sonny, then at Vicki.

CASSIE  
Call the cops.

SONNY  
(HURT, TO CASSIE) Why would you say  
that?

VICKI  
I can't be here.

Vicki starts for the door, but Sonny grabs her from behind.

SONNY  
No.

VICKI  
Fucking let me go, Sonny.

SONNY  
You can't leave.

They struggle. Sonny has her in a bear hug. Vicki manages to kick him in the shins.

SONNY  
Ahh!

He picks her up and throws her against one of the counters. Her back hits it with a wicked impact. She crumples to the floor. Sonny looks at Cassie, fire in his eyes.

SONNY  
You're an evil little bitch. Thanks a lot!

EXT. SONNY'S DEVELOPMENT - DAY

We see a series of shots of the deserted development. Empty pools. Abandoned living rooms. A flyer taped to a street lamp reads "Recession 101: It's a Test, Not a Final."

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cassie is still duct-taped to the chair, but now Vicki is taped to a chair next to her. Sonny stands over them with his arms crossed.

VICKI  
What are you gonna do, Sonny? If anything happens to me, you don't think you'll be the first person they look for?

SONNY  
Nothing's gonna happen to you. But you're in this with me now. And if you try to back out, I'll tell everyone you were an accomplice.

VICKI  
An accomplice you had to tie to a chair to keep her here!

SONNY  
Prove it. Duct tape doesn't leave bruises.

VICKI  
Where'd you get that from?

SONNY  
It doesn't.

VICKI  
Says who?

SONNY  
It was on some reality show.

VICKI  
Some reality show about kidnappers?

SONNY  
Mythbusters. I don't know. Dirty  
Jobs. Does it really fucking  
matter?!

Sonny is getting agitated. He's playing with one of the  
granite samples. Turning it over and over again in his hands.

SONNY  
God! You pick and pick and pick.  
But you're not my wife anymore,  
remember? So that means I don't  
have to listen to you.

VICKI  
(SCOFFS) Because you always  
listened so good before.

SONNY  
Just shut up, okay? Here's the  
plan. Our plan. (RE: CASSIE) We  
kill her.

CASSIE  
No.

SONNY  
I'm not talking to you right now,  
believe it or not. We get rid of  
the body. Then we leave her keys in  
her mailbox. (PROUD) Get it?

VICKI  
How are you going to get rid of a  
body?

SONNY  
That's not the point. Just-- do you  
see why it's perfect?

CASSIE  
Sonny...

SONNY

(TO VICKI) Great. Good. Now she knows my name. Awesome. But it doesn't matter, because our plan is perfect, because every day in this town, people who are underwater on their homes just leave their keys in the mailbox and walk away. They disappear. The last thing anybody would suspect is, y'know... (UNDER HIS BREATH) murder.

VICKI

What if she's not underwater?

SONNY

She is. She told me. (PROUD) I got her to tell me.

VICKI

And you don't think somebody will miss her?

SONNY

Her boss is dead. No wedding ring. She told me she's single.

CASSIE

I have a daughter.

A beat.

SONNY

What?

CASSIE

I live with my daughter. Please...

SONNY

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT!?

Vicki starts laughing at him.

VICKI

You're fucking unbelievable. Smart people don't get away with murder, Sonny. Rich people. So you, Mr. GED, I don't think you--

SONNY

Shut up.

VICKI

Okay. No, you're right. You've clearly got this situation under control.

SONNY

I didn't plan this. I'm just trying to make the best of a shitty situation.

VICKI

Oh, poor Sonny. He tries. He tries so hard. Who cares if he fucks everything up.

CASSIE

My daughter's only 13.

Sonny's not paying any attention to Cassie.

SONNY

I fuck everything up? That's bullshit. I always provided for you. We went to fucking Bermuda. I bought you a house.

VICKI

This house? The one they're about to take from you?

SONNY

Just leave me alone!

VICKI

How's the margarita mix business these days?

Suddenly and without warning, Sonny takes the granite sample in his hand and smashes Vicki in the face with it. The force of it knocks her chair over.

CASSIE

Oh my God.

Sonny leaps on top of his ex-wife, pummeling her face with the jagged stone. Blow after blow. Blood spurts everywhere, getting all over him. He's a man possessed. He continues to pound her face into pulp, long after it's clear she's dead.

Lefty is barking. Cassie struggles against her duct tape. Sonny finally stops, breathing heavily. He collapses on the ground in tears, then looks up at Cassie. His face is dripping with blood.

SONNY  
Were you telling the truth?

CASSIE  
About what?

SONNY  
Do you have a daughter?

CASSIE  
No.

Sonny looks upset. He looks down at Vicki. A dark red pool is slowly spreading from her head.

SONNY  
So this was for nothing then?  
Because you're a fucking liar?!

CASSIE  
She's only 13.

Sonny looks at her, then nods. He stands up and walks out the door, dropping the bloody hunk of granite on the floor.

The door to the garage opens and slams shut. A car starts up. Cassie peaks over at the base of the kitchen island. The knife is still there, on the floor.

She starts maneuvering her chair over to it, except the pool of blood has now reached her feet. The floor is slick and sticky. The chair leg slips and Cassie falls forward.

CASSIE  
Oh shit.

She slams face first into the ground. This time the screen does go black.

EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Sonny pulls his SUV into Cassie's driveway. He's managed to wipe Vicki's blood off his face, but not his shirt. He double-checks the address on Cassie's license.

He approaches the house and rings the bell. After a beat, the door opens, chained from the inside. Morgan peers out.

MORGAN  
Hello?

SONNY  
Are you Cassie Francis's daughter?  
(BEAT) You're so pretty.

MORGAN  
What's going on?

SONNY  
Your mom's been in a terrible car  
accident. She sent me to get you.

Morgan looks at the blood on his shirt.

SONNY  
We don't have a lot of time.

MORGAN  
Hold on.

She takes out a cell phone and hits a speed-dial button.  
There's a ringing from Sonny's pocket. It's Cassie's phone.  
He takes it out, a little sheepishly.

SONNY  
She gave it to me so I could call  
you.

MORGAN  
But you didn't call me.

A beat.

SONNY  
In case I got lost. We really have  
to go. Her life depends on it.

Morgan thinks about it for a second.

MORGAN  
I'm gonna call my dad--

Even chained, the door is open wide enough for Sonny to reach his arm in and grab at Morgan's wrist. He misses, but manages to knock the cell phone out of her hand. It hits the floor and splinters into pieces.

Morgan screams and runs upstairs. Sonny tries to reach in and unlock the chain, to no avail. He thinks for a second, then walks around to the back of the house. Locating a sliding glass door, he uses Cassie's trick from the beginning of the movie and pops it off it's rail.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie's eyes snap open. The chair is on it's side. Her head is resting in a pool of blood slowly seeping from the almost headless dead body next to her. Lefty laps at the blood hungrily.

Cassie looks for the knife. It's lying on the ground fifteen feet away. She tries to maneuver over to it, pushing with her tip-toes, but she's just spinning around in circles.

Thrusting her hips, she realizes that the cheap IKEA chair she's tied to is starting to break - the seat is pulling away from the back. She starts thrashing about, ripping the home-assembled chair apart, little by little.

Lefty saunters over to see what the commotion is. He starts licking at her face, leaving slimy, bloody streaks.

CASSIE  
Stop, Lefty.

The dog keeps licking. He's being playful.

CASSIE  
GET AWAY FROM ME!!

She head butts the dog, who jumps back, slipping and landing on his side in the puddle of blood. He pops back up and runs out of the room, his golden hair matted and red.

INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny tiptoes to the front hall of Cassie's house, where Morgan's cell phone lies on the ground in pieces. He picks up a cordless phone sitting on an end-table. He hears a dial tone, then stands there quietly, peering up the stairs.

Suddenly, there's beeping from the phone in his hands. Morgan is dialing out on another handset from somewhere in the house. 9-1... but just before she dials the second "1" Sonny manages to hit '9' on his handset.

He listens for a moment. After a beat of silence, he talks into the phone.

SONNY  
(SOOTHING VOICE) 911. What's your  
emergency?

ANGLE ON: Morgan is in Cassie's bedroom, frantically rummaging through her mother's drawers, looking for something to protect herself with.

MORGAN  
(WHISPERING) There's somebody in  
the house.

SONNY (V.O.)  
Okay, an intruder. And you're at 84  
Sunset Lane, is that right?

MORGAN  
Yeah. Please come.

SONNY (V.O.)  
And where are you right now?

MORGAN  
I'm in my mom's room.

Morgan finds a box of condoms, a pack of cigarettes, and a plastic lighter hidden in her mom's underwear drawer. She makes a face and shoves the lighter into her back pocket.

ANGLE ON: Sonny, cupping his hand over his mouth so he can keep his voice from carrying upstairs.

SONNY  
And where is that?

MORGAN (V.O.)  
What?

SONNY  
Specifically. Where in the house is it? So I know where to send the officers.

ANGLE ON: In the bedroom upstairs, Morgan stops what she's doing. She looks a little confused.

MORGAN  
Upstairs. On the second floor.

SONNY  
To the right or left, at the top the stairs.

MORGAN  
The left. All the way at the end of the hall.

ANGLE ON: Downstairs, Sonny smiles, pleased with himself.

SONNY  
Well okay then. You just stay where you are. Don't move. Someone will be there in a second.

He hangs up, then silently climbs the stairs, turning left at the top and walking to the closed door at the end of the hall. He puts his hand on the door knob, pauses for a second, then kicks the door open. It's not Cassie's bedroom.

Behind him, at the other end of the hall, Morgan throws open the actual door to Cassie's room and sprints out, heading for the stairs.

Sonny turns. His eyes go wide. She tricked him. He starts to run after her, but she has a head start. She's already at the stairs.

And then, for no good reason, Morgan trips over her own feet. She tumbles to the ground and face-plants on the wooden floor, her head bouncing painfully off the ground.

She groans and looks up at Sonny, now standing over her.

SONNY

What if your mom was really in a  
car accident? She could be dead by  
now.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie is furiously jerking her body back and forth, up and down, slamming the chair against the tile floor. Finally, it comes apart into pieces.

Cassie is able to pull her hands free, though they're each still duct-taped to unwieldy pieces of chair. She rips the tape off her ankles and then her wrists.

She walks over, a little unsteady, and grabs the knife off the ground. She heads into the house.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie hurries through the McMansion, looking everywhere.

CASSIE

Come on. Shit. Where the hell is a  
fucking phone?

She freezes when she hears the garage door open. She hurries back into the kitchen and bolts out the back door.

EXT. SONNY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Cassie runs past the pool, through a gate in the back fence, and onto the unfinished golf course. She sprints out across the ocean of dirt without looking back.

A moment later, she comes to the edge of a ten foot drop - a "cliff" where desert winds and summer thunderstorms have eaten away at a hill of dirt. Cassie is able to stop just in time, but the loose dirt underfoot gives way.

As the ground crumbles beneath her, Cassie falls, landing awkwardly on her ankle and almost stabbing herself with the knife.

She swears, but gets up and keeps going, limping slightly.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sonny enters the house, dragging Morgan by the wrist. Lefty scampers over to greet them, happily.

SONNY

Hey buddy. (TO MORGAN) This is  
Lefty. Named him after Phil  
Mickelson. He's not really a puppy  
anymore, but he still thinks he is.

Morgan looks down at Lefty. He's covered in blood.

SONNY

He likes it when you scratch his  
butt.

Sonny looks through the hallway into the kitchen. He spots the broken pieces of chair on the floor.

SONNY

Oh fuck.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie is still running across the golf course when she comes to the nine foot tall, pink, concrete wall from the beginning of the movie. She looks right and left. The wall seems to encircle the entire development.

Cassie checks behind her. Seeing nobody, she drops her knife, then jumps up and grabs onto the top of the wall with her fingertips. She's able to pull herself up and swing one leg over. She takes a breath, then leaps down to the other side.

She looks out at the vast desert all around her. It's hot and big and empty. So she starts running along the outside of the wall, following it back around towards town.

INT. GUARD SHACK - LATER

Inside the guard shack at the entrance to Sonny's development, a pimply faced 18 year-old security guard named SHANE is playing a game on his iPhone. A Rottweiler lies at his feet, wheezing in the heat.

Cassie, bruised and sticky with blood and dust, knocks on the window behind him. Shane, startled, almost jumps out of his chair. He spins around, white as a ghost.

SHANE

Oh my God! What the fuck!

The dog is barking loudly and bearing it's teeth. Shane has to hold him back.

SHANE

Down. DOWN! (TO CASSIE) What's going on?

CASSIE

I need to use your phone.

SHANE

What for? Why?

CASSIE

There's been a murder.

SHANE

Holy shit. (THEN) They're not paying me.

CASSIE

What?

SHANE

They haven't paid me for, like, two months. I don't think I should have to do anything, y'know, dangerous because--

CASSIE

(SHARP) I need to use your goddamn phone!

EXT. SONNY'S DEVELOPMENT - MAIN GATE - LATER

Cassie crouches in a shadow by the front entrance to Sonny's gated community. A stone sign with gold metal letters reads "Welcome to the Las Casas de Oro Luxury Experience. Where Life Imitates Vacation."

Shane stands by the guard shack, staring warily into the development, his hand on his tazer. Cassie dials a number on the iPhone. She's sent straight to voicemail.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Hi, this is Morgan's cell phone. If  
you don't know what to do after the  
beep, I guess you're screwed.

CASSIE  
Shit.

She hangs up and dials again.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Hi, this is Morgan's cell phone. If  
you don't know--

CASSIE  
Shit!

She takes a deep breath, then dials a new number.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Hello?

CASSIE  
Scott?

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott, Cassie's ex-husband, is on the couch next to his  
young, blonde, perky girlfriend KELSEY (24 and wearing a  
"Shut up and Sweat" tee-shirt). He's paying bills on a laptop  
while she watches "For the Love of Ray J" on VH1. She lies  
with her legs in the air, draped over the back of the couch.

SCOTT  
Hey Cass, what's up? Who's number  
is this?

CASSIE (V.O.)  
I borrowed it from some kid. I  
think something happened to Morgan.

Scott walks towards the kitchen to get away from the TV.

SCOTT  
What?

There's a police siren from Cassie's end.

SCOTT  
What's going on?

CASSIE (V.O.)  
I'm not sure. The cops are here. I  
have to go. Can you come?

SCOTT  
Of course. I'm coming. But tell me  
what happened.

EXT. SONNY'S DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

A battered police SUV screeches to a halt in front of Cassie,  
siren blaring.

CASSIE  
I'm at the Las Casas de Oro  
development. Just get here. I don't  
have my cell. I don't know where  
I'll be.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Okay, but it's rush hour. It'll  
take me forev--

CASSIE  
I really need you, Scott.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen, Scott looks at his phone for a moment, then  
over at Kelsey who's now standing in the doorway.

KELSEY  
Like, what did Princess want?

EXT. SONNY'S DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUOUS

COBURN, an older police officer, gets out of the car. He  
wears snake-skin boots, a cowboy hat, and has the creased,  
weather-beaten face of a sheriff from the Wild West.

COBURN  
(TO SHANE) You called in a  
homicide?

CASSIE  
A guy in there has my daughter.  
He's already killed two people.

COBURN  
A man has your daughter? And  
they're in there right now?

CASSIE  
Yes. I think.

COBURN  
You think he has your daughter or  
you think they're in there right  
now?

CASSIE  
Both.

Coburn sizes her up thoughtfully.

COBURN  
Okay. Now this--

Shane interrupts him, holding his hand out towards Cassie.

SHANE  
Can I have my phone back?

CASSIE  
What?

SHANE  
My phone. My iPhone.

Cassie stares at him in disbelief.

SHANE  
It cost, like, \$400.

CASSIE  
Yes, you can have your iPhone back.

She hands it back to him.

SHANE  
(POINTED) You're welcome.

Coburn smiles at Cassie, unfazed.

COBURN  
Now this man you think has your  
daughter, do you know him?

CASSIE  
No, but his name is Sonny. I don't  
know his last name.

COBURN  
Do you know where Sonny lives?

CASSIE  
I don't know the address. But I can  
find it if we drive past.

COBURN  
(TO SHANE) How many exits does  
this... "luxury experience" have.

SHANE  
This is the gate. It's the only way  
in or out. Unless you, like, go  
over the wall.

COBURN  
And do you know this Sonny?

SHANE  
They stopped, like, paying me,  
like, months ago.

Cassie is getting agitated by the pace of this conversation.

CASSIE  
(SNAPPING) So why are you still in  
uniform you little prick?!

Coburn takes off his sunglasses.

COBURN  
Ma'am.

SHANE  
Fuck you lady. If I work, like, a  
job all summer, my dad's buying me  
a truck. So I'm not fucking gonna  
quit.

COBURN  
Did you know this Sonny before they  
(GENTLY MOCKING) like, stopped  
paying you?

SHANE  
I don't know any of these assholes.  
Do you think any of them know my  
name?

Cassie closes her eyes, trying to contain her anger.

CASSIE  
Oh my God.

COBURN  
Would it be asking too much for you  
to look it up on that PC of yours?

SHANE  
No, okay. Whatever.

He types something into a computer. Then something else.

SHANE

We don't have a "Sonny."

COBURN

Might be a nickname.

CASSIE

He did business with my boss. If you send backup, they could pull the name from the computer.

COBURN

There's no backup, Ma'am.

CASSIE

Why? Why not?

COBURN

The entire Harding police force is already on the case.

He gestures to himself with his thumb.

CASSIE

Are you kidding me?

COBURN

Four years ago, this was a small agricultural community. 800 people plus 300 illegals. We weren't even incorporated.

CASSIE

And in four years of massive population growth, nobody thought it might be a good idea to expand the police force to, I don't know, two fucking people?!

COBURN

Do you know how long it takes a state task force to perform a (MOCKING THE JARGON) mandatory study necessary to establish proper levels for allocation of supplemental government services?

CASSIE

(THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) Four years?

COBURN

Three. 'Cept by the time they were finished, you people were suddenly fleeing just as fast as you came. So they ordered a new study.

CASSIE

So what are we gonna do?

COBURN

You said where you could find where he lives?

Cassie nods. Coburn puts his sunglasses back on.

COBURN

Then hi ho silver.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - LATER

The convertible is stopped in traffic on a freeway onramp leaving Phoenix. Scott is getting frustrated. A Katy Perry song plays on the radio. Kelsey sings along to herself.

KELSEY

...you change your mind, like a girl changes clothes. Yeah you PMS, like a bitch, I would know...

SCOTT

(IRRITATED) Where are all these people going?!

He snaps the radio off. Kelsey shoots him a huffy look.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. Just... stress.

KELSEY

We can't, like, call Cassie and ask what's going on?

SCOTT

She doesn't have her phone.

KELSEY

And she only had five seconds to talk?

SCOTT

I don't know. She had to go.

KELSEY

Like, who calls someone up and say there's this huge emergency and then, like, doesn't give any details and stops answering their phone?

SCOTT

The cops came. I'm sure it was serious.

KELSEY

Whatever. It's always serious when she needs your help.

Scott looks at her wearily. They've had this fight before.

SCOTT

My daughter is in trouble.

KELSEY

I know. And you have to go, obviously. But if something's wrong, it's, like, mean of her to not tell us anything. And if nothing's wrong, then it's, like, mean of her to scare us like this.

SCOTT

You don't seem all that scared.

KELSEY

Scared of what?! Are we, like, just supposed to sit here in silence, looking sad?

She makes an exaggerated pouty face. Scott sighs and looks out the window. They sit silently for a long beat. Then Kelsey reaches down and turns the radio back on.

KELSEY

(SINGING) Cuz you're hot then  
you're cold, you're yes then you're  
no...

INT. POLICE SUV - LATER

Cassie and Coburn drive through Sonny's development.

COBURN

How many of these houses have people living in them?

CASSIE  
Maybe one in ten.

Coburn grunts disapprovingly as he eyes the enormous houses.

COBURN  
Privacy. Isn't that what they came  
for?

Cassie really doesn't want to have this conversation, she's studying the houses, looking for Sonny's.

CASSIE  
I think it's down one of these  
streets.

Coburns reads passing street signs, disdainfully.

COBURN  
Bee Balm Road? Whispering Wind  
Lane? Pink Savory Way?

He looks at Cassie, who's not amused.

COBURN  
Ma'am, if someone has your  
daughter, we'll find her. I promise  
you that.

CASSIE  
Turn here.

Coburn turns onto a street that dead ends in a cul-de-sac.

CASSIE  
There. On the left.

Cassie points to a big, gray McMansion. Coburn pulls over.

COBURN  
How can you tell? They're all  
identical.

He's right. The other houses have all been built from the exact same plan.

CASSIE  
The lawn's green.

COBURN  
We saw other green lawns.

CASSIE  
But not right on the golf course--  
Look, I'm a real estate agent. I've  
showed houses in here. I know my  
way around.

COBURN  
(NODS) You wait here.

He gets out of the SUV. Cassie does too.

CASSIE  
I'm coming with you.

Coburn looks at her for a beat.

COBURN  
Stay ten paces back.

CASSIE  
Paces?

Coburn unholsters his handgun and approaches the front door  
silently. Cassie tiptoes behind him.

CASSIE  
(WHISPERS) He has a lot of guns.

COBURN  
That's alright. (SMILES) So do I.

With one swift motion, he kicks in the front door. The shoddy  
construction gives little resistance. The front foyer is  
quiet and empty.

COBURN  
Hello?

There's no answer.

COBURN  
(TO CASSIE) Wait out there.

Cassie stays put. Coburn steps silently into the house, gun  
drawn. He's done this sort of thing before. Coburn surveys  
his surroundings, then leans cautiously into the living room.

Suddenly, a middle aged WOMAN pops out from the other side of  
the wall and pepper sprays him in the face. Acting on pure  
reflex, Coburn pulls the trigger, shooting her in the chest.  
She exhales sharply, like somebody being punched.

WOMAN  
Ooff.

She falls to her knees. Coburn is already on the ground, hunched over and clawing at his red, swollen eyes.

COBURN  
Godammit. Godammit! Who did I  
shoot?!

Cassie comes running in. She freezes when she sees the furniture in the living room.

CASSIE  
This isn't the house.

COBURN  
You said you could tell! You're a  
goddamn real estate agent!

CASSIE  
All these units look exactly the  
same!

The woman slumps over on the ground. She looks up at Cassie through glazed eyes. Blood pools in the corner of her mouth.

CASSIE  
Oh my God.

COBURN  
Did I kill her?

CASSIE  
No. Shit. I don't think so. But we  
have to get my daughter. Shit. I'll  
call an ambulance, you just-- Can  
we-- shit!

Coburn is kneeling now, rubbing his eyes.

COBURN  
Hold on. Just hold on. I reckon I  
can still see.

He blinks. Then blinks again.

COBURN  
God in Heaven. I've never been--

There's a gunshot from out of nowhere. A bullet rips through Coburn's head. He's dead before he hits the ground. Cassie stumbles backwards. She looks up at the front door to see Sonny standing there, holding a handgun.

SONNY  
Wow. That was really loud.

He looks down at Cassie.

SONNY

You drove right past my house. I  
couldn't believe it. I mean, who  
even lives here?

He looks down at the woman lying on the ground. She's not  
breathing.

SONNY

Oh. (THEN) See? Other people kill  
people too. Shit happens, right?

CASSIE

Where's my daughter?

Sonny walks over and points his gun right at her.

SONNY

I was bringing her back to you so  
we could work something out. But  
now, since you lied to me about not  
going to the cops...

CASSIE

If you've hurt her, I swear I'll--

SONNY

(TOUGH GUY) You'll what? What're  
you gonna do, Cassie?!

Sonny raises the handgun up over his head in a violent  
backswing. He's about to bring the butt of the gun down on  
Cassie's head when he freezes.

SONNY

Oh crap.

He winces in pain and grabs the small of his back with his  
other arm. The gun hand is still raised.

SONNY

My back, my back, my back. Oh fuck.

Cassie eyes the gun lying on the ground in Coburn's stiff  
hand. It's maybe seven feet away.

SONNY

Oh god, oh god. This is not good.  
Fuck!

Cassie inches towards Coburn's body. Sonny sees her.

SONNY

Uh uh. Don't even think it.

He points the gun at her, though the act of bringing it down obviously causes him considerable pain.

SONNY

I can still, ow--motherfucker! I can still end this.

He stands there for a long beat, aiming the gun right at her forehead.

SONNY

Shit. This is gonna screw up everything.

He drops the gun to his side.

SONNY

I guess I need your help. Welcome to Team Sonny.

INT. WOMAN'S HOUSE - GARAGE

They enter the woman's garage. Sonny hobbles stiffly behind Cassie, his gun in her back. He grimaces with each step.

SONNY

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

There's an enormous red Chevy Suburban parked in one spot and a jet-ski on a trailer in the other.

SONNY

Open the garage door.

Cassie locates the control panel. She presses a button and the garage door opens.

SONNY

Catch.

She turns just as he tosses a set of keys at her. She catches them, then looks down. They're covered in blood. The key-chain has a small pepper-spray canister attached to it. It came from the dead woman's hands.

CASSIE

What do I do with these?

SONNY

You're driving.

Cassie looks at him questioningly.

SONNY

Back her out, park her on the street, pull the cop car in. Can't leave that baby sitting out there in plain sight, and my fucking back can't take it. Getting in and out of cars is the worst.

CASSIE

Okay.

SONNY

You thinking about driving off without me?

CASSIE

I promise I wouldn't--

SONNY

I'm not interested in your promises anymore.

CASSIE

But--

SONNY

Trusting people is what got me into this fucking mess. So just know this: if you drive off, I'll kill your daughter. I'll make her suffer, then I'll slit her goddamn throat.

CASSIE

How do I know you even have her?

SONNY

Big girl, isn't she?

There's a beat. Cassie nods. Sonny's phone buzzes in his pocket. He looks down at it.

SONNY

Oh, hey, this is my son. I'm gonna take this. (ANSWERING) What's up Buddy? (THEN) You did? That's super awesome.

Cassie gets into the Suburban and puts it into reverse. Sonny watches, pointing the gun at her with one hand, holding the phone with the other.

SONNY  
(INTO PHONE) Well I promised I  
would, didn't I? (BEAT) I'll buy  
the tickets today.

Cassie backs out and parks on the street. Before turning off  
the car, she looks over at Sonny. He's walked out to the edge  
of the garage, still talking on the phone.

He looks up at Cassie and gives her a throat slit gesture.

Cassie turns the engine off. In doing so, she tests the  
pepper spray container on the key-chain. Nothing comes out.  
She leaves the keys in the ignition and gets out.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Kelsey are sitting in bumper-to-bumper traffic on  
the freeway. Scott is agitated. Kelsey cups her hand in front  
of her face and breathes, trying to smell her own breath.

KELSEY  
Do we have mints?

She checks the cup-holders then opens the glove compartment.

KELSEY  
OMG.

She pulls out a small .22 caliber pistol.

KELSEY  
I thought you, like, never ever  
wanted to see me with this ever.

SCOTT  
I don't.

He takes it from her and shoves it back into the glove  
compartment.

KELSEY  
I, like, grew up shooting. You're  
the one who's, like, never even  
fired a gun.

SCOTT  
I know.

KELSEY  
So why can't I hold it?

SCOTT  
Because I said so.

KELSEY  
Please?

SCOTT  
No.

KELSEY  
Pretty please?

SCOTT  
No.

KELSEY  
I'll give you a blow job.

Scott just looks at her. She crosses her arms.

KELSEY  
(POUTY) It's my gun. (THEN) Why did you even bring it?

SCOTT  
I don't know. Cassie doesn't usually sound scared like that. So just-- in case, I guess.

KELSEY  
In case you need to gun some motherfucker down.

SCOTT  
In case I need to protect my family.  
(BEAT) My daughter.

KELSEY  
You never even told me where you hid the bullets.

Scott gestures to the back of the car with his thumb.

SCOTT  
In the trunk.

KELSEY  
What? You know they could go off back there if it gets hot enough.

SCOTT  
Really?

KELSEY  
(GIGGLING) No. You're such a dork.  
(THEN) God help us if you actually  
have to shoot somebody.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sonny leads Cassie into the living room. Morgan is lying on the couch, bound with duct tape.

MORGAN  
Mom?

CASSIE  
Morgan. Oh my God.

She goes over to her daughter. Sonny leans against a wall in obvious pain.

CASSIE  
Are you hurt, sweetie?

MORGAN  
Why is this happening?

CASSIE  
It's gonna be okay.

MORGAN  
How?! Where's dad.

CASSIE  
Dad's not here. He's not coming.

MORGAN  
Why not?

Cassie glances at Sonny.

CASSIE  
I didn't want to call him.

SONNY  
Look, here's the deal. We need to wait 'til it's dark. Probably another hour. So lets all sit, make believe we're friends, and watch some TV, okay?

CASSIE  
What are we waiting for?

SONNY  
Let's just watch TV.

He picks up a remote and turns the TV on. He navigates the DVR menu to HBO.

SONNY  
How about Australia?

No response from Morgan or Cassie. Sonny shrugs.

SONNY  
Kind of a chick flick.

He turns it on. The movie plays for a beat. Nicole Kidman stares into the thoughtful eyes of an aboriginal boy.

SONNY  
(RE: TV) Great picture, right?  
(THEN) You should see a Blu-Ray.

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

They're all watching a Blu-Ray of Troy. Cassie and Morgan are on the couch, both bound with duct tape. Sonny lies on the floor, flat on his back. Next to him is his gun, a little orange bottle of pain medication, and his cell phone. It rings. He sits up, stiffly.

SONNY  
There we go, feeling a little better.

He checks the caller ID on his phone but decides not to answer. He looks out the window. It's totally dark out.

SONNY  
Let's hit the golf course.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER

It's pitch black on the unfinished golf course. Cassie and Morgan are struggling to carry the body of Vicki, Sonny's ex-wife. Morgan has the feet. Cassie has the shoulders. What little remains of Vicki's head dangles limply from her neck. Two shovels rest precariously on the body.

Sonny walks behind them, a gun in one hand and a huge, police-grade Maglite in the other.

SONNY  
Bodies are heavy, right? Sorry to make you carry her, but I can't risk it with my back. One time I was in bed for eight days from tying my shoes.

Walking backwards, Morgan trips over an exposed irrigation pipe. She stumbles and lets Vicki go, landing on her hands and knees. The body and shovels tumble to the ground.

SONNY  
Jesus H. Christ.

Cassie kneels down beside her daughter.

CASSIE  
Are you okay sweetie?

Sonny shines the flashlight on Morgan's face. Tears are streaming down it. Sonny sighs.

SONNY  
Well I guess this seems like a good enough place.

CASSIE  
For what?

SONNY  
Haven't you ever seen a movie?  
You're gonna dig me a grave.

CASSIE  
(RE: VICKI'S BODY) Just for her?

SONNY  
Her and Gary. The cop can stay where he is. (BEAT) Unless you think someone else is gonna end up dead.

Cassie doesn't say anything.

SONNY  
Oh come on, Cassie. Have a little faith in me. My back is royally fucked. I can't dig. I can't carry bodies. You're doing me a big favor.

Cassie looks down at the gun, then back to him.

SONNY  
And your reward for that favor is that I won't kill you.

He gestures back and forth with the flashlight.

SONNY  
Now get digging.

Cassie lifts her shovel and starts digging. Sonny pops off the top of the Maglite and attaches it to the bottom, exposing the bulb. It creates a broad area of light.

SONNY

Candle mode. Cool, right?

He puts it on the ground by his feet. Morgan isn't digging.

SONNY

You too, kid.

Morgan looks tearfully at Cassie.

CASSIE

(TO SONNY) She's a child.

SONNY

Right, and children can't be expected to do anything anymore. Do you know I had a job when I was ten?

CASSIE

(SHARPLY) She's scared.

MORGAN

Mom, it's okay.

SONNY

See mom, it's okay.

Morgan starts to dig, but she's bad at it. The shovel doesn't get very far into the ground, and doesn't come up with much.

There's a strong gust of wind. Dirt blows everywhere.

SONNY

Goddamn hot wind. I never get used to it.

Cassie says nothing. She just keeps digging.

SONNY

So, just ballpark, how long do you think this is gonna take?

CASSIE

I don't know. I've never dug a grave before.

SONNY

Have I? I'm just saying, twenty minutes? Forty?

CASSIE  
How long does it take in the  
movies?

SONNY  
They always cut away.

Cassie and Morgan continue to dig. We don't cut away.

SONNY  
(IMPATIENTLY) What's the girl's  
name again?

CASSIE  
Morgan.

SONNY  
Do you think you could dig just a  
little faster, Morgan?

Morgan is already a little out of breath.

MORGAN  
I'm going as fast as I can.

SONNY  
I think we both know that's not  
true.

Morgan tries to dig faster. It's a little spastic. Cassie  
tries to calm her.

CASSIE  
Just do the best you can, sweetie.

SONNY  
No, see, no. That's the attitude  
that probably got her into this...  
shape.

CASSIE  
I'll dig. You leave her the hell  
alone!

SONNY  
(MOCKING) She's fat, but it's not  
her fault. She just got that way  
randomly. And it's awesome if she  
tries to lose weight, but it's also  
awesome if she doesn't. No  
judgment. Do the best you can,  
sweetie.

Throughout all of this, Morgan has been digging faster and faster. She's not getting much dirt out, but she's moving quickly. Too quickly. She's seems a bit crazed.

CASSIE

It's okay, baby, it's okay. Stop.

Morgan starts to cry. She crumples to the dirt, sobbing and panting. Then she throws up.

SONNY

Jesus.

CASSIE

(SHARP, TO SONNY) I told you to leave her alone.

SONNY

Well that's the miscommunication here, because I have a gun, so you don't tell me--

Sonny's cell phone rings.

SONNY

Jesus. (RE: PHONE) These guys really don't give up. You have to admire that, don't you?

He sends it to voicemail.

SONNY

Anyway, I just thought you might want baby here to get a little exercise.

His phone rings again.

SONNY

Seriously?

He sends it to voicemail.

SONNY

I've had to change this number, like, eight times. I don't even know what it is anymore.

The phone rings again. He sends it to voicemail.

SONNY

(ANGRY) God. Leave me alone. (AT CASSIE) How much longer?!

CASSIE

I don't know. Two hours? Three?

They look down at the modest hole in the ground.

SONNY

You'll be done in an hour and a half. I don't care how you do it.

CASSIE

How am I going to do it except by shoveling?

SONNY

(SHARP) Ninety minutes.

Cassie, still looking at the hole, notices a bit of white PVC pipe peeking out of the dirt. It's the irrigation pipe Morgan had tripped on earlier.

CASSIE

I'll do the best I can.

Cassie resumes digging. Sonny's phone rings again. He looks exasperated. As he looks down, Cassie raises her shovel high, then brings the point down on the pipe as hard as she can. Water explodes out of it, spraying in every direction.

SONNY

Whoa--

Before Sonny can react, Cassie swings her shovel towards him, releasing it so it goes flying. It misses him, but he ducks and the sudden movement sends pain shooting from his back.

SONNY

Ahhh! Fucker.

As Sonny doubles over in pain, Cassie lunges for the flashlight on the ground, knocking it over and shattering the bulb. Darkness envelopes them.

There are running footsteps, rustling clothes, a thump, and a gunshot. The flash from the gun briefly illuminates Sonny. Then there's nothing but blackness and the sound of rushing water.

Sonny, hunched over awkwardly, fumbles with his cell-phone and tries to use it as a flashlight. He can only see two feet in front of him. He spins around, disoriented.

SONNY

Shit.

The camera tracks back into the darkness and down one of the "cliffs" we saw Cassie tumble off of earlier. She and Morgan are now crouching, hiding against the base of it. The cliff is ten feet high and more eroded at the bottom than the top, so they're shielded from above by an dirt overhang. If Sonny were to walk over and peer down the side, he wouldn't see them beneath him.

Cassie has her hand over her daughter's mouth.

CASSIE  
(WHISPERS) Shhh.

Sonny is completely turned around. He can't hear anything but the sound of the water. He stares off into the blackness.

SONNY  
(SHOUTING) Cassie! Why are you  
doing this? I told you I was gonna  
let you live!

Cassie and Morgan look at each other, silently.

SONNY  
(SHOUTING) Okay, fuck it, now  
you're dead. You and your fat slob  
of a daughter are fucking dead!

His phone rings.

SONNY  
Leave me alone! Leave me alone!  
Leave me alone!

He answers violently.

SONNY  
(INTO PHONE) Look, you prick, if I  
had the money, I'd pay you! I'm not  
a crook! You think I don't know how  
much I owe? You think I need  
somebody to call me every five  
seconds to remind me?! It's all I  
think about! Every minute of every  
fucking day! Your job is to scare  
me, make me feel shitty? Well I  
feel plenty shitty and scared on my  
own, so you can just LEAVE! ME!  
ALONE!

He hurls the phone off into the night, back in the direction of the houses. It lands in the dirt, the light from it's screen still visible off in the distance. Sonny takes a deep breath.

SONNY

Shit.

He walks off after it, slowly and painfully. Cassie breathes a silent sigh of relief and removes her hand from Morgan's mouth. But above them, the geyser from the irrigation pipe has formed a huge pool of water. Under the weight of it, the dirt overhang gives way.

CASSIE

What--

She barely has time to stand up halfway before an avalanche of dirt falls on her head. It comes down all around them.

We cut wide. Where Cassie and Morgan had been crouching, there's now just a pile of dirt.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Kelsey are exiting the highway at the Harding exit. Kelsey has the GPS unit out.

KELSEY

Now where?

SCOTT

She said to go to the... one of the developments. Shit. The something... something Spanish.

KELSEY

Okay. But what do I put in the GPS?

SCOTT

I don't remember.

KELSEY

Like, seriously?

There's a gas station on the other side of the street. Scott jerks on the wheel and makes a dangerous U-turn. Kelsey is thrown back against her seat.

KELSEY

Jesus.

INT. DIRT PILE - CONTINUOUS

Pitch blackness. We can't see anything. All we can hear is Morgan breathing heavily.

CASSIE (V.O.)

Oh my God. Morgan?

MORGAN (V.O.)

Mom?

CASSIE (V.O.)

Are you okay? Can you breathe?

MORGAN (V.O.)

Wait, hold on.

There's a rustle, then the sound of Morgan trying to spark a plastic lighter. On the third attempt a flame appears. It sheds light on the scene.

They're buried alive.

Morgan lies on the ground. Cassie leans over her, bent at the waist, her arms up by her face. She props up a ceiling of dirt with her head, arms and back -- like Atlas with the world on his shoulders. It creates a tiny cave: an air pocket between mother and daughter. All around them is dirt.

Cassie tries to push up with her back, but the weight of the dirt pressing down on her is too much. She dips her head and shoulders to try to get more force, but all that does is bring more dirt down on them. Some falls into Morgans mouth.

MORGAN

Oh, ffhha... ugk.

Morgan lets the lighter go out. It's completely black again.

CASSIE (V.O.)

Morgan!

Morgan relights it, though it takes several attempts.

MORGAN

Are we trapped?

CASSIE

I don't know.

MORGAN

Yell for help.

CASSIE

No, what if he--

But Morgan is already screaming at the top of her lungs.

MORGAN

Help! HELP! HELLLPPP! HELLLLLLP!

We cut outside the cave. With the thick wall of dirt surrounding them, you can't hear their screams at all.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Scott approaches the counter as a young, Mexican ATTENDANT looks up from his magazine.

ATTENDANT

What's up, man?

SCOTT

Hey. I'm looking for a housing development around here. One of the gated communities.

ATTENDANT

Which one?

SCOTT

I don't remember. That's the problem. I know it's something Spanish.

ATTENDANT

The developments all have Mexican names. (SMILES) And no Mexicans living in them.

SCOTT

I guess they just think it sounds fancy.

ATTENDANT

Because what says fancy like Mexico?

The attendant grins at his own joke. Scott's look says he's not in the mood for banter.

SCOTT

How many developments are there?

ATTENDANT

Nine or ten. Was it something "de Oro"?

SCOTT

Yes! Yeah, totally.

ATTENDANT

There's five of them. Villa de Oro,  
La Costa de Oro, Las Casas de Oro,  
Rancho de Oro, and... (THINKING) wait  
for it... Vista de Oro.

Scott blinks at him in disbelief. The attendant shrugs.

ATTENDANT

Used to be gold mining country.

INT. DIRT CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie is still holding up the dirt ceiling. Morgan is  
freaking out, hyperventilating.

CASSIE

Calm down baby. Calm down. I'm  
gonna get us out of here.

MORGAN

We're buried alive. We're gonna  
die.

CASSIE

I just need to think.

Cassie closes her eyes. Then she reopens them. A strand of  
her hair, hanging down over her face, is blowing slightly.  
There's a breeze in there.

CASSIE

Wind.

MORGAN

What?

CASSIE

Hold the light by the wall.

Morgan holds the lighter up against the back wall of the tiny  
cave, the original cliff face they had been hiding against.

There's a small round hole - the opening to a tunnel. Cassie  
moves her head slightly, maneuvering so her mouth is right by  
the hole. More dirt rains down from the ceiling onto Morgan.

MORGAN

Mom!

Cassie feels the breeze on her face.

CASSIE

It goes outside. We have air.

MORGAN  
Yell out it for help!

CASSIE  
No, it means we don't have to  
panic. We're not gonna suffocate.  
We can at least wait to make sure  
he's gone.

Cassie puts her mouth right up to the hole and inhales.

CASSIE  
Just take deep brea-- aggh. Uchh--

Cassie gags and jerks her head back. A desert squirrel  
(halfway between a chipmunk and a gray squirrel) pokes it's  
head out of the hole. The flame from the lighter reflects off  
it's beady black eyes. Morgan freaks out.

MORGAN  
Ahhhh!

The squirrel jumps down onto her. She lets the lighter go out  
as she tries to get it off. In the darkness, the only sound  
is of Morgan screaming.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
Morgan, the lighter.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Ah! AHHH! Ah! AhHH!

CASSIE (V.O.)  
The lighter!

Morgan is thrashing around in the blackness.

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Mom! Ew! Mom! There's two.

CASSIE (V.O.)  
I can't see! Use the lighter.

Morgan tries to strike the lighter. It takes four attempts.  
When there's finally a flame, another squirrel is making it's  
way out of the hole. It jumps down onto Morgan. It's followed  
by another squirrel. Then another.

CASSIE  
Oh god.

The squirrels keep coming. An endless stream. The small cave  
is filling up with them - a writhing, teeming mass of fur and  
claws. Twenty squirrels. Then thirty.

CASSIE  
Cover your face.

The lighter goes out. Morgan relights it. The hand with the lighter, held aloft, is now the only part of her that's visible. The rest of her is buried in squirrels. Her screams are lost in the cacophony of squeaking and clawing.

CASSIE  
Get away from her!

Cassie tries to kick at them, but the squirrels just keep pouring out of the hole. There must be fifty of them now, jammed into the tiny space.

Morgan is struggling to hold the lighter aloft above the rising tide of squirrels. It goes out and she lights it again. She gets it on the first try this time, but she also lights a strand of Cassie's hair on fire.

As the flames spread up towards Cassie's face, she screams. Several of the squirrels catch fire as well. Their fur burns with brilliant orange flames.

Cassie pulls her hands down to slap at the flames. Removing her hands causes the roof to completely cave in. Dirt comes down all around them. The screen goes black.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

We cut outside the collapsed dirt mound. Everything is still. After what feels like an eternity, a squirrel comes burrowing through the dirt, poking its head out and scampering away.

Suddenly another squirrel appears, burrowing a different hole. Then another. Then another. They're streaming out of the dirt pile like rats fleeing a sinking ship.

Finally, with the mound weakened by all the holes, Cassie is able to stand up, emerging from the dirt like a zombie rising from the grave. She stumbles backward, gasping for air, and lands on her back.

She immediately runs back to the dirt pile, digging for Morgan. She finds her daughter's hand and pulls her out. The two of them collapse in a heap, panting and gagging.

From all around them, squirrels continue to burrow out of the dirt and flee into the night.

EXT. VISTA DE ORO - FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Kelsey pull up to the guard station of the Vista De Oro. It looks incredibly similar to all the other developments we've seen. A GUARD stops them.

GUARD

(DRY) Hello and welcome to Vista De Oro. A great place to call home.

SCOTT

Hey. Was there a woman here who called the police and they showed up? Like maybe two hours ago?

GUARD

Nope.

SCOTT

Are you sure? She might have had a teenage gi--

GUARD

Man, this job is boring as shit. I can tell you, to the minute, exactly what time the mail-guy showed up today. I'm not gonna forget the cops coming.

SCOTT

I'm just trying to--

GUARD

12:52.

SCOTT

(BEAT) Okay, thank you.

GUARD

(DRYLY) No, thank you for visiting Vista De Oro. A great place to call home.

Scott backs up and turns the car around.

KELSEY

So what, like, Cassie made a mistake?

SCOTT

She didn't make a mistake, I just forgot what she said.

KELSEY

But I thought the gas station guy  
told you--

SCOTT

I didn't know every development  
would have the exact same name!

They drive in tense silence for a moment.

SCOTT

It's my fault, not Cassie's.

KELSEY

I know. Nothing's ever her fault.

SCOTT

I didn't listen. I fucked up! I  
made a mistake!

There's a moment of silence. Kelsey looks at him. Her eyes  
start to well with tears.

KELSEY

Do you like her more than me?

SCOTT

Are you thirteen?

KELSEY

Do you?

SCOTT

You really want to have this  
conversation right now?

KELSEY

I just feel like you don't even  
like me. And then Cassie calls and  
you jump right in the car and--  
like, do you still love her?

SCOTT

First, this is about my daughter,  
okay, not you. Or Cassie. Second,  
love isn't... we were married for a  
long time. You don't have any  
complicated feelings for your exes?

Kelsey is crying now.

KELSEY

No.

SCOTT

That's because you're 23. Your last boyfriend was named Reno.

KELSEY

So I'll understand when I'm older? Awesome. Thanks, Dad.

SCOTT

The age thing with us is hard, okay?

KESLEY

Like, yeah! You think I want to go to bed at 10:30? You think I liked telling my parents how old you were? You think I know what to do with a thirteen year old daughter?!

SCOTT

What do you want me to say?

KELSEY

Like, seriously? I want you to say no. I don't still love her. What else would I want you to say?

There's a long pause.

SCOTT

No. I don't still love her.

They drive in silence past a billboard reminding you that melting down pennies is a federal crime.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Morgan hurry across the golf course. They're dripping wet, having washed most of the dirt off in the water from the irrigation pipe. Morgan clutches her side, cramping badly. She's breathing hard, but also exaggerating a little.

CASSIE

(WHISPERING) Come on, baby, it's okay. Look. You did it. Look.

They've reached the the big pink wall surrounding the development. The one Cassie scaled earlier. They're near a few McMansions again. The street lamps shed some light on the scene, though the houses are still dark and silent.

CASSIE

We're almost safe.

Cassie struggles to pull herself up onto the wall the same way as before. She swings her leg up, straddling the top, then reaches down for Morgan.

CASSIE  
Give me your hand.

Cassie takes Morgan's hand and tries to pull her up. But the girl is too heavy and Cassie isn't strong enough. Morgan is pulling her mother off the wall.

CASSIE  
Hold on, hold on.

Cassie lets go. Morgan falls, and even though it's just a foot, she lands awkwardly on her ankle. She collapses to the ground and starts to snivel. Cassie hold out her hand again.

CASSIE  
Here, Morgan.

Morgan doesn't take it.

CASSIE  
(SHARP) Morgan!

MORGAN  
(PETULANT) What? You can't lift my fat ass.

CASSIE  
Please, sweetie, just give me your hand.

MORGAN  
I want Dad.

CASSIE  
I'm getting us out of here, but I need you to give me your hand.

MORGAN  
I had squirrels in my mouth!

CASSIE  
Morgan get up.

MORGAN  
I can't. I'm too tired. I'm lazy, remember. I hate exercise.

CASSIE  
Morgan, I'm not nagging you right now. A man out there is trying to kill us!

MORGAN  
I want Dad.

CASSIE  
Stop saying that.

MORGAN  
I want Dad.

CASSIE  
(YELLS) What is Dad gonna do?!

Cassie realizes how loud that was. Her voice echoes off something in the distance. She stares nervously into the silent blackness all around them.

MORGAN  
He makes fun of Kelsey all the time. Behind her back.

CASSIE  
Your dad does lots of things behind people's backs.

MORGAN  
I know he had intercourse with someone else.

A beat.

MORGAN  
He said it was his fault and that I should be pissed at him, not you.

CASSIE  
He shouldn't have told you anything.

MORGAN  
I think you should forgive him. I really want you to.

A beat. Cassie sighs.

CASSIE  
If I told you that I think about it every single day, will you please stand up?

Just then, a gun shot rings out from somewhere in the night. Not that close, but not that far off either. As Cassie looks out from her perch atop the wall, something catches her eye. They're right by the house where Sonny shot the policeman. She can tell from the red Suburban parked on the street.

CASSIE  
Screw this. I got a better idea.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie opens the door to the Suburban and reaches for the keys in the ignition. They're still there, still sticky with blood.

As Morgan hustles to the passenger side, Cassie starts the engine. She peels out, speeding towards the end of the cul-de-sac. She swings around in the opposite direction.

CASSIE  
Here we go.

They turn right at the first intersection.

CASSIE  
It's gonna be okay, baby.

As she says this, she realizes the street they turned onto dead-ends in another cul-de-sac.

CASSIE  
Whoops.

She turns the car around and heads in the opposite direction. Where she had turned right before, she goes the other direction. But after a few moments, that street ends in a cul-de-sac, too.

CASSIE  
Where's the main street?

She takes the cul-de-sac curve going 35. The tires squeal. The whole thing threatens to tip.

MORGAN  
Mom!

CASSIE  
I'm getting us getting out of here.

She speeds back in the opposite direction, then comes to a stop at a main drag. She looks right and left. Nothing but big, empty houses in both directions. She decides to go left.

CASSIE  
I think this way.

After a moment, they hit another cul-de-sac.

CASSIE  
God dammit!

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Kelsey pull up to the Costa de Oro development. The gates are locked.

The sign reads: "The Costa de Oro. A luxurious residential community featuring intimate botanical gardens, walking trails, and tranquil lakes. Coming Spring 2008." A happy couple holds hands while gazing out on a computer generated rendering of a swan-laden lake.

Inside is just an unfinished construction zone.

SCOTT  
Strike two.

He puts the car into reverse.

KELSEY  
Are you sure?

SCOTT  
I'm not sure about anything.

KELSEY  
Yeah, like, I'm definitely getting that sense.

They drive off silently.

SCOTT  
I still love her.

Kelsey looks hurt.

SCOTT  
It has nothing to do with you--

KELSEY  
(SHARP) Lets just find your daughter. That's what this is about.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Morgan are hurtling around a corner in the red Suburban. Suddenly the main gate is in front of them, just 400 feet away.

CASSIE  
Oh thank god.

A light is on in the guard shack and the gate arm is down. Cassie guns the engine.

MORGAN  
Mom. The gate.

CASSIE  
We're not stopping.

The security guard steps out of the booth, into their path.

CASSIE  
(YELLING) Out of the way!

He doesn't blink. Instead he calmly points a handgun at them.

CASSIE  
What--

Peering over the barrel of the gun is not the pimply faced kid from earlier. It's Sonny. The guard's uniform is three sizes too small on him.

CASSIE  
Shit.

Sonny opens fire. Cassie and Morgan duck as the bullets shatter the windshield. Cassie keeps her foot on the gas. Sonny keeps firing.

He shifts his aim from the windshield to the tires. His first shot clangs off the front grill of the SUV.

CASSIE  
(TO MORGAN) Stay down!

Sonny takes a deep breath and steadies his aim. The car is less than 100 feet from him now. Sonny waits for what seems like forever, then calmly squeezes the trigger.

The right front tire bursts. The Suburban lurches suddenly to the left, slamming into a curb and going up and over. It careens into an empty fountain. The airbags deploy, throwing Cassie and Morgan back against their seats. The car comes to a stop, it's hood crumpled, smoke rising from the engine.

A huge smile sweeps across Sonny's face. He gives a dorky fist-pump, like somebody watching a game at a sports bar.

SONNY

Yeah!

He does the full body Tiger Woods fist-pump.

SONNY

Yeahhhh!

It hurts his back.

SONNY

Crap, crap. Ouch.

Inside the SUV, amid smoke and shards of glass, Cassie pushes the airbag away from her face.

CASSIE

Morgan? Are you okay?

MORGAN

I think I broke my nose.

CASSIE

We have to get out of the car.

Cassie struggles out of the vehicle and limps her way over to the passenger side. As she opens the door, she sees Sonny standing next to the guard station, watching her, his gun at his side. The Rottweiler, in a cage next to him, is going crazy -- barking and snarling and gnashing his teeth.

SONNY

(TO CASSIE) Well well well.

Cassie can't hear him over the barking of the dog. She's pulling Morgan out of the SUV.

SONNY

(AT DOG) Shut up! Down boy!

(YELLING AT CASSIE) Well well well!

Cassie hears him this time. Seeing the gun, she grabs Morgan by the wrist.

CASSIE

Baby, we have to run.

They take off. Sonny sighs and raises his gun. But holding his arms up causes him extreme pain. He grabs his back.

SONNY

Ow. Ow. Shit.

The dog is throwing itself against the bars of it's cage -- a terrifying whirlwind of teeth and rage. Sonny looks down at it and smiles.

SONNY

There's a good boy.

Cassie looks back in time to see Sonny reach down and grab the latch of the dog's cage. Morgan, hardly a fast runner, is struggling to keep up.

CASSIE

Hurry, baby. You have to hurry!

Sonny releases the latch on the Rottweiler's cage. It bursts out ferociously. But instead of chasing after Morgan and Cassie, the dog turns and and leaps right at Sonny.

SONNY

No! Them--

The force of the huge dog knocks him to the ground. He drops the gun, which clatters to the pavement and lands a foot away. The dog tries to tear at Sonny's neck while he struggles to hold it back with his left forearm, feeling for the gun with his other hand.

Cassie looks back, then grabs her daughter's arm.

CASSIE

This way.

She pulls her down a side street as Sonny wrestles with the Rottweiler. The dog's teeth are just inches from his face. Suddenly, a shot rings out. Blood splatters on Sonny. The dog stops thrashing. It's jaws go still.

Sonny pushes the Rottweiler off him. It flops to the ground like a sack of potatoes. Sonny stands up painfully, holding the handgun. He looks at the dog with pity.

SONNY

I'm sorry, buddy. It wasn't your fault. I didn't give you a choice.

He tucks the handgun into the back waistband of his pants, then bends over stiffly and grabs the dog's hind legs.

SONNY

Lets get you out of the street.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Morgan tiptoe down a street of darkened, quiet McMansions, doing their best to avoid the pools of light created by the street-lamps.

MORGAN

Mom!

Morgan points at a house across the street from them. It's boarded up with plywood, but there's a small white light shining between a crack in two pieces of plywood.

CASSIE

Must be squatters.

MORGAN

If they have power they might have,  
like, a phone.

They run up to the house. The front door is padlocked. A posting declares that the property has been foreclosed on.

The pin-point of light shines from a boarded-up window next to the front door. Cassie raps lightly on the plywood. It's met with silence.

Cassie tries to pull one of the sheets of plywood away from the window. No luck. It's been nailed to the house. Morgan nervously eyes the empty street behind them.

MORGAN

Hurry up, mom.

CASSIE

I'm hurrying.

She grabs the plywood again and, bracing one foot against the wall, pulls with all her might. It gives a loud crack.

EXT. LAS CASAS DE ORO - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

In his too-small guard uniform, his back killing him, Sonny is dragging the dog's body behind the guard shack. Hearing the sound of the plywood crack, he looks up with a start.

He unceremoniously dumps the dog next to Shane, the guard from earlier. Shane's been stripped down to his underwear. There's a bullet hole in his forehead.

A pair of headlights suddenly appear behind Sonny. He spins around to see Scott's convertible driving towards him. He quickly steps away from the dead dog and the dead teenager.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scott looks at the sign for "Las Casas de Oro." Where life imitates vacation.

SCOTT

Good. At least this one has a guy.

EXT. MCMANSION PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Making a considerable amount of noise, Cassie pries the plywood away from the window. She manages to pull two nails out of the wall, allowing her to bend the plywood far enough away from the window for a person to slip in between.

A bright white light pours forth from inside. It's almost blinding.

CASSIE

What the hell?

EXT. LAS CASAS DE ORO - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

Scott rolls down his window. Sonny greets him with a smile.

SONNY

Hey there. Welcome to Las Casas de Oro.

Scott is distracted by the sight of the still smoking SUV.

SCOTT

What happened?

SONNY

Oh. Tiger Woods and his wife live in the neighborhood.

He smiles at this joke. Scott and Kelsey share a confused look. Sonny's smile fades.

SONNY

Some guy got hammered and plowed into the curb. Just went up and over and right into the fountain.

As Scott and Kelsey stare at the wreck, Sonny untucks his shirt so that he can cover up the gun sticking out of the back waistband of his pants.

But doing so accidentally pulls the gun out. It clatters loudly to the ground. Scott looks up at him. Sonny tries to act nonchalant.

SONNY

At least nobody was hurt.

Scott eyes Sonny's shirt, which is splattered in dog's blood.

SONNY

Oh. I meant-- nobody else. The guy broke his arm. Bone sticking out and everything. I had to pull him out of there.

SCOTT

When was all this?

SONNY

Ambulance left 20 minutes ago. I wanna go change, but I gotta wait for the tow-truck.

SCOTT

Where are the police?

SONNY

Damn if I know. There's only one cop in the whole town. So if he gets two calls at the same time...

SCOTT

Well that might actually-- I'm looking for my wife.

Kelsey snorts angrily.

SCOTT

My ex-wife. And my daughter.

SONNY

Does she live here? What's her name?

SCOTT

Her name's Cassie, she doesn't live here. But she might have been here earlier, with a policeman.

Sonny acts like he's thinking really hard. He puts a finger to his chin.

SONNY

I see. I see. Interesting. When was this?

SCOTT

Three hours ago.

SONNY  
That was before my shift.

SCOTT  
Well could you call whoever was  
working and--

SONNY  
I don't know his number. We're not  
friends. (THEN) He slept with my  
wife.

He smiles at Kelsey and winks.

SONNY  
Ex-wife.

There's an uncomfortable pause.

SCOTT  
But--

SONNY  
I tell you what, if your ex-wife is  
in here, we'll find her. She can't  
have gone far.

SCOTT  
In three hours?

SONNY  
We'll find her.

INT. MCMANSION - CONTINUOUS

The camera sits in the brightly lit McMansion, facing the front window from inside. Cassie's hand, wrapped in a shirt, punches through the window. Glass goes everywhere.

CASSIE (O.S.)  
Hello?

No reply, so Cassie reaches in -- pushing aside the shards still stuck to the frame -- and feels for the catch. She unlocks the window and lifts it open.

A second later, Morgan wedges herself between the plywood and the window. There's not much room for her.

MORGAN  
Ow. Ow. Mom. The nail. Mom!

CASSIE (O.S.)  
Sorry. I can't-- can you fit?

Morgan squeezes into the open window. Between her size, her general lack of coordination, and the plywood pressing on her from outside, it's not a graceful maneuver. She manages to get through, but falls awkwardly, getting her arm out just in time to keep from hitting the ground face first.

She lands on broken glass and gives a yelp, then sits there, looking at a small gash on her hand.

A second later, Cassie -- in a bra, with her shirt still wrapped around her hand -- squeezes into the room. With nobody holding it from outside, the plywood snaps shut behind her.

CASSIE  
Are you okay, baby?

MORGAN  
I cut my hand.

CASSIE  
You're okay.

MORGAN  
It hurts, like, really bad.

Cassie is distracted by the blinding light. We see the room from her POV. The entire house is filled with potted marijuana plants. Bright white hydroponic lights hang from every inch of ceiling. Small paths run between the plants, winding from room to room.

MORGAN  
What is this?

CASSIE  
It's nothing.

MORGAN  
It's weed.

CASSIE  
How do you know that?

MORGAN  
("DUH") Mom.

CASSIE  
Do they even call it "weed" anymore?

MORGAN  
Is anybody in here?

They survey the room for a beat.

CASSIE

Do we want anybody to be in here?

EXT. LAS CASAS DE ORO - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Kelsey and Scott are driving down the deserted streets of the development. Sonny drives 15 feet ahead of them in the security guard's golf cart. He pops pain-killers from the little orange bottle.

Scott yells out the windows at the top of his lungs.

SCOTT

Cassie! Morgan! CASSIE!

His screams echo off the empty houses.

KELSEY

This guy creeps me out.

SCOTT

Everything about this place creeps me out.

KELSEY

He's covered in blood and his pants don't fit.

Sonny turns back to look at them. He smiles too broadly.

SONNY

Keep yelling!

SCOTT

Cassie! Morgan!

One house they drive past does have lights on. A neighbor watches them from the front door.

NEIGHBOR

What's going on?

SONNY

Just get back in your house, sir.

The guy recognizes Sonny.

NEIGHBOR

Sonny?

SONNY

Oh, hey Dave. What's up?

NEIGHBOR

Why are you... are you a security guard?

In their car, Scott and Kelsey share a look.

SONNY

Well, you don't have to judge me, Dave. Times are tough, as I'm sure you know. But you take whatever jobs you can get. A paycheck is a paycheck is a paycheck, am I right?

NEIGHBOR

(AWKWARD) Um, you're right.

Sonny nods.

SONNY

You gotta do what you gotta do to stay alive.

INT. MCMANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cassie pokes around the house, looking for a phone hidden somewhere among the pot. With the tall plants, it's like she's wading through a corn field.

Suddenly, she hears Scott calling out from the street.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Cassie! Morgan! CASSIE!

Morgan's ears perk up as well.

MORGAN

Dad?

CASSIE

Morgan, stay here...

Cassie climbs out the window, pushing aside the plywood.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Scott's car is driving past. Cassie calls after it.

CASSIE

Scott!!!

The car stops suddenly, 20 feet past the house. Cassie takes a step, then notices Sonny in the golf cart, watching her.

CASSIE  
No. (YELLING) Hit him! Hit him! Run  
him over!

In the car, Scott and Kelsey are looking back at her.

SCOTT  
What's she saying?

KELSEY  
Why isn't she wearing a shirt?

Scott puts the car into reverse. Suddenly there's a gun shot. The window explodes and Scott's head jerks back. Blood spurts into the back seat. Kelsey screams.

Sonny is standing in front of the car, holding a smoking handgun. He looks up at Cassie.

CASSIE  
Scott!!

SONNY  
(TO CASSIE) Why aren't you wearing  
a shirt?

Sonny points the gun at her. Inside the car, Kelsey is crumpled on the floor at the foot of the passenger seat. She's sobbing and shaking, looking up at Scott's bloody, lifeless face.

CASSIE  
(TO SONNY) How are you going to get  
away with any of this?

SONNY  
How can it get any worse for me,  
Cassie? I can kill... (THINKING) four  
people and leave behind a witness  
who can positively identify me. Or  
I kill seven people and maybe still  
get to Mexico before the cops put  
out an alert on my license.

CASSIE  
I'll tell them I never--

SONNY  
Eight people. Forgot about your  
daughter. (COUNTS, TO HIMSELF) One,  
two, three... four, five, six... seven,  
yeah, eight.

In the car, Kelsey can hear them talking. Through her tears, she looks over at the gas pedal under Scott's feet.

CASSIE

I didn't do anything to you.

SONNY

You want me to feel bad for you,  
Cassie? Did anyone feel bad for me  
when my life fell apart? The banks?  
The government? Or did I get  
lectures about personal  
responsibility?

Sonny is standing right in front of the car. He's only fifteen feet from the front bumper. Kelsey reaches over and puts her hands on the gas pedal.

SONNY

And, quite frankly, I think you're  
getting exactly what you deserve.  
You and Gary both, you looked  
honest, hardworking people in the  
eyes and you told them this was a  
great investment. Can't miss! You  
told th--

Kelsey pushes down hard. The car jumps backwards. She forgot that Scott had set it into reverse.

SONNY

Jesus.

The car flies backwards, turning sharply with Scott's dead weight slumped against the wheel. It slams into a street lamp, which snaps in half and comes down on the roof, crushing the car.

Sparks go everywhere. The dead lawn of one McMansion catches fire. All the other street lamps go black, plunging the scene into darkness. Cassie quickly pulls back the plywood and climbs into the house.

INT. MCMANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cassie tumbles into the pitch black room. The hydroponic lamps were killed with the rest of the power. A bit of moonlight comes shining down from a skylight in the foyer.

CASSIE

Morgan?

Nothing.

CASSIE  
Morgan?

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Mom?

CASSIE  
where are you?

MORGAN (V.O.)  
Over here.

A light clicks on. Morgan is standing by some plants, holding a flashlight. She shines it underneath her face.

MORGAN  
I found this.

She shines the flashlight on a pair of botanical clippers.

MORGAN  
And these.

EXT. MCMANSION - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sonny walks up to the front of the house. He pries open the plywood over the window like he saw Cassie do. Then he gives it an angry jerk. The wood cracks.

INT. MCMANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny climbs through the window and is confronted by pitch blackness. He takes out his cell-phone and holds it in front of him for light.

Sonny sneers at the marijuana plants, illuminated by the pale glow of the cell-phone.

SONNY  
Fucking criminals.

He raises his gun and looks around, waiting for his eyes to adjust. There's a creak from the other room.

INT. MCMANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Morgan crouch as they cut a path between marijuana plants. Cassie has the flashlight on, but pressed firmly against her palm. The skin of her hand glows red.

She occasionally spreads her fingers a little, letting out just enough light so she can see where she's going.

Behind her, Morgan clutches the pair of clippers tightly.

INT. MCMANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny picks his way through the marijuana jungle, his head on a swivel. He holds the gun with his right hand, the cell phone with his left.

He thinks he hears something off to his right. He whips around in that direction, brushing the top of several plants with the gun.

The marijuana plants flutter in the cell phone light. It might be Cassie and Morgan, or it might just be because he brushed the leaves. The cell phone suddenly goes black.

SONNY

Shit.

He wakes the phone up from sleep mode. He shines it out over the plants again, which are now totally still.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Scott's car sits smoking and crumpled beneath the lamp post. The dead-lawn fire is much bigger now. Several shrubs have gone up in flames, and it's spread to the house as well. A hot wind whips through and the fire surges and jumps to the dead lawn of a neighboring McMansion.

The passenger side door of the car swings open with a loud creak. Kelsey falls out. She stumbles to her feet, woozy. In her hand is the .22 caliber pistol.

INT. MARIJUANA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Morgan crouch amidst the plants. Sonny calls out from the darkness.

SONNY (V.O.)

Cassie! I know you're in here.

Cassie tries to locate Sonny's voice.

SONNY (V.O.)

(SING SONG) Come out, come out,  
where-ever you ar--

Before he can finish, there's the sound of him tripping on a potted plant and tumbling to the ground. His gun smacks loudly against the floor.

SONNY (V.O.)

Godammit.

Through a forest of pot leaves, Cassie can see the light of his cell phone. She gestures to her daughter to head in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kelsey, still unsteady, tries the trunk. It's locked. As the fire burns ferociously behind her, she walks over to the driver's side door. The window is shattered and Scott sits slumped over against the wheel. His head is a bloody mess.

She tries the door. It opens a half inch, but only a half inch. The top is jammed where the weight of the fallen street lamp has crumpled the metal.

Using a small LED light attached to her keychain, Kelsey leans in and sees the trunk release lever on the inside of the door, at the bottom.

KELSEY

Shit.

She has to put her arm down through the open window to try to get at the trunk release. But it's out of reach. So she leans her torso all the way in, her face just inches from the bloody back of Scott's head. She tries not to sob.

In the darkness, her fingers feel for the trunk release. For several agonizing seconds she can't find it. There's a loud crack from the burning house behind her. She jumps. Her face brushes against Scott.

Finally she finds the release, pulls up on it and stumbles back, away from the car. Blood is smeared across her face.

The trunk pops open.

INT. MCMANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cassie makes her way through the plants silently, occasionally letting a little bit of light beam through her fingers. Each time, it illuminates a patch of ground, then she presses the flashligh against her palm again, plunging the scene into darkness. She and Morgan walk forward for ten or fifteen feet before using the light again.

It goes on like this. A brief second of light followed by several seconds of black. Illuminated ground. Darkness. Illuminated ground. Darkness.

The final time she flashes her light at the ground, there are a pair of feet right in front of her.

Cassie gasps and points the light upwards. Sonny stands there, aiming his gun at her forehead. He flicks on his cell phone, casting a blue glow over Cassie and Morgan.

SONNY

Oopsy.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The fire is raging. As the winds continue to blow, several other McMansions are burning.

Kelsey opens the trunk of the car, the gun still in her hand. It's a mess in there. Some old issues of Sports Illustrated. A sweatshirt. A half-full box of Clif bars. But no bullets. She doesn't know where Scott hid them.

She starts frantically digging through the junk.

KELSEY

Where are they?

INT. MCMANSION - CONTINUOUS

Sonny has the gun pointed right at Cassie. He takes a step towards her. She reaches back with one hand, as if to protect her daughter. Behind her back, she makes a little "give it to me" gesture with her fingers. Morgan presses the clippers into her Mom's open palm.

CASSIE

(TO SONNY) Please don't.

Sonny shrugs his shoulders.

SONNY

You gotta be a shark.

His finger tightens on the trigger. Behind her back, Cassie squeezes her hand around the clippers. Morgan whimpers.

An incredibly loud gunshot rings out. Blood sprays from Sonny's neck. He crumples to the ground. Morgan screams. Sonny's cell-phone drops from his hands, shattering on the ground. The scene goes dark.

Cassie spins her flashlight in the direction of the shot. Standing there is a 25 year-old hispanic guy with tattoos on his arms and neck. He's holding a gun.

They stare at each other for a beat.

HISPANIC GUY  
 Silent alarm. In case anybody  
 breaks in and tries to rip us off.

Cassie nods.

HISPANIC GUY  
 You see my face?

Cassie shakes her head "no." The guy nods. There's a long pause.

HISPANIC GUY  
 You want to buy some weed?

Cassie shakes her head, "no."

With that, the guy walks off, disappearing into the pot bushes. Morgan is sobbing. Cassie hugs her.

CASSIE  
 It's okay, baby. It's done. I've  
 got you.

There's the crash of someone climbing in through the window.

KELSEY (O.S.)  
 Morgan?

Cassie spins her flashlight over towards the window. Kelsey points Scott's pistol at her.

CASSIE  
 No, Kelsey, it's me. It's Cassie.  
 It's over. It's over.

Kelsey doesn't drop the gun. She just holds it there, aiming it right at Cassie. Nothing happens for what seems like an eternity.

Then we cut outside to a wide shot of the street. As the fire has jumped from dead lawn to dead lawn, half the houses on the street are engulfed in flames.

The screen goes black.

TITLE CARD: "Six months later"

EXT. HARDING - DAY

The sun beats down mercilessly on the McMansions of Harding.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie is showing an enormous house to a Mexican family. A mom and dad, three little kids, a young baby, and two older women. The dad wears jeans and a battered "Colorado Avalanche 2001 Stanley Cup Champions" tee-shirt.

CASSIE

And this kitchen: you're not going to find a lot of places for rent with this, um, floor plan -- the cook's delight -- and the granite island...

The little kids are running around the island, screaming. The mother yells at them.

MOTHER

Carlito! Callaté!

The children don't stop running.

FATHER

How many bedrooms?

CASSIE

Six to eight, depending on if you want an office or a screening room. How many of you are there?

MOTHER

(AT KIDS) Callaté!

FATHER

We're twelve.

CASSIE

Wow. That's a lot of people.

She smiles.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It should be perfect.

INT. CASSIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Cassie unlocks the front door of a modest apartment. It's nice, but not nearly as big as her old house.

CASSIE

Hi baby.

MORGAN (O.S.)

Hi mom.

Cassie rounds the corner into the living room. Morgan is playing Dance Dance Revolution.

MORGAN  
Want to play?

Cassie smiles at her daughter.

CASSIE  
Sure.

MORGAN  
Cool.

As Cassie takes off her shoes, Morgan restarts the game. She selects Franz Ferdinand's "You Could Have It So Much Better."

Cassie steps onto a pad next to her daughter. It's quiet for a moment, then the song starts.

They dance in perfect unison.

THE END.