

THE BOX

Written by

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EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - NIGHT

The Sullivan's ritzy mansion stands apart from the rest, its white walls illuminated by lamps cutting through the darkness like a beacon.

EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - PORCH - NIGHT

On the broad porch in front of the oak door stand two women: MELINDA (35), sleek and polished, and her new girlfriend AUDREY (40), the epitome of grace under fire. Each clutches a carry-on suitcase, the kind you'd take on a flight. They exchange glances, psyching themselves up.

AUDREY

It's all gonna be peachy,  
sweetheart. Cross my heart.

Audrey plants a quick kiss on Melinda's lips. Melinda smiles. Then, she presses the doorbell.

DING-DONG

A tense pause... and the door swings open.

On the threshold stand the mansion's owners: Melinda's older brother PATRICK SULLIVAN (40), built like a boxer, and his wife, the fiery redhead ANNA (40).

The pause stretches long enough to teeter on awkward, until Patrick's face breaks into a grin, and he spreads his arms in a welcoming gesture.

PATRICK

Sis!

Patrick rushes to Melinda, sweeps her into a bear hug, lifting her off her feet. Melinda yelps in surprise and a bit of fear, but Patrick sets her down gently.

PATRICK

Come on in! Make yourselves at  
home!

The guests step into the foyer...

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

...where everyone halts, caught in another awkward silence.

Melinda looks at her brother with a mix of fear and apprehension.

Audrey eyes the lavish foyer with curiosity.

MELINDA

(to Patrick)

So, uh... This is Audrey, the love of my life.

(to Audrey)

Audrey, this is my brother Patrick, the one I've told you so much about--

PATRICK

(kissing Audrey's hand)

The pain in her life's rear end--

MELINDA (CONT'D)

And this is my sister-in-law Anna. We haven't seen each other... what, eight years?

ANNA

Nearly nine.

(to Audrey)

Nice to meet you.

AUDREY

Likewise.

Patrick gazes at Melinda dreamily, with a faint smile.

PATRICK

Nine years, sis... Nine years. Damn!

MELINDA

I'm sorry.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room's luxury matches the rest of the house. All four are around the table. Empty plates suggest dinner is winding down. Patrick pours the last of the wine into glasses.

PATRICK

(to Audrey)

Stick around with us a bit longer, Audrey, and you'll catch on to just how quirky our family is. Hiding things from each other is pretty much our norm. Dad took off when I was ten, and Mom never really said why. Maybe she told Melinda--

MELINDA

Nope. Never did.

PATRICK

(to Audrey)

See? That's what I'm talking about. Mel never spilled about her boyfriends to me. But I was a real piece of work, always digging up dirt on my own.

(to Melinda)

You hated me for it, I know.

(to Audrey)

Once, after I found out she was seeing our neighbor - and let me tell you, he was a real charmer in the worst way - she told me she dreamed of whacking me over the head with an iron bar.

AUDREY

No way!

PATRICK

Swear to God.

MELINDA

I don't remember saying that...

(pause)

..but I definitely dreamed it.

Everyone laughs.

PATRICK

I'll admit it, I'm no angel myself. I didn't tell anyone about Anna until we got engaged. And guess how she found out...

(points to his sister)

...from Anna's brother, who she ended up marrying! And they kept their relationship a secret from everyone almost until their wedding day!

AUDREY

Oh my God!

PATRICK

Mom was floored. A sister-in-law and a son-in-law from the same set of parents!

ANNA

And she wasn't the only one.

Everyone bursts into laughter again.

MELINDA

(pointing at her brother)  
I still don't get what he does for  
a living or how he afforded this  
palace. Maybe he's into arms  
dealing, who knows... or drugs--

PATRICK

I run a sports nutrition business.  
It's not drugs, I've checked.

ANNA

And here we are, Patrick and I,  
somehow ending up with one nephew  
between us. At least, that's what  
we've been told.

AUDREY

(to Melinda)

You never introduced them to your  
son?

Melinda shrugs noncommittally.

ANNA

And Huey's in on it too! Seems my  
dear brother caught a case of your  
family's wacky ways while he was  
married.

AUDREY

I heard that didn't last long?

MELINDA

Five years. We remained good  
friends.

PATRICK

That's because Huey hasn't caught  
on yet that they've split up.

Everyone except Melinda laughs.

PATRICK

(to Audrey)

Maybe you can fill us in on what  
our nephew's like?

AUDREY

Oh, this is really awkward...

ANNA

Be careful, secrecy's contagious  
around here. Seems like I'm the  
only one immune. How about we crack  
open another bottle?

MELINDA

No, let's not. We've got an early start tomorrow.

ANNA

Patrick can drive you to the airport.

MELINDA

We'll catch an Uber.

(to Patrick)

Stay home, get some sleep. It's your day off.

PATRICK

And I'll decide how to spend it. I can afford to lose some sleep on the weekend for my favorite sister... once a decade.

AUDREY

Thanks again for letting us crash during our layover. Those airport hotels--

ANNA

Don't mention it.

PATRICK

Thank the airline for the 24-hour delay. Otherwise, I'd have missed seeing my sister for another nine--

ANNA

Alright, that's enough. You sound like a broken record.

(to the guests)

You must be worn out. Hit the sack early tonight. Come on, I'll show you to your room.

Everyone gets up from the table and heads towards the exit. Passing by the fireplace, Audrey pauses - her attention is caught by one of the photographs on the stone shelf. The camera pans across the shelf.

Photos in frames: a young Patrick in the boxing ring wearing boxing gloves, several wedding photos, Patrick and Anna smiling with a baby in their arms.

AUDREY

(pointing at the photo)

You have a child?

Anna's face darkens. Patrick gives the photo a weary look.

PATRICK

We did. He's... no longer with us.

Patrick extends his clenched fists forward and squeezes them so tight the knuckles crack. A wild smile spreads across his lips.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm a bad drunk.

Audrey looks in surprise at Melinda, whose eyes are fixed on her brother's fists.

AUDREY

I'm sorry... Mel never told me about this--

PATRICK

(sarcastically)

Imagine that!

ANNA

It's not exactly our favorite tale to share. It's getting late. Let's head on.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the middle of the spacious bedroom stands a king-size bed. The room is lit by the soft glow of a floor lamp. Near the bed, two carry-on suitcases lay open.

Melinda and Audrey change into their nightgowns.

AUDREY

So, keeping secrets and half-truths runs in the family? They had a child... what else haven't you told me?

MELINDA

I spent two years in a mental institution.

AUDREY

(freezes)

You're joking, right?

MELINDA

Sure thing. They had me patched up and out in a year.

AUDREY

Stop it.

MELINDA

Don't mind my brother. He's got a loose tongue, especially when he's had a few.

AUDREY

So, what happened to their child?

MELINDA

He died, okay! A few weeks after he was born.

AUDREY

You're holding back. I can feel it.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - NIGHT

We're in the basement, converted into a gym. It's got everything: machines, a bench press, dumbbells, a treadmill. In the center of the room, a large punching bag.

Patrick, in boxing gloves, is working the bag. He's only wearing shorts, his bare torso glistening with sweat.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melinda and Audrey, now changed into nightgowns, are kneeling on the bed. Audrey's hands rest on Melinda's shoulders, Melinda's hands on Audrey's waist. Both women are visibly tense.

AUDREY

I told you, everything's going to be okay.

MELINDA

It'll be okay once we leave this place.

AUDREY

Oh, come on! He seemed perfectly friendly to me.

MELINDA

You don't know him. He's... volatile. And you never can tell what's going through his head.

AUDREY

That could be said about most men.  
(gently caresses Melinda's cheek)

That's why I prefer women.

MELINDA

When I was ten, I lost his puppy. Forgot to close the door, and the little rascal ran out into the street and never came back.

(MORE)

MELINDA (CONT'D)

When Pat found out, he tied me up,  
hands and feet, and dunked my head  
in the toilet.

AUDREY

(laughs)

He tried to drown you in the  
toilet? Poor thing.

(pause)

You know... it turns me on.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Patrick hits a punching bag rapidly, forcefully, almost  
ferociously, with yells that sound like a dog's bark.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

We find Melinda and Audrey right where we left them, only now  
they're closer together. The women gently kiss, hands roaming  
each other's bodies. Audrey pushes Melinda onto her back and  
climbs on top. She leans down to continue kissing, now lying  
down.

EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - PORCH - NIGHT

The camera approaches the porch, revealing a simple cardboard  
box by the door, big enough to fit a basketball.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The workout is over. Patrick stands in the middle of the  
room, heavily panting as he wipes his sweaty body with a  
towel.

A doorbell rings: DING-DONG

Patrick freezes, listens, then drops the towel.

EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION - PORCH - NIGHT

The door opens, and Patrick steps onto the porch. He notices  
the box. Looks around - no one in sight. He then picks up the  
box and carries it inside.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Patrick places the box on a console table in the foyer. He  
examines it.

It's a simple box, no labels or stickers, with a cardboard lid. Patrick touches the lid with his fingers.

POV FROM INSIDE THE BOX: From darkness, a slit of light forms (Patrick has lifted the lid) and his eyes peer into the box.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streaming through the window illuminates the dark bedroom. In bed, two naked women, Melinda and Audrey, sleep embraced.

Melinda wakes up. She reaches for the glass of water on the nightstand, but it's empty. Then, she carefully extricates herself from Audrey's embrace and gets out of bed. She slips on a nightgown, takes the glass, and leaves the bedroom.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Melinda gropes her way down the dark staircase.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The corridor is lit. Melinda passes through it to the kitchen.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Melinda fills the glass with water from the tap and drinks eagerly. Refilling it again, she leaves the kitchen.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Walking through the corridor, she stops - something catches her attention. It's the box on the console table in the foyer. Melinda looks at the box, then slowly approaches it.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Still holding the glass of water in one hand, Melinda lifts the lid with the other and peers inside the box (we don't see what's inside). Suddenly, reality flips upside down (along with the frame), the glass slips from her hand and seems to fly "upwards," SHATTERING on the floor.

Melinda screams and staggers back from the box, covering her mouth with her hand. For a few seconds, she stands in shock. Then she grabs the box, covers it with the lid, and runs back to the kitchen.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Melinda rushes into the kitchen. She frantically looks for a place to hide the box but then stops.

Through the panoramic window, she sees Patrick walking towards the garage. Catching his gaze, she realizes he has already looked inside the box. Then, she puts the box on the kitchen island, grabs the largest knife from the knife block, and dashes to the staircase.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Melinda runs up the stairs. Her bare feet thud against the steps. She trips, cries out in pain, and falls.

CLOSE-UP: The knife in her hand is inches from Melinda's face.

Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Melinda bites down on the knife's blade and continues to climb the stairs on all fours.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

We don't see Patrick - only his bloodied hands pulling out a "Remington 870" from a metal cabinet. The hands search the shelves. Finally, they find what they're looking for - a box of shotgun shells.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melinda BURSTS into the bedroom and slams the door shut, locking it. She turns on the light.

MELINDA

Wake up! Audrey! Audrey, wake up!

Audrey wakes up, leaps out of bed, and throws on a nightshirt.

AUDREY

(sleepily)

What's wrong? Mel? What's happened?

Melinda, with the knife in hand, paces frantically around the room, completely panicked. Audrey notices the knife, and horror spreads across her face.

AUDREY

Mel! Stop! What happened?

(grabbing Melinda by the shoulders)

Talk to me! What's going on?

MELINDA

Get dressed, we're leaving. Right now!

AUDREY

What--

MELINDA

GET DRESSED! NOW!

The women quickly get dressed: jeans, shirts, sneakers.

MELINDA

(tying her sneakers)  
He's gonna kill me.

AUDREY

Who's going to kill you? What are you--

MELINDA

Patrick. He's going to kill me. Both of us!

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Patrick's hands load the "Remington" - one shell at a time.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melinda and Audrey sit on the bed. Melinda clutches the knife with both hands.

AUDREY

We should call the police. Just dial 911.

MELINDA

No, no police.

AUDREY

What--

MELINDA

They won't stop him. Believe me, I know my brother, it'll just make him angrier. No police.

AUDREY

Then who? Mel? Mel! Who do I call?

MELINDA

Huey. Call Huey, he'll come.

AUDREY

I don't think that's a--

MELINDA

Call him and give me the phone!

Audrey dials Huey's number. While she does this, Melinda points the knife's blade at her heart, placing both hands on the handle as if intending to stab herself.

AUDREY

(screaming)

What are you doing?! Melinda!

Melinda quickly lowers the knife and looks at Audrey, as if snapping out of a trance.

MELINDA

It's okay. Call Huey.

AUDREY

Give me that knife...

MELINDA

Call Huey! Now!

Audrey dials the number and holds the phone to Melinda's ear (both her hands still gripping the knife).

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

We see Patrick, still in shorts and barefoot, clutching a shotgun to his chest. Anna rushes into the garage. Her long red hair is loose, her beautiful face covered in a black cosmetic mask. She runs towards her husband...

ANNA

What? What? What? What? Patrick?  
What?

PATRICK

(shoving her away)  
Get back!

ANNA

Patrick? Patrick! Talk to me, what is it? Did you take your pills today? Patrick!

INT. HUEY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is red-haired HUEY (40), Melinda's ex-husband and Anna's twin brother. Huey's phone starts ringing.

HUEY

Hello.

MELINDA (V.O.)  
Huey?... It's me.  
(pause)  
I need you.

HUEY  
What's going on? Are you in town?

MELINDA (V.O.)  
I'm at Patrick's. Please, come now.  
(crying)  
Please, Huey... Help me.

HUEY  
I'm on my way.

Huey hangs up, slams on the brakes, and yanks the wheel, turning the car around.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Anna blocks Patrick's way again.

ANNA  
Don't do anything stupid! Why do you need a shotgun, Patrick?

Anna grabs her husband by the forearm, but he whirls around and shoves her hard in the chest. Anna falls to the floor, and Patrick aims the shotgun at her.

PATRICK  
Better not get in my way right now.  
I only need my sister.

ANNA  
Why?..  
(looking at the shotgun)  
Please, just leave the shotgun here. We can find her together and talk. Like a family...

PATRICK  
No. Talking time's over.

ANNA  
(crying)  
I'm begging you. Don't make this mistake. If you go through with this, you'll get locked up. You'll rot in jail--

PATRICK  
That won't be your problem. You'll stay here.

ANNA  
Please, Patrick, don't wreck our  
lives... Please!

Patrick raises the shotgun and fires at the garage door  
spring: BANG!

Anna screams in terror, hands clamped over her ears.

The gate crashes down. Dust and splinters fly everywhere.

Patrick exits the garage through the garage door, locking it  
behind him from the inside. Anna rushes to the door, yanking  
the handle, then listens to Patrick's footsteps on the  
stairs.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

A gunshot rings out. Audrey and Melinda, still sitting on the  
bed, jump to their feet simultaneously.

MELINDA  
(terrified)  
He's coming! He's got a gun!

AUDREY  
Crap! Just...calm down...

Melinda rushes to the window and opens it, peering outside.  
Three stories of empty space below.

MELINDA  
FUCK!

Audrey wedges the door shut with a chair back. Melinda  
frantically searches the room, looking under the bed, opening  
drawers. Then the closet. She freezes, staring at something  
inside.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patrick locks the front door and heads to the kitchen.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patrick closes the glass patio door leading to the backyard.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Patrick, shotgun in hand, ascends to the second floor.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melinda stands in the middle of the bedroom, alone. There's a knock at the door.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Melinda, open up!

Patrick furiously jiggles the doorknob outside. Melinda retreats deeper into the room, towards the window. Patrick knocks again.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - LANDING - SIMULTANEOUS

Patrick bangs the butt of his shotgun against the door.

PATRICK  
Open up or I'm gonna blast this  
damn door down!

He steps back and KICKS the door in.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The chair wedging the door flies aside, and the door swings wide open. Patrick BURSTS into the room, shotgun ready. He immediately points it at Melinda, who is near the window. His face twisted in rage.

PATRICK  
You! YOU!

Melinda drops to her knees, hands clasped in prayer.

MELINDA  
Please, let's talk. We're family.  
We can work through this--

INT. SULLIVAN GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Anna tries to lift the garage door, but it's no use.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Patrick advances on Melinda, keeping her in his sights.

PATRICK  
You. Are. Not. Family! Ten years  
without a peep from you. Now I get  
why. How could you, Melinda? I  
thought... they fixed you up.

MELINDA  
They did! I'm off the meds!

PATRICK

I don't buy it! You're nuts... You don't even know how fucked up you really are.

Behind Patrick, the closet door silently opens, and Audrey steps out, a baseball bat in her hands. Stealthily, on tiptoes, she approaches Patrick from behind.

MELINDA

You know, I've always been sick. And you, you never showed me any compassion.

PATRICK

Not true...

MELINDA

You humiliated me! You made me do terrible things.

PATRICK

Liar.

INT. SULLIVAN GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Anna at the blind garage window, crowbar in hand. She smashes the glass, shards fly everywhere. Anna "clears" the window frame of glass pieces with the crowbar.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Audrey, step by step, sneaks up behind Patrick. She raises the bat. It seems Patrick is completely unaware of her.

MELINDA

You broke my arm when I was fifteen! You twisted it behind my back and pressed until the bone cracked--

PATRICK

It was an accident.

MELINDA

You were punishing me for dating Sean Flechly! You broke my arm and called me a little slut! You hated Sean... and you hated Huey!

PATRICK

Liar.

MELINDA

You hated all the men who were near me! Huey felt it... That's why we cut you off--

PATRICK

You cut ties because you're a psycho. Where is he?  
(Melinda doesn't answer.)  
Where is he?!

MELINDA

He's on his way--

PATRICK

(yelling)  
WHERE IS HE?!

Behind Patrick, Audrey accidentally kicks a suitcase by the bed. Patrick turns around... Audrey SLAMS him on the head with the bat.

PATRICK'S POV: A dull thud and ringing in the ears, the floor and ceiling swap places. Patrick falls to the ground, firing off a shot into nowhere: BANG! Melinda screams. The ringing in his ears turns into the chime of bells: ding-dong-ding-dong...

Patrick is dazed but conscious. Melinda leaps over him and dashes out of the room. Audrey raises the bat again and brings it down on Patrick. Strike! Again! And again! Patrick covers up, still clutching the shotgun. Audrey tries to yank the shotgun away, but Patrick holds on tight. Then, Audrey lets go of the shotgun and runs.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Melinda runs down the hallway to the front door. As she passes the console table, she steps on the shards of a broken glass on the floor, crunching under the soles of her sneakers.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Patrick gets to his feet. Blood from a wound on his head streams down his face. He casually wipes it away with his hand and chases after the escapees.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Melinda yanks at the door handle - it's locked. Audrey catches up to her.

MELINDA

It's locked! It won't open...

AUDREY

Fuck...

Audrey also tries the handle, then shoulders the door. Melinda turns around - Patrick is already sprinting down the corridor, aiming his shotgun at her.

Melinda squeals, pressing close to Audrey. The women embrace each other, as if for the last time.

MELINDA

This is it, my love...

Both women press against the door, bracing for the inevitable end.

CLOSE-UP: Patrick's bare feet sprinting over the shards of glass.

Patrick screams in pain, falls to the floor. His feet, studded with pieces of broken glass, bleed profusely. Taking advantage of his confusion, Audrey and Melinda dash back down the hallway towards the kitchen.

INT. HUEY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The car speeds through the city. Huey reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a six-shooter, and tucks it into his belt.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Melinda and Audrey run down the hallway.

MELINDA

The back door in the kitchen!

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The two women burst into the kitchen. Melinda rushes to the glass sliding door, tugs at the handle. Locked.

MELINDA

Shit... Shit... Shit...

(shouts)

It's locked here too!

She turns around... Audrey is standing by the table, looking at a box.

AUDREY

What's this?

MELINDA

No! Don't look...

Melinda takes a few steps towards Audrey, but doesn't make it in time... Audrey looks inside the box.

ОДПМ  
What is this...

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Patrick sits on the floor, painstakingly picking glass shards out of his feet.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Only a few steps separate Audrey and Melinda. Audrey forcibly tears her gaze away from the contents of the box and looks at Melinda, horror on her face.

MELINDA  
Listen... just don't freak out,  
okay? If you just pause for a  
second and hear me out--

AUDREY  
There's nothing to hear. This is...  
This is... unbelievable!

MELINDA  
I don't expect you to understand  
right away. It's too complicated.

AUDREY  
(stepping back from Melinda)  
I don't want to understand  
anything! I'm calling the cops.  
Now.

MELINDA  
Please don't do this...

AUDREY  
(reaching for the phone)  
I'm not getting dragged into this.

MELINDA  
Please, don't leave me alone in  
this... I'm begging you, my love.

AUDREY  
(shaking her head)  
You? I don't even know you. Who the  
hell are you?

MELINDA  
Audrey, it's me--

AUDREY  
I DON'T KNOW YOU! GET THE FUCK AWAY  
FROM ME!

Audrey frantically dials 911. Melinda inches closer to her. Audrey presses the phone to her ear... and at that moment, Melinda POUNCES on her.

A fierce fight breaks out between the women. They scream, grappling and thrashing around the kitchen, turning everything upside down. The fight is dynamic, yet disjointed, bursts of action punctuated by 2-3 second pauses. Movements are precise yet chaotic, sounds sharp and pronounced.

Melinda shoves Audrey, brandishing a knife. Audrey grabs a frying pan and strikes Melinda several times.

MELINDA  
You bitch!

Melinda counters with knife thrusts, the blade and frying pan clash, sparking.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Hearing the sounds of the fight, Patrick frantically picks the glass from his feet.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Audrey swings the frying pan but misses. Melinda's knife slices through Audrey's wrist, and she screams, dropping the pan.

AUDREY  
You cut me, you fucking whore!

MELINDA  
Don't call me a whore...

With her good hand, Audrey grabs an empty wine bottle from the table.

POV MELINDA: Audrey with the bottle, just a foot away. Knife outstretched. Then - CRASH! - the sound of breaking glass... all other sounds are muffled, the horizon tilts into slow motion. Audrey, with the jagged "rose" of the bottle she just smashed over Melinda's head, drifts off to the right, while the floor appears on the left.

Melinda hits the floor. Ringing in her ears... then the chime of bells: ding-dong-ding-dong. A second, another, a third...

With inhuman speed, Melinda leaps to her feet and pounces on Audrey, stabbing her rapidly and forcefully in the chest. Audrey's body jerks like a rag doll.

In a blink, she's motionless on the floor. Audrey's eyes stare blankly at the ceiling. She's dead.

Covered in blood, knife in hand, Melinda stands over the corpse of her ex-girlfriend. She picks up Audrey's phone from the floor, its screen displaying the dialed 911 number.

INT. SULLIVAN GARAGE - NIGHT

Anna is halfway through a narrow garage window. We see her legs dangling from the window.

EXT. SULLIVAN BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Anna squeezes out of the garage through the window.

CLOSE-UP: A small shard of glass in the frame slices into Anna's side.

Anna screams in pain and finally tumbles out onto the ground. She lifts her shirt to see a bleeding cut on her side.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Patrick, limping on both feet, walks down the corridor. His injured feet leave bloody footprints on the floor.

EXT. SULLIVAN BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Clutching the cut on her side, Anna stands up. At that moment, a black tinted SUV pulls into the driveway and screeches to a halt. Huey jumps out of the car. Seeing his wounded sister, he rushes to her.

ANNA  
(surprised)  
Huey? Oh... thank God!

Anna throws her arms around her brother's neck, and he hugs her tightly.

HUEY  
You okay? You're hurt...  
(inspects the wound)  
Is he the one? I'm gonna rip him a new one--

ANNA  
It wasn't him. He locked me in the garage.

HUEY  
He locked you up? What the fuck is going on? Melinda called me--

ANNA

Patrick... he's gone mad again--

HUEY

(speaking over Anna)

--gone mad.

(a beat)

I told you, one day he'd snap, and you'd regret not having him locked up when you had the chance.

ANNA

Something triggered him, I know it. Something set him off--

HUEY

You're not safe with him.

ANNA

It's not me. He's after Melinda. I think... I think he's actually going to kill her.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Melinda feels the gash on her head. Blood runs down her cheek. Staggering, she steps into the middle of the kitchen, grabs a heavy bar stool, and HURLS it at the glass patio door. The stool smashes through, creating a large hole as glass shards crash to the floor.

EXT. SULLIVAN BACKYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

Hearing the sound of breaking glass, Anna and Huey freeze. They listen intently. Huey quickly pulls out a revolver from behind his back. Taking Anna's hand, he rushes towards the mansion.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

With his shotgun at the ready, Patrick enters the kitchen. He stops dead seeing Audrey in a pool of blood on the floor. He lifts the shotgun and sweeps the room with the barrel, then starts to slowly walk around the kitchen, leaving bloody footprints. Melinda is nowhere to be seen. Finally, Patrick notices the broken patio door and realizes Melinda has escaped.

EXT. SULLIVAN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Huey and Anna sneak into the backyard. Through the glass doors, they see Patrick pacing the kitchen with his shotgun. Anna spots the body on the floor, clamps a hand over her mouth to stifle a scream, and points it out to Huey.

ANNA  
(muffled by her hand)  
He did this...

Huey also sees the body. Rage contorts his face. With his revolver ready, he charges towards the door.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Through the broken door, Huey slips into the kitchen. Patrick spots him and aims the shotgun at him. At the same moment, Huey takes aim with his revolver.

PATRICK  
Came yourself... Good.

Huey glances at the dead woman on the floor and realizes it's not Melinda.

HUEY  
Who is she?

Anna sneaks into the kitchen. Noticing Audrey, she shrieks.

ANNA  
Oh my God, oh God, oh God, Patrick,  
what have you done--

PATRICK  
I didn't do anything.  
(points at Huey)  
His ex did the job.

HUEY  
You hurt my sister, you asshole!

ANNA  
I told you, I hurt myself! He  
didn't touch me!

PATRICK  
(smirking)  
Turns out, I haven't hurt anyone...  
yet. Actually, I'm the real victim  
here.

Huey notices the drying blood on Patrick's head, his bloodied feet.

HUEY  
What's going on here?  
(nodding towards Audrey)  
Who is she?

PATRICK  
Your ex's new girlfriend. She  
didn't clue you in?

Huey is silent, but his expression says he didn't know.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Oh, you didn't know? She's into women now. But, well...  
(nods at Audrey's body)  
..doesn't look like it worked out too well, huh? You upset about that?

Huey's face indeed twists with rage.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Well, of course. She knew how you'd react. You wouldn't like it.  
(to Anna)  
He's still in love with her, the poor sap.  
(to Huey)  
You really still love her that much, you went along with this? Whose idea was it?

HUEY  
What the fuck are you talking about?

PATRICK  
I know.

HUEY  
What?

PATRICK  
I know everything. So, before I put you down like a rabid dog, answer me...  
(yelling)  
...WHOSE FUCKING IDEA WAS IT?!

ANNA  
What are you talking about...

Huey's face hardens, and he cocks the hammer with his thumb.

HUEY  
Shoot then! But remember - you won't take me down before I get you first. Sick bastard, you wrecked your sister's life, now you're screwing up mine too.

ANNA  
No, Huey, that's not true!

HUEY (CONT'D)

Not this time. I'm done staying quiet. Life's too damn short to keep making the same mistakes.

PATRICK

(aiming at Huey)

Your life's about to get cut short.

ANNA

Patrick, I can't let you do this...

Anna moves in front of Huey, shielding him with her body.

PATRICK'S POV: the two redheads - brother and sister - merge into one. Now Patrick can't shoot Huey without killing Anna. Huey is still able to shoot.

Patrick, shocked, lowers the shotgun.

PATRICK

What the hell are you doing? You're killing me...

ANNA

I won't let you destroy what's left of our lives. Not mine, not yours.

PATRICK

Our lives are a mess already!

(pause)

Look in the box.

ANNA

What?

PATRICK

Check the box on the counter.

Anna spots the box on the kitchen island close by. Huey looks at it, confused.

HUEY

What's inside it?

PATRICK

A gift. From someone who cares.

(to Anna)

Just look.

Anna, still shielding Huey, reaches for the box, opens the lid, and looks inside.

CLOSE-UP: Anna's face. Tears fill her eyes, her lips quiver.

For several seconds, Anna stares unblinkingly at the contents of the box. Then, the box slips from her hands and CRASHES to the floor. Anna's body is wracked with sobs.

Unsteadily, she steps away from Huey and moves to Patrick, shielding him with her body. She becomes HIS human shield. Patrick raises the shotgun again.

HUEY'S POV: His hand with the revolver flails, trying to find even a small piece of Patrick, but Anna completely covers him.

HUEY

Sis--

ANNA

(to Patrick)

Shoot.

Huey JUMPS aside - just as Patrick FIRES! The bullet hits Huey in the thigh, and as he falls, he fires back. Two shots rock the kitchen in quick succession. Huey collapses next to Audrey's body, screaming in pain. The revolver slips from his hand and rolls under the kitchen cabinet.

HUEY'S POV: Blood spurts from his shot thigh. Anna, slumping in the arms of a yelling Patrick. A red stain spreads across her white shirt. Huey's vision blurs, his eyelids flutter... and he passes out.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - NIGHT

This scene also opens with HUEY'S POV.

HUEY'S POV: From darkness, a slit of light appears (just like the opening box) - Huey is opening his eyes. Something pours over him... it's water.

Wide shot: We're in the gym. Huey lies on a bench in the Smith machine, his arms tightly bound under the bench. A barbell, loaded with two 15-pound plates, pins Huey's chest to the bench. Patrick splashes Huey's face with water from a bottle.

CLOSE-UP: Huey's shot thigh continues to bleed.

PATRICK

(throwing away the bottle)

You killed my wife.

HUEY

No--

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

The kitchen is a total wreck. Glass shards everywhere, overturned utensils, and bloodstains. Two bodies lie on the floor in pools of blood: Audrey and Anna.

CLOSE-UP: Kitchen cabinet. The door slowly opens, and we see Melinda inside. Almost her entire face is covered in blood. She didn't escape through the broken door, knowing Patrick's bullets would catch her, and chose to hide instead.

She crawls out of the cabinet on all fours, her hands slipping into the blood pool on the floor.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: Patrick's bloodied feet.

We see Patrick standing tall over Huey, who lies on the bench, a shotgun in Patrick's hand.

PATRICK

For what you did, I'm gonna kill you. It's just a matter of how fast.

HUEY

(gasping for air)  
She was my sister--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Then I'll find and kill my sister... and your ex-wife.

HUEY

She said "shoot"... Why? What was in that box?

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But first, I need to know - where is he?

HUEY

Screw you...

Patrick adds two more 5-pound plates to the bar. The barbell presses down, crushing Huey's chest, making it harder for him to breathe.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Melinda is on all fours in a pool of blood. She spots Huey's revolver under the cabinet. She stretches her hand out and grabs it.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - NIGHT

Huey, pinned down by the barbell on the bench, is fighting for every shallow breath. Patrick hovers over him.

PATRICK  
Where. Is. He.

HUEY  
(gasping)  
Write down... the address...

PATRICK  
I got it.

HUEY  
F...U...C...K...Y...O...U...Street.

PATRICK  
You're running out of air fast. I  
can press down harder and squeeze  
the rest out. Or you can just let  
it go.

Patrick digs his finger into Huey's thigh wound...

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

A gut-wrenching SCREAM from Huey echoes into the kitchen. Melinda, holding the revolver, by the shattered doorway, pauses. She listens closely.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - GYM - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOSE-UP: Patrick's finger twists inside the wound. Huey lets out a scream.

Huey's breath runs out, and he goes silent.

Patrick pokes in the wound a little longer (Huey bears it without a sound), then pulls out his finger and looks at it.

CLOSE-UP: The tip of Patrick's finger, smeared with blood.

Patrick grabs another 5-pound plate.

PATRICK  
That's the smart move. Sometimes,  
you can't afford the luxury of  
screaming your head off. Like now.  
I've been living with that for  
years. I wanna scream, but I can't.

CLOSE-UP: Huey's hands, tied under the bench. He's struggling, twisting his wrists, trying to loosen the ropes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
But sometimes, maybe it's just  
easier to choke it out. To...  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(rubs his temple)  
...stop hearing that damn ringing,  
stop feeling the pain.  
(adding another weight to  
the bar)  
Just stop breathing.

The barbell digs deeper into Huey's chest. He starts to choke.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
When your face turns blue, I'll  
lift the weight, let you catch a  
breath. Then it goes right back on.

CLOSE-UP: Huey's hands under the bench, the rope loosens slightly.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
It's kinda like being waterboarded.  
You think you're dying, that it's  
all spinning out of control... but  
it's not. You'll die when I decide.  
After you answer my question. So--

MELINDA (O.S.)  
Let him go.

Patrick whirls around. Melinda is a few steps from her brother, her hand shaking as she points Huey's revolver at him.

CLOSE-UP: Huey's hands under the bench, still fighting the rope.

Patrick starts walking slowly towards Melinda.

PATRICK  
(raising the shotgun)  
You gonna kill me? I bet you could.

MELINDA  
Drop the gun!

Patrick stops in his tracks. Then, he lowers the shotgun.

PATRICK  
Go ahead, shoot.

MELINDA  
Let him go and... we'll leave.

PATRICK  
No, it won't be that easy. You  
gotta shoot. Right here...  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 (points to his forehead)  
 Miss this shot, and it's gonna be  
 an old-fashioned shootout.

CLOSE-UP: Huey's hands under the bench. The restraints have loosened and he is about to break free.

Patrick starts walking towards Melinda again, taking small steps.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 So, what was it? A joke? Revenge?  
 Madness? Or something else?

MELINDA  
 (stepping back)  
 Stop! Don't come any closer!

PATRICK  
 (continuing to approach)  
 Tell me! I'm dying to know. WHAT?  
 WAS? IT?!

MELINDA  
 Neither.

PATRICK  
 Then what?

MELINDA  
 (pauses)  
 Rage.

Patrick stops. There's a few feet between him and Melinda.

PATRICK  
 Thank you.

Bells ring: DING-DONG-DING-DONG.

With a war cry, Patrick drops the shotgun and LUNGES at Melinda. He grabs the hand holding the revolver and forces it to the side. A shot fires. A miss. Brother and sister start to grapple.

CLOSE-UP: Huey's hands under the bench. His left wrist breaks free.

Melinda and Patrick growl like wild animals. Patrick is stronger; he knocks Melinda to the floor and pins her down. With one hand, he pins her free hand to the floor, and with the other, he bends her revolver-holding arm towards her head. The revolver's muzzle presses against her temple.

PATRICK  
(screaming)  
Pull the trigger! I want you to do  
it yourself!

MELINDA  
No!

Huey's hands are free, and he grabs the bar. Almost out of strength, he struggles to lift it.

PATRICK  
Pull it! Do it yourself, don't make  
me force you! Pull! Pull! Pull!

POV MELINDA: Patrick's face, terrifying, bloodied, twisted with madness, looms over her, filling her vision.

PATRICK  
Pull! Pull! Pull! Pull!

POV MELINDA: Patrick's face freezes as the IMPACT hits! Blood streams from his forehead, splashing onto Melinda's face.

Patrick's body goes limp, and Melinda shoves him off her. Huey stands over her, a 15-pound weight in hand, which he just used to crack open Patrick's skull.

Patrick's corpse lies on the floor. Brain matter spills out from the shattered skull. Huey drops the weight and helps Melinda to her feet. She's still clutching the revolver.

HUEY  
You okay?

Melinda doesn't respond, staring in horror at her brother's corpse.

HUEY  
Hey, you alright? Did he hurt you?

Melinda continues to gaze at Patrick.

MELINDA  
(awestruck)  
I've seen this in my dreams...

HUEY  
I'm losing blood. Gonna pass out  
soon.

CLOSE-UP: The wound in Huey's thigh continues to bleed.

Finally tearing her eyes away from her dead brother, Melinda notices the blood on Huey's leg.

MELINDA

We need to bandage that. Can you walk?

HUEY

(pointing to the shotgun)  
Hand me that.

Melinda picks up the shotgun from the floor and passes it to Huey. He uses it as a crutch. He places his other hand on Melinda's shoulder. Together, they slowly leave the basement.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Huey and Melinda enter the kitchen, now resembling a slaughterhouse. Huey drags his injured leg. His face is ghostly pale from severe blood loss, and he's on the verge of passing out. Melinda helps Huey sit down at the kitchen island.

MELINDA

Wait here for me. I'll find a tourniquet. Huey? Huey? Can you hear me?

HUEY

Huh? Yeah.

MELINDA

I'm gonna look for something to wrap that wound. Just wait here, okay?

HUEY

Yeah. Thanks.

Melinda (still holding the revolver) heads towards the kitchen exit. She stops suddenly, turns around.

MELINDA

Where is he?

HUEY

(pauses)  
Safe.

Huey's gaze becomes unfocused as he scans the room. His eyes settle on Anna, whom he had killed. Tears well up in his eyes.

HUEY

(to himself)  
Why'd you want me dead? You said "shoot"... What was that all about?

Suddenly, he notices a box lying on the floor, its cardboard sides splattered with blood. Huey frowns at the box.

INT. HUEY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOSE-UP: A child's car seat. A pair of small hands unbuckles the safety belt.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Using the shotgun as support, Huey bends down and picks up the box from the floor. He sets it on the kitchen island.

INT. HUEY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOSE-UP: Child's hands open the car door.

EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION YARD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP: Child's feet jump from the car to the ground.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Huey stares at the box for a few seconds as if sensing trouble. Then, he looks inside all at once.

HUEY  
(shaking his head)  
Oh no... Oh no, no, no...

He starts to laugh loudly, a hysterical laughter that chokes him.

CLICK!

Huey JERKS his head up. Melinda stands in the doorway: tourniquet in one hand, revolver aimed at Huey in the other, tears streaming down her cheeks.

MELINDA  
I'm so sorry.

Huey pushes off the table with his hands (knocking over the box, which falls to the floor again) and tumbles off the chair.

BANG!

The bullet flies high and buries into the wall cabinet full of dishes. Huey's body hits the blood-stained floor, showered with shards from the shattered cabinet.

Clutching the revolver with both hands, Melinda circles the kitchen island for a second shot.

Huey grabs the shotgun and crawls on all fours to the other side of the island, maneuvering around the bodies of Anna and Audrey.

He barely makes it, his leg almost hidden behind the island when Melinda appears. She FIRES again!

BANG!

The bullet hits Huey in the foot. He cries out in pain but scrambles to the other side of the island, flips onto his back, and aims the shotgun in the direction he expects Melinda to come from. But she's not there.

EXT. SULLIVAN MANSION YARD - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOSE-UP: Child's feet sprint across the yard towards the mansion.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Huey looks up... and sees Melinda's reflection in the stainless steel pots hanging above the island - she's climbed over to ambush him from above. Huey points the shotgun upwards, but it's too late... Melinda is already above him, aiming straight at his face.

BANG!

In the last instant, Huey manages to shield his face with his forearm. The bullet pierces his arm and lodges in the bone. At the same moment, Huey fires back.

BANG!

The shotgun blast takes off half of Melinda's face. She falls dead from the island to the floor, her blood spilling everywhere.

EXT. BACKYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOSE-UP: Child's feet scamper across the backyard. In the distance, we see shattered glass doors leading to the kitchen.

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Huey, bleeding badly, drags himself to a tourniquet by the entrance. He grabs it and tries to wrap it around his leg... but he can't finish in time. Blood loss overtakes him, and he passes out.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A small red-haired BOY (4) enters through the broken glass door...

INT. SULLIVAN MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...into the kitchen. The floor is covered in blood, but from this angle, no dead bodies are visible, only the box on the floor. The Boy cautiously steps forward and stops in front of the box. He leans over, peering inside...

The camera moves in from behind the box, about to reveal its contents.

CUT TO BLACK