

Ashford Hollows

Written by

Frank A. Rossi

Email: frank@frankrossi.com

FIRST DRAFT

Registered: WGA WEST #1816058

EXT. RESORT MOUNTAIN TOWN - DAY

SUBTITLE:(SEVERAL HOURS EARLIER)

With the snow plummeting at a blizzard's pace, the isolated ski resort's town roads are entombed in snow, their streets vacuous of life. The top of a 3/4 snow buried sign at the hamlet's entry reads: ASHFORD HOLLOWS POP - 1500.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

To the immediate north of the town rests Mt. Ashford. A plethora of ski trails disfigure its ghost-like face, all signs of human life nonexistent, except for the distant sounds of heavy BREATHING and a fast-paced HEARTBEAT.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

To to the west of the town, its path blanketed by four feet of snow, rests an impassable road leading higher into the mountains. Its sign reads: US 219 SOUTH.

EXT. ABANDONED SKI SLOPE - DAY

Three miles up the impenetrable US 219 SOUTH, sits a small abandoned ski slope, one path cut into its mountain visage.

On the side of the road at the slope's base peers an eerie, 1995 Black Ford 350 15 person conversion van, boasting side window spoilers and running boards. Its side doors are open, blood cascading down the windows. Its four tires are flat.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

50 feet up the slope, smoke billows out a chimney. The cabin is sturdy, its windows fortified with closed wooden shutters.

EXT. SECOND LOG CABIN - DAY

The heavy BREATHING and quickening HEARTBEAT intensify, as we move up the mountain another 100 feet. Remnants of a second log cabin lay partially interred under an avalanche of snow.

INT. WOODS - DAY

To the east of the 2nd cabin a manicured snow path slices its way through the heavy woods, a cacophony of labored BREATHING and a machine-gun fire HEARTBEAT bellowing in the mountains.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

From my vantage point, I remember I could see and hear everything. Rosemarie hastened off the path and went further into the woods.

Stumbling through the densely wooded area is gorgeous and terrified Hispanic-American ROSEMARIE GARCIA, 5'10", (44).

A faux shearling hat covers her bob curl neckline hairstyle. Covering her long frame; a maxi-walker jacket, distressed designer jeans, Javon fur scarf and Aquilitalia winter boots.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

She must have plummeted a 100 feet.

Perspiring with fear, Rosemarie rushes down the mountain, BOUNCING off trees, SLIPPING, FALLING, gazing back in terror at the deafening SOUNDS of a figure giving chase.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And then to my dread it happened.

Abruptly, Rosemarie is intercepted from the front, a BLOW from a large stick COLLIDING with her forehead, sending the former model hard to the ground unconscious.

INT. WOODS TREE - DAY

A makeshift fire CRACKLES in the dusk cold air. A large HUMAN SHADOW hovers over the campfire. A woman can be heard WEEPING in the background.

Affixed to a tree, her hands and feet knotted behind it, stands Rosemarie. Dressed in only a couture half-cup bra and lace thong, the fire prevents her from freezing to death. Rosemarie pleads with the Shadow.

ROSEMARIE

(quivering with fear)

We trusted you...

She stares down at a hefty pile of baseball size rocks adjacent to the fire. The Shadow retrieves one.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

...I have money...

The Shadow winds up, preparing to hurl the projectile.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

(suddenly defiant)

...burn in hell!

Rosemarie raises her head; proud, accepting of her fate.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
I... I, I can't seem to remember
anything after that.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Not even when Officer Smith found
you in the cabin?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(frightened)
No. What's happening to me?!

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Passing by the cabin, its light flashing, a gigantic snow plow truck discards tons of snow, clearing a path up US 219. Behind the truck, its lights blazing, its siren WAILING, is an Ashford Hollows police cruiser. It HALTS at the cabin.

Exiting the vehicle is uniform officer KENNY SMITH, 40's, trustworthy, rural. His weapon drawn, he cautiously approaches the slightly ajar front door.

Officer Smith hears the pleasing sounds of a woman SINGING emanating from inside. His flashlight out, he opens the door further, shining the light inside.

INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The beautiful voice continues, enveloping the darkness.

WOMAN (O.S.)
...I saw the light, I saw the
light, no more darkness...

The beaming flashlight reveals a one room dwelling. It is cimmerian, haunting. The only source of light, the dwindling wood in the handmade stone fireplace, and a candle perched on the oak dining table. The discovery continues.

The room is chaotic, its contents busted up and strewn across the floor. A four course turkey dinner sits atop the table.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...no more night. Now I'm so happy
no sorrow in sight, praise the
Lord, I saw the light. I saw the...

Officer Smith illuminates hundreds of signed head shot photos of beautiful young female models taped to one wall.

On the floor, a plethora of women's high-end panties, personal items and jewelry lay scattered about.

With great trepidation, he slowly shifts his hand lamp to the source of the angelic SINGING.

Cowering in a fetal position, adjacent to the door, a large ax embedded in the floor by her head, is a disheveled REBEKAH ABRAMS, (27). Her face is beaten, bloody. Her stare; catatonic, overwhelming.

REBEKAH

...light, I saw the light, no more
darkness, no more night. Now I'm so
happy, no sorry in sight...

At 5'6", with retro blond wavy hair, she is dressed in a mangled crewneck sweater, leather skinnies draped around her ankles, and black ripped lace panties dropped to her thighs.

Despite her dire appearance, Rebekah still appears sexy, alluring. She continues SINGING, oblivious to the goings on.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

...praise the Lord I saw the light.
I saw the light, I saw the light...

Officer Smith then directs the florescent to his left, toward a large silhouette hanging from a noose on a corner beam.

Lighting up the figure, the dead MAN'S blank stare is haunting. His face is beaten, his body bruised. The massive, whiskered man is dressed in insulated bib overalls draping down to his waist and nothing else.

Logging boots, a lumberjack shirt, and a corduroy winter jacket (circa 1990's), lie on the floor below him.

Rebekah spins toward the horrific site, reacts ghost-like, then begins singing LOUDER, her arms starting to flail.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Get him away from me!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dressed in a hospital gown, her arms continue flailing. Rebekah lunges forward in bed, the panic apparent, the perspiration on her brow heavy.

REBEKAH

(terrorized)
Get him away!!

A glaring ALARM infiltrates the room. Its source, the vitals machine adjacent to her bed. It reads: BP 250/190, Pulse 150.

Hyperventilating from an apparent panic attack, Rebekah flips and turns, revealing her bare back and buttocks, bruises and a bite mark decorating the latter's surface.

A NURSE, 50's, STORMS in, clamps down Rebekah's arms.

A doctor, ROB JACOBS, 40's, handsome, monstrous, also rushes in, placing a paper bag over Rebekah's mouth and nose. She grabs the bag, knows the routine, and begins breathing deep into it. Dr. Jacobs administers a shot into her right arm.

Moments later, the ALARM subsides. Rebekah lowers the bag from her face, that distant stare omnipresent. She retreats to a prone position in her bed.

In the background, the local news runs silent on the wall TV.

Off to the side stands concerned police lieutenant, JACK BURNS (48). At 6' tall, with slick-backed black hair, and a weathered handsome face, Lt. Burns wears a grey tailored wool suit and scarf. In his right hand is an iPad mini.

Dr. Jacobs moves in, crowding him, emphatic.

DR. JACOBS

Any further agitation to the patient ends now, Detective!

LT. BURNS

Fine, Doctor. I'm leaving. She's okay though, right?

DR. JACOBS

No, she's not. Miss Abrams just experienced a full blown panic attack. Fight or flight. We just witnessed the flight.

Lt. Burns glances at Rebekah lying in bed, her eyes closed, the nurse sitting in a chair next to her. He gestures Dr. Jacobs toward the exit, the two moving at a slow crawl.

LT. BURNS

(lowers voice, worried)
What's your take on those injuries?

DR. JACOBS

The majority appear to be defensive. Suggesting a vigorous attempt to fight off her assailant.

LT. BURNS

Did she achieve her objective?

DR. JACOBS

I'll have the rape kit results back
for you first thing in the morning.

Lt. Burns slides on a long Damir Doma black wool jacket,
opens the door, moves to exit.

Abruptly, Rebekah JUMPS from the bed, dislodging the monitor
hookup from her index finger. An ALARM begins sounding, as
she rushes Lt. Burns, her IV drip in tow.

REBEKAH

You can't leave me alone here,
Detective! He's still out there!
(trying to calm down)
Stay a little longer. Please? I'd
like to try again.

Dr. Jacobs eyes the nurse, who quickly escorts Rebekah back
to her bed. The nurse motions to re-affix the monitor,
glances toward the Doctor, who studies Rebekah, then nods no.
The SHRILLING subsides, as the nurse shuts down the monitor.

A firm Dr. Jacobs at the exit with Lt. Burns.

LT. BURNS

I've got nine, possibly ten people,
all slaughtered to death,
butchered. I'm gonna' need a
lot of leeway here, Rob.

DR. JACOBS

I'm still catching grief on that
domestic case I let you interview
in here last month. Fours hours of
questioning, Jack?

LT. BURNS

It was either that, or she goes
back home and maybe he kills her.

DR. JACOBS

Now they're back together and
threatening to sue the hospital.

Dr. Jacobs reflects a moment, glances toward Rebekah. She
eyes him intently, waiting for his response. Dr. Jacobs nods
to the nurse, who then exits. He spins back to Lt. Burns.

DR. JACOBS (CONT'D)
 How you doing, Jack? Still fighting
 off those demons in your closet?

Lt. Burns forces a slight smile, shrugs. Dr. Jacobs eyes him,
 shifts his attention to Rebekah, turns back and sighs.

DR. JACOBS (CONT'D)
 Okay. You can stay. But I'm not
 sure Miss Abrams is going to be
 much more help to you anyway. At
 least not for awhile.

LT. BURNS
 What do you mean?

DR. JACOBS
 She's suffering from Dissociative
 Amnesia. Not uncommon in cases with
 this much trauma. It's the brain's
 way of protecting itself --

LT. BURNS
 I know what it is, Rob.

DR. JACOBS
 Then you also know anything else
 happened up there -- causing her
 that much anxiety -- it's long
 gone, buried in her subconscious.

LT. BURNS
 You saying for good?

DR. JACOBS
 With the brain, it's hard to say.
 Just take it easy with her, okay?

Lt. Burns emits a sincere nod. Dr. Jacobs exits.

The TV VOLUME increases. On it, a local TV REPORTER, female,
 brash, 20's, interviews MAYOR DAVE KENNEDY, rural, confident,
 (50). The Ashford Hollows Inn is buried in snow behind them.

FEMALE REPORTER
 Then you are confirming, Mr. Mayor,
 that the perpetrator of these
 heinous murders is former Ashford
 Hollows serial killer suspect, 42-
 year-old Rick Montgomery?

MAYOR KENNEDY
 We're confident Mr. Montgomery is
 responsible, yes.

(MORE)

MAYOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

And in reference to your comment on what occurred here 25 years ago, Rick was always considered only a person of interest. There was no evidence collected to assert otherwise.

FEMALE REPORTER

Nonetheless, your office does believe subsequent to the murders, Rick hanged himself rather than being taken alive by the local militia.

A sinister picture of Montgomery in hunting gear (circa: 1990's), along with a long rifle and bow pops on screen.

MAYOR KENNEDY (O.S.)

(irritated)

He's our guy, Cindy...

Lt. Burns stares at the picture of Montgomery on the TV.

Rebekah rises from the bed. Drawn to the window, and oblivious to her backside being exposed, she gazes out.

Lt. Burns glances at her thin-framed naked body, then immediately shifts his attention back to the TV interview.

Outside the first floor window, dim lights illuminate the heavy falling snow leading into the nearby woods.

Rebekah stares out, the BLISTERING wind making it nearly impossible to see, as a tall massive FIGURE edges its way out from behind a snow-laden tree.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)

And the sole survivor of this weekend's carnage, Rebekah Abrams --

MAYOR KENNEDY (O.S.)

Resting comfortably at Ashford Hollows Memorial.

Drawing nearer to the window, Rebekah strains to discern who it is. Suddenly the figure is at the window. Dressed only in his bib overalls is RICK MONTGOMERY, (42), 6'4" 250.

He snickers at Rebekah; his face and body bruised, beaten, his neck, a black & blue mark encircling it. He CLAWS at the window, his countenance quickly becoming maniacal.

REBEKAH
 (cowering, bellows out)
 Nooo!!

Lt. Burns sprints toward Rebekah, propelling himself between her and the window, his weapon drawn. He canvasses the outside area, revealing heavy snow and little else.

The nurse enters. Lt. Burns holsters his weapon, then assists a further traumatized Rebekah back into bed. Rebekah retreats under the covers. Lt. Burns motions the all clear sign to the nurse, who hesitates a moment then exits.

Lt. Burns peers out the window, glances down, notices a series of large foot prints leading into the woods.

LT. BURNS
 What did you see out there, Miss
 Abrams?

REBEKAH
 (terrified)
 Montgomery. He was cackling at
 me... clawing at the window.
 (beat)
 The bastard offed himself right,
 Detective? Spared the state of any
 additional expense?

He joins her at the bed, sitting down next to her.

LT. BURNS
 (gentle, authoritative)
 I confirmed the ID myself.

REBEKAH
 I'm not losing my mind, am I?

LT. BURNS
 Those visions you're having, they
 should disappear in a few days.

REBEKAH
 You sound so confident, so
 convinced.

LT. BURNS
 I know it's difficult, but try and
 remember you're safe now.

REBEKAH
 Promise?

LT. BURNS

I promise.

Rebekah grasps his hand tightly, then smiles at the Detective affectionately. Lt. Burns rises from the bed.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

I think we've gone through enough for now. Thank you, Miss Abrams.

He retrieves his jacket, motions to exit, turns.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

Officer Smith will be stationed outside your door throughout the evening should you need anything.

He opens the door.

REBEKAH

(incensed)

You're a liar, Burns!

Lt. Burns twists back, the door closing behind him.

LT. BURNS

Excuse me.

REBEKAH

(defiant)

You're not deaf too, are you?

Rebekah rips out the IV drip, exits the bed, her gown loosely covering her body. The veteran cop is taken aback.

LT. BURNS

(re: IV drip)

What are you doing?

REBEKAH

It's saline... just salt water.

She inches her way toward the Lieutenant.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You told me I was safe. That Monty was deceased.

LT. BURNS

He is.

REBEKAH

Then why the blue blood outside my door?

LT. BURNS
It's just a precaution.

REBEKAH
Oh. Okay, right.

Rebekah assists the Detective with putting on his jacket.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
But you're not convinced he slew
all those people are you?

LT. BURNS
All indications lead in that
direction.

REBEKAH
A direction you're not headed.

Rebekah turns, edges her way back toward the bed. This time
aware, she holds the back of her gown closed. She spins back.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
(teary-eyed, terse)
My friends are frozen solid in some
makeshift barn morgue. I think I
have a right to know who did it.

Lt. Burns hesitates. Finally --

LT. BURNS
Okay, Miss Abrams.

He removes his jacket, approaches.

REBEKAH
Please, call me, Rebekah.

She smiles warmly, reenters the bed. Lt. Burns then pulls up
a chair, sits adjacent to her, his posture firm.

LT. BURNS
Well, Rebekah, the facts are as
follows. Serial killers rarely
commit suicide. The figures on that
are less than 2 percent. And that
includes while in custody. They're
rogues, complete narcissist's --
obsessed and intent on achieving
their 15 minutes of fame they so
desperately crave. And when they
finally are apprehended, boasting
of their conquests almost always
follows suit.

Slightly frightened, more confused, Rebekah is drawn in.

REBEKAH

Okay. If not Montgomery then who?

LT. BURNS

I was hoping you might be able to shed some light on that.

Rebekah struggles through her fear.

REBEKAH

(supportive, sincere)
I'll help you in anyway I can.

LT. BURNS

You sure you're up to it right now?

REBEKAH

I'm the person responsible for all of us being here, Detective.

Lt. Burns begins flipping through his iPad.

LT. BURNS

You mentioned you had just left Josh then went after Rosemarie. Some time past. Then from your vantage point you said you could see and hear Rosemarie, but couldn't make out her assailant from your position.

REBEKAH

All I remember seeing was this enormous shadow. I couldn't say for sure if it was Monty. There were so many trees, and it was snowing so profusely. Then nothing. I'm sorry.

LT. BURNS

Nothing to be sorry for.

Lt. Burns glances at his vibrating jacket pocket. He retrieves an iPhone, checks the text, then continues.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

Why don't we go back and start with the events leading up to your group traveling here to Ashford Hollows.

REBEKAH

Okay. That would have started on Tuesday with the call from Adrian.

Rebekah exits the bed, reaches into her Bottega Veneta luggage, retrieves a jacquard turtleneck sweater.

She slips it on over her hospital gown, then sits on a couch adjacent to Lt. Burns still seated in his chair. She glances at the open space next to her, then forges on.

REBEKAH (O.S) (CONT'D)
I remember it was very frigid that
day. The snowfall was daunting...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

SUBTITLE: (4 DAYS EARLIER)

Thousands of New Yorkers work the daily grind. A steady stream of snow and wind hinders their efforts. A street sign on a frozen corner reads: 5th Avenue & 24th Street. Behind the sign rests a quaint brownstone building; updated, active.

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - DAY

The front door glass reads: 5th AVENUE MODELS (EST. 2005) Two female MODELS; tall, young, attractive, and dressed in winter clothing exit the building, iPad and portfolios in hand.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
... the New Year festivities had
just ended, and we were becoming
quite astir at the office.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE MODELS OFFICE - DAY

The room is open, feng shui, with cheery wood floors, pricey artwork and sculptures flawlessly positioned amidst the office. Two young WOMEN, 20's, hipster dress, and seated behind high-end Chippendale desks, work the phones.

Standing behind a Pergola double desk, engrossed in a speaker phone conversation is Rosemarie. She sports a bob curl hairstyle, black wool blend pants, a peplum top, along with a long wool cardigan sweater.

Behind her is a mammoth cherry wood framed color photo of 7 gorgeous models; 4 women, 3 men, all dressed in formal wear. The caption above them reads: "The Magnificent Seven."

Glaring out the picture window, boasting retro blond wavy hair and Oakley hard-rimmed glasses is Rebekah. She is dressed in black leather skinnies, a draped wrap-hem top, fringe-hem sweater, and black lace up booties.

She shoots a dagger at two stunning female MODELS approaching the building. Their long jackets are high-priced, wintery.

Rebekah returns to her desk; a desktop, iPad, (Elle King's "Ex's and Oh's" PLAYING on it), and several photos of her as a young girl with an older man occupy its surface. A nameplate on her desk reads: PRINT AGENT.

She feigns working, harkening in on Rosemarie's tete-a-tete.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
Rosemarie took that initial call?

REBEKAH (O.S.)
It came from a flamboyant
photographer our agency had worked
with in the past. He needed a
remote location, and I offered my
services. That, plus I knew how
Rosemarie was always looking to
make a quick buck.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
How was your relationship with her?

REBEKAH (O.S.)
The first few years were inspiring.
I moved up the ladder to top print
agent. But that all ended when I
began dating her precious son.

On Rosemarie's desk sits a shrine of framed photos, all of her with a handsome young man dressed in high-end model clothing and military fatigues.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Everything went south after that.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
...Adrian, Adrian, listen to me,
sweetie. Problems we all have.
You're talking about booking the
"Magnificent Seven." I have a
gorgeous home in the Hamptons,
courtesy of their fine attributes;
superficiality and endless vanity.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
(New York City accent)
The apple doesn't fall far from
the tree.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 And this one's ripe to go. Speaking
 of which, you've got my kids on
 hold this weekend. That's 2500 a
 day. Apiece. Flashbulbs or not.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 Fine. I could give two shits about
 that right now, Ro. Remember that
 idea your girl ran by me... about
 using the "Magnificent Seven" --
 maybe six months back?

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 (glares at Rebekah)
 Run it by me again.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 Yeah well, Pergola just approved
 it. The job pays sick money. And,
 it gets me international exposure.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 How sick?

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 24/7 for a week, sick.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 The Doctor's listening.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 Yeah, Doctor, well my ailment is I
 need a fucking ski slope for the
 shoot. And there's nothing
 available in New York State.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 So break into your communion money
 and shoot somewhere else.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 N.G. on that one, girlfriend.
 Something about a 40% New York
 tax credit in the arts.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 What do I look like the H&R block
 friggen' tour guide?

ADRIAN (O.S.)
 Guide me to a location and there's
 an extra 7500 in it for you.

Rosemarie eyes Rebekah, who immediately types into her desktop, "Ski Resorts New York State." The list is extensive.

ADRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Already Googled it, ladies. It's
 the beginning of their money
 season. They just as soon give up
 their first born.

A timid Rebekah interjects.

REBEKAH
 Excuse me, Rosemarie. I think I may
 be able to help assist you here.

ROSEMARIE
 Don't you always.
 (off Rebekah's cower)
 Assist how?

REBEKAH
 With the securing of a location.

ROSEMARIE
 It's the beginning of their fuckin'
 money season, Rebekah.

REBEKAH
 Not everyone's covetous.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
 Have one of your boy toys take you
 down memory lane a minute, Adrian.

She mutes the call, closes in on Rebekah.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)
 You're already one step away from
 that curb. This better be good.

REBEKAH
 (meekly)
 Linda missed those appointments.
 She's drinking again, Rosemarie --

ROSEMARIE
 Fine! Okay, now what's on that sick
 mind of yours?

REBEKAH
 I'm pretty confident I can get us a
 location. The resort's called
 Ashford Hollows. I skied there on
 winter holiday as a teenager.

ROSEMARIE

Winter holiday? Please, Rebekah. Audrey Hepburn you're not. Stick to common, you're much better at it. What about this Ashford Hollows?

REBEKAH

I know this man who owns a small ski slope a few miles west of it. It's been desolate for years. I'm pretty confident we could procure it for a small fee.

ROSEMARIE

How small?

REBEKAH

A few hundred dollars possibly.

ROSEMARIE

He one of your conquests, too?

Rebekah motions to lash out, then sheepishly retreats.

REBEKAH

When I was fifteen on hol -- on vacation there, a blizzard blanketed the mountain. Somehow I got separated from my ski group. By the time, Mr. Montgomery finally found me, I had nearly frozen half to death. He saved my life. We're not particularly close or anything, but he does like to follow me on Instagram and Twitter.

Rosemarie rushes to her phone, engages the speaker button.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)

Adrian, pucker up, sweetie! Time to kiss my Hispanic ass again. I just found you a location.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Don't pull my chain, Ro.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)

Can't pull what you can't see. The place is called Ashford Hollows.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Yeah, it's just south of Buffalo, right? The lady down there giggled in my ear then hung up.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
This location's a few miles just to
the west of it.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
And why aren't they heckling you,
too?

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
Rebekah is tight with the owner.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
Really. Okay, what's the catch?

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
It's one slope. Abandoned. But it's
all ours for the entire weekend.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
(beat)
I love it! IM me the photos!

Rosemarie eyes Rebekah, who shoots her the thumbs up sign
then grins, proud. Rosemarie scowls back at her.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
Aren't you forgetting something?

ADRIAN (O.S.)
Right. I'm bending over. Pulling
down my pants. Okay, go ahead.

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
Stop being a drama queen. The
rental fee's 9500. That's the best
Rebekah could do.

ADRIAN (O.S.)
Done. Get the pics over here, ASAP!

ROSEMARIE (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
Work out the details with Rebekah.

Rebekah takes the call. An excited Rosemarie glances down at
several illuminating lights on her phone.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I should have asked for ten.
(into speaker phone)
5th Avenue Models, Rosemarie
speaking...

Rebekah eyes the elevator. Entering the office is 22-year-old LINDA ANDERSON, blue-collar gorgeous, blue eyes, 5'10", 130.

She removes her two-tone long wool jacket revealing; leather strap around boots, high-wasted black jeans, a draped tie pullover sweater, and cashmere gauge scarf. Her hair style is retro blond, identical to Rebekah's.

Adjacent to her is 23-year-old, 5'9" Hispanic-American slender beauty, DEVIN MORALES. Possessing a curvaceous figure, Devin is dressed in an oversized shearling moto jacket, acid-wash chambray jeans, and a Javon fur scarf.

Brushing snow from her shearling boots, Devin removes her fox fur helmet beanie, revealing an eye-skimming bangs haircut.

The two girls slowly and deliberately pass by Rebekah's desk.

DEVIN

He tied you up then 679'd you.
Might Mike's a freak, girl.

LINDA

Dude gets off on that shit. PTSD
flashback he calls it. Last night I
squirted all over the bed even
before he touched me.

DEVIN

Think I could get some of that?

They halt at Rebekah's desk.

LINDA

You got all that, right?

The girls smirk, then slither toward a cappuccino station in a corner of the room, passing by a perturbed Rosemarie.

Rebekah withdraws to her iPad. A weather forecast is on the screen. She switches programs, then pulls up several haunting photos of the abandoned ski slope. She hesitates a moment, then finally hits send. A quick retort: YOLO PERFECT! ADRIAN!

Raising two clenched fists, Rebekah then switches back to the weather report. Now suddenly nervous, she rises, approaches Rosemarie working the phones. She flashes Adrian's response.

ROSEMARIE

(cocky grin, then into phone)
7500 per model per day, Francois...

Rebekah remains there, stoic, silent. Rosemarie finishes her call, glares at a frazzled Rebekah. Finally --

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)
Jesus, Rebekah, what?!

REBEKAH
The national weather bureau just issued a severe snowstorm warning this weekend for the entire Ashford Hollows area.

ROSEMARIE
One thing's for sure. You're certainly thorough. You didn't spill that to Adrian, did you?
(off Rebekah's nod)
Good. Because Fifth Avenue Models is snagging 50 thou this weekend, and no mother nature, or anybody else is fuckin' that up.

Rebekah returns to her desk. Rosemarie trails behind.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)
And that cat-fighting with Linda and the other models better cease and desist, now! Or you'll be out on your ass. Ex-fuckin' boyfriends we all have. Get over it. And for Christ's sake, eat something, look at you.

Rosemarie exits. Rebekah glances over at Linda and Devin high-fiving each other, beaming.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Lt. Burns and Rebekah are seated at a table. She is nursing a soup, he is on his iPad mini.

LT. BURNS
How did you feel about your ex dating Linda?

REBEKAH
Devastated. She was nothing but a barfly, Detective -- loved shooting heroin, too. Rosemarie refused to see it. She was insistent on keeping her, "Magnificent Seven" together. And as for, Mighty Mike... well, let's just say, when the past calls, be sure and send it to voice mail, because it never has anything new to say.

Abruptly, Rebekah launches her soup off the table.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Linda was a phony! A big phony! But she was a real phony. Because she honestly believed all that phony junk she believed.

Taken aback, Lt. Burns glances at her a moment, then retrieves the empty soup bowl off the floor and continues.

LT. BURNS

(matter-of-factly)

Mr. Garcia was ex-military?

REBEKAH

Two tours in Raqqa. 25 confirmed kills. They discharged him 15 months ago. Said he had psych issues -- but hey, don't we all?

LT. BURNS

He ever get violent while you two were dating?

REBEKAH

(bellowing laugh, then)

That was his MO, Detective. But hey -- "Tis better to love and lost, then to never have loved at all."

LT. BURNS

Tennyson.

REBEKAH

Handsome and well read.

LT. BURNS

My wife. She taught philosophy at the local college.

She glances down at the wedding ring on his finger.

REBEKAH

You two been married long?

LT. BURNS

We were together twenty-five years. She passed three years ago from breast cancer.

(manipulates ring)

I've tried to take it off. Just can't seem to find the strength.

REBEKAH

I'm sorry.

LT. BURNS

(nods, smiles)

Now you're absolutely certain you saw, Mr. Garcia go off that cliff?

REBEKAH

Yes. Most definitely.

(beat, reflects)

It was a little odd though.

LT. BURNS

What was?

REBEKAH

His expression -- before he went off. It seemed like he was hell-bent on pulling a Thelma and Louise.

Playing on the TV in the background is an old movie. An overly excited Rebekah stares at Audrey Hepburn on screen.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Breakfast at Tiffany's. It's my favorite all-time movie. Audrey Hepburn was always so elegant... so proper... dignified. But not in this one. She played a complex escort with a penchant for danger.

Lt. Burns checks his phone, several texts are displayed. He rises from the table, retrieves his jacket.

LT. BURNS

Did you ever inform Adrian of the impending weather conditions?

REBEKAH

The rent in New York City is very expensive. Would you?

LT. BURNS

No. No, I suppose not.

Lt. Burns slides on his jacket, moves to retrieve his iPad.

REBEKAH

We're not going through this again, are we?

LT. BURNS
 Captain's waiting for me back at
 the station.

REBEKAH
 We all met Friday morning at the
 agency...

Lt. Burns types in a quick text on his phone, hits send.

REBEKAH (O.S) (CONT'D)
 ...it was my responsibility to make
 sure everyone came well prepared
 for the weekend.

INT. 5TH AVENUE MODELS OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

SUBTITLE: (1 DAY EARLIER)

MODELS arriving, checking their bags, OTHERS drinking
 cappuccinos by the machine, etc. All are warmly dressed.

At Rosemarie's desk, she and Rebekah review a makeup kit with
 photographer, ADRIAN MANYANI, (35). He is 5'9", high-energy
 and handsome. Adrian speaks with a New York accent.

He is dressed in a Chesterfield coat, corral jeans, a
 jacquard checkered sweater, and Hardkor steel lace up boots.
 He grabs an airbrush, spins toward Rosemarie, animated.

ADRIAN
 I'm thinking dark bronze over the
 girls bodies... eyes, nose and lips
 popping. I see Cabo tans contrasted
 by the pristine white snow. What do
 you think?

ROSEMARIE
 Relax, Adrian. Rebekah and I are
 all over it. How are things going
 with you and the new hubbie?

ADRIAN
 Same old, same old -- temperamental
 as usual. Speaking of which, you
 need to have a little tete-a-tete
 with your black girl.

ROSEMARIE
 It comes with the territory, Honey.
 Janine's 5'11", stunning, and was
 5th in her class last year at Yale.
 (MORE)

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

Both her parents are oncologists,
and she's headed off to Med school
next year. She just doesn't give a
fuck, Adrian. Nor does she need to.

ADRIAN

Well, I do. No silver spoon here.

Exiting the elevator, wearing a high-end ski outfit and tight
legging pants in Devin. A set of skis and poles are in her
right hand. She unzips her jacket, a see through mesh half
shirt accenting her braless perfect body.

Entering behind her is adonis, JOSH DAVID, (25). At 6'2", 180
pounds, Josh appears tired, weathered, with striking brown
eyes and a retro James Dean pompadour hairstyle.

Listening to his iPhone, Josh is wearing a 1950's Paletot
double breasted overcoat, two-tone wool woven flannel, black
wool dress pants and pebbled lace up leather boots.

He removes his jacket, revealing a series of religious tatoos
on both forearms. (Angels, cross, Josh & Tara, HOS 1: 2-3)

Rebekah sees Josh, immediately makes a bee line toward him.
Josh removes his phone buds.

REBEKAH

(giddy, glances at tatoos)
Handsome as ever, Josh. But you do
look a little tired. What are you
listening to?

JOSH

Oh, Damian Rice --

REBEKAH

His "Hallelujah" cover?
(off Josh's nod)
That's a beautiful offertory song.
King David had high favor with God.
(gleans at her impressed)
How is your acting coming along?

JOSH

(pumped fist, excited)
I just signed with Paradigm,
Rebekah. I'm flying out to LA next
week to test for a new Bradley
Cooper movie. It's a Co-star role!

REBEKAH

Good for you, Josh. You deserve it.

JOSH
All glory be to God. Thanks.

Rebekah glances down at the two tattoos on his left forearm. They read: HOS 1: 2-3, and Tara & Josh.

REBEKAH
Your wife okay with you traipsing
off for the weekend with four
scantily clad fornicators?

JOSH
(taken aback, then)
Tara trusts me, Rebekah.

REBEKAH
It's sad you can't do the same.

Humiliated, Josh darts off.

Getting off the elevator are two women. First up is 5'11", 23-year-old, phenomenal looking, African-American JANINE LACEY.

Janine is dressed in a reversible shearling fox-trim coat, microdots turtleneck sweater, fox-fur cashmere scarf, and rabbit fur Rembrandt boots. Her hair is a short pixie cut.

Placing two pieces of luggage by her side is a CABBIE, 50's, ethnic. She hands him a ten, he exits.

Joining Janine is stunning 24-year-old, 5'9" 125 pound, Asian-American DANNI CHANG. Danni wears a cropped cut hairstyle, shearling peplum parka, tribal print leggings with fringe suede boots. Janine struts up to Rebekah.

JANINE
Fetch me a double decaf cappuccino.
You do have almond milk this time?
(off meek nod, spins to Danni)
Would you care for a non aperitif?

DANNI
I'll fetch my own, thank you.

JANINE
Just my order. And for God's sake,
Rebekah, starving oneself is a
precursor to heart disease and
premature death -- ie... Isabella
Caro... Ana Reston... Luisel Ramos?

REBEKAH

(sincere)

I suppose I should be grateful I'm
not a model then.

(to Danni)

Something for you, Danni?

DANNI

No, thank you.

Rebekah turns and exits.

JANINE

Those of us with lower education
are destined to be servants to
those of us who've opted for the
higher ground.

DANNI

I have my MBA and a degree in
forensics from Penn State.

JANINE

Exactly.

Janine approaches Rosemarie and Adrian, feigning kisses on
both sides of their cheeks.

At the cappuccino machine, Rebekah is joined by Danni.

REBEKAH

That Zisha clay tea set was
breathtaking, Danni. Thank you.

Rebekah hugs Danni.

Exiting the elevator, Red Bull in hand, is 24-year-old,
chiseled, 6'1", 185 pound Hispanic-American MICHAEL GARCIA.

He caters to a buzz cut, camo hooded parka, camouflage linen
and silk pants, along with combat boots, military crossbow
sunglasses, and a skull scarf with wool Monster gloves.

Linda rushes him, demanding a big hug and long kiss. Michael
seductively responds.

A despondent Rebekah observes this, approaches Janine, hands
her a cappuccino.

Rosemarie rushes past them, approaches Michael, her arms
extended wide. Michael releases from Linda, accepts a big hug
from an ecstatic Rosemarie.

ROSEMARIE

Look at you, my gorgeous, tall
hunk of a man!

She kisses him firmly on the lips, holding it.

Both Linda and Rebekah cringe.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

Okay, people, our flight leaves in
two hours...

(turns to Rebekah)

Where's Matt?

REBEKAH

I texted him twice last night and
again this morning.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah, dude hooked up with an old
high school flame last night --
said he'd catch up with us at JFK.

Rosemarie crowds Rebekah.

ROSEMARIE

He better be there.

The group enters the elevator.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - EARLY MORNING

Crisp, early morning sun, blue sky conditions. A stretch limo
van rests double-parked on the busy thoroughfare. The DRIVER,
college looking, 20's, along with several other MEN off the
street, cheerfully help the women with their luggage.

Rebekah checks her iPhone, motions Rosemarie to the side.

REBEKAH

The weather in Ashford Hollows is
getting much worse.

ROSEMARIE

It's a ski resort town, Rebekah.
I'm sure they're well equipped.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

You warned Rosemarie twice?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Rebekah turns from the window, approaches Lt. Burns, now standing a few feet from the door.

REBEKAH
Money was her deity...

His cell phone vibrates, he glances down.

LT. BURNS
I really need to go. Officer
Smith's just outside that door
should you need anything.

She nods, grasps his hand. He smiles warmly then exits.

Panic quickly encircles her. Rebekah returns to her bed, retreats underneath the covers.

Moments later, a TAPPING sound can be heard outside the window. Rebekah turns and sees Montgomery, a noose around his neck, standing there, his frown haunting.

REBEKAH
(begins singing)
Just like a blind man I wandered
astray, how straight is the weight
and narrow the way.
(louder, image disappears)
Then like a blind man, God gave
back his sight. Praise the lord I
saw the light...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Rebekah's SINGING sends a chill through Officer Smith perched outside her door. Slow to his feet, he hesitates to enter. Lt. Burns returns, coffee and sandwich in hand.

OFFICER SMITH
She's trolling that same tune
again, Lieutenant.

Lt. Burns breeches the door, both men peeking in. Rebekah is sitting up in bed, staring into the TV, her gaze catatonic, the SINGING, melodic. The door closes.

OFFICER SMITH (CONT'D)
Think maybe we should get the doc?

LT. BURNS

She'll be okay. But medical personnel only, Smitty. And make sure you check all badges.

OFFICER SMITH

Yes, Sir.

Lt. Burns presses his hear against the door, turns, exits.

INT. POLICE STATION WAR ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A photo of famed serial killer, HENRY LEE LUCAS glares at us.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Henry lost that left eye at the tender age of ten, after a beating by his mother. Years later he gathered the courage thrust a knife in her back and rape her dead corpse. Lucas's body count, somewhere around two hundred and fifty.

A series of photos continue to decorate the TV screen; McVeigh, Bundy, Ramirez, Vouernous, and Altimo Sanchez.

PULLING BACK, an old color TV goes WHITE NOISE. Behind the TV on the wall sits a large bulletin board covered with crime scene photos, 3x5 cards with the names of the deceased, along with the signed model photos from inside the cabin.

On a large desk below the board are; jewelry items, panties, hairbrushes, etc.

A hand pushes eject on the VCR machine, retrieves the video. He is CAPTAIN CHARLES HORVATH, (65), seasoned, silver-haired and wearing a comfortable wool suit. He approaches Lt. Burns, who is sitting behind his desk, a glass of bourbon in hand.

A lone wedding photo of Lt. Burns and a beautiful young women dressed in a chignon bun hair style, white dress, and pearl necklace decorates his otherwise empty desk.

Lt. Burns stares at the photo, then downs the bourbon, as Horvath approaches.

CAPTAIN HORVATH

You going easy on that hootch?

Lt. Burns removes a fifth of bourbon from his desk drawer, holds it up proudly. It is 3/4's full.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)
I'm not sure if that's good or bad.

Horvath glances at the wedding photo of Burns and his wife.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)
Look, we all loved Vanessa, Jack.
Maggie and her were best friends
nearly twenty years. Think maybe
it's time you finally let her go?

LT. BURNS
Still need a rain check on that
one, Charlie.

Horvath shifts gears, placing the video cassette with a large
stack of others on the desk.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
Documentaries. How to kill videos.
Plus a cache of; panties, trophy
items, photos -- you name it.

LT. BURNS
Montgomery for this is too perfect.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
(aggravated, relents)
Okay, I'll bite. Who then? And you
better not tell me it's the 5'6"
100 pound girl, because she's the
only one left we have alive.

LT. BURNS
We still haven't located Mr.
Garcia's body yet.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
The state boys will be joining in
the search tomorrow.

LT. BURNS
You fellahs won't find anything.

Horvath slings back.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
We're talking a 100 foot vertical
descent, Lieutenant. Add to that a
mangled snowmobile, and we got an
eyewitness who confirms the leap.

Horvath turns, opens the door, moves to exit.

LT. BURNS

This whole thing, it stinks to high heaven, Charlie. It's too clean.

Horvath freezes at the door. Simmering inside, he spins back, approaches, motions for a drink. Lt. Burns removes a second glass from his desk, pours Horvath a shot. He downs it.

CAPTAIN HORVATH

25 years ago, I was lead detective on the Montgomery family murders up here. Five people -- three of them that bastard's younger siblings -- all hacked to death with an ax.

Horvath picks up a piece of jewelry, then another.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)

I made Rick for the kills right away. But he was 17. And after agreeing to a polygraph, CS jumped in and he lawyered up. His prints were all over the ax, and in the cabin. Claimed he was out hunting. But nobody saw him. A technicality on the search cost me the prints.

LT. BURNS

The ax was his, Charlie. The cabin, too. And you said it yourself. He agreed to a polygraph.

Horvath stops at the crime scene photos, stares through them.

CAPTAIN HORVATH

One time, we were smack in the middle of deer season up here. I come upon an 8-point buck. A dozen arrows in its head and side. Its neck slit clean through. And standing there celebrating over the kill was a smug 15-year-old Rick.

Horvath picks up a pair of black satin panties.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)

Over the years I've cited him numerous times for killing animals out of season, illegal fires, and drinking with minors in his cabin.

(coils back)

Rick's our guy, Jack. He was then, and is now. In both cases he had the means, motive, and opportunity.

LT. BURNS
That motive being?

CAPTAIN HORVATH
Look at the fuckin' wall,
Lieutenant! It's obvious a young
model spurned him at some point.
And when the opportunity presented
itself this weekend to return the
favor, he jumped at it.

LT. BURNS
Then why let the Abrams girl live?

Horvath motions for another shot of Bourbon. Burns concedes.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
A pretty 15-year-old gets lost up
here in the woods, and Prince
Charming swoops in and saves the
day. He takes her back to his cabin
-- and God only knows what happened
then with this guy -- or maybe it
didn't. Maybe then he decides to
track her for a few years -- hoping
all-the-while someday she'd feel
the same way he does toward her.

Horvath downs the bourbon, returns the panties to the table.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)
Then modern technology creeps in.
He gets on Facebook, her Instagram.
And the next thing you know; a few
pics, a note later, and he thinks
she's in love with him, too. And
then when she finally tells the
sick bastard she isn't, and fights
back, that sends him over the edge.

LT. BURNS
Lucas, Sanchez, Bundy... all
wronged by the symbols they killed.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
And with only the two of them left
in the cabin, no way she hangs him
like that. Not at 6'4" and 250.

LT. BURNS
Unless of course there was somebody
else in there.

CAPTAIN HORVATH

Well it wasn't Mr. Garcia, Jack,
because he's deceased somewhere up
on that mountain!

He STORMS out. A sinister pic of Montgomery glares at us.

REBEKAH (O.S)

The conditions were treacherous
when we arrived here on Friday
afternoon. But Rosemarie and Adrian
would insist we forge on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

SUBTITLE: (TWO DAYS EARLIER)

The snowfall is massive, the 2-lane road heading higher into the mountains inundated in heavy powder. An eerie 1990 black Ford 15 passenger conversion van, with running boards, side window spoilers, and luggage on top, crawls up the slope.

With chains affixed to its tires, the van struggles to grip the steep and slippery road, void of all traffic.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

CRACKLING over an outdated cassette player in the console is Johnny Cash's, "I Saw the Light."

Perched behind the wheel, draped in grunge long hair is a bearded Rick Montgomery. A 90's throwback, Rick sports a shearling Russian hat, and a greasy corduroy parka over his insulated bib overalls and snow pants.

The van is cozy, manicured, warm heat flowing out its numerous vents. In the bucket seat next to Rick, in mid-argument, her verteuil jacket unbuttoned, is Rebekah.

In the full seat behind them, loosely wrapped in high-end designer winter gear are; Josh, Rosemarie and Adrian.

JOSH

We've both grown separate and
apart. We need to move on with --

REBEKAH

Our lives? In less than a year --
(snaps fingers)
-- just like that? You better watch
your back, Josh! How was that?

JOSH
Great, Rebekah. Thanks!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Right on fleek, Joshua.

Sitting in the row behind Josh is MATT "SLICK" JOHANNSEN, (23). At 6'1" & 175 pounds, Slick boasts a long bun hair style and blue piercing eyes. He is a rebel, into excess.

He is dressed in a Monster hood top coat, shearling pilot hat and a skull scarf. A banjo sweater, distressed jeans and Army boots complete his apparel. He works his iPad.

SLICK
Gonna' crank that audition next week, bro.

JOSH
Thanks, man.

Rebekah hands Josh several stapled pages. He slides them into a screenplay on his lap. Rebekah glances at a bible under the movie script, frowns.

Adjacent to Slick are Linda and Devin. A tight mid-drift boxy fur sweater accentuates Devin's 34 B chest and stomach.

SLICK
How bout' a Snap Chat of your sweater puppies, chica?

Devin grins, then lifts her sweater. Slick takes a picture of her bare breasts, sends it immediately over social media.

SLICK (CONT'D)
Sex it up girl. Shasam!

DEVIN
Ten seconds of Nirvana for you and your twisted friends. Of course they'll probably screen shot it.

Behind Slick in the final row are; Danni, Michael and Janine. The girls are bundled up comfortably. Michael, his camo hooded parka open, his Green Bunny Psycho Sweater partially hiding a gun in his waist, is amped up on another Red Bull.

MICHAEL
Ain't never been with a doctor type before.

Janine glares at him with disgust, calls out.

JANINE

Linda, your Neanderthal's off its leash again.

Linda throws her hands up in frustration.

JANINE (CONT'D)

(to Michael, smirking)

You relishing the Glucuronolactone?

MICHAEL

What?

JANINE

The main ingredient in your Red Bull. The DOD developed it during the 60's to stimulate the moral of soldiers in the Vietnam theater. It's an hallucinogenic. It induces cerebral hemorrhages, tumors and liver damage. Knock yourself out.

MICHAEL

Don't plan on staying at this hotel much past thirty anyway.

Michael touches her shoulder, downs another bottle. Danni glances out the window. The snow is blinding.

DANNI

It's pretty ominous out there.

JANINE

And this sultana has no intention of departing her chariot -- or whatever this is.

MICHAEL

I think Gris Adams has got things pretty much under control. If not, I'm cool with taking the point.

Michael removes a 9MM Glock gun from his waistband.

JANINE

The ultimate male enhancement. Who would have guessed.

EXT. VAN - DAY

The snowfall has now become grievous, claustrophobic. A sign on the roadside flashes its yellow lights. It reads: ROAD CLOSED TO ALL THRU TRAFFIC WHEN FLASHING.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Adrian glances out the window, views the sign.

ADRIAN

Mr. Montgomery. Do you think we'll
be able to get through?

MONTGOMERY

(annoyed)
We're not thru traffic. I live
here.

ADRIAN

Oookay.

Montgomery shoots an enamored look at Rebekah. Uncomfortable,
she returns a forced smile back.

SLICK

Internet just took a shit on my
iPad.

LINDA

(concerned)
I've got no bars on my phone.

DEVIN

(panic stricken)
We can't text either.

Everybody rushes to their phones. Nothing. Rebekah finishes a
conversation with Montgomery, spins back to Rosemarie.

REBEKAH

Monty thinks it may be best if we
head back to town. Most likely the
power's out, too.

ROSEMARIE

Monty?

ADRIAN

But you guys said the cabin was
equipped with a fireplace, right?

MONTGOMERY

And a cord of fresh cut wood.

ROSEMARIE

(to Adrian)
What about the electricity?

MONTGOMERY

Backup generator's good to go, too.

ADRIAN

Guaranteed heat and electric. With ample falling snow to create plenty of enchantment with... oh, we need to keep going, kids!

ROSEMARIE

I'm responsible here, Adrian.

ADRIAN

Does 10 G's for the rental lessen your responsibility?

She glances out the window, turns back to him, grins. Montgomery takes in the figure, glares at Rebekah.

SLICK

Yo, Adrian, what about our phones, bro?

ADRIAN

For what you kids are hijacking from the client, you can last a few days without your smartphone, Slim.

SLICK

The name's Slick, daisy puller.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The van pulls off the road and into the driveway of a droll, but well-built log cabin.

50 feet in back of it sits a decrepit wooden garage, an old wood chipper by its entrance.

To the right of the garage, an aged and abandoned single ski slope continues several hundred feet up the mountain.

A second log cabin is situated half-way up the slope. To its left, an archaic rope line and pulley serve as the ski lift.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The group exits the van, retrieves their luggage, the snow continuing to fall at a feverish rate.

Michael approaches Montgomery. Rebekah hearkens nearby.

MICHAEL
You're ex-military aren't you? I
can spot it a mile away.

MONTGOMERY
(beat, nods)
Grunt. Two tours. First Gulf war.
Demolition.

MICHAEL
Sergeant. Same stretch. ISIS in
Raqqa. Special Ops.

The two shake hands. Michael gestures up the mountain.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
That cabin up there looks like a
prime locale for an avalanche,
wouldn't you agree?

MONTGOMERY
We're not in Kansas, Sergeant.

Michael grins, meanders back toward the van.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
Great, we got a fuckin' comedian
for a tour guide who's bad with
directions.

He and the group ascend the mountain, their luggage in tow.

Frustrated, Rebekah approaches Montgomery.

REBEKAH
Okay if one of the models stays
warm back in the van awhile?

MONTGOMERY
How long's awhile?

REBEKAH
A half-hour -- 45 minutes maybe.

MONTGOMERY
Rebekah's temperamental.

REBEKAH
You named your van after me?
(off Monty's nervous glance)
I'll take Janine's luggage up to
the cabin then come right back
and get her.

MONTGOMERY
What's up her ass?

REBEKAH
It's their world, Monty. I just
live in it.

MONTGOMERY
(bashful)
I made your favorite. Just like I
promised you I would.

REBEKAH
Let's see how the shoot goes, okay?

Dejected, Montgomery scurries off toward his cabin.

Rebekah retrieves the luggage, then struggles up the mountain. She glances toward Montgomery, who is busy priming, then starting up the backup gas generator. The job complete, Montgomery enters his cabin, SLAMMING the front door shut.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
His idea for the dinner?

REBEKAH (O.S.)
I went along with it on facebook. I
thought it might secure us the
place a little cheaper.

INT. MODEL CABIN - DAY

Menacing one-room dwelling. Several deer, elk and bear heads are mounted on the walls. The fireplace BLAZES, the wood abundant. Two electric heaters offer additional warmth.

The models unpack their belongings, placing them on several military type cots.

An energetic Adrian stands by a table, ogling down at a storyboard of a woman in a black Ethno Soutache Bandeau Bikini and boy shorts. She is lying on a bearskin rug.

Adrian turns to Devin sitting in a collapsible chair. She is dressed in a suspender tanga and bra. Slick stands there, drooling, Rosemarie setting up the makeup a few feet away.

ADRIAN
That's you, darlin'. You and Yogi
outside -- first shot of the day.
Slim, you're in the black tux --

SLICK
The name's Slick, Sam Spade.

ADRIAN
(nods, grabs Rosemarie)
Where's the black girl and Michael?

DANNI
Rebekah was trying to pry Janine
out from the van when we left.

SLICK
And Mighty Mike's most likely
sniffing around there, probing for
a way in.

LINDA
Or canvassing the mountainside for
foodstuffs and imminent threats.

They CHUCKLE. Rosemarie shoots them a choleric look. Slick
then grabs the tux, begins undressing by the fireplace.

ROSEMARIE
Anybody see, Josh?

DEVIN
We're on a frozen mountain, Ro.
He's probably out there staying
warm by a burning bush.

The group lets out a collective LAUGH. Linda interjects.

LINDA
Preacher man ain't that all high
and mighty. That's right. Remember
last year when he disappeared for
two months? Yeah well, he was
drying out -- dragging his tired
ass to meetings on a regular basis.

DANNI
How do you know that?

LINDA
Ain't nothing anonymous about
Alcoholics Anonymous. Everybody
knows everybody.

Exhausted, in disarray, Rebekah enters. Josh is behind her.

ADRIAN
Where's the black girl?

REBEKAH
Staying toasty in the van.

ROSEMARIE
Go back and get the bitch!

Embarrassed, Rebekah sets down a piece of luggage, exits.
Josh motions to follow suit.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)
Where you going?

JOSH
It's pretty bad out there.
(moves toward door, spins)
You don't need to continually
embarrass her like that, Rosemarie.

ROSEMARIE
Lose the attitude okay, Josh. You
already got a wife, remember?

Josh sneers at her then exits.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - DAY

Through the heavy snowfall, Josh eyes Rebekah TUMBLING to the ground a short distance down the mountain. He rushes to her, lifting Rebekah out of the deep snow. Rebekah grabs onto his arm, the two then continuing down the hill.

Up ahead, the van sits, its engine off, its tires flat.

Josh and Rebekah glance at each other with angst. Josh quickly rushes down, converging on the van's two open side doors. Blood splatter drapes their windows. He peeks inside, the van in shambles, Janine's jacket drenched in blood.

Retreating, he steps on an old Ken-Tool tire iron caked in fresh blood. The blood trail endures into the woods.

Rebekah races in. Josh forcibly escorts her from the van.

REBEKAH
If anything's happened to her,
Rosemarie's going to kill me, Josh!

Rebekah notices the trail of blood and then an indentation of a body being dragged into the woods.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 (losing it, then laughing)
 This is a morbid joke, right? Her
 and Monty are just playing me...

JOSH
 Stay here.

REBEKAH
 Where you going?

JOSH
 To find out if you're right.

REBEKAH
 Not without me.

Josh grabs the tire iron. They proceed along the blood trail
 and into the woods just a few feet away.

INT. WOODS - DAY

Up ahead, Josh spots an abominable scene. Her sweater torn,
 her jeans ripped, Janine lies on her back spread eagle.

Josh creeps in. Janine lies there, her limbs secured by cloth
 ligatures affixed to four closely knit trees. Her eyes are
 wide open, blood frozen on her beaten face and head.

Carved inside the ripped sweater on her chest in blood is the
 word, BITCH. Rebekah approaches, emits a shrilling SCREAM,
 the sound echoing up the mountainside.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - SAME TIME

Skiing past the bear skin rug, dressed in a black bikini is
 Devin. Hearing the SHRILLS, she abruptly HALTS. Slick rushes
 to her. Adrian follows. All then scamper into the cabin.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Josh whisks Rebekah out from the woods. Intercepting them at
 the entrance is a battle dressed and disheveled Michael, his
 gun at the ready, his blood pumping.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
 Where did Mr. Garcia come from?

REBEKAH (O.S.)
 I don't know. Suddenly he was just
 there.

Josh begins escorting Rebekah up the mountain. Michael canvases the area, hovering a short distance behind them.

Rebekah glances to her right, spots a worked up Montgomery just inside the treeline dressed in a camouflage hunting outfit. Dried blood is on his lapel, a bow and rifle draped over his right shoulder.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
(points, shouts)
He killed Janine!

Michael instinctively pushes Rebekah and Josh to the ground, drops to one knee, then delivers six rounds in Montgomery's direction, PENETRATING the tree he has DOVE behind dead center to its core. Montgomery retreats into the woods.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
(glares at Michael)
Some expert you are.

MICHAEL
(sinister grin)
I got this. Josh, get her up to the cabin.

Michael skirts off into the woods. Josh then escorts Rebekah up the hill, the snow continuing to blanket the area.

INT. MODEL CABIN - DUSK

Josh and Rebekah stoke the fire. Slick stands watch at the door. Rosemarie, the other models, and Adrian are gathered around the table. Rosemarie snarls at Rebekah and Josh.

ROSEMARIE
You two sent my son after that psycho?

JOSH
No. Your son sent himself after that psycho, Rosemarie.

LINDA
That was more than an hour ago.

Suddenly, the power goes out. All turn to each other.

Slick peeks out the door, spots Montgomery's cabin lights through the snowfall, his chimney still billowing.

SLICK
Dude just cut our power all right.

He shuts the door, joins the group.

SLICK (CONT'D)
But not his.

LINDA
You little bitch!

Linda TACKLES Rebekah hard to the floor. The two begin FIGHTING, Rebekah PUNCHING Linda twice in the face.

LINDA (CONT'D)
If anything happens to Michael,
I'll fuckin' kill you! You and your
creeper mountain man boyfriend!

Josh and Adrian quickly intercede, separating the two. Rosemarie steps in as well.

ROSEMARIE
Knock it off! The both of you!

Suddenly, the MUFFLED sounds of a male voice CALLING out are heard outside the cabin. POUNDING on the door follows. Josh grabs a large steel poker, Slick, a nearby ax.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Open the door you idiots!

All recognize the voice -- SIGHS of relief. Slick opens the door. Michael enters covered in snow.

ROSEMARIE
Thank God you're okay!

Rosemarie rushes in, hugs him. Michael removes his jacket, then moves toward the fire.

MICHAEL
Dorothy cut the power, huh?
It's the right tactical move --
step one out of the manual.

DEVIN
(sarcastic)
You weren't able to hunt him down?

MICHAEL
Somehow he circled back, outflanked me. Then retreated to his bunker. I couldn't draw any closer than fifty meters. Not with that Browning X-Bolt tracking me.

REBEKAH

And this from a man whose whole being centers around sneaking in on women in the middle of the night.

MICHAEL

The alarm went off plenty of times with you girl.

Rebekah retreats toward Josh.

ROSEMARIE

What do you think we should do?

MICHAEL

One of us needs to high-tail it down that mountain and return with the cavalry.

Josh adds more wood to the fire.

JOSH

There's enough wood in here for several days. Why not just anchor down and stay put?

MICHAEL

With the power out, and these conditions, we'll burn through what's in here -- 48 hours tops.

JOSH

I don't see it that way.

Michael approaches, gets in Josh's face. Linda intercedes.

LINDA

Stand down, Mighty Mike. By that time the storm will have lifted, and the reenforcements arrived.

MICHAEL

Provided of course the troops can even get up here.

DEVIN

Mountain rescue does it all the time. It's second nature to them.

MICHAEL

I say we go.

Rebekah reticently chimes in.

REBEKAH

Michael may be right on this one.

(beat, nervous)

I only packed enough food and water
for the day.

(off Rosemarie's glare)

I planned on stocking up in town.

LINDA

I'm sure we can stretch it. Let's
not forget what we all do for a
living.

Rebekah stands there, her anxiety increasing. Rosemarie
senses this, approaches.

ROSEMARIE

Is there something else, Rebekah?

REBEKAH

(hesitates, then)

The storm's not expected to let up
until early next week.

ADRIAN

And how would you know that?

She looks at him sheepishly, then glances back to Rosemarie.

ROSEMARIE

You checked that weather report,
too.

DEVIN

And you didn't tell anybody?

ROSEMARIE

She told me. And what difference
would that have made?

(spins to Adrian)

Would you have cancelled the shoot?

Adrian lowers his head, nods no. Slick retrieves a bottle of
cognac from his bag, and several paper cups.

SLICK

Anybody for a little ass whup?

All partake except Josh and Rebekah. Slick turns to him.

SLICK (CONT'D)

A little snort won't kill you,
will it, Padre?

Josh stares at the bottle, approaches. He glances toward Rebekah, takes the cup, then slowly drinks it down and grins.

JOSH

Follow that up with another.

Rebekah glares at Josh, as Slick happily pours him another.

SLICK

Shasam.

ROSEMARIE

(to Michael)

You really think Montgomery's behind all this?

MICHAEL

I canvassed the mountain, top to bottom. It's just him and us.

JOSH

He had the three of us lined up perfect in his cross-hairs. Why not just take us all out then?

MICHAEL

Gris didn't shoot at us because I shot at him first.

(beat, concerned)

Look, there's something you guys need to know. The dude's ex-military.

DEVIN

So you two have a Kumbayah moment, then shoot him in the fuckin' head.

MICHAEL

While I was out scouting earlier, I breeched his garage. I saw a couple toboggans, an old snowmobile, a backhoe -- then finally paydirt.

Michael steps to the door, opens it slightly, poruses outside, then closes it shut firmly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Gris has a sizeable stash of highly explosive C4 in there. Active detonators and everything.

DEVIN

What's your point, Captain?

Michael jolts forward, stopping inches from Devin's face.

MICHAEL

I hate it when people call me that!
Don't ever call me that again! No
OCS for me. I'm real military.

LINDA

Ease up on that Red Bull, Mikey.

Michael glares at Linda, then turns back to the group.

MICHAEL

The point is, anytime he wants,
Desert Storm could blow this place
up, or trip a small avalanche down
on top of us from above.

SLICK

That imagination of yours is out
there, man. You're one fucked up
mother fucker!

Slick downs a cup of cognac, retreats to a corner of the room, then slithers up to Danni. She withdraws by the fire.

Michael approaches Rebekah.

MICHAEL

Anything you can tell us about this
guy, Rebekah? If so, now would be a
good time.

REBEKAH

I met him when I first traveled
here on vacation as a teenager. One
day it was snowing heavily, and I
lost my way on one of the trails. I
was nearly frozen to death when
Monty found me. He brought me right
to his cabin where I was finally
able to warm up. The conditions up
here were really bad. The road
closed. So he brought me back down
the mountain through a path in the
woods on his snowmobile.

MICHAEL

I saw that path while I was
scouting things out.

ADRIAN

How long ago was that, Rebekah?

REBEKAH

It happened when I was fifteen.

ADRIAN

Any contact between you two since?
(off her nod no)

ROSEMARIE

Then how'd you go and hustle this
place for only 200 dollars?

All glare at Rebekah. Danni's eyes meet hers. It's OK.

REBEKAH

(shamed, relents)
We stayed in touch on Facebook.
That, and he follows me on
Instagram and Twitter.

DEVIN

And I'll bet she led him on. Didn't
you, Rebekah?

LINDA

Probably fucked him too. Or at the
very least she snap chatted him
some of her scrawny nudes.

Rebekah suddenly begins hyperventilating.

REBEKAH

No! No! Oh my God, no! Ooooh, God!

Danni and Josh rush to her.

DANNI

Deep breaths, Rebekah...

Rebekah takes several deep breaths, slowly calms down.

JOSH

You okay? You sure?
(off her nods yes)
What is it? What's wrong?

REBEKAH

Last year a friend of mine sent me
a link on Facebook. It was to a
Buffalo News article.

DEVIN

What did the article say?

REBEKAH
 (struggles, finally)
 25 years ago an entire family was
 killed up here in Ashford Hollows.

ADRIAN
 Whose family?

REBEKAH
 (whispers)
 Monty's. He was the only survivor.

LINDA
 The article mention how he managed
 to pull that off?

REBEKAH
 He came upon the scene after the
 fact. But the authorities didn't
 buy his story.

ADRIAN
 What happened?

REBEKAH
 According to the piece, he was
 always considered the only suspect.
 But the police had no evidence to
 support their theory on how they
 think he did it.

SLICK
 And how was that, Beckster?

REBEKAH
 His parents and three siblings were
 all bludgeoned to death with an ax.

Devin and Linda both spring forward, attack Rebekah. All the
 men immediately intercede, quickly pulling the three apart.

MICHAEL
 Everybody calm the fuck down! Now!
 Look, no way Rebekah makes this guy
 for a serial killer! Even if he
 does fit the profile!

Michael hands Josh the Glock, along with two clips.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 You know how to use this?

Josh instantly reloads a magazine, cocks the gun and grins.

JOSH

No military experience here,
Sergeant. Just a lowly eagle scout.

Michael puts on his gear, approaches Rebekah.

MICHAEL

You think that snowmobile I came
upon still works?

REBEKAH

Monty's real anal about all his
toys.

ROSEMARIE

You're not going back out there?

MICHAEL

We stay here we freeze to death. Or
maybe he picks us off one at a time
-- or maybe all together.

LINDA

What do you plan on doing?

MICHAEL

I'm gonna' high-jack his ride,
punch it hard up behind this cabin,
then hightail it along the path
that continues into the woods. With
darkness brewing, no way Gris takes
me out from that distance. One man
makes that shot, and he's driving.

REBEKAH

Bluff's cliff is behind here.

MICHAEL

Saw it. I'll gun it across the
slope then take a hard right into
the woods when I'm out of view.

(to group)

No worries. I got this. I'll return
with the troops before nightfall.

Michael kisses Rosemarie and Linda goodbye then exits.
Rebekah puts on her jacket and gloves, turns to the group.

REBEKAH

There's a hundred foot drop back
there. If he goes too fast...

Rebekah quickly exits. Josh follows her out.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - DUSK

Rebekah and Josh track Michael making his way through the moderate snowfall. 75 feet down the mountain, Michael reaches the garage, disappears into it.

Rebekah leads Josh behind the model cabin.

EXT. GARAGE - DUSK

Suddenly, an ENGINE is heard. Michael then BOLTS out the garage on the snowmobile. He makes a bee line up the hill, switching gears, his SPEED increasing.

He reaches the model cabin, RACES behind it, passing Rebekah and Josh. Up ahead is the ski slope straightaway leading into the woods. Michael shifts the machine into fourth gear, then fifth, and GUNS it.

With the cliff and a 90 degree turn fast approaching, Michael continues to accelerate. Unable to control his speed, he CLUTCHES the brake hard several times, nothing happens.

Several more attempts to slow down fail, and Michael is forced to negotiate the 90 degree turn at full speed.

Rebekah and Josh watch in disbelief, as Michael throws up his hands, grins, then sails off the cliff into the abyss below.

Seconds later, a fireball engulfs the mountainside.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

No doubt in your mind you saw it
happen that way?

REBEKAH (O.S.)

No doubt.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

Then what happened?

REBEKAH (O.S.)

Cabin fever set in. Josh and I
tried to warn Devin, but...

EXT. MODEL CABIN - NIGHT

Hurrying down the stairs, her skis and poles in tow is Devin. Rebekah and Josh intercept her.

JOSH

Montgomery rigged that snowmobile,
Devin. This whole mountain's most
likely booby trapped.

Devin places on her ski goggles, motions to exit, spins back.

DEVIN

Charleston, South Carolina... Ft.
Hood... Aurora... you know what
they all have in common, Josh?
Nobody fought back. Well, not me.

REBEKAH

How do you plan on going?

DEVIN

(points to path in woods)
I'll use the woods for cover. Make
my way to the road, then ride it
down the 5 miles into town.

REBEKAH

That's suicide. It's too steep.
Your edges won't hold the turns.

DEVIN

Yeah, I'm counting on your
boyfriend seeing it that way, too.
Lucky for me he doesn't know I've
been competing since age five.

JOSH

The cabin's still our best option.

DEVIN

Yeah, until psycho boy decides to
send the mountain down on top of
us. I'm 23 years old, Josh. And my
lingerie line just hit five million
hits on Youtube. Fuck him.

With her skis perched atop her right shoulder, Devin heads
off toward the path in the woods. Rebekah motions to follow.

JOSH

You're not going too.

REBEKAH

I know a shortcut to higher ground.
If things go south, I can see the
road from up there and warn her.

JOSH

He's intent on killing all of us.
You know that.

REBEKAH

Protect the fort, Josh. I got this.

Rebekah hugs him, then heads off higher into the mountains.
She glances back at Montgomery's lit up cabin.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

You think he was in there?

REBEKAH (O.S.)

Looking back, most definitely not.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

Did you see what happened to Devin?

REBEKAH (O.S.)

She reached the road fine. Then --

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD US 219 - NIGHT

Devin affixes her skis, then begins the trek down the steep winding road, glancing back over her shoulder periodically.

Mastering the first two turns, Devin controls her speed perfectly with her blade edges. On the upcoming decline, her path clear, she increases her velocity.

Seconds later, she is HURLED high into the air. Somersaulting 360 degrees, Devin CRASHES to the ground, BOUNCES off the road, then COLLIDES with a tree, knocking her unconscious.

From a clearing on the mountain, a helpless Rebekah looks on in horror. She makes haste toward the scene.

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

Approaching the carnage, Rebekah spots a rope extending across the road. It's affixed to two trees. She then rushes to the crash scene. It is barren.

REBEKAH (O.S.)

But by the time I arrived he must
have had already taken her.

(heads up mountain)

So I headed back toward the cabin.
Then about a half-hour later, all
hell broke loose.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

In a flash, Montgomery's cabin goes dark. With increased cloud cover and falling snow, the ski slope follows suit.

Suddenly, night becomes day, as the antiquated light poles positioned in a straight line up the mountainside light up the terrain like a Christmas tree.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - NIGHT

The models, Rosemarie and Adrian rush onto the porch.

Unexpectedly, the vintage ski lift (pulleys & rope) begins operating, its ARCHAIC SOUNDS unnerving.

At the bottom of the slope, the group spots a blurred image of a FIGURE holding onto the rope as it CREEPS forward.

Moments later, amidst the falling snow, the ski lift QUICKENS its pace, revealing the terrifying image for all to see.

Dressed only in her tanga undergarments and skis, Devin's hands are firmly affixed to the rope, a ski pole embedded straight through her midsection. Carved into her chest in blood is the word, SLUT.

The group emits several desperate SCREAMS, as they observe Devin, her eyes open, attempting to reach out to them.

Seconds later, her efforts cease. The lift SCREECHES to a halt, then escapes back down the mountain, the landscape swiftly going black.

A moment later, Montgomery's cabin lights illuminate.

EXT. MODEL CABIN PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

All are shaken. Bundled up, his adrenaline pumping, Adrian rejoins them, exiting from inside the cabin.

ADRIAN

Josh, Slim, get everybody inside.

SLICK

The name's Slick, Tinker Bell.

Rosemarie hurriedly approaches.

ROSEMARIE

It's five miles to town, Adrian.

ADRIAN

(chuckles)

I know I'm flamboyant, Ro, but I did spend four years in the Army Reserves. Yeah. Me. And half that time was in survival school. I guess it's time for "Don't Ask Don't Tell" to finally pay off.

Slick joins them. He pulls out a knife from his jacket, hands it to Adrian, and smiles. Adrian reciprocates. Then --

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Why do people call you Slick anyway?

SLICK

My mom's tagged me that name when I was ten. Knew I was a chica magnet even back then. My old man hated it though -- and me. Then a year later my mom passed. After that, the little prick beat me every time he heard somebody call me that. But hey, fuck him, right?

ADRIAN

Right. Take care, Slick.

SLICK

Giv'em hell, Adrian.
(fist-bumps, Adrian)
Shasam.

Adrian secures the knife, then exits, crossing over the open terrain toward the woods.

Several feet from the woods, a small EXPLOSION rockets the mountainside. Seconds later, an AVALANCHE of snow gathers momentum, heading as the crow flies toward Adrian.

Adrian fights to outdistance himself from it but cannot, and is partially buried alive, the force CRASHING him into several sizeable trees.

BACK AT THE CABIN -

the group is forced to look on, powerless.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

Were you nearby at this point?

REBEKAH (O.S.)
 Maybe 50 yards. But I didn't see
 anybody.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
 C4 can be detonated remotely.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
 Oh.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
 At least Adrian died quickly.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
 No, Detective. No, he didn't.

INT. MODEL CABIN - NIGHT

Terrified and exhausted, the wood depleting, the group
 huddles around the fireplace. Josh guards the door, loaded
 Glock in hand. Slick, an old ax in his.

SLICK
 I say Josh and me storm the dude's
 crib. Guarantee, Ted Bundy's not
 taking both of us out together.

ROSEMARIE
 Michael couldn't get to him. You
 boys certainly won't.

LINDA
 I say we split up, head off in five
 different directions. He can't
 follow all of us.

ROSEMARIE
 He'd pick us off one at a time.

DANNI
 Rebekah's out there, too.

LINDA
 In that case maybe Josh and Slick
 should go. She's probably humping
 psycho boy's brains out right
 now. It'd serve as a nice
 diversion.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the sound of a motor STARTING reverberates the mountainside. A moment later, the mountain lights reignite, illuminating the entire slope. The group exits the cabin.

REBEKAH (O.S.)

I was about halfway back up the mountain, and then I saw him.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Adjacent to the garage, affixed firmly to a toboggan is a semi-conscious Adrian. Carved in his forehead are the letters, ABOMIN. WHIMPERING, he glances down the mountain. In his direct path, the wood chipper CHURNS at full throttle.

Adrian glances back to a rope securing the toboggan to a tree. A large SHADOW approaches, knife in hand. The Shadow reaches down, severing the rope. This sends a terrified Adrian down the slope toward the wood chipper.

The toboggan gains SPEED, then hits the chipper dead center, sending a HAUNTING sound throughout the canyon. Tiny red fragments BLAST out the chipper's shoot.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - SAME TIME

The group observes the red particles being distributed along the mountainside, then retreats back into the cabin.

INT. MODEL CABIN - NIGHT

Further traumatized, they gather by the fire.

SLICK

Bundy's fuckin' nuts, bro!

Suddenly, the handle to the door begins to turn. Slick raises the ax, Josh cocks the gun.

The door opens. A snow covered FIGURE enters. Slick swings the ax, the figure ducking to the floor, the blade passing over its head and then SLAMMING into DOOR. The figure rises.

SLICK (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Beckster, you crazy droppin' in like that!

Danni assists a frazzled Rebekah with her coat and gloves.

ROSEMARIE

Where the fuck have you been?

LINDA

Roaming the mountainside with impunity, while her boyfriend slaughters us one by one.

REBEKAH

I saw Devin crash about a mile down the road. By the time I got there, he had already taken her.

Rosemarie eyes Slick, then Josh.

ROSEMARIE

Now what?

They both appear perplexed, confused. Danni interjects.

DANNI

We need to stay together, wait him out.

LINDA

Oh, she talks.

DANNI

Serial killers all have M.O.'s, Signatures. This guy's no different. He's organized. He's been planning this for months -- down to ever last detail.

SLICK

We stay tight, Bundy brings down the rest of the mountain on us.

DANNI

He needs to kill us one at a time. It fits his M.O. He gets off on it.

Linda approaches Danni.

LINDA

CSI reruns again, Danni?

DANNI

I did my thesis on serial killers. Also, I'm Asian. It's in our blood, remember?

LINDA

(snickers)

There's one little problem with your theory. None of us knew we were coming up here until last Tuesday. Montgomery included.

DANNI

He had to have had some idea. Known about us before then.

A guilt-ridden Rebekah moves toward the center of the room.

ROSEMARIE

And she just keeps giving, folks. Something you missed, Rebekah?

REBEKAH

(distraught)

Six months ago, after I pitched the idea of shooting you guys on a ski slope to Adrian, I put it on Facebook and Twitter.

ROSEMARIE

And Montgomery follows you, right?

REBEKAH

(nods, then)

Adrian loved my idea. He said he was proud of me.

LINDA

Great. You just killed us all.

Josh interjects.

JOSH

Why target us, Danni?

DANNI

He identifies with models in some way. It could have originated in his childhood. But more often than not there's some type of an adult trigger. A rejection of some kind.

SLICK

Bundy was shaded by a girl in college... embarrassed him right in front of his old lady and friends.

LINDA

That 90's throwback couldn't get pussy in a whorehouse. But let's say you're right, and psycho boy took Rebekah's flirtations with him to heart -- because we all know she can't help herself.

Linda approaches the door, spins back, glares at Rebekah.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Then I'm for sending the bitch down there to occupy his time while we make our getaway. Michael said you were good in bed, girl. Maybe Monty feels the same way after you fuck him too, then changes his mind about things.

Rebekah slides on her jacket. Josh and Danni approach.

JOSH

You don't have to go, Rebekah.

REBEKAH

Yes I do, Josh. I'm the reason for all of us being here, remember?

DANNI

Even if he does identify with you, Becca. He still can't let you live. You're a witness. And his addiction to killing is far more powerful than any sentiment he may have for you or his desire to stop.

All stare at Rosemarie, as Rebekah motions to depart.

ROSEMARIE

She did get the weekend for a steal.

Linda happily swings opens the door. Josh intervenes, SLAMMING it shut. He grabs Rebekah's hand.

JOSH

All of us staying put together sounds like a solid plan to me.

Emotionally moved, Rebekah withdraws back to a cot. Josh BOLTS the door, sits beside it, then closes his eyes.

Slick nudges up to Danni lying on the floor by the fire.

SLICK

Any chance of me Scarlet Bone
Mansoning on that washboard of
yours?

Danni allows Slick to lie next to her. She then places his head on her flat stomach.

Rebekah places a blanket over Josh, rests adjacent to him, then glances down at the two tattoos on his right arm. (Hos 1: 2-3, and Josh & Tara)

REBEKAH

Hosea married the harlot Gomer,
because God told him to. And that
nearly killed him. You don't need
to save her, Josh. Become some
prophet. Just be a man.

Josh opens his eyes, glances at Rebekah, then to the tattoo which reads; Josh & Tara. Linda glares at them in disgust.

LINDA

Looks to me like you got Gomer
sitting right next to you, Josh.
Fuck religion. It's only for
people with no faith in themselves.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Her bags packed nearby, Dr. Jacobs finishes checking Rebekah's blood pressure, heart and lungs. He then places a pen in front of her eyes. She follows it in both directions perfectly. The Doctor smiles at her, nods.

EXT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES INN - MORNING

Sunny clear day. Several STATE TROOPERS coordinate logistics in front of the inn. The streets are still barren, businesses closed for today. Several REPORTERS remain camped nearby.

Captain Horvath enters an Ashford Hollowes police cruiser, then leads a small convoy of police vehicles up US 219.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

What Josh did for you that night,
how did it make you feel?

INT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES INN ROOM - MORNING

Standing in front of a dresser mirror, Rebekah applies her makeup. Her look is fresh, attractive. She is dressed only in a jacquard turtleneck sweater extending to her mid-thigh.

A scruffy Lt. Burns remains back by the slightly ajar door.

REBEKAH

Cherished. Respected. Josh had a special gift, a way of doing that. Could you close the door please?

He obliges her. Rebekah then slides on a pair of high-end satin panties over her thighs, then under her sweater.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful day. I thought perhaps the two of us could dine out this morning?

LT. BURNS

There's a slew of reporters out there --

REBEKAH

So. I've said no faux-pas. I have no secrets.

LT. BURNS

Just the same, I think it best if we wait.

He removes his jacket, then sets his iPad on a small table. Rebekah retrieves her designer jeans off the bed.

REBEKAH

I'm all for us spending quality together. But the people, they will begin to talk.

LT. BURNS

It's okay. Those who gossip never have anything of real value to say.

REBEKAH

Touche'.

Rebekah slides on her jeans, then approaches Lt. Burns. She hands him a necklace, then turns around. He places it around her neck, fastens it.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Since your wife's passing,
 Detective, have there been many
 suitors?

LT. BURNS
 (hesitates, cautious)
 No. None.

REBEKAH
 Oh. Well, I imagine these things
 take time.

Rebekah sits down at the table, picks up the phone.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Could you send up breakfast for
 one, please? Room 212.
 (turns to him)
 Pancakes and sausage okay?
 (off his nod, back into phone)
 That'll be fine.

LT. BURNS
 What about you?

Rebekah hangs up the phone, opens her arms, then cascades
 them down her long thin frame.

REBEKAH
 Thank my mother for that one. You
 look weary. Come sit with me.

Lt. Burns joins her at the table. She gazes out the window.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Jennifer Abrams was a high-fashion
 print and runway model with the
 Ford Modeling Agency. Her starving
 herself started when I was a
 toddler. "I too am a part of all
 that I have met."

LT. BURNS
 You didn't follow her lead?

REBEKAH
 Couldn't. Not at 5'6". But to be
 forthright, I was actually quite
 homely as a teenager.

LT. BURNS
 Who told you that?

REBEKAH

My mother. It's true. My eclectic genetrix used to barricade me in my room before all her weekend house parties. She was fearful her gorgeous "model" friends would judge her harshly after viewing her unsightly daughter. I despised her for that. Still do.

LT. BURNS

Growing up in her house was that difficult for you?

REBEKAH

No one ever lies about being called ugly, Detective.

LT. BURNS

No, I suppose they don't.

Lt. Burns stands, retrieves the iPad, pulls up his notes.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

After you and Josh left Janine, you said you saw Montgomery lurch out from the woods. And then Michael shot at him. Is that right?

REBEKAH

Six times. All misses.

LT. BURNS

Do you remember at all seeing Montgomery after that point?

Rebekah stands, approaches the window, the bright sun illuminating her face. She reflects a moment, spins back.

REBEKAH

No, I don't think I did. Definitely not up through Friday night. Why?

He joins her at the window, hesitates, then --

LT. BURNS

Yesterday morning. Can you remember anything that happened, Rebekah?

Both gaze out at a large snowplow manipulating its way down Main Street, its loud VIBRATION shaking the building.

Rebekah stares into the plow drawing nearer, its bucket filled to the brim. The SOUND intensifies as Rebekah cringes in fear.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
There was a loud rumbling sound...

EXT. MODEL CABIN - MORNING

SUBTITLE: (1 DAY EARLIER)

The SOUND continues, as a sizeable avalanche BARRELS its way down the mountain, heading full bore toward the model cabin.

With a thunderous ROAR, the snow COLLIDES into the cabin, crushing the back wall.

The onslaught of snow continues its assault, finally decreasing to a HALT 5 feet in front of Montgomery's cabin.

INT. MODEL CABIN - MORNING

Chaos among the ranks. The damage from the collapsing wall is intense. Rosemarie and Danni lay atop a table, a plethora of snow encircling them.

Linda is unaffected, raising her head from a sleeping bag on the opposite side of the room.

Josh and Rebekah, their bodies pushed together by the snow, lay pressed against the door. Several bricks cover Josh's right leg. He struggles to free himself, WINCHES in pain.

Rebekah fights her way through the snow, stands. Glancing across the room, she spots Slick lying by the pulverized fireplace, a steel poker embedded in the center of his chest. She turns back to Josh.

JOSH
I think my ankle's broke.

REBEKAH
Just stay put and don't move.

Josh nods. Rebekah rushes to Slick.

SLICK
(grins)
Hooking up with you that one time
was dope, Beckster. A3. Shasam.

Slick closes his eyes, expires. Linda glares at Rebekah.

LINDA
Found the time to fuck him, too.

Linda approaches Josh.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Looks like you're the last man
standing, Joshua. Time to save
what's left of the flock.

Josh grabs a long piece of wood, raises himself, then hobbles toward the door, retrieving his jacket and boots. He tumbles to the ground attempting to put his right boot on. Now eerily calm, Rebekah approaches, sits beside him.

REBEKAH
David sent his greatest general,
his best friend, on a suicide
mission. He did this for the sole
purpose of marrying his widow.

Rebekah grins, forms a triangle with her fingers, places it in front of Josh.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
It's just a little patch of hair,
Josh. But it's more powerful and
addictive than any drug ever
created by mankind. I got this.

Josh reluctantly hands her the Glock. Rebekah grins, kisses him on the forehead, then motions to exit. Danni approaches.

DANNI
You'll have to kill him before he
kills you.

REBEKAH
Right. There may be some things in
the garage you guys can use.

Rebekah hugs Danni then exits.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - MORNING

The snow has picked up, visibility is poor. Rebekah descends the mountain, then carefully approaches Montgomery's cabin.

EXT. MODEL CABIN PORCH - SAME TIME

The group watches Rebekah from just outside their cabin door.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Rebekah reaches the back of Monty's cabin. A trap door rests a few feet in front of her, its path cleared. She reaches down, tugs on the horizontal door. It opens with ease.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The gun drawn, Rebekah feels her way through the darkness. Suddenly, she is STRUCK with an object from behind. Rebekah DROPS to the ground, lies there semi-conscious.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - MORNING

Their anxiety heightened, Josh, Danni, Rosemarie and Linda huddle by the front door. Suddenly, two rifle BLASTS ring out into the snow-filled frigid air. Danni glares at Linda.

DANNI

Asshole.

The group retreats back into the cabin.

INT. MODEL CABIN - MORNING

All are at their wits end. Linda removes her clothing, stripping down to a L'Insoumise Bustier & string thong.

LINDA

Never send a girl to do a woman's job.

She puts her boots and jacket on, then slides a hunting knife in the back of her underwear. She puts on her scarf, hat and gloves. She spins toward Rosemarie.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Eve took Adam down with one lousy apple. I'm pretty sure I can handle this moron.

DANNI

What do you plan on doing?

LINDA

I plan on going down there, seducing the sick bastard, then stabbing him in the fuckin' heart.

DANNI

Sex doesn't motivate this guy.

LINDA

It motivates every guy, Danni. Life gets easier when you learn that.

Linda exits. Danni follows suit.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - MORNING

Danni with Linda, the snow picking up to a blizzard pace.

LINDA

This mission's a solo one, girl.

DANNI

Rebekah said there may be something we could use in the garage.

LINDA

Yeah, okay good. Come in and save the day if we need it.

They begin their decent, clawing their way through the snowstorm. Danni branches off, darts toward the garage.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Linda continues, slowly passing by the ajar cellar trap door of Montgomery's cabin. A chill overtakes her. She dredges on, finally reaching the front of the cabin. There, she sees the chimney billowing out a steady stream of smoke.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

Where were you at this point?

REBEKAH (O.S.)

Lying on the cellar floor.

INT. CELLAR - MORNING

Rebekah lies there, her hands fastened to a wooden pillar.

REBEKAH (O.S.)

I was dazed, confused. I mean I could hear everything, but I couldn't move.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Linda stands 15 feet from the front door; calculating, searching for an approach. Finally --

LINDA
 (cries out)
 Hey, Mr. Big Mountain Man!

Linda unbuttons her jacket, flashes her half-naked 5'10" frame. The snowfall melts on her tanned body. Several moments pass. The slit in the front door finally slides open.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Way to go, Eve.

She closes her jacket, edges her way toward the cabin, then abruptly HALTS, hearing a rifle COCK back.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Okay, fair enough.
 (beat)
 But since we're all destined to meet our maker today, yourself included... what do you say to the two of us tempting fate a bit?

Linda snakes her way forward a few more steps.

EXT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Danni listens in from just outside the garage.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

LINDA
 I'm 22 years old, 5'10" and gorgeous. And I've ridden a hundred men. You wanna' tie me up, Rick? Torture me? Be number 101?

A moment later, the sound of a rifle UNCOCKING reverberates in the air. The cabin door CREAKS open, the inside of the cabin appearing dark and unnerving.

Linda taps the knife in her underwear, gathers herself, then enters the cabin, the door slowly closing behind her.

EXT. GARAGE - MORNING

Danni exits the garage, a large gasoline can in tow. She sets the cannister down, glances at a backhoe machine several feet away, then to the key in the ignition.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Suddenly, loud SCREAMS from inside the cabin cascade throughout the mountainside.

EXT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Danni retreats back into the garage.

INT. MODEL CABIN - SAME TIME

Rosemarie and Josh share a defeated look.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
After hearing Linda's screams, I
got my bearings back, then went to
work on the ligatures.

INT. CABIN CELLAR - MORNING

Rebekah struggles to release herself from the constraints.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
Josh told me later what he saw
Danni do next.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Danni prowls up to the back of the cabin, begins pouring gasoline alongside its base. As she reaches one corner, she is suddenly snapped from Josh's view, disappearing behind the side of the cabin.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
Some time passed. Then when I
finally freed myself, I headed
directly for the woods...

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The blizzard intensifying, Rebekah exits the cellar, runs straight into the woods.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
...then heard a chilling sound.

The SOUND of a motor starting up reverberates high into the mountains.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What I witnessed next made me sick
to my stomach.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Lumbering its way up the mountainside, an unmanned backhoe. Firmly secured to the front plow, her arms extended, her feet spread wide, is a severely beaten and nearly naked Linda, her undergarments torn.

Linda's neck is tightly fastened to the plow, forcing her to stare straight ahead. Carved in blood in her forehead the word, HARLOT.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead 75 feet or so, lurks the 100 foot cliff.

Linda senses this, her terror increasing exponentially.

On the tail section of the backhoe, tied inside the bucket is a peaceful and unconscious Danni. She is fully dressed in her jacket, scarf and hat, all protecting her from the elements.

INT. WOODS - SAME TIME

50 feet away, Rebekah looks on helplessly, her view partially obstructed by the vast amount of trees.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - SAME TIME

Josh and Rosemarie are also forced to look on, unable to intercede, their distance too great.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Linda lets out her final SCREAM, the backhoe then plummeting the 100 feet into the canyon below. Another FIREBALL permeates into the snow-filled sky.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - DAY

Tired and exhausted, Rebekah finally reaches the front steps. A relieved Josh hobbles to greet her.

JOSH
I thought you were...

Rebekah smiles, assists Josh back into the cabin.

INT. MODEL CABIN - DAY

An inquisitive Rosemarie glares at Rebekah.

ROSEMARIE

How'd you manage to get away?

REBEKAH

Well, I got in okay. Then something struck me in the head from behind. When I came to, I was tied to a post. I struggled to free myself then headed into the woods.

ROSEMARIE

(skeptical)

You happen to catch a glimpse of what your boyfriend did to Danni and Linda?

Rebekah lowers her head. Rosemarie grabs her forcibly.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

I think it may be time for the three of us to go down that mountain together. I'm sensing the odds just changed in our favor.

EXT. MODEL CABIN - DAY

Bundled up tightly, the three exit the cabin, Rebekah happily serving as Josh's crutch. She hands him the Glock. Rosemarie spins back toward her.

ROSEMARIE

Which way?

REBEKAH

The path through the woods. It takes half the time, and will be better for Josh.

ROSEMARIE

Same route you and Monty traveled to safety 12 years ago?

JOSH

We take the other way, we're target practice. Glock or not.

Rosemarie grips Josh, then pushes Rebekah in front of them.

ROSEMARIE

You go first. And stay right ahead
of us. Like flies on shit.

Rebekah leads the way. Aiding Josh, Rosemarie glances back at the dismantled cabin, then eyes Montgomery's, the smoke continuing to billow out the chimney.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

As smug as a bug in a rug.

At the woods' edge, Rosemarie stops, latches onto Rebekah.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

Directly in front of us.

Rebekah nods. The three then enter the woods.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of the dense area quickly kick in; (animals, nature, etc). Rebekah cautiously leads them along the man-made path, the trail barely visible in the heavy snow.

Rosemarie TAPS Rebekah's shoulder, then halts with Josh. Her attention shifts behind them.

ROSEMARIE

You hear that?

All hear the CRACKLING sounds of trees being manipulated.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

He's tracking us.

Josh checks his weapon, glances toward Rebekah.

JOSH

We keep moving, right?

REBEKAH

Stay on the path and we'll be fine.

The ghostly SOUNDS draw nearer as Rebekah creeps forward along the trail. Rosemarie clutches Josh, the two staying within a breath of her.

ROSEMARIE

Pick up the pace, Rebekah.

Rebekah spins, glares at Rosemarie.

REBEKAH
Just stay on my ass!

With the SOUNDS intensifying, and their pace only slightly increasing, Rosemarie suddenly panics and rushes forward. This causes Josh to tumble to the ground, then slide off the path and into the heavy brush. Rebekah cries out to him.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
Don't move, Josh!

JOSH
I'm fine.
(slowly hobbles up)
See.

Josh takes one step. His right foot becomes ensnared in a noose. Before he can react, he is dragged along the ground, propelled into the air, then SLAMMED into several wooden spikes protruding from a board sprung up from the ground.

He stands there, impaled, unable to move. Rebekah reaches him, frantic. Josh eyes her, still conscious, but in shock.

REBEKAH
We're going to get you some help,
Josh. It's going to be fine...
(glares at Rosemarie)
I told you to stay on the path!
Monty's got animal traps all over
the fuckin' place!

ROSEMARIE
(grasping situation)
Oh my God. I'm the last one
standing, aren't I?

REBEKAH
No, Rosemarie. I am.

Rosemarie scurries away; STUMBLING, TUMBLING, then FALLING off the path and into the ravine below.

Rebekah turns back to Josh. He smiles at her, takes a last breath, then closes his eyes.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(distressed)
Josh and I were kindred spirits...
soul mates. I loved him, Jack. Okay
if I call you that?

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
That would be fine.

An angered Rebekah kisses Josh on the lips, gathers her things, then moves down the trail.

OFF THE PATH -

and down below, she sees a terrified Rosemarie descending the mountain; FALLING, HITTING trees, all-the-while gazing back.

LT. BURNS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Rosemarie being chased. That's what
you first described remembering in
the hospital.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
That log... it just came out of
nowhere.

Rosemarie is STRUCK in the forehead with a thick piece of wood, sending her CRASHING to the ground.

Rebekah veers off the path and into the thick trees, easing her way down toward Rosemarie.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I tried to get to her, but she had
fallen so far, so fast. Then about
halfway there, I saw and heard what
I told you before.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)
Can you remember anything that
happened after that?

REBEKAH (O.S.)
Yes. I can see it now, Jack. It's
coming back to me. I remember
seeing her by the fire...

INT. WOODS - TREE - DAY

A small makeshift fire CRACKLES in the cold air.

Affixed to a tree, her hands and feet tied behind it stands Rosemarie. Dressed in a couture half-cup bra and lace thong, this time she is bloodied, her face and body beaten almost beyond recognition.

REBEKAH (O.S.)
...but by the time I arrived there,
she was pretty much unrecognizable.

A distraught Rebekah freezes a good distance away.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I didn't dare draw any nearer. I
 remember a sudden rage enveloped
 me. It was time to confront, Monty.
 It was just the two of us now. I
 figured my chances at 50-50.

A determined Rebekah STOMPS through the woods and onto the
 road, beginning her ascent up US 219.

INT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES INN ROOM - DAY

Rebekah is slouched in a chair, drained. Across from her, Lt.
 Burns hits save on his iPad, then views a text on his iPhone.
 It reads: "look out the window." He steps to the window.

Standing outside the inn are dozens of tired police officers.
 Horvath eyes Burns, NO LUCK. He then leads a second caravan
 of new TROOPERS back up the mountain. Burns rejoins Rebekah.

LT. BURNS
 How you holding up?

REBEKAH
 I'm exhausted.

LT. BURNS
 Think we could go a bit longer?

REBEKAH
 Maybe later...

LT. BURNS
 (a sudden unease)
 It's very important, Rebekah.

REBEKAH
 What is, Jack?

Rebekah studies him a moment, then jolts up hurt, angry.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 You're like, Rosemarie... you don't
 believe me do you? You think I
 actually had something to do with
 this, don't you?

LT. BURNS
 Everything you've told me up to
 this point checks out. But I really
 need to know what happened to you
 in that cabin.

Rebekah becomes more agitated, the signs of another panic attack creeping up.

REBEKAH

I'm scared, Jack. Frightened to go back there. Please don't make me?

Lt. Burns approaches, places his hand on her shoulder.

LT. BURNS

Rape kit results came back negative if that helps you.

Rebekah offers a big sigh, then hugs the Detective.

REBEKAH

Thank you.

She releases from him, then slowly eases her way back toward the recliner chair. She retreats in it, stares ahead.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I remember walking. It was a mile back to Monty's cabin, but it felt like it took just a few minutes.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

In the distance, chimney smoke purges its way into the crisp, snow-filled sky.

REBEKAH (O.S.)

The smoke was billowing. I knew right then it was going to be him or me. And I was okay with that.

A resolved Rebekah approaches the cabin. The door swings open, the burning fireplace the only hint of light. Rebekah advances toward the door, readies the Glock, then gingerly places one foot inside.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The room is in shambles. Items strewn everywhere. Suddenly, Rebekah is FLUNG across the cabin. This SMASHES her hard into the wall. A SLAP to the face then drops her to the floor.

A MAN dressed in 90's winter gear and a ski mask hovers over her. Her vision blurred, Rebekah strains to discern the figure now tearing at and removing her jacket and clothes.

The masked figure removes Rebekah's sweater, then begins kissing her chest, while simultaneously tugging at her jeans.

Pinned to the floor, Rebekah lunges forward, KICKING her assailant in the groin. He topples over; Rebekah PUNCHING, SCRATCHING, and finally HITTING him in the chest with a piece of firewood. Infuriated, he TACKLES her to the ground.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

Several hundred feet down the road, a large snow plow RUMBLES forward, its lights flashing, its plow cutting a path up US 219 like butter. Behind the plow crawls a police cruiser, its lights flashing, its siren WAILING.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Now pinned on her stomach, her jeans and high-end panties around her ankles, the attacker begins BEATING then biting Rebekah's buttocks, all-the-while becoming more excited.

The attacker flips Rebekah over, begins unzipping his pants.

Suddenly, both participants HEAR the truck and the police SIREN. Rebekah lets out a series of loud SCREAMS. The masked man positions both his hands securely around her neck.

Rebekah struggles to breath, gasping, bug-eyed. With one last grasp, she pulls at then removes the man's mask. Hovering over her is a demented Michael Garcia. He SLAPS her hard, rendering her nearly unconscious, then begins strangling her.

With the SOUNDS and flashing lights crowding in, Garcia releases her, approaches the door, then swings it open. He sees the snow plow and police cruiser now just inches away. Leaving the door ajar, he returns to Rebekah's lifeless body.

REBEKAH (O.S.)

I felt him hovering over me. I
didn't dare open my eyes but for a
brief peek to my horror.

Standing over her, ax now in hand is Garcia. He raises it high into the air, then with great force sends it CRASHING down into the floor just beside Rebekah's head. He quickly gathers his things and exits through the cellar trap door.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Then I heard him escape, opened my
eyes and saw Monty...

With the extra light penetrating from the ajar door, Rebekah sits up, scans the room and notices Montgomery, half-dressed and beaten, hanging from the noose off a corner beam.

His body swings toward her, his blank stare penetrating her soul. A horrified Rebekah lets out a chilling SHRIEK.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...then everything went blank.

EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME

The snow plow passes. The police cruiser then stops in front of the cabin's open door. Officer Smith exits the vehicle. His gun drawn, he silently maneuvers onto the front porch.

Inches from the door, Officer Smith stops, hears SINGING coming from inside the cabin. He removes his flashlight, shines it into the half-darkened cabin and enters.

INT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES INN ROOM - DAY

Rebekah sits up in the recliner; now purged, relieved.

REBEKAH
Why couldn't I remember any of that until now?

LT. BURNS
The killings. Your assault. Seeing Monty like that. It overwhelmed your brain, sending it into a protective mode. The rape kit results were most likely a trigger, a way of telling your brain it was now finally okay to go back there.

Rebekah begins to hyperventilate. She jumps up, paces the room, her panic exacerbating.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)
What is it, Rebekah?

REBEKAH
Michael. He's still out there. He'll be coming for me.

LT. BURNS
I doubt Mr. Garcia is anywhere near Ashford Hollowes at this point. Not with his pedigree.
(MORE)

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

Regardless, I've ordered around-the-clock police protection for you during your stay here in Ashford Hollows.

REBEKAH

And what about when my stay ends?

LT. BURNS

I've reached out to the FBI and my NYPD contacts in the city. As soon as he surfaces we'll pick him up.

Lt. Burns checks a text, retrieves his jacket.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

Our guys need me at the crime scenes.

Rebekah approaches him.

REBEKAH

Thank you, Jack. For everything.

She reaches in, kisses him on the lips, at first slight, then sensually. Burns graciously pulls back, slightly concerned.

LT. BURNS

I think it may be best if you head back to the city as soon as possible.

REBEKAH

Why? You said yourself I'm not in any danger.

LT. BURNS

Officer Smith will take you the airport whenever you're ready.

REBEKAH

(abruptly lashes out)
Well, I'm not ready! And you're not ready for me to go. I've seen the way you look at me. "Who are wise in love, love most, and say least."

LT. BURNS

(beat, placates her)
Perhaps had we met at another time.

Lt. Burns opens the door. Standing outside is Officer Smith. Rebekah approaches the Detective. He takes out a business card, hands it to her.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

My cell's on there. You can leave a message anytime.

REBEKAH

And that's it? Your business card. Leave a message. You put me through hell, make me bare my soul, then discard me to the curb with the rest of the trash.

LT. BURNS

Nine souls up there went through a little more hell than you did, Rebekah.

He exits.

INSIDE THE HALLWAY -

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)

Drive her to the airport whenever she's ready, Smitty.

Officer Smith nods. Lt. Burns then exits the building.

EXT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES INN - LATE AFTERNOON

He hustles down the stairs, enters a police cruiser, then SPEEDS off heading up US 219.

EXT. SKI SLOPE - LATE AFTERNOON

CSI INVESTIGATORS and STATE TROOPERS comb the mountainside. Yellow crime scene tape surrounds Montgomery's cabin, the garage and the destroyed model cabin on the hill.

EXT. GULLY - LATE AFTERNOON

Additional OFFICERS make their way through the deep snow, pressing sticks and shovels into the ground.

At the search's center, additional tape blocks off a large square section of ground. Inside the section boasts a large bludgeoned tree, its bark singed. In front of the tree rests a mangled snowmobile. Behind the snowmobile lies a long stretch of loosely coiled rope.

Approaching the scene are Horvath and Burns.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
 ...that's one rendition of the
 story, Jack, hers.

They stop at the snowmobile. Lt. Burns begins examining it.

LT. BURNS
 And the other version, Charlie?
 Your hunting buddy, Rick decides to
 go on a killing spree, then figures
 he's had enough and ends it by
 swinging from a rope. Garcia's our
 guy here. I can feel it.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
 Our boy served honorably in Iraq.

LT. BURNS
 Raqqi, Syria. And he was imbedded.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
 (beat, takes it in)
 PTSD withstanding. Garcia pummeling
 his own mother to death like that.
 Motives not there, Lieutenant. And
 where's the opportunity?

Lt. Burns lifts the rope off the ground, unravels it further.

LT. BURNS
 After the first murder, the Lacey
 girl, Garcia appears out of nowhere
 -- his adrenaline full. He fires
 six shots at Montgomery, then hunts
 him down in the woods. Rick's MIA
 after that. Then hours later,
 Garcia does an Evel Knievel and
 disappears into the abyss, never to
 be seen again. Plenty of
 opportunity there, Charlie.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
 Again, her rendition. Where's the
 corroborating?

Lt. Burns has now extended the rope a good 75 feet. He peers
 up the 100 foot cliff, notices a snow covered shelf 3/4's of
 the way up its side, a tree branch extending out over it.

LT. BURNS
 Corroboration looks pretty
 promising from this end.

Burns points to the shelf. Horvath glances up to the cliff's edge, turns to the Lieutenant.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
Impossible to amble away from a
leap that distance.

LT. BURNS
No argument from me there.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
Then why we having this
conversation?

Lt. Burns points to the outstretched rope on the ground.

LT. BURNS
Garcia had this rope with him when
he sailed off the cliff. Take a
look-see about 3/4's of the way up.
(off Charlie's glance up)
You see that tree branch out over
the ledge there? That's no more
than 10 feet from the top. He
pushes off the machine, lands on
the ledge, then uses the rope to
descend the last 90.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
How'd he know the ledge was there?

LT. BURNS
As soon as the models arrived on
site, Army Ranger Sergeant Garcia
surveyed the perimeter. And there's
your opportunity.

Horvath eyes the rope, glances up the cliff, then spins
toward his troops searching the area.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
We need to find that final body,
gentlemen. Posthaste!

Several officers glance over, pick up their pace, a steady
stream of snow now falling in the background.

INT. POLICE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Lt. Burns sits at the computer on his desk. He scrolls down a
file, reads a bit further, then returns to the top. A picture
of Sergeant Michael Garcia in military dress smirks back at
him. The file stamp reads: TOP SECRET - CONFIDENTIAL.

LT. BURNS
And there's your motive.

Peering in over his left shoulder at the screen is Horvath. Lt. Burns stands, begins pacing the room, periodically eyeing the crime scene photos and trophy items.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)
This guy's textbook, Charlie. Childhood sexual abuse, bipolar, extreme combat fatigue. Add to that 25 confirmed ISIS kills, followed by 15 of the militants wives and children. No proof on the latter.

He stops at a crime scene photo of Josh impaled.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)
But after a few too many drinks in a bar one night, a patron overheard our boy saying; if we had taken out Bin Laden's family here in the states after 9/11, it would have served as a nice deterrent. Interesting thought, considering they all flew off into the sunset.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
(at computer)
How did you get this?

LT. BURNS
Buddy I came up with works in NCIS. He pulled a few strings.

CAPTAIN HORVATH
Well, I got a few puppeteers, too.

Horvath approaches, hands him a manila file.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)
Your girl suffers from histrionic personality and dissociative disorders -- along with anorexia. And, she's been on suicide watch in the psyche ward at Cedar Sinai twice in the past year.

Lt. Burns opens the file, begins reading.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)
She's playing a full concert with you on this one, Jack.

LT. BURNS
You want to bring the curtain down?
Then find me Garcia's body.

A frustrated Horvath glares at Burns.

EXT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES INN - DAY

Residents are slowly inhabiting the streets again, businesses reopening their doors.

Officer Smith places a piece of high-end luggage into the trunk of a police cruiser, enters his vehicle then exits.

Peering out the side back window of the car is Rebekah.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE MODELS OFFICE - NIGHT

The full compliment of lights enhancing the artwork, sculptures and designs are turned on dim.

The office is eerily quiet, void of life. The phone lines blinking, their SOUNDS have been set to silent.

Sitting behind Rosemarie's desk is a very somber Rebekah. She stares at Danni, then Josh in the framed photo of "The Magnificent Seven" on the wall.

EXT. ASHFORD HOLLOWES - DAY

SUBTITLE: (6 WEEKS LATER)

It is an unseasonable warm day. The piercing sun beams down, melting the massive amount of snow at a consistent pace.

The town's USUAL SUSPECTS and weekend SKIERS bustle their way in and out of the clothing and gift shops.

Pulling into town, ski equipment filling its top rack, is a late model Cadillac Escalade. Its windows are tinted, the view of the DRIVER obstructed.

The Escalade stops in front of the inn, then abruptly speeds off, ascending up US 219 at a very fast pace.

Off to the right, Mt. Ashford enjoys an excess of SKIERS rushing down its manicured slopes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD US 219 - DAY

The road ahead clear, the Escalade decelerates, slows to a crawl, then stops just off the road adjacent to the woods.

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Fifty feet off the road in the woods sits a pummeled tree, its branches damaged, its bark worn.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD US 219 - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade powers down its passenger window. Johnny Cash's, "I Saw the Light" BELTS out its stereo speakers.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting behind the wheel dressed in a new ski outfit, and sipping from a high-end coffee is Rebekah. She glances out the passenger window at the damaged tree. Her glance progressively transforms into a maniacal stare.

INT. WOODS - DAMAGED TREE - DAY

SUBTITLE: (6 WEEKS EARLIER)

A small makeshift fire CRACKLES in the frigid air. A large HUMAN SHADOW hovers over the campfire. A woman can be heard CRYING, pleading for her life in the background.

Affixed to a tree, her hands and feet tied behind it stands Rosemarie. Dressed only in a couture half-cup bra and lace thong, Rosemarie postures there, the fire only partially preventing her from freezing. She glances up at the Shadow.

ROSEMARIE

(trembling with fear)

I have money... a lot of money...

Rosemarie's eyes shift down to a large pile of baseball size rocks adjacent to the tree.

ROSEMARIE (CONT'D)

(petrified, begins crying)

...why you doing this? We trusted you.

(Shadow picks up rock)

Why?!

Rosemarie lowers her head, readies herself for the onslaught. She waits several moments, then glimpses up.

Standing on the other side of the fire, stone in hand, is Rebekah. She appears calm, nonchalant.

REBEKAH

...you see, even if they were to discover I was behind all of this -- which they won't, thanks to your dickhead son and my hero, Rick. You see, Ro, Rick would do anything for me -- actually he has -- because he loves me. Despite my flaws. Not like you and Mighty Mike. "Judge not lest ye be judged." Sleeping with your own son. Now that's an abomination, Ro. I'll bet God's got that one first up on your ledger.

ROSEMARIE

I never had sex --

REBEKAH

Don't fuckin' lie to me!

An irate Rebekah fires the rock at Rosemarie, STRIKING her left shoulder. Abruptly, she calms back down.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Even so. A lie that is a half truth is the darkest of all lies. Never mind, you wouldn't know where that came from anyway.

Rebekah retrieves another rock from the pile, passes by Rosemarie, then returns to the warmth of the ROARING fire.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you what they diagnosed me with? Oh, that's right, I did. And then you decide to tell your precious little son about my supposed Histrionic Personality Disorder. He kicked me to the curb right after that, Ro. Twelve weeks pregnant I was. Then had my miscarriage a week later. The ironic thing is, I don't believe I ever had the disorder. Anyway, that's why we're here, to help me figure that out. Do you think I have HPD?

Freezing, and with dried blood caked on her face and bare shoulders, Rosemarie strains to continue.

ROSEMARIE

I think you're just misunderstood.

REBEKAH

Don't do that. Please.

Rebekah pitches a second rock at Rosemarie. STRIKING her other shoulder, Rosemarie CRIES out then keels over in pain.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Hey, I was actually aiming there. Did you know I pitched for my softball team in high school? Yep. Sure did. I was pretty good, too. They called me, Rembrandt. I could really paint those corners.

ROSEMARIE

Why are you doing this to me?

REBEKAH

I'm doing this to you because I love you. Well, that, and my doctor said I would most likely never be able to bare children.

Rebekah retrieves another rock, returns to her throwing position, her desire to continue even more focused.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

I was a lap dog. A lackey. A door mat for Janine. Were you even aware of that? Of course you were. You encouraged it. I was only one semester away from getting my degree at F.I.T., Ro. A four-year diploma does not automatically make one a great human being.

ROSEMARIE

I never graduated college.

REBEKAH

Yeah, but you're an asshole too. In your case, Janine was right.

Rebekah STRIKES her in the chest with the third projectile. Rosemarie CRIES out, struggles with consciousness.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
I'm pitching a shutout.

She hastens for another rock, returns to her perch, then stares several moments into the CRACKLING fire. Finally --

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
Promise you'll be honest with me? I need you to be honest with me, Ro.

Rosemarie raises her head; sincere, desperate.

ROSEMARIE
I promise.

REBEKAH
My therapist asserts that I'm mentally unbalanced... that I need to be even on more medication than I'm already on.

Rebekah removes a sheet of paper from inside her jacket.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
The so called "experts" say if you experience half of these symptoms or more, then you're a prime candidate for Histrionic Personality Disorder. My doctors seem to think that I have them all.
(glances up, sees sunshine)
This may turn out to be a nice day.
(opens paper)
Okay, tell me what you think.

Rosemarie fights to speak.

ROSEMARIE
I think it could be a nice day.

REBEKAH
No, silly. About these symptoms. Get with the fuckin' program, Ro. Okay, first up.
(glances down, reading)
Have other people told you that you always have to be the center of attention? What do you think?

ROSEMARIE
Around men, I think maybe.

REBEKAH

Oh, boy. We're already disagreeing. That exhibitionist Devin, now she really fits this one. Flashing her tits on Snapchat. Charging for nude selfies on her website.

Rebekah fires another rock at Rosemarie, striking her in the stomach. Rosemarie CLUTCHES over.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Sorry. I missed on that one.

Rebekah retrieves another rock, returns to the mound.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Question two. Do people sometimes misinterpret your friendliness as a romantic or sexual invitation? Now this one's for Slick -- telling me how he loved me that night we made it on your desk. Do I lead people on, Ro? And be honest, or I'll bury you with my high-heat pronto.

Terrified to answer, Rosemarie finally does.

ROSEMARIE

I think you may lead men on, yes.

Rebekah winds up for another throw, then stops, grins.

REBEKAH

I agree. I mean that's why we were all here to begin with, right? Hey, this is fun. Although, Adrian never responded to any of my advances.

(glances down at paper)

Number three. Do your emotions change quickly? Well, I'm a fuckin' woman aren't I!

(depraved laugh, back to sheet)

Has anyone ever commented that your emotions don't seem real or sincere. Do I seem phony to you?

Now shaking violently from the cold, Rosemarie continues.

ROSEMARIE

Well --

REBEKAH

This one fits Michael to a tee.
Shoplifting my heart, then stomping
on it the day after I told him we
were pregnant.

ROSEMARIE

He didn't think you were.

REBEKAH

Well, I was! And then miscarried a
week later after catching that
dickhead and Linda humping like
dogs on the stove at his apartment!

Rebekah flings another rock, this one striking Rosemarie in
the throat. She strains to retrieve her breath to no avail.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

(abrupt calm)

Question five. Are you let down if
people don't notice how you look?

(glances at Rosemarie)

I think it's safe to say we're all
disappointed when people we care
about don't notice us, agreed?

Finally able to breathe, Rosemarie nods in agreement. Rebekah
retrieves Rosemarie's jacket, drapes it over her nearly
frozen shoulders. She fetches another projectile, returns to
the fire, then continues reading.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Six. Do you think you would make a
good actor or actress?

ROSEMARIE

You certainly fooled me.

REBEKAH

Josh thought I was. He said I
was great with sides, and had
immediate access to my emotional
availability. It's Method Acting.

Rebekah becomes very emotional. She quickly fights it off.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Okay, we need to move on. Question
seven. Do your opinions change
depending on who you're with?

ROSEMARIE

No, I don't think so.

REBEKAH

See, you're doing great. Number eight. If someone says they have a headache or upset stomach, do you find you feel the same way? I do call in sick frequently, right?

Rosemarie nods. Her jacket has fallen from her shoulders. Rebekah is oblivious to it, excited about finishing.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Only two left. Do you sometimes get hurt in relationships because you think the relationship is more serious than the other person? See, now this one really bothers me. Everyone I've ever dated has always kissed my ass. Except for Slick, and Mighty Mike. But even with Slick, it was just that one time. Okay final question. Do you feel a close personal relationship with a boss you have not known very long? I feel close to you.

ROSEMARIE

But you've been with me five years.

REBEKAH

True. I came to you right after dropping out of F.I.T. Lovely Jennifer arranged that. Thick as thieves you were. Two peas in a pod filled with sloth and vanity.

(sighs)

Okay, we're all done. Well, it also says that people with this disorder tend to suffer: multiple personality disorders, live in fantasy worlds, get in trouble with the law, spend more than they have, and blame everyone else for their shortcomings. That's not me, is it?

ROSEMARIE

Not at all.

Rebekah approaches Rosemarie, places the jacket back on her.

REBEKAH

I passed, Ro! Less than half! Danni always said I was misdiagnosed and over-medicated.

(MORE)

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

I made sure she was warm and unconscious. You think she felt anything? No, it's all good.

Rebekah retrieves several rocks from the group, stockpiles them by the fire. Rosemarie GASPS in horror.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

(re: rocks)

Oh, don't read too much into that.

Rebekah removes Rosemarie's jacket, then returns back to the fire. She stares into it. Finally --

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

That Viet Cong booby trap -- those Punji sticks... they were earmarked for you, Ro. Not, Josh.

(seething dagger at Ro)

I had everything planned. Even managed to get on the same flight to LA next week. I was going to read over his sides with him -- help Josh get the part. We were going to spend the weekend in Catalina. But we can't go now.

Rebekah, affected for only the second time, swiftly shuts down her emotions. This is followed by a maniacal stare.

Then, Robotic-like, and in quick succession, Rebekah unleashes a barrage of rocks at Rosemarie's face, PUMMELING her. Blood squirts everywhere. The onslaught graciously ends with Rosemarie finally going limp.

A deranged Rebekah stands there, exhausted, spent, grinning from ear-to-ear. She walks a short distance to the road, then calmly begins hiking up US 219.

EXT. TREE - GULLY - DAY

In front of the singed tree rests a charred and mangled snowmobile. Fifteen feet from the crash lies a partially burned body, it is Michael Garcia.

Edging her way toward the body, toboggan in tow, is Rebekah. She reaches Michael, KICKS him the face.

REBEKAH

Asshole.

She drags his body onto the toboggan, removes his wallet. On her exodus, she removes a coiled rope from around her shoulders, then peers 3/4's of the way up the 100 foot cliff, spotting the shelf and tree branch extending out over it.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The snowmobile sails off the cliff. It PLUNGES 100 feet, Michael riding it all the way down. He tries to push away from it but can't. Both Michael and the snowmobile then collide into a large tree, a FIREBALL engulfing them.

From high atop the cliff, Rebekah grins, aroused.

EXT. GULLY - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

The arousal continues as she retrieves the rope from her shoulders, uncoils it, then tosses it onto the ground.

Rebekah returns to the toboggan, secures its rope around her shoulders, then begins making her way due west, a medium sized mountain ahead making her path somewhat difficult.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The snow has been cleared from the front porch. The smokestack is now billowing with enthusiasm.

Approaching the cabin from the road is Rebekah. With a shovel in her right hand, she reaches the porch steps, hesitates.

Slowly, the front door opens, the darkness inside slightly illuminated by the burning fireplace.

The shovel raised, Rebekah creeps her way up the steps to the front door. Then after setting the shovel down, she enters the cabin, the door unhurriedly closing behind her.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A small fire burns evenly in the crafted brick fireplace. In the room's center, a single candle decorates the handmade oak table. The table boasts a hot dinner for two: turkey, stuffing, etc. A bottle of red wine sits there as well.

Standing at the pot belly stove is Montgomery. He is dressed in bib-overalls, a lumberjack shirt and logging boots. He gleams at Rebekah, who removes her hat and jacket, then sits at the table. A pan of hot gravy in hand, Monty joins her.

MONTGOMERY

Remember this, Rebekah?
 (off her quizzical look)
 It's the same dinner I prepared for
 you 12 years ago when we first met.

Rebekah scoffs down a spoonful of mashed potatoes.

REBEKAH

The mashed potatoes are cold.

An apologetic response. Monty then pours the wine.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

And some water, too.

He retrieves a large glass of water, sets it by Rebekah's plate. She guzzles it down quickly, then returns to her food.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

And that hole you dug was too shallow. Luckily I saved the day again, and slid that hollowed tree stump over the little prick.

MONTGOMERY

I set everything up the way you asked, Rebekah. You told me you just wanted to scare your friends.

REBEKAH

Scar'em, kill'em, what's the fuckin' difference. Either way, you're now an accomplice to our little weekend soirée.

Defeated, Monty picks at his food, downs the wine, then pours himself another glass. Rebekah senses his angst.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You know you look handsome in this light. A regular, Bradley Cooper.

MONTGOMERY

Who?

Rebekah gestures him into her, kisses him on the lips. Monty clumsily reaches in for a second kiss, then another. Rebekah pushes him away.

REBEKAH

Don't spoil it, Monty. I have everything planned.

MONTGOMERY

Sorry. You know I've always loved you, Rebekah, ever since --

REBEKAH

(trite)
Yeah, yeah, thanks.

She returns to her food. Unsettled, Monty stands, approaches the wall of head shots and unmentionables neatly positioned on the table. He picks up a pair of black satin thong underwear, rubs them between his fingers.

MONTGOMERY

Do you really wear these now?

REBEKAH

I don't know, do I?

He glances down at the other dozen or so high-end panties and bras. Rebekah approaches, grabs the panties in his hand.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Did you get the rope?

MONTGOMERY

Yeah.

REBEKAH

Tie it like I instructed you to?

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, but why --

Rebekah presses her finger onto his lips.

REBEKAH

Shhh. You're about to find out why.

Rebekah presses the thong underwear over Monty's nose and mouth. He breaths them in. She tugs at his long hair, draws him in, then kisses him passionately.

A moment later, she CLUTCHES his crotch, then follows it up with a PUNCH to his face. Monty hunches over in obvious pain.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You like it rough, Monty? Well, I do. And before you force yourself upon me again, you're going to need to beat me real good first.

MONTGOMERY

I don't think I could --

REBEKAH
 You helped me kill nine fuckin'
 people, didn't you?!
 (off his slow nod)
 Then beating me up at this point
 should be no big deal.

Rebekah SLAPS him across the face several times, then abruptly stops.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 You want to be please me don't you,
 Monty?

MONTGOMERY
 More than anything in this world.

REBEKAH
 I can only get off now when things
 get rough. Real rough.

She kisses him hard, then SLAPS him again across the face.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Now slap me back. Do it!

Three more SLAPS. Finally, reluctantly, he strikes her back.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Again! Again!

Monty SLAPS her four more times quickly. Blood trickles out her nose. He steps back, his excitement growing.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Now rip my clothes and force
 yourself on me again. Do it you
 little pussy!

Losing control, Monty tugs at her sweater, rips it nearly in half. Rebekah draws his face into her half-naked chest. Monty begins kissing her breasts and stomach.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Now bite at my breasts. Bite them!

She punches his face twice. Monty finally loses it, biting at Rebekah's breasts, stomach and chest. Rebekah unbuttons her pants. Monty draws them down around her boots. She wears an exact pair of high-end panties Montgomery lifted up earlier.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Now kiss my legs.
 (he does)
 Now punch them.

He does. Rebekah then flips over, pulls down her panties.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Now slap my ass! Slap it!

Montgomery stares at her butt, then begins SLAPPING it --

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Harder, you dickhead!

Montgomery slaps her harder, drawing welts.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Now bite my butt. Bite it!

He bites her butt hard. Rebekah lets out her first SCREAM. She then pulls up her panties, and flips back over.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Take your boots and shirt off.

Panting heavily, Montgomery removes his boots and shirt.

In ONE FELL SWOOP, Rebekah clears the panties and jewelry off the table. She then draws Monty into her, pulling him onto the table. Monty begins removing his overalls. Rebekah quickly pushes him off, pulls up her jeans.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 Not yet. Get the rope.
 (off his hesitation)
 You're just like all the others.
 You don't really love me.

Montgomery slowly moves to a corner the room, steps onto a bench, then reaches high over a beam just below the ceiling.

Moments later, a noose drops down. It dangles firmly from the beam. Rebekah approaches. He steps down. She kisses him hard.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
 You're going to love this. It's called erotic asphyxiation. It originated in the 17th century when hangings were first introduced. When the rope dropped, the authorities noticed the condemned were getting erections as long your arm.

MONTGOMERY

Really?

Rebekah grins, assists Monty back up onto the bench.

REBEKAH

Really. Fuck Viagra.

She places the noose around his neck, tightens it.

MONTGOMERY

But just for a few seconds, okay?

Rebekah nods, then swiftly kicks the bench out from underneath him. Montgomery hangs there, gasping for air.

REBEKAH

And they called the person hanging there a gasper. Kind of like you're doing now.

Montgomery gasps several more times. Rebekah grins, then slowly returns the bench under his feet. Montgomery struggles to breath, then glances down, notices a large erection bulging in his pants. He eyes Rebekah, proud.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Bet you ain't never been so hard.

MONTGOMERY

Can we do it again? But just for another second, okay?

She grabs at the erection through his overalls, squeezes.

REBEKAH

That might be too much for me to take. Okay, let's see what you got.

An excited Montgomery readies himself. Rebekah kicks out the bench again, this time with even more fervor. Monty DROPS quickly, then begins swinging back and forth like a pendulum.

The familiar GASPS quickly envelop him. Struggling mightily, Rebekah feigns a kiss to Monty, then grabs his erection.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

(sinister grin)

Almost there, Monty. Almost home.

Realizing his plight, Monty panics. He GASPS, claws for the rope, staring at Rebekah in disbelief. Rebekah smirks, returns the bench, then suddenly FLINGS it across the floor. Leaving Monty dangling there, she calmly returns to her meal.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

My parents had recently divorced.
My father, he was my whole life.
Then his job transferred him to
Europe. I told you that. And that I
had just turned fifteen.

Rebekah begins eating. Montgomery continues swinging, his violent motion now shifting between 10 and 2 o'clock.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Turkey tastes different this time.

Suddenly, the fast approaching SOUNDS of a snowplow and police SIREN fill the cabin. Rebekah calmly rises then approaches the door. She opens it slightly, peeks out.

50 feet down the road, the monstrous plow, its lights blazing, slices its way through the deep snow like butter.

Rebekah nods, impressed. She then returns to the table and continues eating. She glances over to Monty, who now hangs there dead, stationary. His eyes are open, his stare, creepy.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You fattened me up like a cow.
Dulled my sense of right and wrong
with your cheap ass wine. Then you
raped me. You were my first, Monty.
Bleed for two days after that. Been
fucked up ever since.

Rebekah grabs the wine bottle, HURLS it into the fireplace.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Oh, well. Carpe diem.

Rebekah nonchalantly takes the remains of her dinner and tosses them into the fire. One of the wine glasses follows. She then grabs a long piece of 2X4, approaches Monty.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

I didn't kill you, Monty. You did.
Or maybe it was Michael.

Rebekah steps behind him. Then with great force, she swings the 2X4, STRIKING Monty on the back of the head.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

You two had a violent struggle.
Mighty Mike struck you in the head,
knocking you unconsciousness. Then
hung you up there like the stuck
pig you really are. Works for me.

Rebekah THRASHES the cabin, tossing and throwing anything not nailed down. She grabs an ax, raises it high into the air, then embeds it deep into the floor.

She then stages herself on the floor by the door. She pulls her jeans around her ankles, her panties around her thighs, then lowers her bra and begins singing, "I Saw the Light."

Several moments later, a flashlight shines through the ajar door. Officer Smith's head quickly follows.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

SUBTITLE: (PRESENT DAY)

Lurking in front of Montgomery's cabin is the black SUV. The passenger side window slowly glides down, that same song, "I Saw the Light" emanating through its stereo speakers.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE -

Rebekah leans over, glances out the window.

REBEKAH

Any notes or critique on my
singing, Officer Smith? No? Okay.

Rebekah resumes singing, then heads off further up the mountain, the road now visible through the melting snow.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Through a pair of binoculars we see the gully below the cliff. Lumbering through the snow is Lt. Burns. He has ventured halfway up the small mountain a few hundred feet west of the snowmobile crime scene.

The binoculars continue their path. On the other side of the mountain, they are drawn toward a large hollowed out log tucked in a steep ravine. Protruding out of the hollowed log is a human hand inside a wool Monster glove.

AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE -

The binoculars drop. Standing there transfixed on the scene is Rebekah. A shovel by her side, she stares at the scene, then shifts her attention to Lt. Burns. She retreats back not to be noticed, unsure what to do next.

Suddenly, heavy clouds move in from overhead. A steady stream of snow begins to follow. Seconds later, a full white-out blizzard inundates the area.

Rebekah glances down at Lt. Burns racing to exit the gully.

Using the binoculars, she looks back in on the protruding hand, the snow quickly covering its view. Rebekah grins widely, retrieves the shovel, then heads back toward the SUV.

INT. ASHFORD HOLLOWS INN - DAY

Standing behind the front desk, a male CLERK, 20's.

CLERK

And how long will you be staying with us this time, Miss Abrams?

REBEKAH

That depends. How long do you expect this inclement weather to last?

CLERK

(apologetic)

It's gonna' be with us pretty much the entire weekend.

REBEKAH

Perfect.

CLERK

I'm sorry.

REBEKAH

For the skiing.

CLERK

Oh, right.

INT. ASHFORD HOLLOWS INN ROOM - DAY

Lying on the bed glancing up at the TV is Rebekah. Playing on the screen is *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Rebekah, all smiles, retrieves her iPhone, taps a number. A voice mail kicks in.

LT. BURNS (O.S.)

Hi, this is Lieutenant Burns with the Ashford Hollows police department. Leave a message and I'll get right back to you.

REBEKAH

Jack. Rebekah Abrams. Listen, I'm here in town for a few days --

She abruptly ends the call, smirks, then beams at a tight-fitting upscale outfit neatly positioned over a chair.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Lower east side. The streets are bustling with activity. The warm spring weather is reflective in the thousands of its INHABITANTS clothing and attitude.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Two high-fashion female MODELS, hipster dress, iPads and portfolios in hand, enter the 5th Avenue Models building.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE MODELS OFFICE - DAY

Stepping off the elevator, her hair in a bob curl, her makeup perfect, is Rebekah. Dressed in smocked pattern pants, a wool peplum top and Aquiltalia black boots, her hairstyle, makeup and clothing are eerily similar to Rosemarie's.

Walk the Moon's, "Shut Up and Dance" PLAYS in the background, as Rebekah makes her way past a small group of anxious MODELS gathered in the waiting area.

She suddenly stops in front of a female MODEL, late teens. Her hairstyle, face and attire are a dead ringer for Linda.

REBEKAH

Your name wouldn't happen to be,
Linda would it?

FEMALE MODEL

Uh, no, Ma'am.

REBEKAH

Ma'am. Am I looking that old?

Rebekah cringes, then presses on, stopping at her assistant's desk; SARAH, 30's, adept. Sarah is working the phones.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

What's the tally today, Sarah?

SARAH

You selected seven, Miss Rebekah.

REBEKAH

Very good. Whenever they're ready.

Rebekah grins, saunters through the astir office, stopping at another assistant's desk; LISA, 20's, grunge look, skinny.

REBEKAH (CONT'D)

Be a dear and make me a cappuccino.

LISA

Right away, boss.

Lisa briskly exits.

Rebekah then approaches and sits behind Rosemarie's desk. Decorating the desk are photos of Rebekah with her dad, along with others of Josh and Danni.

Rebekah focuses in on a photo of Josh. Saddened, she quickly switches gears, proudly readjusting the name plate on her desk which now reads: Rebekah Abrams (Owner).

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hi, I'm Mateo Santana.

Rebekah glances up. Standing there in a black suit and tie is 6'2", 180 pound, handsome Hispanic-American, MATEO SANTANA.

REBEKAH

How old are you, Mateo?

MATEO

Uh, eighteen. I just moved here.
I'm from Austin.

REBEKAH

Oh. Have you found a job yet?

MATEO

Not yet. I just have my test shots.

He hands her his iPad portfolio.

REBEKAH

I meant have you found work yet to support yourself while pursuing your dream.

MATEO

Friend of mine I'm staying with just got me a busboy interview.

REBEKAH

Good. Money pretty tight is it?

MATEO

Yes, Ma'am. I moved to the city
with only a few hundred dollars.

Rebekah cringes again, peruses his portfolio. She halts on a pic where Mateo is draped in military garb. He looks eerily similar to Michael.

REBEKAH

You just booked your first
professional modeling job, Mateo.

Her eyes flirt with his, the excited boy out of his league.

INT. POLICE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

At his desk is Lt. Burns. On the computer screen in front of him a video plays of a MAN drawing cash from a night ATM.

The man is tall, Hispanic and dressed in camouflage linen pants, a camo print shirt, Gasgan sunglasses, and a black beanie hat. Burns spins toward the speaker phone on his desk.

LT. BURNS (INTO PHONE)

And you're sure this guy withdrew a
1,000 dollars from Garcia's account
in Brooklyn last Friday?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Height and weight match up, too.

LT. BURNS (INTO PHONE)

How do you know that, Jimmy?

JIMMY (O.S.)

We have a few more resources
available to us at the FBI, Jack.

LT. BURNS (INTO PHONE)

Except this tape's from 3 days ago.
He could be anywhere now.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Yeah. These lone wolf surveillances
are really kicking our ass. Sorry.

LT. BURNS (INTO PHONE)

You think it's him?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Either that, or somebody went
through an awful lot of trouble and
expense to make us think so.

LT. BURNS (INTO PHONE)
Right. Okay, Jimmy, thanks.

Lt. Burns ends the call, glances back over his shoulder.

LT. BURNS (CONT'D)
Still think our boy's up on that
mountain, Charlie?

CAPTAIN HORVATH
We can both still agree to
respectfully disagree, Jack.

Horvath grins, then steps toward the door, spins back.

CAPTAIN HORVATH (CONT'D)
Maggie's cousin Juliet asked about
you again. She's back from Los
Angeles this weekend. I thought
maybe the four of us could go
skiing. Catch dinner... maybe a
movie after. What do you say?

Burns hesitates, then joins Horvath at the door.

LT. BURNS
I'd say that sounds like a real
blue-ribbon idea, Charlie. Thanks.

The two shake hands, hug. Horvath then exits.

Lt. Burns returns to his desk, re-cues the video. He stops,
eyes the wedding photo on his desk. He retrieves it,
carefully slides the photo into a drawer, then hits play.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gorgeous loft apartment. Through the skylight, the majestic
city lights and moon peer their way atop a spacious bed.

Sitting up in her lair, Rebekah takes in Mateo slipping on
his clothes. She motions him over, grabs a deep kiss, then
hands him 10 one-hundred dollar bills. Elated, Mateo exits.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE MODELS OFFICE - DAY

Stalking behind her desk ready to strike is Rebekah. Her
attire and hair is now identical to Audrey Hepburn's in
Breakfast at Tiffany's. (chignon bun hair, long black dress,
neck pearls, tiara, cigarette holder).

REBEKAH (INTO SPEAKER PHONE)
You're talking about booking the
"Magnificent Seven," Francios. I
have a gorgeous home in the
Hamptons, courtesy of their fine
attributes; superficiality and
endless vanity. Ten thousand a day!

She hangs up, clenches her fist. In front of her on the wall
beams a framed photo 7 new gorgeous male and female MODELS. A
gold framed photo of Josh is perched next to it.

Masked in its long holder, Rebekah withdraws a puff from her
electronic cigarette, exhales, then grins --

REBEKAH (CONT'D)
(into camera)
I suppose you think I'm very brazen
or très fou or something.
(beat, smirks)
Perhaps maybe a smidgen.

Damien Rice's, "Hallelujah" CREEPS up in the background.

FADE OUT: