

EXT. BOARDWALK 1983 - DAY

Seen through cracked boardwalk planks - a hotel burns. Flames, smoke, charred wood and tar. A small boy, JIMMY (10) sits under the boardwalk in wet, black sand gazing at the destruction above. Charred bodies drop one by one.

VICTOR (31) staggers from the flames dragging a woman. He carries her to the edge of the boardwalk, lays her out on the rough planks.

He looks down. Through the cracks he spots Jimmy. A moment as they regard each other.

VICTOR
Get your ass home.

Jimmy says nothing. Another charred body hits the boards with a gruesome thud. Victor nearly leaps out of his skin.

VICTOR
I said go home you little bastard.

Jimmy runs.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

Superimpose white watery letters rising to the surface of the screen through murky ocean depths:

CHUM

EXT. PINE BARRONS 1983 - DAY

Jimmy cuts through the barrens to his fort - a loose structure of old boards surrounded by broken glass, joint compound buckets, Penthouse magazines, slingshots, and a Radio Flyer red wagon. A ten year old's paradise.

Jimmy throws a glance over his shoulder. Sirens in the distance. He sits, picks up a skin mag. He stares blankly at the nude women, as if he doesn't understand what he is looking at.

Behind him - the edge of the woods and a suburban neighborhood beyond. The sound of a car coming fast. Screech of brakes. The slam of a door.

Jimmy hunches his shoulders, bending his head closer to the porn mag. More sounds - shouts, screaming. Jimmy rises slowly, then, with building momentum, he walks, then runs toward his house.

INT. SHORE HOUSE KITCHEN 1983 - DAY

Guttural groans of pain. Dishes crashing, furniture flipping, a fist through sheetrock. JOYCE (30), Jimmy's blocks the stairs as Victor storms down, suitcase in hand.

JOYCE

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Victor knocks her to the kitchen floor.

JOYCE

You bastard.

She climbs to her feet, goes at him. Victor punches her full in the face. She falls against the back kitchen doorway where Jimmy watches, horrified.

ADAM (12), Jimmy's sickly older brother, stands at the other end of the room. He's wet his pants.

VICTOR

Out of my way.

JOYCE

What the hell do you think you're doing, you crazy bastard?

Victor lunges at her, a finger jabbing.

VICTOR

Don't you say shit like that.

A silent moment as they stare at each other. Adam sobs quietly. Jimmy stares at the suitcase in Victor's hand.

JIMMY

Daddy, where are you going?

Victor turns to his son, impassive. He spins, rushes across the kitchen, grabs Adam by the hand, drags him out the front door.

JOYCE

Good. Go ahead. Good riddance you crazy fuck.

Jimmy flinches as the front door slams. This breaks his paralysis and he runs after his father.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE 1983 - DAY

Victor attacks his station wagon, tosses Adam into the passenger seat. Jimmy flies out the front screen door,

JIMMY
Where are you going?

Victor ignores him, jumps in, starts the engine.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Daddy, where you going? Daddy?

The station wagon pulls out, fast.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Daddy!

Jimmy is hysterical.

JIMMY
No, Daddy. No. Come back! Where are you going? I want to go too!

Jimmy chases the station wagon.

EXT. JIMMY'S STREET - DAY

Jimmy runs after the car as it accelerates.

JIMMY
Daddy! Daddy, no! Come back! Don't leave me. Don't leave me!

The wagon doesn't stop. Jimmy can't keep up. He stumbles, falls. The wagon disappears around a corner. Crying, Jimmy watches it go.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy, crying, walks back to the house. He sits on the front porch, laying his head on his knees. The door opens behind him. Joyce sits next to her son, pulls him close.

JOYCE
We don't need him. We have each other. That's all we need.

On Jimmy - tears running down his face.

INT. BRANDAUER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE on JIMMY AGE 26. His face is blank, emotionless.

DR. NOELLE BRANDAUER - an attractive, professional woman in her mid 40's sits across from him, both seated in comfortable chairs.

Her office is a simple room. The drone of an air conditioner. A small library of books on Family Counseling, Teen Counseling, AA, 12 Steps, etc....

BRANDAUER

That was the last time you saw him?

JIMMY

Yeah.

BRANDAUER

I remember reading about the hotel fire, I don't remember the part about him abandoning his family.

JIMMY

Who'd write about that? He was a big hero. What kind of hero runs out on his wife and son?

BRANDAUER

You haven't spoken to him since?

JIMMY

No.

BRANDAUER

Your brother?

JIMMY

He was with dad. I haven't seen him in 16 years. Then he calls, out of the blue, couple of months ago. Wants to come back to the old place. I mailed the keys.

BRANDAUER

You haven't been back there in how long?

JIMMY

Two years.

BRANDAUER

Why do you think Adam came home?

JIMMY

He's got cystic fibrosis. Probably won't live too much longer.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

I think...I think he wants to die
at home.

BRANDAUER

Is that his home?

JIMMY

He was with my father for all those
years. I doubt that was a barrel of
laughs. That crappy house is the
only home he's got.

BRANDAUER

Why are you going back? For your
brother?

JIMMY

He needs help.

BRANDAUER

Why else?

JIMMY

I'm ready to face it again, ready
to go back and try to start over.

BRANDAUER

What about Julie?

JIMMY

She's still in town.

BRANDAUER

Is that a reason?

JIMMY

Sure. I want to see her again.

BRANDAUER

You still have feelings?

JIMMY

Yeah.

BRANDAUER

But she may not.

JIMMY

I know. I just want to see her, see
how things go. Whatever happens,
fine. No pressure.

Brandauer nods.

BRANDAUER

That's enough for today. But I want to see you again tomorrow.

Jimmy opens his mouth to protest.

BRANDAUER

You're at a very fragile place. I need to monitor you closely as you make this transition.

She reaches over and clasps his hand in hers.

BRANDAUER

Are you sure you're ready for this?

JIMMY

I'm ready.

EXT. ROUTE 1 & 9 NORTH - DAY

Jimmy drives a 1976 El Camino due north from Philly. He passes wetlands, industrial decay, boat junkyards, the pine barrons, lobster shanties, old marinas.

EXT. JIMMY'S STREET - DAY

Jimmy's old street - a dead end out of town. Small houses surrounded by the barrens. Jimmy parks in front of his old house and climbs out.

He pauses, staring down the road where he chased his father's wagon. He listens to the noise of the distant beach: waves crashing, diesel engines, feet on the boardwalk, bike bells, the clink of crab nets, buzzing Penn spinning reels.

FLASH CUT: A fist drives into a midsection. A guttural moan.

Jimmy flinches as if hit.

FLASH CUT: A body slams to the floor.

Jimmy flinches again, shudders. He turns to the house, pulls keys from his pocket, looks at them, hesitates. He stuffs the keys back in his pocket and walks across the lawn into the barrens.

EXT. PINE BARRENS - DAY

Jimmy fights tangled underbrush. He stops. He's at his old fort. Not much is left - a few boards, scraps of cloth. He kicks a rotting plank over, revealing a sodden Penthouse magazine.

Jimmy laughs grimly, bends down, separates the mushy pages. The mag flops open, revealing the swollen image of a nude woman.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Jimmy emerges from the woods as FRANCESCA, (20) curvy, hot, dressed in Baby Phat sweatsuit shorts, opens her back door.

FRANCESCA

Hey!

JIMMY

Hey what?

FRANCESCA

What are you doing? You peeping on us or something?

JIMMY

No, I was just...

FRANCESCA

What are you doin' in the woods?

JIMMY

It's my property. I own this place.

FRANCESCA

I haven't seen you around.

JIMMY

I've been gone.

A puppy jets past her. FRANCESCA curses, gives chase. Her big, curvy body is breathtaking.

FRANCESCA

C'mere you little shit! Get back in the house! Dammit, why did I get this goddamn dog?

Jimmy laughs as she catches it and drags it by the collar back to the house.

JIMMY

Need a hand?

FRANCESCA

No. And don't let me catch you spying on us.

Jimmy hold his hands up.

JIMMY

Not a problem.

She slams back inside. Jimmy pulls his keys, walks to his house. He flips through his keys, finds the right one, fits it into the lock. The door opens grudgingly.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The dingy living room is filled with a large TV, cheap furniture, shelving units crammed with DVDs, books, porn magazines.

ADAM, Jimmy's older brother, lays on a clearing table. He's shirtless, bent in an odd position, slamming himself on the chest with a flat hand.

Adam doesn't look up, and Jimmy says nothing as Adam continues the bizarre ritual. Suddenly, Adam coughs, deep and wet. A gob of thick, yellowish phlegm flies from his mouth and splats on the floor.

Jimmy recoils in disgust. Adam looks up, grinning cynically.

ADAM

Hey, little brother. Feel like grabbing me a paper towel?

Jimmy hurries to the kitchen, comes out with a paper towel, kneels before the gob of phlegm.

JIMMY

This stuff's not gonna make me sick is it?

ADAM

It's just mucous, Jimmy. I mean, come on, you were the one who always picked his nose and ate it.

JIMMY

Funny.

He wipes up the mucous and ducks into the kitchen to throw the towel out. Adam climbs off the clearing table as Jimmy comes back in. They eye each other.

JIMMY

How have you been?

ADAM

Dying.

JIMMY

Oh.

ADAM

Nice of you not to invite me to
mom's funeral.

JIMMY

That was five years ago.

ADAM

Is there a statute of limitations on
being an asshole?

JIMMY

I tried. I didn't know how to find
you.

ADAM

You could have called dad.

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

No way.

ADAM

Fair enough.

Adam crosses the living room. He points through a doorway to
a bedroom as cluttered as the living room. A computer takes
up most of the desk.

ADAM

Okay, rules. This is my room. Off
limits, no trespassing, keep out,
capiche? And we gotta keep the
house quiet and clean. That means
no visitors.

JIMMY

So what, you own the place now?

ADAM

Yeah, I own the place.

JIMMY

Mom left it to me.

ADAM

Half the estate should have gone to
me, but the two of you just forgot
I existed.

(MORE)

ADAM (cont'd)

Let that fucking psycho drag me off. That bitch didn't even try and get custody.

JIMMY

Don't talk about mom like that.

ADAM

You always were her favorite. You owe me. You got off easy.

JIMMY

Okay, okay, fine.

Adam goes into a tremendous coughing fit. Jimmy stands, unsure of what to do. He goes to Adam, puts a hand on his shoulder, trying to comfort him. Adam slaps his hand away.

ADAM

Don't touch me.

Jimmy scurries away. Adam continues to cough, and then the spell passes. When it does, Adam begins to quietly cry.

JIMMY

Hey, what's wrong, man?

ADAM

What do you think? I'm so sick and weak all the time. I can't even leave the house anymore in case I catch a cold from some snot-nosed little brat.

He perks up suddenly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey, you see that babe next door. Did you get a look at that ass? Jesus, you could eat lunch off that ass.

JIMMY

Yeah, she looked good.

Adam walks to the kitchen. The clanking of glasses.

ADAM

You got a job?

JIMMY

I'm going downtown to interview. Lifeguard.

Adam walks back in, a glass of juice in hand.

ADAM
Really pushing yourself, huh?

JIMMY
I need some time, need to take it
easy, figure some shit out.

Adam toasts with the glass.

ADAM
Welcome home, bro.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Jimmy walks the crowded boardwalk. The surreal sounds of children screaming, surf crashing, boogie boards scraping sand, pounding feet, spinning wheels of chance, arcade games, its overpowering.

INT. PARK'S COMMISSIONER OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy enters the Parks & Recreation building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jimmy sits on a plastic chair, clipboard in hand, filling out an application. Behind him, two LIFEGUARDS whisper.

LIFEGUARD #1
Is that him? What? He's back?

LIFEGUARD #2
They're gonna let him work? After
that kid drowned?

LIFEGUARD #1
Fucking loser.

Jimmy ignores them. The door in front of him opens revealing MR. GARGUILO - tough, weathered, but with a big smile and a twinkle in his eye.

GARGUILO
You look like shit.

JIMMY
Good to see you too.

GARGUILO
Come in.

Jimmy enters the office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Gargulio gestures to a chair, Jimmy sits. Gargulio flops into the chair on the other side, grabs steaming mug and sips.

GARGUILO

Green tea. It's supposed to be good for you. Want one?

JIMMY

I'm good.

Gargulio nods.

GARGUILO

Sorry about your Mom.

JIMMY

Thanks.

GARGUILO

I've walked that road. Lots of cancer in my family. These doctors. They open you up. They violate you. How's your old man?

JIMMY

Don't know.

GARGUILO

You should call him.

JIMMY

What do I got to say to him?

GARGUILO

How about "hey dad, how you been?"

JIMMY

Yeah, maybe.

He proffers his application. Gargulio takes it and tosses it in the garbage can.

JIMMY

What, I don't get the job?

GARGUILO

No, you get it, but only after you answer a couple of questions.

JIMMY

Okay.

GARGUILO

Everyone saw you fall apart.

JIMMY

That was two years ago.

GARGUILO

You seeing a shrink?

JIMMY

In Philly. Gotta go every morning for the next two weeks. How much does that suck?

GARGUILO

It sucks about regular. Medication?

Jimmy nods.

GARGUILO

You got your head on straight? You can handle this?

JIMMY

Sure.

Gargulio takes a deep breath.

GARGUILO

If it wasn't for your father, you'd be the fuck outta here. You understand?

JIMMY

Yes.

GARGUILO

You know how many lives he saved in that hotel fire?

JIMMY

I know the story.

GARGUILO

That shitbag welfare hotel. He pulled 18 people out himself. Half the people he saved were a bunch of drug addicts.

(MORE)

GARGUILO (cont'd)

Probably started the fire burning crack or meth, or whatever the fuck it is they do, but your father still saved them. That's the kind of guy your father is.

JIMMY

Yeah.

GARGUILO

Guess that day really fucked him up, huh? Something like that happens to you, what do they call it, post traumatic stress?

JIMMY

I think so.

GARGUILO

Poor bastard. I heard they had to put him away for a couple of years.

JIMMY

I heard that too.

GARGUILO

You should call him.

JIMMY

I don't know where he is.

GARGUILO

They got the Internet for that shit. You can find anybody. Call him.

JIMMY

Or what, I don't get the job?

GARGUILO

Jesus, Jimmy, no. You got the job, okay? But you should pick up the phone and call your goddamn father. All that shit happened a long time ago, he wasn't in his right mind. Can't you forgive him that?

JIMMY

You knew my dad, huh?

GARGUILO

The fuck you talking about? We were friends. How many times was I over at your house?

JIMMY
Yeah. Friends.

FLASH CUT: Joyce's head snapping to the left, her nose spraying blood.

GARGUILO
Sure.

JIMMY
I lived with him for 11 years.

FLASH CUT: A crying Jimmy Age 10 slammed into a wall.

Gargulio is silent. Jimmy stares past him.

JIMMY
When do I start?

GARGUILO
Tomorrow, need someone for the afternoon shift. Should be okay. Things are slow then.

JIMMY
Thanks.

He gets up and walks out.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy spots a Miata taking up two parking spots in front of his house. He sighs, double parks his El Camino and walks up to Francesca's house. He knocks. After a moment Francesca answers wearing Brazillian jeans and a spaghetti string top.

FRANCESCA
What do you want?

JIMMY
I need to park, you're, ah, taking up two spaces.

FRANCESCA
Yeah, I'm holding it for my friend. She lives here too.

Jimmy eyes the line of cars in front of the house.

JIMMY
How many of you are there?

FRANCESCA
None of your business.

JIMMY
Look, could you just make some room
for me?

FRANCESCA
Park at the end of the block. You
want my roommate to have to walk all
that way through the dark? There's
raccoons around here.

JIMMY
But...

Francesca adopts a softer tone.

FRANCESCA
You're a big tough guy, right? You
don't mind helping us girls out, do
you?

She lays a hand on Jimmy's arm.

JIMMY
I guess not.

FRANCESCA
Thanks.

She slams the door in his face. Jimmy sighs and walks to his
idling vehicle. He backs it up to the end of the culdesac and
parks. He climbs out, walks to the house.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - DAY

Adam plays a video game on the big screen TV.

ADAM
I saw you talking with my
girlfriend.

JIMMY
What a princess.

ADAM
Love that chick. She tans topless
in the backyard.

JIMMY
She's a spoiled brat.

ADAM
You tell her that?

Jimmy grins.

JIMMY
Of course not.

He sighs.

JIMMY
I need a nap. I'm wiped.

ADAM
Enjoy.

Jimmy exits.

INT. SHORE HOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

Jimmy's suitcases are still packed. He lays down on the bed. Jimmy catches movement as a shadow crosses the window. He sits up, staring, but there is no further movement. He lays back down, curls up on himself, and closes his eyes.

INT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Francesca and BEANIE, 20s, her sexpot roommate, are half dressed, getting ready for a night out. Beanie takes a huge hit off a water bong fashioned from a 3 liter soda bottle and spaghetti pot.

BEANIE
I'm on the stairmaster and this
guys puts his hands on my waist.

FRANCESCA
Asshole.

BEANIE
I told him get your hands off me or
I'll rip your eyes out.

They laugh

FRANCESCA
I'm hungry.

BEANIE
You burnt the ziti my mother sent
over. Can't you even warm shit up?

FRANCESCA
Let's get a pizza.

BEANIE
We'll get a slice on the boardwalk.
Throw the ziti out. It reeks.

FRANCESCA
You do it.

BEANIE
Excuse me but who's parents rented
this place?

FRANCESCA
There's raccoons.

BEANIE
So bring a broom. Don't be such a
baby.

EXT. FRANCESCA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Francesca exits the house with a garbage bag and pauses on the porch. The night is dark and mysterious. The garbage cans are all the way across the yard. Francesca hurries toward them. To her left, a branch snaps. She jumps, spins - nothing there.

FRANCESCA
(To herself)
Fucking raccoons. Goddammit.
Little bastards.

She continues on, slowly. There's a sound coming from the garbage cans, a light, scratching noise.

She closes, warily eyeing the garbage cans. She reaches them, pauses, and then, leaning forward, gets two fingers on one of the metal lids. She snatches it off, and darts back, holding it before her like a shield.

Nothing pops out. But the sound continues. She edges forward, to peer into the can.

In the bottom of the can, her puppy lays, spasming, blood frothing from it's mouth. It's speared on a gigantic fishing hook, legs twitching horribly.

Francesca recoils in horror.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

She spins. From the darkness a gaffing hook on a long pole swings. It connects with her face. Francesca slams to the ground, moaning weakly, her face cut open by the hook. Blood pours.

An unseen figure drags her out of frame.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy wakes. Senses something. Goes to the window. Peers out. Then walks into Adam's room.

Adam surfs porn on his computer.

ADAM
Feel better now?

JIMMY
I'm gonna go to the boardwalk. See
if I run into Jeff.

ADAM
Who's Jeff?

JIMMY
Friend of mine from high school. He
still lives here. Rent-a-cop.

ADAM
Loser.

JIMMY
He's a good guy.

ADAM
Taking your car?

JIMMY
Naa.

ADAM
Don't want to lose your parking
spot?

He giggles.

JIMMY
I'm gonna take the shortcut. I feel
like walking.

ADAM
If you say so.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy exits the house, heads into the woods. A path leads from the street to the distant glow of the boardwalk. It's dark. To his left, a branch snaps. Jimmy turns, sensing movement.

Nothing.

He keeps walking. To his left he sees movement - a shadowy figure lurking. Jimmy stares in that direction.

JIMMY

Who's there?

No answer. Jimmy shrugs and keeps walking.

A sudden "click" sounds accompanied by a blossom of light behind him.

Jimmy spins and for a split second catches a face lit by a hand-held flashlight. Then darkness as the unseen stranger shuts the light off.

Jimmy jumps.

JIMMY

Hey, who the fuck is that?

No answer. Maybe a quiet chuckle, or was that just the breeze? Jimmy picks up a stick, he hefts it and walks toward where he saw the figure.

He approaches carefully, tense, alert. There seems to be someone there, a lumbering shadow behind a tree.

JIMMY

Who is it? Lemme see your fucking face, faggot.

No answer. Jimmy lunges to the tree - and finds the shadowy figure gone.

He spins, peering through the darkness, but can see no one.

JIMMY

Ah, screw this.

He turns to go. His foot kicks something. He freezes, bends down and picks the object up. It's the rotting Penthouse from his fort - torn in half.

Jimmy drops the magazine, throws his stick away, and continues through the woods.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy walks the boardwalk among the riff raff, the homeless, the punk rockers, the skate boarders, drunken trashed couples. He is unmoved by it.

EXT. BOARDWALK POLICE STATION - NIGHT

JEFF (29) tanned, fit and good looking, greets Jimmy under greenish fluorescent light.

JEFF
Slappy white!

JIMMY
Jeff, good to see you.

JEFF
'Bout time you came back. Ya had me worried. Thought you might be packing meat in the meat packing district.

JIMMY
Didn't mean to disappoint you.

JEFF
Let's go out tonight. Hit some clubs.

JIMMY
I better not. I'm totally fried.

JEFF
You'll change your mind when you have a girl with a fake id giving you a lap dance.

JIMMY
I actually wanted to find Julie. You seen her?

Jeff's grin falters.

JEFF
Ah, come on, man, you just got home.

JIMMY
I want to see her.

JEFF

Sure you do, and I'll make that happen. But we got a couple of other stops, first.

Jimmy sighs.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB GOTH - NIGHT

Jimmy and Jeff approach a Goth club. A long line of patrons wait to get in. The crowd is scantily clad in a Halloween sort of way.

JEFF

You gotta check this place out.

JIMMY

No, really.

JEFF

Fuckin circus clowns. You'll love it.

Jeff cuts the line and goes straight for the DOORMAN, (30's) a total freak with a long black coat, who blocks the entrance.

DOORMAN

You guys see the line?

Jeff flashes his rent-a-cop badge.

JEFF

You see this? You expect me to wait in line with a bunch of 15 year olds? I got two hundred to spend at the bar.

He cocks a thumb at the freaks in line who look like they're starving to death.

JEFF (CONT'D)

They, on the other hand, seem to have spent all their money at the Halloween store.

DOORMAN

(eying Jimmy)
What about him?

JEFF

He's with me. And if you don't let us in right fucking now, I'll have ABC all over your ass.

The Doorman steps aside. Jimmy and Jeff enter.

INT. GOTH CLUB - NIGHT

It's a freaky scene. Painted white faces. Girls in garter belts, ripped spandex, piercings, motorcycle attire, tattoos, chains, whips, long black leather coats, spiked hair, makeup that simulates death and blood.

JIMMY

Ya gonna flash your badge all night?

JEFF

When and if necessary.

Jimmy eyes a girl sporting a mock slit throat.

JIMMY

This place sucks. Let's get out of here.

Jeff looks at Jimmy. Jimmy looks truly unhappy.

JEFF

Alright you pussy. Just let me take a piss first.

Jeff heads for the bathroom. Jimmy follows.

INT. GOTH CLUB COED BATHROOM - NIGHT

They enter. A girl and a guy are both at the sinks. They finish up, leave.

JEFF

Co-ed bathroom. Classy.

Jeff heads into a stall.

JIMMY

You can't tell which ones are the chicks anyway.

LILLY (20's), a dark, exotic, petite beautiful girl enters. Definitely a chick. She goes to the mirror checks her goth makeup, then spots Jimmy's reflection.

LILLY
They let you in wearing that?

JIMMY
I was just leaving.

LILLY
Don't like to play "dress-up,"?

JIMMY
Not really.

Lilly turns.

LILLY
Let me guess... rent-a-cop.

JIMMY
No. Lifeguard. Whiting beach.

LILLY
That's hot. "Save me. Save me."

She giggles. Jimmy scowls.

JIMMY
Yeah, funny.

Lilly grins.

LILLY
Sorry. I'm Lilly.

JIMMY
Jimmy.

LILLY
Maybe I'll see you later, Jimmy.

As she exits, Jeff emerges from the stall and catches a glimpse.

JEFF
Good looking girl.

JIMMY
I shouldn't have told her where I work.

JEFF
Oh, c'mon... You're back, man, have a little fun.

EXT. GOTH CLUB - NIGHT

Jimmy and Jeff exit the club.

JIMMY
So where's Julie?

JEFF
Working.

JIMMY
She's still promoting?

JEFF
Nope. She's managing.

JIMMY
Managing?

JEFF
Club Abyss. She runs the place for
the owner now. Word on the street
is she's a real hardass.

JIMMY
No shit.

INT. CLUB ABYSS - NIGHT

The young crowd is dressed provocatively. Sexy reggaeton dancing, tight jeans, Forever 21 outfits, thongs sneaking out, spaghetti string tops.

Jeff and Jimmy pull up to the bar. Jimmy cranes his neck, looking around.

A pretty young JAGERMEISTER BARMAID (20s) in short black outfit holds two shots.

JEFF
You double fisting or is that one
for me?

Barmaid laughs and hands Jeff a shot.

JIMMY
You got any Redpine?

The barmaid nods.

JEFF
You're not gonna drink?

JIMMY
I can't have alcohol.

BARMAID
Anti-depressants?

Jimmy turns to her, shocked.

JIMMY
Yeah.

BARMAID
I'm on 'em too, Takes about an hour
to orgasm. Redpines are in the
back. Just a sec.

She goes to get the drinks.

JEFF
You can't even have one drink? To
celebrate?

JIMMY
It'll set me back.

JEFF
You keep drinking RedPine and
you'll be up all night.

JIMMY
I don't sleep much anyway.

The barmaid returns with a Redpine.

JEFF
Aren't you required to feed me a
jello shot off your chest?

BARMAID
That is part of the job
description.

The Barmaid performs the jello shot ritual.

JEFF
Thank you. Thank you so much.
You're a special person.

Jimmy stares at the swirl of noise, color, and people around
him. This is not his scene.

JEFF
What's the matter?

JIMMY
Someone was following me.

JEFF
What?

JIMMY
I took the shortcut. Through the woods. Someone was following me.

JEFF
Some douchebag kid. See who it was?

JIMMY
Just for a second. Couldn't recognize him.

JEFF
Just some asshole.

JIMMY
Yeah.

He doesn't sound so sure.

INT. CLUB ABYSS - NIGHT

Jeff dances reggaeton with ROSIE. Jimmy watches from nearby. The club is a swirl of noise and light.

FLASH CUT: A vase smashing against a wall. Screaming.

FLASH CUT: A TV bashed in with a bat.

Jimmy closes his eyes, shakes off the images. He shields his eyes from the lights, looking around. Jeff comes over, Rosie in tow.

JEFF
Maybe she's off tonight.

JIMMY
I gotta get some air.

Jimmy exits the back of the club leading at the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Salt air surrounds him. Mist. He sees a figure in the distance. It disappears.

A voice through the darkness.

JULIE

....don't care, Marco, you have to
be on time.

Jimmy follows the voice to an open door at the rear of the club. Framed in it, he sees JULIE and MARCO. Julie's Jimmy's age. Beautiful, strong inner light. Right now she's all business as she stares down Marco - a bald, muscle-bound dishwasher twice her size.

MARCO

I had a problem with my car.

JULIE

And I had to pull a bartender off the front to keep up with the glassware. That means less drinks get served, which means this place makes less money, which means that soon, we might just have to fire us a dishwasher or two. Next time take the bus, or call, I'll send someone for you. You got it?

MARCO

Won't happen again, Ms. McGregor, I swear.

JULIE

Good. Now get to it, sport.

He turns to go and she gives Jake a healthy whack on the ass with her palm. She turns, spots Jimmy. She freezes, in shock.

JULIE

Jimmy?

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jimmy and Julie walk on the beach. Behind them, Jeff and Rosie strip, running for the waves.

JULIE

So, you're back for good?

JIMMY

I don't know.

JULIE

We're are you staying?

JIMMY

The old place. My brother's there.

JULIE
Your brother? How's he doing?

JIMMY
He's sick. Can't even leave the house. One cold could kill him.

JULIE
Jesus. How about you? Feeling better?

JIMMY
I feel great. Looks like you're doing good.

JULIE
I'm trying, Jimmy. After what happened, with that boy drowning, it kind of woke me up I guess.

JIMMY
Sure.

JULIE
I'm not drinking anymore.

He stares at her.

JULIE
I know. Hard to believe. Working at a bar and all. But I've been clean for almost 15 months now.

JIMMY
You like managing that club? Is that what you want to do?

JULIE
I'm saving up.

JIMMY
College?

JULIE
Nursing school. My mom was a nurse, my grandma.

JIMMY
It's in the blood.

JULIE
I wanted to take care of you, Jimmy, after the boy died.

(MORE)

JULIE (cont'd)
But I was too fucked up all the
time. I didn't know how. I'm sorry.

JIMMY
It was my fault.

A loud groan. Both turn. Jeff and Rosie are naked, making out
in the surf.

JULIE
Why did you come back?

JIMMY
I want my life back.

JULIE
Does that mean me? Because I...I
don't know, Jimmy.

He takes her hand.

JIMMY
I just wanted to see you. Maybe we
can go out to dinner, take a walk,
go for a bike ride. We can be
friends, right? No matter what?

JULIE
Sounds good.

He checks his watch.

JIMMY
Shit, I gotta drive to Philly in
five hours.

JULIE
Forget to pack your toothbrush?

JIMMY
Got an appointment.

JULIE
With what's her name? Brandauer?

Jimmy nods.

JULIE
She's helping you.

JIMMY
Yeah.

She's looking at him.

JULIE
I'm glad, Jimmy. I'm glad for you.

JIMMY
Thanks.

JULIE
I have to get back to the club.
It's good to see you again, Jimmy.

JIMMY
You too.

She leans forward, kisses him on the cheek, walks off. As she goes, she waves to Jeff and Rosie.

JULIE
See you, Jeff.

JEFF
Bye, Jules. See you around, huh?

JULIE
You got it.

Jimmy watches her go, then turns. In the shadows of the pier he spots a figure lurking. It vanishes.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

An abandoned boathouse on a deserted stretch of dunes.

INT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

The main space is chaos. Nets everywhere, broken up boats, rusting fishing gear. Other doors leads to spaces unknown. Shafts of light penetrate the boarded over windows.

In the center the main space, Francesca is tied to a chair. She's nude, bound with heavy ropes, eyes wide, mouth gagged. Around her, a horrific collection of nets, hooks, and gaffs.

A gloved hand reaches to a tray loaded with sharp implements. It selects a rusting fish-hook and brings it over, holding it in front of Francesca's face. She moans through her gag.

The hook brushes her cheek, under her eye, digs in, tears a hole below her eye. It traverses to the other eye, does the same. Blood leaks down her cheeks like red tears.

Francesca screams through her gag.

The gloved hand picks up a heavy cleaver, raises it. The cleaver comes down on her forearm, lashed to the chair arm, and chops through her arm and the chair arm, smashing it.

Francesca screams through the gag.

Gloved hands pick the severed arm up and carry it over to a bandsaw in the corner. The saw starts up with a whine. The figure bends over it, positions the arm at the blade. Moving with precision, the figure cuts the arm into chunks, which it tosses into a bucket on the floor.

Francesca watches, screaming and screaming.

INT. DR. BRANDAUER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dr. Brandauer works with Jimmy.

BRANDAUER

How is Adam?

JIMMY

Good.

BRANDAUER

Are you happy to see him again?

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, I am. It's weird though.

BRANDAUER

What is?

JIMMY

When he lived with us, before my dad left. He never got hit. Because he was sick. I always got the shit kicked out of me.

BRANDAUER

Did you, Adam and your father ever do anything together?

JIMMY

Fishing. We'd go seining for snapper, catch bunker with our nets, then my dad would cut those fish up into chunks. We'd throw bucket fulls off the side of the boat, make a chum slick.

BRANDAUER

For fishing?

JIMMY

Yeah, tuna would come, sharks too. Makos were nasty, so my old man would bring a couple of guns. He'd gaff, stab or shoot anything we brought in. We won a lot of tournaments.

BRANDAUER

Sounds dangerous.

JIMMY

It was. But that was the only time we all got along.

BRANDAUER

Anything else?

JIMMY

My dad. He was great with his hands. Big hands. He could build anything. Fix anything. Made us go carts and skateboards. He built me a canoe out of canvass when I was a kid. He was a great cook. Would cook these insane portions. Like he was cooking for the army. Spaghetti sauce with crab meat.

Jimmy says nothing for along moment, staring off, lost in thought and memory. Jimmy's face tightens.

FLASH CUT - a fist looping through the air.

JIMMY

Fucking sadist.

FLASH CUT - Jimmy's Mom slams into the wall.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He used my mom and me like a punching bag.

FLASH CUT - A hand coming down, hard. Joyce hits the floor. In the background, young Jimmy stands in the doorway, watching, horrified.

BRANDAUER

But you loved him.

JIMMY
When he left...

He takes a deep breath.

JIMMY
I wish he'd beat the hell out of
me, instead. That was showing me he
cared. But leaving, just leaving
like that...

A moment of silence.

JIMMY
I can't stop thinking about him. I
always had nightmares about him.
Now that I'm back home, it feels
like he's breathing down my neck.

BRANDAUER
That will pass.

JIMMY
I hope so.

EXT. ROUTE 1 & 9 NORTH - DAY

Jimmy hauls ass home in his El Camino.

EXT. JIMMY'S STREET/INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

As Jimmy nears his street, three police cars roar past.

Jimmy watches them go, turns onto his street, parks. He walks
to house, catching a glimpse of Beanie and another ROOMATE
standing in their doorway. They hold each other, crying.

Jimmy pauses on the porch as he spots a package that's been
left on the boards. An old, rusting tackle box. There's a
note taped to it: WELCOME HOME YOU FUCKIN PUNK in neat, block
script.

Jimmy stares at it, unnerved. He leans down and picks it up,
as if he was afraid it might bite. He opens it slowly. Inside
a small, slim object. A photo card for a digital camera.

Jimmy enters the house.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Through the doorway, we see Adam in his room, working on the
computer.

ADAM
Hey, bro. How'd it go with the
shrink?

JIMMY
Fine, fine. Hey, is anything going
on?

ADAM
What do you mean?

JIMMY
I saw cops pulling out. Were they
next door?

ADAM
I dunno.

JIMMY
Oh.

He walks to his room.

INT. SHORE HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Jimmy goes through his bags, finds his digital camera, and
swaps the memory card out for the one he got in the box.

He fires the camera up, selects the "play" mode. An image
pops up - Francesca tied-up nude in the boathouse. Jimmy
stares at it, shocked, yet fascinated.

JIMMY
What the hell is this?

He goes through the card, more photos, from different angles,
obscure close-ups on body parts, close-ups on the texture of
the ropes digging into flesh.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You naughty girl.

The phone rings. Adam shouts from off screen.

ADAM
Can you get that?

JIMMY
Sure, sure.

He puts the camera down and walks out.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy has to hunt through Adam's stuff to find the phone, an old-style rotary. He picks it up.

JIMMY

Hello?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jeff is off in a corner, talking on his cell. The small station is a blur of activity. Locations intercut.

JEFF

Did you hear? That girl who lives next door to you. She disappeared.

JIMMY

What?

JEFF

One of her roommates says she went out to dump the trash, never came back.

JIMMY

What happened to her?

JEFF

No one knows. Get this. They found blood. In the trash can. Lots of it.

JIMMY

Her blood?

JEFF

We don't know. They're testing it.

JIMMY

Woah.

JEFF

Look, dude, they're gonna question everyone in the neighborhood. Just wanted to give you the heads up.

Jimmy looks down at the digital camera in his hand.

JEFF

Jimmy?

JIMMY
Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Look,
Jeff...

JEFF
What?

JIMMY
Something weird happened just now.

JEFF
What do you mean?

JIMMY
I think I better come down there.

INT. SABIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits in a cramped office across from DETECTIVE SABIA. DETECTIVE WOLLENSKI stands nearby. Sabia scrolls through the photos on the digital camera.

SABIA
And you say this picture card just
showed up?

JIMMY
I gave you the box it came in.

SABIA
You handled both?

JIMMY
I didn't know it was important.

Sabia holds up the note, now enclosed in a zip lock bag.

SABIA
Someone doesn't like you. Any idea
who?

JIMMY
I just got here. Haven't had time
to piss anyone off.

WOLLENSKI
You've been away for awhile. Why'd
you come back?

JIMMY
Wanted to see someone.

Sabia turns back to the camera.

SABIA

Do you recognize the location in these photos?

JIMMY

No.

WOLLENSKI

I understand you had an altercation with Ms. Mascelli yesterday.

JIMMY

What? No.

WOLLENSKI

Her housemate reports that strong words were exchanged.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Oh, that. She was taking up two parking spots, I asked her to move and she copped a little attitude on me. It was no big deal.

WOLLENSKI

Seen your dad lately?

JIMMY

No.

WOLLENSKI

Think he might be pissed, that you got the house?

JIMMY

I don't give a damn what he might be pissed about.

WOLLENSKI

I knew your dad, when I was a rookie cop. I met him at the fire at that welfare hotel. Quite the hero.

Jimmy turns to Sabia.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You in my dad's fan club, too?

SABIA

Never met him. I transferred down here from New York City three years ago.

WOLLENSKI

You dad had some trouble, didn't he, after he left town. What I heard, he was in and out of psychiatric care for a number of years.

JIMMY

Yeah, he was a crazy fuck, I could have told you that.

SABIA

How?

JIMMY

You ever watch someone beat your mother with a tennis racket?

SABIA

Have you spoken to him recently?

JIMMY

Why is everyone asking me that? No. I haven't talked to that motherfucker in fifteen years.

SABIA

Do you know where he is?

JIMMY

He can rot in hell for all I care.

SABIA

If he tries to contact you, let us know.

JIMMY

Sure.

WOLLENSKI

How are you doing?

JIMMY

What do you mean?

WOLLENSKI

I understand you're seeing a therapist.

JIMMY
Gargulio told you, huh?

WOLLENSKI
Mr. Gargulio likes you. He wants to help.

JIMMY
I'm fine. I'm seeing a shrink. So is half the goddamn country. So what?

Sabia and Wollenski exchange looks.

SABIA
I think we're finished here.

JIMMY
Do I get my camera back?

WOLLENSKI
Sorry, your camera is now evidence.

JIMMY
What? The camera didn't show up, the card did. Take the card and give me my goddamn camera back.

WOLLENSKI
Sorry, son, we have to hold onto it

JIMMY
Ah, this sucks. I volunteered to come down here and help you guys out, and you're stealing my camera? That cost me 500 bucks.

SABIA
We'll get it back to you as soon as we can.

WOLLENSKI
If anything else comes up, anything at all, call us.

JIMMY
Sure. Am I done?

SABIA
Yes. And you had better hurry.

JIMMY
What do you mean?

SABIA

We checked with Gargulio. You don't get a move on, you're gonna be late for your first day of work.

JIMMY

You guys enjoy fucking with people? Or is that just part of the job.

Wollenski grins.

WOLLENSKI

Enjoy the beach, Jimmy.

Jimmy pushes back from the table and walks hurriedly out.

EXT. WHITING BEACH - DAY

The sun is oppressive and bright. Jimmy walks to the lifeguard chair. The guy on duty sees him, gives a wry smile and climbs down. Jimmy takes his place in the chair.

The day is hot, the sky bright. People are yelling splashing - a chaotic swirl of color and sound. Two more LIFEGUARDS stand nearby talking with their BUDDIES, all of them glancing over at Jimmy from time to time. Their voices carry through the chaos almost as whispers.

LIFEGUARD #2

He let that kid drown.

BUDDY

Fucking loser.

LIFEGUARD #2

Always hangs out with that dickhead rent-a-cop.

Jimmy ignores them, his eyes focused on the sea.

LILLY

Hey there, lifeguard.

She peers up at him in the chair, looking up the leg of his trunks.

LILLY (CONT'D)

I think I see it.

JIMMY

See what?

LILLY
Someone's package...

Jimmy slaps his legs together.

JIMMY
Cut that out.

LILLY
Why?

She pulls her bikini bottom away from her waist a moment, flashing pubic hair.

LILLY (CONT'D)
There, now we're even.

Jimmy turns his gaze back to the ocean.

JIMMY
I barely recognize you without all that makeup.

LILLY
Why don't you come to the club tonight?

JIMMY
I don't do the Goth thing.

LILLY
C'mon. We'll place dress up.

JIMMY
I have a girlfriend.

LILLY
Sure you do. See you later...

She turns to walk away, adjusting her bottom as she does so, pulling it away for a moment, giving a flash view of her gorgeous behind. Jimmy can't help but notice.

EXT. WHITING BEACH - DAY

Jimmy pulls down the lifeguard chair. He looks tired, weathered. He washes his feet at the beach showers. Looks under the boardwalk. Sees a figure lurking.

He stares. The figure seems to be staring back. Jimmy walks toward it. It moves, disappearing among the pilings.

EXT. UNDER BOARDWALK - DAY

Jimmy reaches the boardwalk, ducks under. It's dark - shadowed. Footsteps above make an odd thunder. He looks for the figure he saw, but there's no one in sight.

A strange sound draws his attention. Jimmy follows it, rounds a support.

Lying on the sand, a crab out of water, legs waving, desperate, dying.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy tries to sleep. He tosses and turns. Checks the clock. He wakes from another nightmare. The clock reads 12:50am. He gets up.

He walks through the house. He spots his strange reflection in window panes, glass, and an old china closet. His warped image in green light from a television set.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy drives his El Camino through lonely streets. As he get closer to the boardwalk crowds gather. Its spooky - the 8th circle of hell. Bodies in blackness. SLAM! A body hits the side of his car. Then, like a zombie it walks off in a state of drunkenness.

JIMMY

Fuckin drunks.

EXT. CLUB ABYSS - NIGHT

Jimmy walks the boardwalk. He spots Julie talking to the bouncers outside the club. Jimmy watches her for a moment, then turns, walks away, fast.

EXT. GOTH CLUB - NIGHT

Jimmy walks toward the Goth Club. He seems like he's half asleep. He hesitates outside, then cuts the line and approaches the doorman.

DOORMAN

Back again?

JIMMY

My friend here?

DOORMAN

Who?

JIMMY
The cop from last night?

DOORMAN
I don't know, maybe. Go ahead, see
for yourself.

INT. GOTH CLUB - NIGHT

Everyone stares at Jimmy like he's a freak. He stands out like a sore thumb. He moves quietly through the crowd. The strange Goth kids whisper as he passes them, but he can't hear them.

INT. GOTH CLUB COED BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy splashes water on his face.

JIMMY
What am I doing here?

Lilly enters in another incredible outfit.

LILLY
Taking a shower?

JIMMY
Trying to wake up.

Lilly eyes him.

LILLY
Is *this* what you call dress up?

JIMMY
I couldn't sleep.

LILLY
So you rolled out of bed just to see me? I'm flattered.

JIMMY
I'm looking for my buddy.

LILLY
He's not here.

JIMMY
I should go.

She takes his arm.

LILLY (CONT'D)
Excellent idea.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Lilly and Jimmy walk the planks. They step off the boardwalk heading towards the beach and surf.

LILLY
You coming in?

Lilly strips.

JIMMY
It's too cold.

LILLY
C'mon lifeguard.

JIMMY
Forget it.

LILLY
Okay then...

She leads him under the pier.

EXT. UNDER PIER - NIGHT

Lilly strips him. Pressing him against a pylon, her white painted face in strange contrast to her tanned, nude body. Jimmy resists at first, then gives in to her. They fall to the sand in a tangle of limbs. Lilly climbs on top, working it hard. Jimmy stares past her, at the breaking waves.

EXT. UNDER PIER - NIGHT

Later. Lilly collects her clothes. Jimmy's barely there.

LILLY
Did I tire you out old man?

JIMMY
No, no, it was good. It was good.

LILLY
Glad you could keep up with me.

She kisses him on the cheek.

LILLY
Come back to the club with me.

JIMMY
I can't. I gotta go home.

LILLY (CONT'D)
C'mon.

JIMMY
I'm fried.

LILLY
Buy me a couple of drinks.

JIMMY
I don't drink.

LILLY
Pleeeassee? It'll be fun.

She nuzzles his ear.

LILLY
We can go back to my place
afterwards.

JIMMY
I can't.

LILLY
Tomorrow night?

JIMMY
I don't think so.

Lilly sits up.

LILLY
So that's it? Got what you wanted?

JIMMY
Not really.

LILLY
Not really? What the fuck is that
supposed to mean?

JIMMY
I don't know. I... wish I hadn't
done that.

LILLY
Jesus, are you a fucking psycho or something?

JIMMY
No.

She stands, starts yanking on clothes.

LILLY
I thought you looked like a cool guy, but you're not. You're a fucking piece of shit like the rest of the assholes in this crap town.

JIMMY
Sorry.

She pulls on her pants.

LILLY
I hope you fucking drown.

Jimmy stares at her as she stalks off.

JIMMY
Yeah, fuck you, bitch.

But it's a dead monotone, no emotion, no force behind it. He lays back in the sand, closes his eyes, falls asleep.

EXT. LILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lilly approaches her house. A lurking figure watches her from the shadows.

She stops by the door to fish for her keys in her purse. As she does, there is movement behind her. A club, the type used to kill fish, is raised, and swings down savagely on Lilly's skull. She drops.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The sun rises over the breakers. The sound of seagulls and diesel boat engines.

INT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

Lilly is tied naked in the chair. The broken chair arm has been mended with duct tape. Slowly, she comes awake. She looks around herself, sees the dingy surroundings.

LILLY
Where the fuck...

She tries to raise her arms, but they're tied behind her. Her legs are tied to the chair posts.

LILLY (CONT'D)
What? What the hell?

Her eyes fall on the tray of tools next to her - gaffing hooks, gutting knives with long, cruel blades, all of it speckled in dried blood.

Her eyes go wide in panic.

LILLY (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Holy shit.

She begins to hyper-ventilate. Slowly, she calms herself. She works the bonds holding her hands together.

LILLY (CONT'D)
Come on, come on.

No luck. She shifts her weight, bumping the chair until it upends the tray, dumping tools all over the floor, making all sorts of noise. Lilly cringes.

Silence. A knife has fallen to the floor. She rocks the chair until it falls over. Lilly lands on her side.

LILLY
Ow, shit.

A sound from another part of the boathouse. Lilly freezes, terrified. Silence.

Whimpering in fear, she probes with a tied hand, her fingers touching the blade of one of the knives. She pulls it into her hand.

Working blind, she sets the blade against the rope, saws with small motions.

LILLY
Come on, come on.

The blade cuts the rope easily, but also catches the flesh of her arm. Lilly gasps in pain, but keeps going. At last, the rope parts. Lilly pulls her arms free.

Sound from the other part of the Boathouse, footsteps.

Lilly hacks at her leg ropes, cutting her ankles, freeing herself. She pads quietly the other direction the steps are coming from, still gripping the knife.

She moves quietly into another room and ducks behind the wall as a figure enters the space behind her. We don't see it clearly, just a dark, shadowy shape. It pauses.

Lilly holds her breath. The figure steps toward her position. Lilly grips the knife.

The figure pauses again, an out of focus blur. It rights the chair, and picks something up. Lilly shakes, closes her eyes, silently praying.

The figure exits through another doorway. Lilly waits until it's footsteps have faded, then creeps across the space to the door she spotted. She grips the handle, and gritting her teeth, turns it. It squeaks and rattles. She cringes, but slowly opens the door.

She turns to look back over her shoulder, to make sure the figure has not come back for her.

As she opens the door, something swings down from above at her. She turns in time to see it. The thing hits her, knocks her sprawling.

Lilly turns quickly, the knife raised. Her eyes widen.

LILLY
Oh shit, oh shit.

The thing is Francesca's torso wrapped in a seining net. The torso was "rigged" above the doorway to swing down when the door was opened.

From behind her, a dark, terrifying laugh echoes. Lilly pushes past the swinging torso and runs down the corridor beyond. There's a door at the end of it, daylight streaming through a boarded over window.

She reaches the door, yanks on the handle. The door is padlocked shut, from the inside.

Lilly screams. Behind her, a figure enters the corridor. Lilly turns to confront it, her back against the door, no where to run. The figure approaches slowly, a rusting cleaver in hand. The blade edge, however, is bright and shiny. Razor sharp.

Lilly raises her knife.

LILLY (CONT'D)

Get away from me, get away from me
you motherfucker.

The cleaver flashes.

Lilly gasps in pain. Her hand, still gripping the knife, lies on the floor. Blood jets from the stump. Lilly stares at it, in shock.

The figure lunges, knocking Lilly to the floor. A knee is planted in her back, pinning her. The cleaver comes up, swings down, comes up, swings down.

Lilly gasps in shock and pain with each blow, her eyes slowly un-focusing. A final hack, the blade chips concrete.

Lilly pants in pain as the figure steps past her, dragging something behind itself. One of Lilly's legs.

The figure keeps going, Lilly continues to pant, eyes glazed over. From the other room comes the sound of the bandsaw starting up.

INT. DR. BRANDAUER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jimmy is back with Brandauer. He's a mess.

BRANDAUER

You don't look well.

JIMMY

Couldn't sleep.

BRANDAUER

Do you want something? To help you sleep?

JIMMY

No more pills.

BRANDAUER

You sound angry.

JIMMY

Sorry.

BRANDAUER

Don't apologize. Tell me why.

JIMMY

Last night. Last night I...I did something... something bad.

BRANDAUER

What?

JIMMY

I slept with someone.

BRANDAUER

Not Julie?

JIMMY

I didn't want to, but she, this girl, Lilly, she was really into it.

BRANDAUER

She seduced you.

JIMMY

Yeah.

BRANDAUER

You can hardly blame yourself for that.

JIMMY

I want to be stronger.

BRANDAUER

How is Julie.

JIMMY

It's like she's got a whole other life now. I don't think I'm going to be part of it.

BRANDAUER

That upsets you?

JIMMY

Yeah.

BRANDAUER

You were expecting something else?

JIMMY

When we were together, before... you know, before. It was good. We were good for each other. I want that back. I fucking blew it and I want to fix it.

BRANDAUER

How did you blow it?

Jimmy says nothing for a moment.

JIMMY
I couldn't save him.

BRANDAUER
The boy?

JIMMY
The boy.

BRANDAUER
Tell me about how he drowned.

JIMMY
I told you already.

BRANDAUER
Tell me again.

Jimmy is silent a long moment.

JIMMY
There was this kid at the beach two
summers ago. A real smart ass.
Kept going out too far. I waved him
in twice. Third time he ignored
me. The undertow took him.

BRANDAUER
You tried to save him.

JIMMY
I let him die.

BRANDAUER
You swam out to get him.
But you couldn't save him.

JIMMY
I was too late.

BRANDAUER
Why was the boy out so far?

JIMMY
Showing off to his buddies. I
waved him in twice.

BRANDAUER
So the third time, he didn't listen
to you.

JIMMY
No he didn't.

BRANDAUER
You warned him. You attempted to
save him. He deliberately
disobeyed you.

JIMMY
He went out too far.

BRANDAUER
You did everything you could.

JIMMY
I...

BRANDAUER
That's all you could have done,
Jimmy. You have to realize that.

JIMMY
Yeah.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy approaches his house. He pauses on the porch. There's a note taped to the door. Two words: THE BOATHOUSE.

Jimmy stares at it.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

An abandoned boathouse out in the middle of nowhere. Lonely and dilapidated. Jimmy approaches slowly.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Jimmy enters. The same boathouse where Francesca and Lilly met their ends. The interior is dark and shadowy, with only a few shafts of light coming in from boarded over windows.

JIMMY
Hello?

No answer. Jimmy moves further into the room. A sound from nearby. Jimmy spins. There, in a doorway across the space, a lurking shadow.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Who's there?

No answer. The shadow shifts slightly. Jimmy steps closer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Show yourself.

No response. Suddenly, the shadow disappears. Footsteps, running.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

Jimmy runs after the fleeing figure through the dark corridors of the boathouse. The corridors are strewn with junk - old gaff hook, nets, Jimmy ducks and dodges among the debris, trying to keep the fleeing, shadowy figure in sight.

He trips over a coil of rope and goes sprawling. When he scrambles to his feet, the figure is gone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shit!

He runs the way it went, and emerges into a larger space. Unlike the rest of the boathouse, this space is empty save for one item - the chair where Francesca and Lilly were tied up. There's a crab trap sitting on the seat.

Jimmy approaches it, tentatively. He looks around, no sign of anyone. He kneels to the trap, reaches out and opens it. He peers inside.

Inside the trap - a folded piece of paper.

Jimmy reaches out and pulls the note out. He opens it: NO COPS THIS TIME. LOOK AT THIS FIRST, YOU LITTLE BASTARD.

A camera flash card is taped to the note.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - DAY

Adam's asleep on the couch in the living room.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Jimmy sneaks into his room, looks around on the desk. He finds Adam's digital camera, a similar model to Jimmy's.

He swaps the flash cards, and puts it into "play" mode. An image comes up on screen. The image is of a concrete wall. Words are written on it in chalk: NO COPS. Jimmy scrolls to the next picture and gags.

It's a picture of Julie. She's fine, not tied up, not dead, just walking down the street.

JIMMY

Oh my God.

Jimmy continues to scroll through the snaps. More shots of Julie. Jimmy goes through them, faster and faster. Julie, then a close-up of the writing on the wall: NO. Julie. MORE. Julie. COPS.

ADAM

What the hell are you doing?

Jimmy jumps and spins. Adam is standing in the doorway, glaring.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I fucking told you. Stay out of my room. Stay away from my stuff.

JIMMY

Adam, I ...

ADAM

You what. Get out. Get out!

He starts to cough and hack, violently, bending over, clearly in distress. Jimmy goes to him. Adam bends over, thumping ineffectually on his own shoulder.

Jimmy takes over, grabs his brother, carries him to the clearing table in the living room.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy lays Adam out in a head down position and thumps hard on his brother's back. Adam coughs and gags, then spits up a huge wad of phlegm. Both go silent as Adam begins to breath normally.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thanks..

Jimmy gets up, exits the room, comes back with paper towels to clean up the phlegm as Adam composes himself.

JIMMY

Look, I'm sorry about being in your room. But I had to do it.

ADAM

I told you...

Jimmy holds up a hand.

JIMMY
Listen, just listen. This is
important. That girl Francesca...

ADAM
What about her?

JIMMY
She disappeared.

ADAM
What?

JIMMY
She's vanished.

ADAM
What does that have to do with you?

JIMMY
Someone left me a memory card with
pictures of her, tied up.

ADAM
What?

JIMMY
I took it to the cops. They kept
it, kept my camera too, so I needed
yours.

ADAM
What for?

JIMMY
Whoever left that first card was
back. When I got back from Philly,
I found a note telling me to go to
the boathouse.

ADAM
What boathouse?

JIMMY
The one dad used to use. It's
closed now, abandoned now. There
was another note waiting for me
there. Another memory card.

ADAM
Shit.

Jimmy holds up the note.

JIMMY
Does that handwriting look familiar?

ADAM
Hold on a second.

Adam ducks into his room. He rummages in a desk, comes out with a birthday card.

ADAM
One of the only times he remembered.

Jimmy opens the card. Inside, in that same, blocky engineer's script: *Happy Birthday to my best boy. Love, Dad.*

Jimmy compares the two handwriting samples.

ADAM
I'm no expert, but those are pretty close.

JIMMY
There the same. It's him.

ADAM
Who?

JIMMY
Dad.

ADAM
We better check those pictures.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Adam looks at the image of Julie on screen.

ADAM
Who's that?

JIMMY
Julie.

ADAM
Who's Julie?

JIMMY
A girl... a girl I used to go with.

ADAM
She's here?

JIMMY
Yeah. She still lives her.

ADAM
I didn't think you came back just
to see me.

Jimmy says nothing. Adam changes the screen view, points to the date the files are tagged with.

ADAM
These were taken this morning.

Adam points to the screen.

ADAM
What's this other folder?

He clicks on it. The first image comes up: words in chalk on a cinder-block wall: *I know you fucked the bitch. I fucked her too. But was it before, or after?*

ADAM
Before or after what?

Jimmy clicks to the next picture.

JIMMY
Oh God.

A picture of Lilly, unconscious, tied up.

ADAM
Who is that?

JIMMY
Lilly. A girl I met.

He leans forward.

JIMMY
I recognize that place. It's the
boathouse.

ADAM
Jesus.

Hand shaking, Jimmy reaches out for the mouse. He positions it over the "next image" control, summons the strength to click it.

Lilly, lying on the floor of the boathouse, one leg, one arm missing, blood everywhere.

Adam spins from the computer, retching. Jimmy stares at the image, his eyes wide, brimming with tears.

JIMMY

No. Oh Jesus, no.

Adam bolts for the bathroom. The sounds of puking come from within. Jimmy clicks through the images. More pictures of Lilly - her dead, staring eyes.

A close-up of the bandsaw, clotted with flesh and blood. A close-up of the bucket, full of bloody bits of flesh. Hypnotized, Jimmy clicks through the pictures. Adam appears in the background, wiping his mouth, not looking at the screen.

On screen, more images of gore. Every few shots are of Lilly's body, each time more of her is missing. More images of the bandsaw.

Then a strange shift. The shot is of ocean waters lit by morning sun. There's something red floating on the surface of the water, in the foreground, a fan of chunks of flesh and blood as if they're being thrown out into the water.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A chum slick.

ADAM

What?

JIMMY

He fed her to the fishes.

ADAM

Fuck. Fuck, man.

He runs for the bathroom again.

Jimmy clicks. Another message: *NO COPS*. The next image: Julie. A series of shots of her interspersed are shots of the chum slick, shots of the message, shots of Julie. The meaning is clear. Jimmy drops his head into his hands.

The doorbell rings.

Jimmy gets up. He peers out the bedroom door and sees flashing lights. He turns to where Adam peers out of the bathroom.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Stay in there, and don't say a fucking word.

ADAM
Jimmy...

JIMMY
Do it!

Adam nods. Jimmy shuts the monitor off, and goes to the door as someone outside bangs on it. He opens the door. Detectives Sabia and Wollenski wait.

He steps out onto the porch and closes the door behind him.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Jimmy faces the cops, nervous, eyes darting, glancing behind himself a lot.

SABIA
Hello Jimmy.

JIMMY
So, you still looking for
Francesca?

SABIA
We are. And now we're looking for
Lilly Burton, too. Know where she
is?

JIMMY
Is she missing?

WOLLENSKI
As a matter of fact she is. You
were the last person seen with her.

JIMMY
Oh.

SABIA
Can you tell us about last night?

JIMMY
I, ah, we met up at the club, you
know, that freaky goth place.

SABIA
You go there a lot?

JIMMY
No. I fucking hate that place.

WOLLENSKI

Then why were you there?

JIMMY

Lilly asked me to come see her.

WOLLENSKI

And...

JIMMY

We went to the beach and... hung out. She went home maybe around 1am. That was it.

SABIA

The last time you saw her?

JIMMY

Yes.

WOLLENSKI

I don't believe you.

JIMMY

I don't give a shit.

SABIA

What are you hiding, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Nothing.

SABIA

We could haul you in, get a search warrant for the house.

JIMMY

Be my guest.

WOLLENSKI

Tell me, Jimmy. If you were me. Two young women disappear, both of whom you had contact with. Would that ring any bells?

JIMMY

Of course it would.

SABIA

What happened with Lilly last night?

JIMMY

I...we...

SABIA

You had sex.

JIMMY

Yeah, I feel pretty shitty about it. I have a serious girlfriend, Julie. But I did something stupid.

WOLLENSKI

And that's it?

JIMMY

That's it.

WOLLENSKI

Okay, Jimmy. If anything else comes up, let us know?

JIMMY

Absolutely.

SABIA

See ya, Jimmy.

The two detectives turn and walk off the porch. Jimmy sags with relief as they get in their car and drive off.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

Jimmy and Adam sit before the computer.

ADAM

You have to tell them.

JIMMY

If I do, he's going to hurt Julie.

ADAM

Jimmy...

JIMMY

I won't let him hurt Julie. Promise me, promise me you won't tell anyone about this.

ADAM

Jimmy, I...

Jimmy bends closer, his eyes wide, pleading.

JIMMY

Adam, please. You can't say anything. The cops have the other photos, they have the evidence. Let's just...let's forget we ever saw this.

ADAM

I don't know.

JIMMY

Adam, I'm begging you. For all those beatings you never got. Do this for me.

Adam stares into his brother's eyes, then nods.

ADAM

Our secret. On one condition.

JIMMY

What?

ADAM

Anything else happens, I have to know about it. I can help you with this, Jimmy. I'm not the fastest, or strongest, but I'm pretty fucking smart.

JIMMY

You'd help me?

ADAM

We have to get that motherfucker. Pay him back for what he did. What he did to both of us.

Jimmy seizes his brother in a tight embrace.

JIMMY

Deal.

They separate.

ADAM

What now?

JIMMY

Julie. I gotta make sure she's okay.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jimmy drives, honking, cursing, flaring at the road.

INT. CLUB ABYSS - DAY

Jimmy enters the club looking for Julie. He spots her behind a bar checking inventory with a trio of barmaids.

JIMMY

Hey.

JULIE

Jimmy, I'm working.

JIMMY

I know, I know, I just need a minute.

Julie turns to the barmaids.

JULIE

Be right back.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

The boardwalk near the club. They stand, facing each other.

JULIE

You can't just show up at my work.

JIMMY

I needed to see you.

JULIE

What did we talk about last night?

JIMMY

Okay, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, okay?
Sorry.

Julie crosses her arms.

JIMMY

What are you doing tonight?

JULIE

Working 'til 3, 4 am.

JIMMY

I'll meet you.

JULIE
No, Jimmy, that's not a good idea.

JIMMY
Then I'll just hang out in the club.

JULIE
I really wish you wouldn't.

JIMMY
Your club, it has security, right?

JULIE
Is that some kind of threat?

JIMMY
A what? No. Just be careful. I'll be around. Just... call and let me know where you are.

JULIE
What is up with you?

JIMMY
Nothing.

JULIE
You have to calm down. You seemed fine the other day.

JIMMY
I'm sorry.

JULIE
I thought you were better, but now...

JIMMY
I'm better. It's not what you think.

JULIE
What is it?

Jimmy looks around, sweeping the area.

JIMMY
I can't tell you.

Julie rolls her eyes.

JULIE
 Jesus, Jimmy, why are you doing
 this to me?

JIMMY
 I'm not doing anything.

JULIE
 I want to help you. I do. But you
 have to help yourself. Please,
 Jimmy, please help yourself.

A BARMAID calls from the club entrance.

BARMAID
 Jules! Beer delivery's out front.

JULIE
 I'll talk to you later. Go home,
 Jimmy, get some sleep, take care of
 yourself. Please. For me. Do it for
 me.

Jimmy stares at her, practically crying.

JIMMY
 I'm going to take care of this.

She nods, walks quickly off. He watches. Turns, checking all
 directions, then walks the opposite way.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A SERGEANT argues with 2 REPORTERS.

SERGEANT
 Look, this is nothing unusual.

REPORTER #1
 Two girls missing? That's not
 unusual?

SERGEANT
 Kids do crazy things, run home, get
 drunk and drown.

REPORTER #2
 So you don't suspect foul play?

SERGEANT
 At this time no.

Jimmy and Jeff stand by the corner, watching as the sergeant continues to talk with the reporters.

JIMMY

What time you getting off?

JEFF

I have no idea. Gotta process some arrests. We got those missing girls we're working on.

JIMMY

Any leads.

JEFF

You heard the Sergeant. Nothing yet.

JIMMY

Oh.

JEFF

Is it true?

JIMMY

Is what true?

JEFF

That girl from the goth club. I heard she came to see you, the day she disappeared. That you were with her last night.

JIMMY

Yeah, I was.

JEFF

Jesus.

JIMMY

Look, I want you to check on Julie for me?

JEFF

Now?

JIMMY

Tonight, when she's working.

JEFF

Sure, always happy to check up on her. Why?

JIMMY
Cause I asked you to.

Jimmy spots movement. Sabia and Wollenski getting out of a car.

JIMMY
See you.

He pats Jeff on the arm, takes off.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY/NIGHT

Jimmy walks the boardwalk as day turns to night. He moves fast, agitated.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy pauses to lean on the railing. Nearby a couple makes out. ANNALISA and TED. Jimmy watches them a moment.

Annalisa leans over, whispers to Ted. Ted grins. He puts an arm around her and they walk off, laughing, leaning on each other. Jimmy watches them go.

He turns away, spots a figure lurking in the shadows. It ducks away. Jimmy goes after it, approaching an alleyway between two shops.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy peers into the alley. Empty. But the gate at the far end is swinging in the breeze. He moves down the alley, alert. It's dark and spooky.

JIMMY
Is anyone here?

No answer. He passes a group of dumpsters, reaches the gate at the far end. No sign of anyone.

Suddenly, with a crash and a bang, something lurches at him.

Jimmy jumps and turns, shocked.

A Hispanic BUSBOY takes out the garbage through one of the doorways that borders the alley. He and Jimmy regard each other a moment. Then Jimmy gathers his wits and walks back to the boardwalk.

EXT. UNDER THE PIER - NIGHT

Annalisa and Ted walk under the pier. They pause by a piling. Ted kissed her neck. Music from one of the clubs is heard distantly. She and Ted move further into the darkness under the boardwalk and undress each other, fall to the sand, bodies entwined.

A shadow moves behind them.

Ted is on top, at arms length, thrusting into her. Annalisa's eyes are closed. She's moaning.

ON ANNALISA - there's a wet thud. A spray of blood splashes her face. She opens her eyes, her mouth opening in shock.

Ted is now headless. He flops atop her, blood jetting.

Before Annalisa can even scream, a gaff hook plunges into her mouth, spearing through her. Her fledgling screams turns into a muted gurgle as the gaff hook is driven deeper and deeper through her. Blood boils out of her mouth, mixing with Ted's.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy walks on, around him the chaos of the boardwalk at night - spinning wheels of chance with ugly stuffed animals. Grotesque plastic frogs in green pools of water. Children spun by a gigantic octopus.

Jimmy turns away from the chaos, looking out over the ocean, towards the pier that juts out into the water. A figure emerges from under it.

Jimmy stares. The figure is large, lumbering. A man. It pauses, tiny in the distance, then turns. It seems to look right at Jimmy a moment before walking back under the pier.

Jimmy watches the figure disappear, then springs into action, running after it. He stops by the pilings. Hesitant, he walks under the pier. He follows the rows of pilings, then stops suddenly, looking down. The sand around him is black.

Cutting to a wide shot, we see Jimmy standing in a huge pool of blood soaked sand, the blood black in the orange spill of the boardwalk's sodium vapor lights. Ahead, he sees the dead figures of Annalisa and Ted.

JIMMY

Oh Jesus, oh Jesus.

He backs up and slams into a piling. He bounces off it like a pinball, then runs.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy makes it back to the boardwalk, starts walking fast. Behind him, a woman screams. He spins. A guy has his girlfriend up on his shoulders. She screams again, in fake fear.

Jimmy walks faster.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy bolts in through the front door, sprints to the kitchen. He opens a door - it leads down to a basement.

Jimmy runs down the stairs.

INT. SHORE HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy pauses at the bottom of the staircase, staring into the middle of the room.

Victor, Jimmy's dad, sits on an old crate. He holds a shotgun in his hand. Behind him, a workbench is loaded with tools and projects in various states of completion.

Jimmy stares at Victor, turns slowly to the stairs.

Jimmy Age 10 stands on the stairs, watching his dad. Victor slowly puts the shotgun in his mouth, a finger finds the trigger. He sits that way a long moment, then begins to cry. The gun slips from his hands, clatters on the floor.

Victor collapses to the floor, weeping, holding himself.

Jimmy turns to the staires. Jimmy Age 10 stares back, his expression neutral.

When Jimmy looks back towards Victor, Victor is gone. The crate is gone. The workbench is gone. The gun is gone.

Jimmy looks back at the stairs. Jimmy Age 10 is also gone.

Jimmy stands a moment, then walks into the basement. He pauses in the center of the space, and reaches into the beams. Hidden among the crossmembers, something long, wrapped in oilcloth.

Jimmy pulls it down, unwraps it.

The shotgun. It's an old beast, over-under, the stock worn and chipped. But it means business.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls up outside the boathouse and climbs out, shotgun in hand. He walks up to the boathouse and storms inside.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy enters the main space, shotgun in hand.

JIMMY

I know you're here.

No answer. Nets sway in a light breeze, ropes dangle. Piles of rotting fish are dotted about.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Come out.

A sound, a body shuffling somewhere. Jimmy spins.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this to me?

Silence. Jimmy collapses to the worn boards, holding his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck!

Tears of frustration stream down his cheeks. Then, a voice from the shadows, quiet, cold, intense. This is VICTOR.

VICTOR

Don't cry, Jimmy.

Jimmy leaps to his feet, pointing his gun.

JIMMY

Where are you? Let me see your face, you fucking pussy.

VICTOR

Why, Jimmy? So you can kill me? No, no, I'm not done with you yet.

JIMMY

Not... why...why are you doing this?

VICTOR

Do you remember the Excelsior Hotel, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, I remember. Big hero.

VICTOR

Do you remember setting it on fire?

JIMMY

What?

VICTOR

I was the hero that day, Jimmy, but only because you called me after the fire got out of control. So I could be first on the scene. So I could cover up for you.

JIMMY

What are you talking about?

VICTOR

All the fires, Jimmy, all the fires you set. Do you know how that tore at me?

JIMMY

I didn't set any fires, what the hell are you talking about?

VICTOR

No? No fires? Then what about the animals?

JIMMY

What animals?

VICTOR

The one's you tortured and killed.

JIMMY

You're fucking crazy.

VICTOR

I know I am. I have the paperwork from several institutions to prove it. But why am I crazy, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I...I...

VICTOR

You drove me crazy, Jimmy. You and that shrew mother of yours, my loving wife, always taking your side, always defending you, no matter what you did. I wanted to get help for you, a doctor, a shrink, she wouldn't hear of it.

JIMMY

Shut up. Don't you talk about her like that.

VICTOR

The two of you drove me insane. Literally. What else could I do but run, with Adam, try and save him at least from the madness.

JIMMY

Shut up.

VICTOR

You ruined my life, Jimmy. Now it's time I ruin yours.

JIMMY

Is that what this is about?

VICTOR

How does it feel, Jimmy, to feel your sanity slipping away, inch by inch? That is how you've been feeling these past few days, isn't it?

JIMMY

Fuck you.

VICTOR

Maybe I won't be able to drive you insane, but I can still hurt you.

JIMMY

I'll go to the cops, I'll tell them everything I know.

VICTOR

Do you know what I've been doing with the bodies, Jimmy? Remember fishing? Remember the chum slick?

JIMMY

Yeah.

VICTOR

If you go to the cops, then I'm going to do the same to Julie. Only worse.

JIMMY

You stay the fuck away from her!

VICTOR

Make me.

Jimmy suddenly charges forward to where the voice seems to be coming from. He kicks a door in, opening on an empty room.

Victor's laugh echoes from behind him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Nice try, you fucking punk.

JIMMY

Come out!

VICTOR

I'm leaving now, Jimmy. But not without a parting gift. Those two under the pier. Don't worry, I took a piece with me. I hid it, somewhere in here.

JIMMY

So?

VICTOR

I got your hairs, Jimmy, from your car. I left them on this...piece. If the cops find it, guess who's going down for those murders?

JIMMY

No.

VICTOR

I called Sabia, just when I saw you pull up. I imagine you've got maybe two minutes before they arrive. And just think, with you out of the way, Julie is mine.

Footsteps running, fading. Jimmy charges across the main space to another door, kicks it open as well. No one inside.

JIMMY

Shit. Shit! Come back. Get your ass
back here.

He looks around, no sign of Victor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit!

Jimmy begins a frantic search of the boathouse, ripping cabinets and doors open. Jimmy's movements become more and more frantic. Finally, under a pile of fish, he spots something, a tuft of human hair.

Jimmy shoves the rotting fish aside, revealing Ted's severed head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Jimmy grabs up the head, and runs from the boathouse.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy jumps into his car and hauls ass out of the parking lot, speeding up the road in the opposite direction of town.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy glances into the rearview mirror. The road behind him is empty.

JIMMY

Shit.

He pulls over.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He didn't call him. The bastard
didn't call anybody.

He slams the dashboard.

EXT. DUNES - NIGHT

Jimmy buries Ted's head in a pit.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Julie emerges from Club Abyss. The boardwalk is nearly deserted. Julie walks north. DAVE approaches, drunk off his ass. He walks next to her.

DAVE
Hey, baby.

JULIE
Go away.

DAVE
So hostile. Come on, let's go get a drink.

JULIE
I don't drink.

DAVE
Then lets's go do something else. I got a place. You wanna see it?

JULIE
No. Go away.

He scuttles in front of her, blocking her path.

DAVE
Come on, stop being such a bitch.

A new voice.

JEFF
Get away from her.

Dave turns. Jeff is approaching in his rent-a-cop uniform.

DAVE
Hey, man.

JEFF
I said beat it.

DAVE
I'm drunk.

Jeff draws his flashlight.

JEFF
In a second you're gonna be unconscious.

DAVE
Okay, okay, man, jeesh, cool it down, all right? No harm no foul.

He wanders off, muttering. Julie looks to Jeff.

JULIE
I totally had that under control.

JEFF
I know you did. But I felt the need
to act all manly.

She takes his arm.

JULIE
My hero.

JEFF
Come on, I'll walk you home.

JULIE
You don't have to.

JEFF
I want to.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff and Julie enter by the light of his flash. He shuts it off, sets it on a table as she turns on a side lamp.

JULIE
Can I get you anything?

JEFF
No, I'm good.

JULIE
Sit down.

He shrugs, sits on the couch. Julie takes the easy chair.

JULIE
Jimmy came to see me today at work.
He was acting really weird.

JEFF
What time was this?

JULIE
Maybe three?

JEFF
Yeah, he came by the station about
that time. He, ah...

JULIE
He what?

JEFF

Shit, I shouldn't be telling you this.

JULIE

Tell me what?

JEFF

He wanted me to keep an eye on you.

JULIE

So you just happened to be walking by the club at the time I get off work?

JEFF

There are no coincidences.

JULIE

What's wrong with him?

JEFF

I don't know. He's mixed up. What happened to him, the kid. Losing... losing you.

JULIE

Yeah. Losing me.

JEFF

Did he?

JULIE

What?

JEFF

Lose you?

JULIE

I don't know. After he left, I never expected to see him again. When he showed up...

JEFF

Do you still love him?

Julie says nothing. Jeff looks away.

JEFF

You two were good together. I used to get jealous, seeing how happy you two were.

JULIE

I was drunk most of the time. I don't know what I was feeling.

JEFF

So now?

JULIE

I think I have to move on. I'm a mess, too, Jeff.

JEFF

You're not.

JULIE

I am. Inside, I'm still fighting all that shit.

JEFF

You're doing a great job.

JULIE

I love Jimmy. But not the kind of love that would let me be with him. I want to help him, want to see him get over this, but I can't be with him.

Jeff nods.

JEFF

You need someone stable.

JULIE

Yeah.

Their hands brush. She meets his eye, then looks away.

JULIE

I should probably get to bed.

JEFF

Me too. Look, I'll see you around, alright?

JULIE

Sure.

He stands, walks to the door.

JEFF

Did you mind?

JULIE
What?

JEFF
That I was keeping an eye on you?

JULIE
No. I kind of liked it.

Jeff smiles.

JULIE
Thanks, Jeff.

JEFF
'Night, Julie.

He exits.

Julie sighs, turns out the light, heads upstairs.

As she does, a hulking shadow moves in front of one of her windows. She doesn't notice.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Adam sits on the couch, taking hits off a steaming medication dispenser.

ADAM
Where the hell have you been?

Jimmy falls into the couch next to him.

JIMMY
It's him. Definitely him.

He gets up, runs to the window, peeks out the blinds.

ADAM
It's who?

JIMMY
It's dad. He's the one.

ADAM
What?

JIMMY
I went back to the boathouse. He was there. I talked to him. He's trying to frame me for those murders.

Jimmy moves to Adam's room, peers in, closes the door, runs to his own room, peers in, closes that door as well.

ADAM
Why?

JIMMY
Revenge.

ADAM
For what?

JIMMY
He's got some crazy idea. Says I ruined his life, made him crazy. Says I set the fire at the Excelsior Hotel.

He gets back to Adam and falls on his knees before him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
He had to go to an institution. They wouldn't put him in an institution if he wasn't crazy, would they?

ADAM
He went crazy, Jimmy. And you didn't set the fire at the Excelsior.

JIMMY
Are you sure?

ADAM
I was with you that afternoon. You were trying to teach me how to catch a frisbee. Next thing we knew, we saw smoke.

He sighs.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'll never forget that.

JIMMY
Me neither.

ADAM
I never told you this, I never told anyone this.

JIMMY

What?

ADAM

When I was with dad, after we left..

JIMMY

What?

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Adam, Age 12, walks creeps down a flight of stairs.

ADAM (V.O.)

The town dad and I moved to. A girl disappeared. Cute little 16 year old. Just vanished on the way home from school...

Adam, age 12, reaches a door at the bottom of the stairs. He opens it, revealing a dungeon-like basement room. A young girl is tied to a chair. She's naked, covered with burns and cuts.

She lifts her head, looks up at Adam, trying to speak through the gag tied cruelly across her mouth.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy stares.

JIMMY

What did you do?

ADAM (CONT'D)

I heard his car pull into the driveway. I was scared. I ran back up into my room and I stayed there. I told myself I'd go back later, but when I did, she was gone. They never found her.

He starts to cough.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I could have saved her but I was a fucking coward.

He falls into Jimmy. Jimmy holds him.

JIMMY

You were a kid.

ADAM
I know. I know. I'm sorry, so
sorry.

Jimmy holds him.

ADAM
What are we going to do?

Jimmy paces.

JIMMY
He can do whatever he wants to me,
but he's not touching Julie. I
won't let him touch Julie.

He bolts.

INT. EL CAMINIO/EXT. STREET - DAY

Jimmy drives fast. A car behind him honks and flashes it's
lights. Jimmy glances in the rearview and sees Sabia in the
driver's seat, waving at him to pull over.

Jimmy pulls over, rolls the window down. Sabia and Wollenski
approach the car.

SABIA
Hey, Jimmy. Where you headed?

JIMMY
See someone.

SABIA
Want to step out of the car for us?

JIMMY
Sure.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jimmy stands leaning on his car. Sabia and Wollenski are on
either side of him.

SABIA
Thought maybe you were getting
ready to run.

JIMMY
What?

WOLLENSKI

Two more missing people, Jimmy. A young couple.

JIMMY

Let me guess, I was the last person seen with them.

SABIA

No, this time we have nothing to connect you to them.

JIMMY

Okay, then.

WOLLENSKI

We noticed you walking the boardwalk last night, Jimmy. You're a real night owl.

SABIA

Just wondering if you saw anything.

JIMMY

No, nothing.

WOLLENSKI

Okay. But if you see anything, you'll tell us?

JIMMY

Yeah. Sure.

WOLLENSKI

That's all. Thanks, Jimmy.

They turn to go, then pause. Sabia turns back.

SABIA

Oh, one more favor, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's that?

SABIA

Don't leave town for awhile.

JIMMY

Yeah, whatever.

Sabia pats him on the shoulder.

SABIA
See you around.

They head back to their car. Jimmy gets into his.

INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

Jimmy pulls out from the curb. Sabia and Wollenski follow. Jimmy keeps driving, keeps checking his mirror. Sabia and Wollenski stay on his ass.

Jimmy is getting more and more tense. Finally, as he pulls onto his street, the cops drive past and keep going. Jimmy lets out a sigh of relief.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy bangs on the door. Julie opens.

JULIE
Jimmy.

He pushes past her, into the house. She's a little taken aback, but follows.

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY

MARNIE, Julie's roommate, is on the couch reading a trashy novel.

JIMMY
Could you...

He cocks a thumb.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I have to talk to Julie. Alone.

Marnie says nothing, but flips the page with her middle finger. Julie enters.

JULIE
Marnie, please.

MARNIE
Okay, I'll be in my room.

She climbs off the couch and sulks out of the room. Jimmy turns to Julie.

JIMMY
You need to get out of here.

JULIE

Excuse me?

JIMMY

I want you to leave town. Go stay with your sister. I'll come get you, in a few days, a few weeks. But I need you out of here.

JULIE

You need me out of here? Who the hell do you think you are?

JIMMY

You have to trust me.

JULIE

What is this, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Julie, I swear, that's not what this is about.

JULIE

You're crazy.

He jams a finger in her face.

JIMMY

Don't you say that. Don't fucking call me crazy.

She steps back, shocked. He leans close to her.

JIMMY

Don't you understand? He's back. He's killing people. He wants you.

JULIE

Who?

JIMMY

My father.

JULIE

Jimmy, you're scaring me.

JIMMY

Good, you should be scared. He keeps sending me pictures. Pictures of you. He's stalking you.

JULIE
Him or you?

JIMMY
He's killed four people, Julie. All those people who disappeared. He killed them.

JULIE
Jimmy, this is crazy.

JIMMY
I know it sounds crazy, but.

Someone knocks on the front door, and opens it, walking right in. Jeff. He sees Julie and Jimmy on the couch, freezes.

JULIE
Jeff?

JEFF
Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY
What are you doing here?

JEFF
I walked Julie get home last night. I, ah, left my flashlight.

Jimmy stands, facing him.

JIMMY
Really.

Julie stands.

JULIE
Really, Jimmy.

JIMMY
That's all?

JULIE
What business is it of yours?

Jimmy looks from Julie to Jeff, finally locking eyes with Julie. He's on the verge of tears.

JIMMY
Why do you do this to me? You know how much I love you. Why do you do it?

JULIE

I didn't do anything.

JEFF

Jimmy, you told me to keep an eye on her.

JIMMY

I didn't tell you to walk her home. Did you fuck her while you were at it? Because I didn't tell you to do that either. I was very clear, very specific in my instructions, Jeff. Very fucking specific.

JEFF

Jimmy, man, calm down. Nothing happened.

JIMMY

Sure it didn't.

He turns to Julie.

JIMMY

Leave town, Julie. It's for your own safety.

He walks out fast, past a startled Jeff.

INT. SHORE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy cradles the shotgun. Adam sits with him.

ADAM

She didn't believe you.

JIMMY

She thinks I'm crazy.

He stands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's his fault. All his goddamn fault. We were doing good, we were doing so fucking good.

ADAM

You have to stop him.

JIMMY

What?

ADAM
You're the only one who can stop
him.

JIMMY
How?

ADAM
Kill him.

JIMMY
What?

ADAM
Kill him, Jimmy.

JIMMY
I don't even know how to find him.

ADAM
Then let him find you. Set a trap.

JIMMY
A trap?

ADAM
What does he want, Jimmy.

JIMMY
To hurt me.

ADAM
And how is he going to hurt you? Or
should I ask, who is he going to
hurt, to hurt you?

Jimmy nods.

EXT. WHITING BEACH - AFTERNOON

The sun glares. People splash and play in the surf.

Julie approaches the lifeguard.

JULIE
Have you seen Jimmy?

LIFEGUARD #1
Didn't show for his shift.

JULIE
Oh.

LIFEGUARD #1
Anything I can help you with?

JULIE
I doubt it.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Julie sits at a corner booth. Jeff joins her.

JEFF
Hey.

JULIE
Thanks for coming.

He sees how upset she looks.

JEFF
What's wrong?

JULIE
Jimmy. I've been looking for him
all day, trying to call him, no
answer. I'm worried about him.

JEFF
Does he think that we...

JULIE
Yeah. I think he does.

JEFF
Shit.

JULIE
He really freaked me out. Before
you came, he said his father was
trying to kill me. That his father
had killed a whole bunch of people.
How crazy is that?

JEFF
Maybe not so crazy.

JULIE
What do you mean?

JEFF
We've got four people missing.

JULIE
I know, but...

JEFF

Yeah, probably just runaways. But then again, four in one week is a lot. What else did he say?

JULIE

Nothing.

JEFF

What do we do?

Julie thinks.

JULIE

He's seeing a psychiatrist, back in Philly. Dr. Brandauer. I want to talk to her.

JEFF

Okay, let's go look her up.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - DAY

The office of the local rentacops. Jeff and Julie are on a computer, searching the Internet.

JEFF

She's bound to be on the Internet somewhere.

JULIE

Okay.

She types in - DR. Brandauer. Psychiatrist. Philadelphia. The computer chatters and returns a number of hits. Julie's eyes widen.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

She reads the headlines - PSYCHIATRIST MURDERED. *Dr. Noelle Brandauer was found dead in her Philadelphia Condo early this morning by a...*

JEFF

Someone killed her. Tortured her and killed her. Maybe Jimmy's not so crazy.

He reaches down, clicks on the entry. Julie looks sick.

JULIE

No, look. Look at the date. Look at the date for Christ's sake.

She crying. Jeff leans forward to look.

JEFF

Last year? She was murdered last year?

Julie nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)

But you said he was seeing her this summer?

JULIE

I know.

JEFF

Then...

JULIE

Where's he been? When he was going to see his shrink, where's he been?

JEFF

I don't know.

JULIE

I want to talk to his brother.

JEFF

Okay, but then I let the cops take over.

JULIE

Deal.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE - EVENING

Jeff pulls up in front of the house.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Jeff and Julie sit looking at the house.

JEFF

I don't see Jimmy's car.

JULIE

Good Let's go.

They climb out.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE - EVENING

The pair approach the house, slowly.

JEFF
Have you met Adam yet?

JULIE
No. You?

Jeff shakes his head.

JULIE
Jimmy told me he can't leave the house. We have to take it slow with him. He's sick, probably not going to trust us.

Jeff smiles.

JEFF
Use your charm.

They pause on the porch. Julie knocks. No answer.

JEFF
No one's home. Come on, let's get out of here.

JULIE
Wait...

She peers in through a window.

JULIE (CONT'D)
What?

Julie's POV - a bare living room. No furniture, no clearing table, no TV, no shelves of DVDs. nothing.

JULIE (CONT'D)
That's weird.

JEFF
What?

She tries the door again. The door is locked. She jiggles the handle, kicks the door.

JULIE
Adam? Adam, are you in there?

JEFF
Jesus, calm down.

He pulls her back from the door.

JULIE
I have to get in there.

JEFF
Okay, okay. Come on.

He takes her by the hand and leads her out back.

EXT. SHORE HOUSE BACKYARD - EVENING

They approach the back door. Jeff tries it. Locked.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Locked. We should go.

Julie picks up a rock and smashes the window set into the door.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Julie, Jesus. I'm, a cop, I could
get in trouble.

JULIE
Come on.

Reaching through, she unbolts the lock. They enter.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - EVENING

The two move through the house. It's empty. Bare.

JULIE
Adam?

No answer. She walks past Jimmy's bedroom, peers in.

INT. SHORE HOUSE BEDROOM - EVENING

The bed is there, his bags, some clothes scattered around.

INT. SHORE HOUSE - EVENING

She continues her tour of the house. She looks in Adam's bedroom. Nothing. No computer, no books, no bed, nothing. Same with the living room. Empty.

JULIE
Where the hell is he?

JEFF

Who?

JULIE

His brother. He said he was staying with his brother.

JEFF

Thee's no one here, Julie. Except for Jimmy, there hasn't been anyone here for weeks.

JULIE

All in his head.

JEFF

What?

JULIE

Adam. Jimmy has a brother named Adam. He said Adam was here, in this house. But he's not. Jimmy...Jimmy made him up.

JEFF

Huh?

JULIE

His psychiatrist. He told me he'd gone to see her, just a few days ago. But she's dead for more than a year. He made her up too.

JEFF

Jesus. Let's get out of here.

JULIE

Yeah.

They turn and move back toward the back door. They don't notice, out the window, Jimmy's car pulling up to the house.

They approach the kitchen. Julie pauses by the door to Jimmy's bedroom.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hold on a second.

She enters.

INT. SHORE HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

JEFF

Julie, come on.

Julie ignores him, walks to the suitcase. Several digital cameras sit the floor. There's a number of flash cards scattered around. She grabs the camera, puts in a card, and plays the pictures.

Julie drops it, staggers back, gagging.

JULIE

Oh shit, oh shit.

JEFF

What?

He runs forward, grabs the camera and picks it up.

On the screen an image - Dr. Brandauer, tied and gagged, with cuts and burns all over her. She stares at the camera, her eyes wide and pleading.

Jeff goes through the pictures, they depict the systematic torture and murder of the doctor.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

JULIE

He killed her. He killed his
shrink, he...

She can't go on. Jeff pockets the camera, grabs Julie's hand.

JEFF

Come on.

They run for the door.

INT. SHORE HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

They burst into the kitchen. Jeff is the first through the door.

Something swings from outside and hits him in the face. He's knocked back into the kitchen. Julie stumbles back.

Jimmy, a gaff hook in hand. He lunges at Jeff, swings, the handle, connecting with Jeff's skull. Jeff crashes to the floor, unconscious.

Julie backs away.

JULIE
Jimmy, Jimmy, no.

JIMMY
Shhhh. Shhh. He might hear you.

JULIE
Get away from me.

JIMMY
It's going to be okay. I've got it all figured out. I'm going to trap him. I'm going to kill him, finish it once and for all. But I need you. I need you to help me.

JULIE
No. Jimmy, no.

JIMMY
I need you to help me. Don't you want to help me?

She turns to run. Jimmy grabs her, slams her into the wall. Grabs her by the hair, and smashes her head into the wall. Once, twice.

Julie falls, moaning, to the floor.

He picks her up, carries her out.

INT. EL CAMINO - EVENING

Jimmy drives. Julie lies in the passenger seat.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Night has fallen, just a hint of blue in the west. Jimmy parks, grabs his shotgun, runs around to the trunk, opens it and extracts Julie.

She stirs, groggy. Shotgun under his arm, he clumsily drags her inside.

INT. SHORE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the kitchen, Jeff stirs. He scrapes himself off the floor and staggers out after Jimmy.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - EVENING

Jeff drives, on the phone, groggy.

JEFF

Yeah, I'm on route 33, headed
North. I have no idea where he's
going. I'll stay in touch. Just get
some guys headed this way.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy drags Julie across the space. He throws her down in a chair in the center of the space. He grabs her shirt, rips it off, does the same with her bra. Then he pulls her arms behind her back, gently, and ties them together.

He bends, and ties her ankles to the chair legs.

Julie wakes from her stupor.

JULIE

Jimmy, Jimmy, please... please,
stop...

Jimmy grabs a rag off the floor and shoves it in her mouth. She gags. He takes another rag, ties it around her mouth as a gag.

JIMMY

Shhhhhh.

He kneels down to her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I love you, Julie, you know that.
But he won't let us be together.
He's going to kill you, just to
hurt me. So I have to kill him
first.

She shakes her head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He can't resist you. I think he
loves you too. He's going to come
for you, and when he does, I'll be
waiting.

He hefts his shotgun, and moves to a darkened corner of the room. He hides amidst the shadows. A voice speaks.

ADAM

Are you sure this is going to work?

Adam appears from the darkness, moves in close to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Yeah, it's going to work.

Dr. Brandauer joins them.

BRANDAUER

I think you've turned an important corner, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Shhhhh.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff's car, headlights off, stops down the road from the Boathouse. Jimmy's car is visible in the parking area.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeff is on the phone.

JEFF

The old boathouse on route 33.

INT. SABIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Detective Wollenski drives, Sabia is on the phone. Intercut the locations.

SABIA

Okay, stay where you are. We're about five minutes away. Do not enter the building.

JEFF

Julie's in there!

SABIA

I don't care if Mother Mary is in there, you stay the hell out!

JEFF

Just hurry the fuck up.

SABIA

We're hurrying.

INT. JEFF'S CAR

Jeff hangs up. He looks out the windshield. He gets out of the car.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff creeps closer along the access road toward the parking lot. Pauses. He looks behind him.

JEFF

Shit. Where the fuck are they?

He takes a breath, and continues toward the Boathouse.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy, Brandauer and Adam hide in the shadows.

ADAM

I hear someone.

BRANDAUER

He's coming.

Jimmy's face is impassive. Brandauer and Adam step back into the shadows, disappearing.

Robotically, Jimmy sets the shotgun down and steps out of the shadows. He walks across the space to Julie. She stares at him, in horror. Jimmy reaches the tray of tools and knives by the chair, picks one up, a rusty gutting knife, then puts it down.

JIMMY

You don't have kids, you wouldn't understand.

His voice is different, deeper, an emotionless monotone. He walks over to the band saw. He drags it across the floor, the feet of the thing scrape and squeal, an extension cords plays out behind it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You don't know the trouble a son can cause for you.

Julie tries to scream through her gag. She struggles with the ropes binding her wrists.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He's a bad, bad boy. The things he did. Fire. He loved to set fires.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He loved to torture animals. What do you do with a boy like that?

Julie screams, tears streaming down her face. Jimmy reaches her with the saw. He leans down behind her, unties her hands, ties one of the to the arm of the chair. The other he stretches toward the saw.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He destroyed me, him and his mother. She's dead, so I can't do anything about that, but Jimmy, Jimmy I can take revenge on, revenge for the way he ruined me.

He switches the saw on. It whines.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm going to do it by taking away the thing he loves most. You, Julie. He loves you. That's why I have to kill you. That's why I have to make it so ugly.

He pulls her hand toward the oscillating blade.

Suddenly, Jeff is there, leaping on him. Jeff knocks Jimmy away from Julie. They struggle. With her free hand, Julie starts to work on her tied hand.

Jimmy grabs a cleaver off the tray and swings.

Jeff staggers back, the cleaver stuck in the side of his face. Jimmy lunges forward. He grabs the cleaver handle, yanks it out in a spray of blood and teeth.

Jimmy shoves Jeff against a wall and swings up, burying the cleaver in Jeff's crotch. Jeff screams in pain, a watery, burbling scream, and falls. Jimmy is on him, chopping.

Julie gets both hands free, yanks the gag off, screams.

Jimmy finishes with Jeff, turns to her.

She works at the bonds holding her legs.

Jimmy walks across the space as she continues to work at her bonds. He bends down, and shoves her back into the chair.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now, where were we?

Julie straightens up, and faces him.

JULIE
Jimmy, Jimmy, it's me, Julie.

JIMMY
I'm Victor.

JULIE
No you're not. You're Jimmy. Jimmy!

He grabs one of her arms, pushes it toward the saw.

JIMMY
Victor.

JULIE
He's trying to trick you, Jimmy,
he's trying to fool you. To make
you do what he wants!

JIMMY
No...no...

JULIE
It's you, Jimmy, it's not Victor,
it's you. But Victor's controlling
you, he's making you do his dirty
work.

He pauses, pulls back, facing her again.

JIMMY
He...what?

JULIE
That fucking bastard ran out on
you! And now he's trying to make
you kill me. Don't let him, Jimmy.
Don't let him control you.

JIMMY
No one controls me.

JULIE
That's right, Jimmy, that's right.
Push him away. Push him away.

Outside, sirens approaching.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Don't let him do it, Jimmy.

Jimmy backs away a step.

JIMMY

I have to go.

He turns and runs, disappearing into the darkness.

Julie collapses, bawling. From outside, the sirens grow louder.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

Lover's lane. A bleeding young man is thrown atop the body of his girlfriend, lying dead by the side of the road.

Jimmy climbs in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The stolen car drives past.

INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives, staring out the windshield. Dr. Brandauer rides shotgun. Adam is in the back.

ADAM

Do you know where he lives?

JIMMY

I'll find him.

BRANDAUER

We were all wrong, it's been him, all along. Controlling us.

JIMMY

Yeah.

BRANDAUER

You know what you have to do.

JIMMY

Yeah.

CLOSE ON Jimmy

FLASHBACK -

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

A young couple makes love, crammed in the back seat, the girl is on top. Jimmy rips the door open, grabs her from behind and slits her throat. Blood sprays.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy hacks at Jeff.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

From under a tarp in his El Camino, Jimmy grabs a machete and gaff pole. He slips through a hole in the chainlink, darting under the boardwalk.

EXT. UNDER PIER - NIGHT

Annalisa and Ted go at it. Jimmy swings his cleaver, decapitates Ted.

He raises the gaff hook, impales Annalisa.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Jimmy bails chum from a blood bucket. A slick of blood and flesh stretches behind him.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Jimmy works the saw, cutting Lilly's leg into tiny bits.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Jimmy hacks at Lilly.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jimmy swings the gaff hook at Francesca.

INT. DR. BRANDAUER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The good doctor is tied to a chair. Jimmy approaches with a kitchen knife in hand. She pleads through her gag.

INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives, staring out the window.

JIMMY

I have to finish this.

ADAM

Get it done.

BRANDAUER

Stop it at the source.

EXT. MYRTLE BEACH - DAY

The stolen car pulls up to a comfortable oceanside house.

Jimmy climbs out and walks around the back of the house.

Victor sits in a old beach chair, surf casting with three eight foot rods.

Jimmy watches him for a long moment. Behind him, Adam and Brandauer stand in the shadows of a tree.

ADAM

Time to finish this.

BRANDAUER

We need closure.

Jimmy nods. From his pocket he draws a rusty folding knife. He snaps it open, stalks quietly out to the beach.

Jimmy walks. Adam and Brandauer speak in his head.

ADAM (O.S.)

He ran out on you.

BRANDAUER (O.S.)

He destroyed your self-image.

ADAM (O.S.)

He liked me better.

BRANDAUER (O.S.)

Left you crippled, emotionally.

ADAM (O.S.)

You were nothing to him.

BRANDAUER (O.S.)

This is the logical result of his own actions.

Jimmy pauses by his father.

JIMMY

Hello, dad.

Victor turns. Only it isn't Victor, it's Sabia, dressed in fishing togs. He holds a pistol in his hand.

SABIA

Stay right where you are, Jimmy.

Jimmy stares.

JIMMY

What...where's my father?

From behind him, more cops emerge from the underbrush.

SABIA

Put the knife down, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What did you do with him?

SABIA

He's safe, now drop the weapon and we'll bring you to see him.

JIMMY

I need to finish this.

SABIA

No, Jimmy, it's all over.

JIMMY

I need to finish this!

He lunges at Sabia with the knife. Sabia fires twice. Jimmy is thrown back on the beach, bleeding from wounds to the chest.

The cops rush forward.

Jimmy lays on the sand, panting. He tries to get up, can't move.

Jimmy'S POV - a hot blue sky, faces clustering around in a circle. A figure breaks through the circle, VICTOR, Jimmy's actual dad. He's crying as he bends down to his son.

VICTOR

Jimmy?

ON Jimmy - looking up at his dad. He says nothing, slowly closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHORE HOUSE 1983 - DAY

11 year old Jimmy sits in the back yard, playing with matches. Through the curtained kitchen window, we hear voices, see shadows moving.

VICTOR
You stupid bitch!

A slap. Shadows move in front of the curtain, a man beating the hell out of his wife.

JOYCE
Victor, stop it, stop it!

Jimmy walks off, into the woods. The sounds fade behind him.

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

Jimmy emerges near the boardwalk. The Excelsior hotel stands a few hundred feet away. He looks at it, then down at the matches in his hand.

Jimmy walks toward the building.

FADE OUT:

THE END