

NO ONE LIVES

by

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BLACK

"WE R WHO WE R" by Ke\$ha is playing. The sound quality is distant and faint, much too subdued for the anthemic lyrics.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues.

JACKIE WILCOX (28) sits in her unlit car. Her face is pretty, but cold and sharp.

She frowns and turns off the music. Her gaze is pinned somewhere in the distance.

EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

Jackie's car sits along an empty suburban street. Scattered porch-lights illuminate the clean, white facades of wealthy housing.

It's eerily quiet without the Ke\$ha.

I./E. JACKIE'S CAR/WEALTHY SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

The SCREECH of tires rips through the air.

Jackie tenses. The hum of an engine grows louder.

A SPORTS CAR wobbles by. It lurches and swerves from sidewalk to street. Jackie watches it go, her expression electrified.

The sports car parks on the lawn of an enormous house. The headlights go dark and the engine cuts.

Jackie sits up, her skin pricking with tension. She leans back to grab something from the back seats.

A DRUNK MAN in an expensive suit stumbles out of the sports car. He's swings a briefcase wildly as he staggers onto the lawn.

DRUNK MAN
(singing)
I kin feelit...COMIN' in de aaaaiirr
toniiggghhhht. Bluh.

Jackie returns from the back seat. Her gaze locks onto the man.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Sometimes you have to take a step
back and ask yourself how you got
where you are.

She puts on a blood-stained DOE MASK.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is not one of those times.

Jackie exits the car, pulling a BASEBALL BAT out with her.

The drunk man fumbles with KEYPAD outside his door. Jackie stalks him in the background.

DRUNK MAN
(singing)
Well I've been WAITIN'...ah...fer
dish MOM'ENT..fer all...

Jackie picks up the pace. Breaks into a sprint.

The door BEEPS. The drunk man grabs the handle and pushes.

DRUNK MAN (CONT'D)
(still singing)
HOL' ON!

Jackie SLAMS into him.

INT. DRUNK MAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The drunk man CRASHES through the doorway, SLAMMING his head against the hard wood floor. He gasps, stunned.

Jackie looms over him, bat at the ready. A small trickle of blood slides down the drunk man's head.

JACKIE (V.O.)
But as I watch the first signs of
everything-is-not-okay drip from his
skull, I can't help but ask myself...

Jackie raises the bat.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
..."how the fuck did I end up here?"

The drunk man tries to drag himself away. Jackie brings the bat down HARD. It slams into his back. CRACK.

The drunk man cries and wheezes in pain.

Jackie steps forward and adjusts her aim. This will be the killing blow.

She raises the bat again.

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Maybe this is all started with Dad...

FLASH TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

JACKIE'S FATHER, dressed in hunting gear, smiles at a PRETEEN JACKIE. They stand next to an idyllic RIVER.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Though that was so long ago.

Her dad holds up a HUNTING KNIFE.

FLASH TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

The drunk man looks over his shoulder at Jackie. His eyes widen in terror.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Maybe the club's to blame.

FLASH TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Adult Jackie is sprawled on a NIGHTCLUB dance-floor. Her nose is bleeding. With a snarl, she grabs a nearby BOTTLE from a table and whirls around to attack.

JACKIE (V.O.)
But by then it was too late.

FLASH TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Jackie's at the apex of her wind-up.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Okay how about this: the reason I'm bashing this guys skull in -- the reason he has to die -- it's all thanks to Pill_Princess69.

TIME SHIFTS BACK TO NORMAL.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That seems fair.

Jackie swings. THWACK. A fresh coat of blood splatters across her mask.