

AirB-N-Blood

by

Aaron S. Barrocas

Aaron S. Barrocas  
21900 Marylee Street  
Unit 276  
Woodland Hills, CA 91367  
818.522.6623  
AaronSBarrocas@gmail.com

EXT. AMERICA SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates thick sheets of rain as acres of golden wheat blow furiously.

A compact car, at least two decades old, chugs uphill towards this nightmare of Americana.

INT. TYLER'S CAR - NIGHT

CAMILLA MARTINEZ, mid-30s, muscular, confident, and clearly irritated, drives.

CAMILLA

You don't like the weather, sleep.  
You'll wake up and the sun will be  
shining, and we'll get you some  
pancakes.

In the passenger seat, TYLER BARNES, early 40s, thin, and clearly unaccustomed to inclement weather, looks up from his phone, slightly offended.

TYLER

I'm not a child.

CAMILLA

So you don't want pancakes?

TYLER

No. I mean. I want pancakes. That's  
not...

CAMILLA

We can skip the pancakes and go  
with, like, an egg-white omelette.

TYLER

No. I'm not doing an egg-white... I  
found a place.

CAMILLA

I'm not staying in some backwoods  
rental house.

TYLER

If anybody can handle herself...

CAMILLA

Part of the way I handle myself is  
by making smart choices.

TYLER

My car isn't made to survive a storm like this.

CAMILLA

Oh. Is this not a high-end machine? I hadn't noticed.

TYLER

*Some of us* aren't internationally known gurus who can afford...

CAMILLA

...is the bubble gum that holds the door lock in place not original manufacture?

Tyler taps his phone.

TYLER

House is two miles away. 40 bucks for the night.

CAMILLA

Take the cash from the envelope that says "pancake funds".

TYLER

It makes me more comfortable, babe.

CAMILLA

As long as *you're* happy, babe.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house lives in a state of photo-readiness. Donna Reed and Dick Van Dyke's homes have nothing on Agnes. Plastic covers the furniture. Real fruit that looks like fake fruit sits on the polished wooden table. Uninspired artwork of a pond sits on the wall. The artifice is so deep that one wonders if anybody has ever relaxed in this home.

AGNES, 50s, physically imposing, and intimidatingly calm, grunts as she looks through the window at Camilla's parallel park. She inhales deeply. Her face twitches slightly as something deep within her stirs. The rain hits the window violently.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla and Tyler, dripping, open the front door, each with one bag in their hand.

CAMILLA

Hello?

TYLER

I told you. It's ours. Nobody's here, Camilla.

CAMILLA

If you mean for like fifty miles in all directions, you're probably right. I bet that mirror has a camera behind it.

TYLER

Maybe it does. For 40 bucks they can video us.

Camilla yells at the mirror.

CAMILLA

Enjoy the show, perverts! I hope you chafe!

TYLER

There's probably *not* a camera, though.

CAMILLA

Stay ready, stay safe.

TYLER

You're kind of missing the point of "vacation".

Camilla looks around the room.

CAMILLA

Oh, yeah. 'Cause you've nailed it. I'll be in the spa.

She holds her arm out as if she's flagging somebody down.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Oh, bellhop! My bags!

She pointedly rolls her own suitcase toward the master bedroom.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

This large bedroom with attached bathroom is no less photogenically generic than the living room.

Camilla and Tyler place their bags down. Camilla immediately reaches into one of the bags.

CAMILLA  
I'm working out.

TYLER  
Did you even pee yet?

CAMILLA  
I'm angsty.

TYLER  
You do you, Blink 182.

Camilla pulls some sweats from her bag.

CAMILLA  
I don't even want to change. I feel watched.

TYLER  
I'm watching you.

CAMILLA  
I mean by like... a man.

TYLER  
Oh. Kay.

CAMILLA  
You know what I mean.

TYLER  
Whatever. I'm joining Tindr.

CAMILLA  
Frightened man in busted car  
seeking patient benefactor.

Tyler smiles, and kisses her.

TYLER  
You got my number.

CAMILLA  
That's only a compliment if you're  
complicated. You're not.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla, now dressed in sweatpants and a t-shirt, turns away from the bedroom, carrying an exercise bag and her phone, and walks toward the living room.

Before reaching the room, she freezes. Did she hear something? She turns.

CAMILLA

Ty?

FRANCIE, early 30s, unwashed face, nearly feral, a competent adult with the mannerisms of a child, wearing worn-out flannel and jeans, slinks around a corner to avoid being seen. Her lack of discretion was noticed by a stoic and judgmental Agnes, at the opposite corner.

Francie drops her head in shame, before quietly unwrapping a piece of Bazooka Joe gum, and popping it in her mouth.

Agnes turns her attention toward the bedroom.

Camilla, satisfied that she is alone, enters the living room.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla unzips the exercise bag, and pulls out several resistance bands, push up handles, and a pair of earpods.

She inserts her earpods, blasting some high-octane workout track, and begins a rigorous cardio routine.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

In sharp contrast, Tyler yawns. He carries a travel toiletry bag and wears nothing as he walks to the attached bathroom.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

This expansive, colorful bathroom is distracting enough that as Tyler enters the room, he is completely unaware of GWEN, mid-50s, lipstick and eyeliner applied heavily and hastily, wearing a skirt and a t-shirt, who stands in the corner closest to the door he just entered. Tyler locates a folded towel on a shelf.

He places his toiletry bag on the bathroom counter, and opens it, removing travel shampoo and liquid soap containers.

He turns toward the shower as CELIA, late 40s, ponytail, ripped blue sweater, and loose jeans, steps out of the shower holding a small filthy rag. Terrifying and barely contained anger effortlessly radiates from her at all times.

Before he can react to the shock, the rag is shoved in his mouth and Gwen, who has approached from behind, places tape over it.

Rearing back, pure fury, Celia punches Tyler in the face - hard. He whimpers.

Gwen proudly swipes her leg across his, forcing him to lose his footing. He hits the ground.

She squats down to converse with him eye to eye.

GWEN

Hi, Handsome. I'm Gwen. This is Celia.

Celia, above, glowers at Tyler. Gwen leans seductively into Tyler's ear.

GWEN (CONT'D)

She gives a nasty mean mug, but it's me you should be worried about.

Tyler, uncertain of what is expected of him, nods.

GWEN (CONT'D)

That's Francie with the sock full of batteries.

As Tyler fearfully turns his head, Francie happily prances in, swinging a chunky grey sweat sock.

GWEN (CONT'D)

And you're Tyler Barnes.

She holds up a phone displaying the lodging app with Tyler's reservation, complete with Tyler and Camilla's grinning profile pic, and his 9.5 rating.

Tyler's current face is the reverse of that grin as Francie windmills the sock, much like a cocky boxer swinging a fist in circles. A panicked, muffled yell makes its way past the rag.

FRANCIE

Three, two, one!

The sock connects - an uppercut. Tyler's head whips backwards and his nose audibly cracks as blood sprays across the room.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

Yay!

Agnes enters the bathroom. Francie smiles at Tyler. He sobs, his face a mess of blood and snot.

FRANCIE (CONT'D)

You're in trouble now!

Gwen stands, running her hand gently up Tyler's cheek as she does.

GWEN

I don't think he's in any *more* trouble than he was before.

Agnes, unfazed, walks until she is eye-to-eye with Gwen.

AGNES

In front of a guest?

Celia's anger chokes her words.

CELIA

Don't ruin this, Gwen.

Agnes stares down Gwen, and the two lower themselves to Tyler's level. He stares.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla is expertly performing several burpees as her music blasts.

She can't help but notice the continued lightning as rain beats the window.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The small bathroom window is also getting a pelting, but it's in good company.

Tyler, still naked, cowers and whimpers on the bathroom floor, backed into a corner, his face a bloody mess.

GWEN

How did you and Camilla meet? Are you in love? Are you gonna pop the question?

AGNES

Enough, Gwen.

Gwen, challenged, shoots a look at Agnes, but stands nonetheless. Agnes raises her eyes to Gwen.

AGNES (CONT'D)

If you have something to say, I'd like to hear it. I can't promise I won't react.

Agnes stares up at Gwen for a response she knows won't come, before turning the entirety of her attention to Tyler. Gwen looks at the floor.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Try to focus on the sound of the rain. It's not unpleasant. What's happening here is happening. You're not getting out of it. And it has nothing to do with you, or with Camilla. You just made a bad lodging decision this evening.

She nods to Gwen, who places her hand on Tyler's arm. Celia and Francie, on either side of Tyler, hold his shoulders.

FRANCIE

You don't move!

Agnes presents a hammer and chisel. Tyler's eyes widen.

Gwen holds a struggling Tyler as Agnes places the chisel on his index finger, and lifts the hammer.

Tyler's eyes plead to Agnes. She shakes her head, almost apologetically - but not quite. She has already said her piece. The hammer comes down.

Thump. Tyler's finger is gone.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla jams out to her airpods, performing lightning fast flips, spins, and kicks. She is extremely skilled and graceful.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Celia stands over Tyler, and reveals a ball-peen hammer. She crouches down, leaving only Francie standing.

Celia touches the left side of Tyler's left eye. Though she attempts to speak with eloquence, she seems to have difficulty holding her rage.

CELIA

Not the eye, but right there. If I can hit it hard enough to crack, you will feel so many unique types of pain at once as your skull, your facial muscles, and even your brain are all subject to blunt force.

Gwen, watching, breathes deeply in excitement.

CELIA (CONT'D)

I'm going to try not to get your eye, but I can't promise.

Tyler shakes his head. Celia swings. Gwen inhales sharply.

The hammer makes contact, avoiding the eye as Celia had hoped. Tyler lets out a muffled scream as his skull cracks.

Gwen nods at Celia. Respect. Agnes places her hand on Celia's shoulder. Celia somewhat conceals a smile, unable to fully hide her pride in what she has done.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla is deeply engrossed in a high intensity cardio spin, kick, punch, flip routine, which she performs with expertise.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tears stream out of Tyler's eyes as Gwen places the chisel to his misshapen forehead.

AGNES

Nothing you cared about matters anymore. All that matters to you now is us. I bet you didn't imagine that your last meal was your last meal.

Agnes gently smiles. Tyler tries to yell, but the attempt makes him gag.

Gwen rears the hammer back, to Tyler's horror, and Celia and Francie's excitement. Agnes watches passively.

As Gwen lets the hammer fly, the four women are showered in blood and brain.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla, sweating, her workout completed, carries her bag back toward the bedroom.

CAMILLA

Ty, we gotta eat! Yelp who delivers to the town of GoatFucker No-where-land. We get wifi here? Is there a yellow pages around? Do they still make yellow pages?

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camilla enters the bedroom, puts her bag down, tosses her phone on the bed, and removes her workout sweats, annoyed at Tyler's absence.

CAMILLA

And where the hell did you go...?

She walks toward the bathroom.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Camilla enters the bathroom, which is now immaculately clean, as if nothing ever happened here. She nods at Tyler's toiletries bag, locates the same towel that Tyler had planned on using, and starts the water.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camilla yells out from the bathroom, as the last of the shower water drips down the drain...

CAMILLA (O.S.)

I'm getting pretty hungry, dude!  
You better be ordering some hick town goodies like a barbecued squirrel burger or something.

Camilla, wrapped in a towel, opens the door, and is startled. Agnes sits on the bed, smiling at her.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Where's my boyfriend?

AGNES

I think there has been a miscommunication. This is the master bedroom.

CAMILLA

Yeah. We're the renters.

AGNES

This is my bedroom - where I live.  
Yours is the guest bedroom - down  
the hall. I'm sorry for any  
confusion. You can change here, but  
then you'll have to go down the  
hall.

Camilla sizes up Agnes, concerned. She yells toward the hall  
without breaking eye contact with Agnes.

CAMILLA

*Tyler?*

AGNES

That guy went for a drive 'bout  
five minutes ago - to get food I  
think. You were in the shower. He's  
kind of a wuss, huh?

Camilla suspiciously scans the room.

CAMILLA

Where's my phone? It was on the  
bed.

AGNES

It sure as heck wasn't, new friend.

CAMILLA

What did Tyler say?

AGNES

You just gonna stay in that towel?  
Aren't you getting cold? I bet you  
are.

Camilla regards Agnes icily.

CAMILLA

I'll change in the other room.

Tightening her towel around herself, Camilla zips the  
suitcase, and wheels it out.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla rolls the suitcase down the hall. She fails to see  
Celia spying on her from the adjoining hallway that leads to  
the living room.

Camilla unexpectedly turns toward the living room, lets go of her suitcase, and walks to her recent exercise space as Celia silently withdraws.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camilla searches the area for her phone with no luck. She sighs, and hears small suitcase wheels rolling. Turning back to the hallway, her suitcase is gone.

CAMILLA

Oh, this place is a whole box full  
of nopes.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla walks to the last known location of her suitcase, and looks, surprised, at the guest bedroom, where her suitcase sits in the doorway.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camilla stares at her relocated possessions.

CAMILLA

Jesus!

Gwen, her makeup redone, but just as questionably as before, leans off the bed, unpacking a suitcase of her own. Her smarminess almost betrays her insincerity.

GWEN

Hi, I'm Gwen. I rolled that on in  
for you, Roomie.

Camilla enters the room, fighting her own nerves.

CAMILLA

I'm here with my boyfriend. I  
thought this whole place was ours.

Camilla reaches into her bag and pulls out jeans and a shirt.

GWEN

Men. They never read the fine  
print. If you want a room booked  
right, you gotta do it yourself. Am  
I right, sister?

This only confirms Camilla's fears.

CAMILLA  
Who said he booked the place?

Gwen is momentarily a deer in headlights. Then...

GWEN  
You smoke?

As Camilla hurriedly changes into her clothing, Gwen presents a small bong.

CAMILLA  
No thanks.

Gwen lights the bong as Francie opens the bedroom door, proudly announcing herself.

FRANCIE  
I'm Francie!

Camilla turns, shocked at yet another stranger's presence.

CAMILLA  
Come the fuck on! Anyone here seen a phone?

GWEN  
Meet my travel partner.

CAMILLA  
Four of us are not sharing one...

GWEN  
...very memorable evening...?

Gwen grins suggestively. Camilla, unnerved at the sight of Gwen's mustard-yellow teeth, looks toward Francie, who smiles playfully. Gwen takes a bong hit. Francie shows off her phone.

FRANCIE  
I have *my* phone.

In response, Gwen pulls out her own phone.

GWEN  
Six inches of actual satisfaction.

CAMILLA  
May I please make a call on one of your phones?

Gwen indicates the bong...

GWEN

It'll cost you one rip.

Camilla is no longer able to hide her discomfort.

CAMILLA

I don't want to.

FRANCIE

Rip it!

GWEN

I'll make it gentle.

CAMILLA

I get tested at work.

Francie approaches the bong, whispering loudly.

FRANCIE

I don't have a job.

Camilla steps out of the room.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla closes the door, and allows herself a brief moment of panic. Agnes, still sitting on the bed in the master bedroom, stares at her coldly from across the hall. Francie and Gwen cough and giggle in the room she just left. A shadow moves across the kitchen entrance.

CAMILLA

Tyler.

Relieved, Camilla heads toward the kitchen.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Camilla enters, both disappointed and frightened to see Celia, who is mechanically cooking a French Onion soup. Celia meets her look with unconcealed hatred.

CAMILLA

You seen a phone?

CELIA

Yes.

Camilla waits. Nothing.

CAMILLA

Where did you see a phone?

Celia points to the wall, where a wall-mounted rotary phone hangs. Camilla shakes her head.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Fine.

She walks to it and lifts the receiver. No dial tone. Celia addresses this fact with animosity.

CELIA

A guest broke it.

Agnes enters the room, glass of red wine in hand.

AGNES

You need a drink, cupcake.

She places the glass in front of Camilla.

CAMILLA

I don't.

Agnes grabs a bottle of whiskey from the counter and takes a slug.

AGNES

Set the table, Camilla. We'll eat together.

CAMILLA

I think Tyler was getting food.

AGNES

That is a delightful story which has no effect on my life. I'm guessing you're pretty hungry. Your phone ain't going anyplace, and we're gonna need spoons.

Celia places her hand on Camilla's shoulder.

CELIA

Last drawer on the left.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The five women sip French Onion soup. Agnes slurps a bit louder than the others.

AGNES

Another guest will be joining us  
this evening.

Celia, Francie, and Gwen smile.

CAMILLA

This is way too many people for the  
space...

AGNES

She won't be in your room, Camilla.  
We recognize that you don't like to  
be inconvenienced.

CAMILLA

*In - con - ven - ienced?*

Agnes sighs, as her face becomes one of disgust.

AGNES

You do realize we're in a free  
country. You don't have to be here  
if you don't want to. In fact, I'm  
not sure we have room for a  
complaining pampered snowflake!

Agnes violently throws her spoon at Camilla. Camilla  
instinctively catches it, to everybody's surprise except her  
own.

Agnes regains her cool, with no trace of her momentary flash  
of anger.

All eyes are on Camilla. She spots Francie's phone, swallows  
hard, and holds in her fear to the best of her ability.

CAMILLA

May I please borrow your phone to  
make my own phone ring?

FRANCIE

It's broken.

Camilla skeptically looks at Francie's phone.

CAMILLA

What's wrong with it?

Francie places the phone on the table, and Celia smashes it  
with a heavy metal pepper grinder. It cracks.

FRANCIE

Just doesn't work.

Gwen and Celia chortle as a spot of blood lands on Camilla's nose. Agnes shakes her head at Gwen with a smirk of pity.

Camilla looks up to see Tyler's broken body hanging from the ceiling rafters.

Camilla screams. Gwen leans toward Camilla's ear while touching her hair.

GWEN

How did you take so long to see that?

CAMILLA

Ty...

Camilla considers her captors.

AGNES

Make wise choices, Camilla. This may not end poorly for you.

Nobody responds. Camilla turns to run.

Agnes pulls an animal tranquilizer gun from below the table, and fires.

The dart lands in Camilla's leg. Camilla screams, assuming she has been shot, and falls. She looks at the dart in her leg, and continues running.

EXT. AGNES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Camilla bursts through the front door, and into hurricane winds and rain.

CAMILLA

Help! Anybody help!

All the surrounding houses are dark.

Agnes, Gwen, Celia, and Francie calmly walk to the door to watch the show.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Come out here and help! Anybody help me!

Camilla falls to the ground as the tranquilizer dart begins to take effect.

Agnes gingerly approaches Camilla.

AGNES

I think I failed to mention that I own all the houses on this block. They were surprisingly cheap.

CAMILLA

You...

AGNES

...could have saved you some energy. Yes. It is a regrettable omission.

Camilla sees Tyler's car, and struggles to crawl in that direction. She doesn't have the strength.

She turns her head slightly, almost enough to see Agnes' shoes approaching her slowly.

CAMILLA

You don't know who I am.

Agnes effortlessly lifts Camilla over her shoulder.

AGNES

Doesn't matter, Cotton Candy. That person is done now.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. The only illumination comes from under the door.

The four women's shoes scuffle back and forth nearby. Hushed conversation.

GWEN (O.S.)

She's not like us, and we're fine as is.

CELIA (O.S.)

We still have another guest. I don't like feeling rushed.

FRANCIE (O.S.)

I'd like to cut her armpit, please.

Camilla's eyes open. She hears the whispered conversation, and looks toward the bathroom. As she moves, her damp clothes make noise, to her dismay.

AGNES (O.S.)

Oh, friends. Have we mistaken this house for a democracy?

Camilla moves to the bathroom and opens the door as quietly as she can, which isn't as quiet as she'd like.

GWEN (O.S.)

Agnes, I think the three of us have been here long enough...

AGNES (O.S.)

...I've heard enough of your opinions, Gwen. You're here by choice.

Camilla looks up at the small window, and sighs. She would never fit through it.

AGNES (CONT'D)

It's way too small.

Camilla turns to face Agnes, who is now inside the room with her.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Scared you? I know, I'm like an old, fat, redneck Ninja.

Camilla stares Agnes down.

AGNES (CONT'D)

See? You haven't cried. Men usually do. Tyler did. Have a seat, sweetheart.

Agnes sits on the bed. Camilla, shivering, sits as well, somewhat shocked.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You ever hunt?

CAMILLA

I once...

Agnes waves, annoyed.

AGNES

It's rhetorical, Sweetpea. Don't care. I hunted for a bit. Didn't see the point. It was sport, but it wasn't sporting. What did a rabbit or a deer ever do to deserve to be stalked and killed?

CAMILLA

Nothing.

AGNES

Brilliant and unpredictable  
addition to the conversation,  
Aristotle.

Camilla flinches at the insult.

AGNES (CONT'D)

However, some urbanite me-me-me-  
lennial on the other hand... that's  
a different story.

CAMILLA

You wanna hunt me?

AGNES

I want to hunt *with* you. You don't  
have to do anything you don't want  
to. You can say no.

CAMILLA

No.

AGNES

But who are you, Camilla? Too many  
women suppress their natural  
instincts and live solely to please  
others. To please strangers. To  
please men. To be agreeable.

CAMILLA

That's not me.

AGNES

You know why it feels good to hurt  
somebody?

CAMILLA

It doesn't.

AGNES

See - that wasn't part of the  
question - the question was why.

CAMILLA

I don't.

GWEN

It feels good to know we can.

Camilla gasps at Gwen's presence.

In the dark, Camilla hasn't noticed that Celia, Francie, and Gwen have placed chairs across from the bed, and are now sitting in a semicircle facing Camilla.

FRANCIE

We can!

CELIA

We choose our own place on the food chain.

AGNES

Because we are able to turn away from the brainwashing of polite society and be the killer nature intended us to be. Darwin recognized that the strongest survive.

FRANCIE

I'm the strongest.

Gwen pounces toward Camilla.

GWEN

(To Camilla)

So you'll be dead.

AGNES

Do you say yes or no?

CAMILLA

To what?

AGNES

Hunting.

CAMILLA

No.

AGNES

Here's the catch. If you said yes - it could be out of cowardice - you feel threatened. But since you said no, while feeling threatened, you might actually be a hunter. Do we play this out until we meet this hopefully much more interesting lady? Or do you die before she emerges?

Camilla stares down Agnes, who touches Camilla's arm.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You're strong. That's thick muscle.  
I'm no cannibal, but lay that arm  
on a plate and I can't promise I  
won't eat a bitch.

She has begun a familiar conversation. Clearly a decision has been made. Gwen follows suit.

GWEN

My knife will enter through your  
naval, and I will pick out your  
intestines while they are still  
steaming.

Celia sighs in appreciation of this imagery.

FRANCIE

I'm going to push a pencil into  
your ear until your brain comes out  
the other side.

Camilla's face hardens. She recognizes that any games have ended.

CAMILLA

You got something to top that?

CELIA

I don't need to top anything. I'm  
gonna cut your face off.

AGNES

Ladies, go clear our guest room for  
our next arrival. This goose is  
cooked.

The three disciples leave the room.

CAMILLA

You've made way too many  
assumptions.

AGNES

*They* have. I see exactly who you  
are.

CAMILLA

If that were true, you'd have left  
by now.

Agnes looks up at the sound of surprised giggling from the other room. Camilla knows what they have found. She rises, and Agnes follows suit, menacingly.

Camilla instinctively kicks high, catching Agnes in the face. Agnes falls to the ground with a grunt. She grins cruelly.

AGNES

Welcome to the party, Sugar.

But Camilla is gone.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Camilla, determined, walks toward the laughter in the guest bedroom.

INT. AGNES' HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Celia unrolls a poster of Camilla in workout clothing as Gwen and Francie howl with laughter.

CAMILLA

I thought maybe you recognized me  
from my infomercials.

At the bottom of the promotional poster are the words CAMILLA MARTINEZ - SELF DEFENSE - DON'T BE A VICTIM!

CELIA

Hey ladies! We got a Bruce Lee in  
the...

Celia interrupts herself upon the realization that Francie and Gwen are already losing a fight with Camilla.

They are both pressed to the wall. Camilla spots a small stationary setup with pens, envelopes, and scissors, at the corner of the guest room desk. Celia smiles.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Is this where our evening's going?

In one single motion, Camilla hastily drops Gwen and Francie, lunges for the scissors, and spins backwards, tracing a deep hole on the side of Celia's face.

Blood streams from her cheek.

CELIA (CONT'D)

What did you just do?

Sensing Francie and Gwen behind her, Camilla performs a perfect roundhouse kick, connecting with both of them, before returning her attention to Celia.

CAMILLA

What you were too slow to do to me.

Camilla reaches for Celia's face, and rips along the incision she made, removing a great amount of skin.

As Celia screams, Camilla single-handedly brings Celia's head into Camilla's chest, and uses the scissors to slice Celia's throat.

Francie rises, presenting two knives.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Too perfect, Francie. Come at me.

Francie moves forward. Camilla almost immediately retrieves both knives, and she stabs Francie in either side of the head.

Francie looks at Camilla in horror as she falls to the ground.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Shoulda lent me your phone.

Gwen remains on the ground.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Gwen?

GWEN

I'm sorry.

CAMILLA

What?

GWEN

Don't. I'm sorry. You don't have to do this.

CAMILLA

I don't have to... what a mindfuck.

GWEN

Let me go. Please.

Agnes stands in the doorway.

AGNES

You're pathetic, Gwen. Waste her, Camilla.

Camilla turns to face Agnes.

CAMILLA

I don't take orders.

AGNES

Why'd you let this play out so long?

CAMILLA

It's what I teach. I wasn't out of alternatives yet.

She is distracted by Gwen's sneaky approach from behind. Camilla grabs the scissors from the ground as she spins toward Gwen.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Nope.

The scissors enter Gwen's stomach. Gwen's eyes open wide as blood spills out of her mouth. Camilla digs the scissors in, and slightly tugs.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

I was gonna let you go like you asked. Look down at it.

Gwen looks down to see her own steaming intestines. Gwen screams.

Camilla pushes Gwen to the ground. More of her intestines spill, and Gwen furiously attempts to gather them.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

You just sit there, and think about what you've done.

AGNES

You were saying something about your discipline?

Camilla breathes heavily. She is no longer entirely herself. Agnes raises a handgun.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You're feeling it, right? It's ok. It's human. We're made for this, more than anything else that we do. I gotta move on with my night now, but I'm proud of you.

Camilla raises her hands, and rather easily gains control of Agnes' handgun before Agnes realizes what is happening.

Camilla steps back, allowing Agnes to process her powerlessness.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Don't. I have money.

CAMILLA

That is a delightful story which has no effect on my life.

Camilla bites her throat.

Agnes panics as Camilla lifts her head, ripping Agnes' throat from her body.

Agnes falls to the ground. Gwen moans.

Camilla catches herself in the mirror, face covered in blood, as car headlights pass the window in the room. She runs to the window.

She observes a car parking, and a pleasant-looking young man steps out of the car and opens the trunk. She cannot help but watch the stranger.

Camilla inhales deeply. Her face twitches slightly as something deep within her stirs.

END