

FOR MY SISTERS

1. FADE IN

EXT. SECLUDED LOCATION - NIGHT

The rain pours down heavily, hammering the windshield of an old car as it pulls into a desolate spot, hidden behind high boulders on the edge of a private ranch. The headlights cut through the darkness, briefly illuminating the wet, rocky terrain. The engine stops, and the doors slam shut.

2. INT. CAR - NIGHT

The atmosphere inside the car is thick with tension. SARAH (18), athletic and determined, sits protectively beside her younger sister, BRITTANY (15), whose frail frame trembles with fear. Across from them are four MALES - HECTOR (17), barrel-chested with a scarred face, sits in the driver's seat, sneering. Three ROWDY TEENS BRIAN, ERIC, and DUANE, high on adrenaline, drugs, and alcohol, occupy the remaining seats, laughing raucously.

SARAH
(pleading)
Please, just take us home. It's late.

HECTOR
(mocking)
Home? (laughs) Oh, we're taking you somewhere way better than home.

The ROWDY TEENS burst into laughter, exchanging looks like they're in on some cruel joke. SARAH's eyes dart to the rain-soaked window. BRITTANY clutches her arm.

BRITTANY
(softly)
Sarah... I'm scared.

SARAH
(whispering)
It's going to be okay. Just stay close to me.

The car door opens abruptly, and the men drag the girls out into the rain.

3. EXT. SECLUDED LOCATION - NIGHT

The girls are pulled into the mud, struggling against the men's tight grips. The rain drenches everyone, making the scene even more chaotic.

SARAH
(crying out)
What do you want from us?!

HECTOR
(smirking)
A little fun. You're ruining the
vibe with all that whining.

BRITTANY tries to pull away, but a ERIC shoves her to the ground. She lands hard, clutching her side.

BRITTANY
(whimpering)
Please... just let us go...

HECTOR steps forward, his scarred face twisted with malice. He grabs SARAH's arm roughly and shoves her to the ground beside BRITTANY. He grabs her and starts raping her.

SARAH
(pleading)
Stop it! Just leave us alone!

The boys laugh louder as they join him and took turns on the girls, their movements erratic as they shove each other, hyped up from the drugs and alcohol. HECTOR raises a hand and backhands SARAH across the face.

SARAH
(crying)
Please, no more...

She curls into herself, her hair matted with mud and rain. She turns her head, her eyes locking on BRITTANY, who lies in a fetal position, softly moaning. Blood drips from BRITTANY's nose.

SARAH
(softly)
Brittany...

BRITTANY doesn't respond. Her frail body is bruised and dirty, her breathing shallow. SARAH winces as she tries to move closer to her sister, her own body battered but still holding on.

SARAH
(whispering)
Stay with me... please.

HECTOR leans down, grabbing SARAH by her hair and yanking her head up. She winces in pain but doesn't look away from him.

SARAH
(weakly)
You don't have to do this. Just let
us go.

HECTOR smirks, his grip tightening. Behind him, the boys egg him on with jeers and shouts, their laughter echoing through the storm.

SARAH's tear-filled eyes shift back to BRITTANY. Her sister's body doesn't move. She clenches her fists, softly crying. Slowing, it sinks in that she may not be leaving this place alive.

CUT TO:

4. EXT. SECLUDED LOCATION - NIGHT

The storm rages on. SARAH and BRITTANY lie motionless in the mud, their bruised and battered bodies illuminated by flashes of lightning. The rain mixes with the blood, pooling around them. BRIAN, the eldest of the group, stumbles back, his face pale as he surveys the horrific scene.

BRIAN
(shouting)
What have you done?!

His voice cracks, panic setting in. He gestures wildly toward the girls, their lifeless forms burning into his consciousness.

BRIAN
Look at them!

HECTOR, standing nearby, breathes heavily, adrenaline coursing through him. His scarred face contorts with frustration as he snaps back.

HECTOR
(angrily)
Hold on a damn second! You're in
this mess too, man.

BRIAN takes another step back, shaking his head in disbelief, his hands trembling. The boys exchange uneasy glances, their earlier bravado replaced with fear.

DUANE
(voice cracking)
This... this wasn't supposed to
happen.

HECTOR
(cutting him off)
Enough! We don't have time for
this.

HECTOR points toward BRIAN's car, parked nearby with its engine still running. His voice grows more urgent.

HECTOR
Let's get the hell out of here
before someone sees us.

BRIAN hesitates, his eyes fixed on SARAH and BRITTANY. For a moment, guilt flickers across his face. But as the sound of distant thunder grows louder, fear overtakes him. He nods reluctantly.

Without another word, the four scramble into BRIAN's car. Doors slam shut, and the vehicle screeches away, leaving the girls behind in the pouring rain.

The headlights vanish into the darkness as the storm continues to rage.

FADE TO BLACK.

5. THIRTEEN YEARS LATER

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The sun shines brightly as BETSY (18), a cheerful and energetic young woman, emerges from the house carrying a wicker picnic basket. Her mother, GWEN (mid-40s, no-nonsense but loving), stands in the doorway with her arms crossed, watching her daughter with suspicion.

GWEN
Good morning, young lady. And where
do you think you're going with my
nicest basket?

BETSY
(grinning)
Oh, Mom, it's such a beautiful day.
The state national forest opens at
nine, and Robbie and I are heading
there for a picnic.

BETSY lifts the lid of the basket to show off its contents.

BETSY

See? I packed sandwiches, chips...
and drinks. Okay, Mom? Please?
We'll only be gone for a few hours.
I promise.

GWEN

(skeptical)

Hmm. And who's driving you two?

BETSY

Robbie's driving. He has his
temporary license, but he'll get
his permanent one next week.

She leans in, trying to reassure her mother.

BETSY

Oh, Mom, he's super careful. He's
been driving the church's cart to
help seniors get to the door for
months now!

GWEN

(frowning)

I don't like the idea of you riding
around with someone who doesn't
have a full license. It makes me
nervous.

BETSY gives her best pleading look. GWEN sighs and relents.

GWEN

Fine. But you better be back by
one, right after lunch. No excuses,
young lady.

BETSY

Thank you, Mom!

GWEN

(smirking)

Now, finish packing. We're leaving
at five tonight. Your dad wants to
beat the rush hour traffic heading
west.

GWEN blows BETSY a kiss as she runs off. ROBBIE's car pulls
into the driveway, and BETSY hops in, excited.

6. EXT. STATE NATIONAL FOREST - AFTERNOON

Three hours later, BETSY and ROBBIE sit on a picnic blanket in a serene clearing. Soft music plays from a portable radio as they laugh and relax. Suddenly, a group of NOISY MEN arrives, their loud voices disrupting the calm atmosphere. BETSY and ROBBIE exchange uneasy glances.

BETSY
(whispering)
Who are they?

ROBBIE
I don't know. Let's just stay here.

Before they can react, ERIC and DUANE break away from the group and head toward BETSY. ROBBIE tries to stand, but two other men block his path, shoving him back down.

ERIC
(taunting)
Stay put, hero. You don't want to
make this worse for yourself.

BETSY screams as ERIC and DUANE drag her behind a cluster of tall evergreen bushes. ROBBIE struggles against his captors but is overpowered.

7. EXT. EVERGREEN BUSHES - CONTINUOUS

WAYNE (mid-30s, rugged, dressed in a park ranger uniform) storms onto the scene, fury in his eyes. He catches the group in the act and lets out a furious snarl.

WAYNE
You stupid jackasses!

They freeze as WAYNE approaches. He points angrily at ERIC and DUANE.

WAYNE
All of you animals just left the
bar three hours ago, and now you're
here pulling this crap?!

ERIC and DUANE exchange uneasy glances but don't let go of BETSY, who sobs silently. WAYNE pulls out his badge and waves it in their faces.

WAYNE
I'm sick and tired of covering your
asses. Eric, damn you, let her go!

ERIC hesitates but loosens his grip. WAYNE's voice rises, angrier than ever.

WAYNE
Where the hell is Brian?

BRIAN (30s, nervous and pale) steps out from the shadows, his face full of guilt. WAYNE rounds on him, jabbing a finger into his chest.

WAYNE
You! Just because I'm your stepbrother doesn't mean I can keep cleaning up your messes! I've been a law officer for ten years—this badge doesn't give me the right to pretend this didn't happen.

WAYNE glares at the rest of the group, disgusted.

WAYNE
Enough of this shit already! You know what happened thirteen years ago, right? Or do you all want me to remind you?

ERIC and DUANE look away, guilt flickering in their eyes. WAYNE turns back to BETSY, who trembles in fear.

WAYNE
(quietly, to BETSY)
I'll take care of this.

He turns back to the group, his voice sharp and cutting.

WAYNE
If this gets out, it's on all of us. You know I can make her story look like she was here to sell herself. One phone call, and there'll be photos of her and that kid in the Daily News, your heroics won't mean shit.

WAYNE glares at BRIAN, who looks away, ashamed. The scene hangs heavy in the air as thunder rumbles in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

8. TWO YEARS LATER

EXT. GMC AUTO SHOP - DAY

The GMC Auto Shop is alive with the sounds of mechanics working on cars, engines revving, and tools clanking. JACOB (mid-20s, clean-cut, ambitious) walks toward the front entrance of the shop, a look of determination on his face. Today is the first day of his new role as the day-shift supervisor.

9. INT. GMC AUTO SHOP - DAY

JACOB enters the shop, greeted by the bustling activity of the garage. He approaches Fred the owner.

FRED
Good Morning, Jacob! Ready to get
started on your first day?

JACOB
(smiling)
You bet.

JACOB heads toward his office in the corner of the shop. As he walks, he takes in the sights and sounds of the workers moving about their day. It's a new environment, and he's excited but also nervous.

10. INT. GMC AUTO SHOP - JACOB'S OFFICE - DAY

JACOB enters his small office, where a stack of paperwork and employee lists are neatly organized on his desk. He scans the list of names, pausing when he notices a group of four men in the garage, they sit together during breaks, talking animatedly and laughing.

JACOB looks at the list, specifically focusing on their names. He considers his next move carefully.

11. EXT. GMC AUTO SHOP - BREAK AREA - DAY

Later that day, JACOB walks outside to the break area. The four men are sitting at a picnic table, eating and laughing together. JACOB approaches them hesitantly, unsure of how they'll react.

JACOB
Hey, guys. Mind if I join you for a
minute?

The men look up, exchanging glances. ERIC, the most approachable of the group, gestures for JACOB to sit down.

ERIC
Sure, boss. What's up?

JACOB sits down, trying to act casual.

JACOB
I just wanted to say, you guys are
doing great work out there.
Seriously. Keep it up.

They look at each other, surprised by the compliment. They
don't hear that often from their superiors.

JACOB
I'm new to town, still learning the
ropes. You guys seem to know all
the best spots, restaurants, clubs,
fishing holes. Any suggestions for
a newcomer?

They then relax a little, starting to warm up to him. DUANE
begins listing off some places.

DUANE
Joe's Bar & Grill downtown's pretty
good. Best burgers in the state.

ERIC
If you're into fishing, try the
National Park. It's quiet this time
of year. Nice place to get away.

JACOB listens intently, nodding along.

JACOB
Sounds great. I've been meaning to
check out the National Park.
Definitely gonna make time for
that.

12. INT. GMC AUTO SHOP - JACOB'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacob sits in his modest office, leaning back in his chair. Tools and car manuals are neatly arranged on shelves, and the faint hum of the shop activity filters through the closed door. He gazes out of the small window, reflecting on his earlier conversation with the team. A slight smile creeps onto his face, a hint of pride in their progress.

His phone buzzes on the desk, pulling him out of his thoughts. He picks it up and sees an email notification.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN
An email from "Fred - Regional
Manager" with the subject line:
"Weekend Plans?"

Jacob sighs lightly and opens the email. His eyes scan the text, and he sets the phone down. He swivels his chair to face his desk, thinking for a moment before typing a reply on his computer.

ON SCREEN
Jacob types:
"Hi Fred,
Thanks for checking in. The team's
been working hard these past few
weeks, and I've been really
impressed by their dedication and
how they're starting to come
together.
I'd like to recommend raises for
the group—not just as recognition
for their hard work but as a way to
reinforce the camaraderie they've
been building. I think it'll go a
long way in motivating them
further.
Let me know your thoughts.
Thanks,
Jacob"

Jacob hits "SEND" and leans back in his chair again, folding his hands behind his head. He stares at the ceiling for a moment, a small, satisfied smile forming on his face.

13. EXT. GMC AUTO SHOP - LUNCH BREAK - ONE WEEK LATER

JACOB steps outside on his lunch break. The group of four men is sitting together again, enjoying their break. JACOB approaches them casually.

JACOB
Hey, guys. How's everything going?

The group nods, acknowledging him with smiles. JACOB takes a seat and joins in the conversation.

JACOB
You mentioned that trip to the
National Park last time. Any chance
I could join you? I'm still new to
town, and I could use some time to
get away from the grind.

The men exchange glances before ERIC smiles.

ERIC
Yeah, sure. You in?

JACOB
(smiling)
I'd love to.

14. INT. GMC AUTO SHOP - JACOB'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

JACOB checks his phone when he gets back to his desk. It's a call from his mom.

JACOB'S MOM (V.O.)
Jacob, don't forget, I need you to
fix the SUV this weekend. I'm
counting on you, honey.

JACOB's face falls. He checks the calendar. The camping trip with the guys was the same weekend he promised his mom he'd fix the car.

JACOB
Don't worry, Mom. I've got it
covered. I'll be there this
weekend.

JACOB hangs up and sighs, torn between his commitment to his family and the opportunity to bond with the guys.

15. EXT. DISCOUNT TIRE SHOP - DAY

The midday sun beats down on the asphalt parking lot. Cars drive in and out, their tires crunching on the gravel. The faint sound of air compressors and pneumatic tools echoes in the background.

JACOB steps out of his weathered truck, closing the door with a muted thud. Dressed in his work uniform, grease stains on his shirt, he checks his watch—his lunch break is ticking away. His face is set, determined, but there's an underlying tension in his eyes.

16. INT. DISCOUNT TIRE SHOP - CUSTOMER AREA - DAY

JACOB pushes open the glass door. A bell jingles above his head. The room smells of rubber and motor oil. A friendly but tired-looking SALES ASSOCIATE greets him from behind the counter.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Morning. What can I help you with today?

JACOB
(flat, to the point)
I need two tires. For an SUV.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Sure thing. What size?

JACOB
225/65R17.

The associate types into the computer, the clacking keys breaking the silence. JACOB shifts his weight, glancing at a rack of air fresheners nearby but not really seeing them.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Got a few options. You want all-season or something more heavy-duty?

JACOB
All-season.

The associate nods, pulling up the prices on the screen.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Alright, we've got a good set here. Comes with a 60,000-mile warranty. That work for you?

JACOB
(slight nod)
Yeah.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Great. Let me ring that up for you.

The associate turns to grab a small receipt printer, while JACOB pulls out his wallet. He thumbs through a few folded bills but keeps his expression unreadable.

SALES ASSOCIATE
That'll be \$324.78.

JACOB hands over the cash without a word. The associate counts it quickly before handing him the receipt. JACOB folds the paper neatly and slides it into his wallet, his movements deliberate.

SALES ASSOCIATE
We'll have those ready in about
fifteen minutes.

JACOB
I'm not staying. Just loading them
up.

SALES ASSOCIATE
Oh, alright. Follow me to the back,
I'll get the guys to bring them
out.

17. EXT. DISCOUNT TIRE SHOP - LOADING AREA - DAY

JACOB stands by his truck, arms crossed, watching as two SHOP WORKERS carry the tires out and place them in the truck bed. He doesn't say much—just nods once in thanks.

As the workers head back inside, JACOB pulls the tarp in his truck bed over the tires, tying it down securely. He pauses for a moment, his hand resting on the tailgate.

He looks out at the busy street beyond the shop, the weight of his thoughts pressing down on him. His jaw tightens as he climbs into the truck.

18. INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Inside the truck, JACOB pulls the receipt from his wallet again. He stares at it for a moment, his thumb running over the printed numbers. He exhales heavily, folds it carefully, and tucks it back in place.

The engine roars to life, and he pulls out of the lot, merging into traffic. His expression is unreadable, but the tension in his knuckles gripping the wheel says everything..

19. EXT. GMC AUTO SHOP - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

It's the day before the camping trip. JACOB stands by as the group of men head out, talking excitedly about their plans for the weekend. JACOB stands with his boss, FRED, who walks by.

FRED
You all set for the weekend, Jacob?

JACOB

Nah, my cousin's helping me with the car repair. Can't make it this time.

FRED

No problem, Jacob. Next time.

JACOB gives a small nod, not wanting to make small talk. He watches as the men head out, feeling a little disappointed but understanding that family comes first.

20. INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later that night, JACOB sits alone in his apartment. A pizza box sits open in front of him, but he doesn't seem interested. The TV is on in the background, playing True Detective, but his mind is elsewhere. He glances at a photo of his two sisters on the shelf.

JACOB picks up a slice of pizza but doesn't eat it. He stares at the photo for a long time, lost in thought.

The camera lingers on his face—torn, restless, and burdened by memories that continue to haunt him.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. GMC AUTO SHOP PARKING LOT - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

The excitement is palpable as the workday comes to a close. The four men of the group, BRIAN, ERIC, DUANE, and HECTOR are preparing to leave for their weekend camping trip. JACOB watches from a distance, making his final preparations for the weekend.

As the men load up into Brian's truck, Jacob jogs toward them, a hint of excitement in his step.

JACOB

(shouting as he approaches)

Hey, guys! Turns out I can join you for the weekend after all!

The group slows, surprised but pleased by the sudden change of plans. Brian rolls down the window, looking at Jacob curiously.

BRIAN

Really? Thought you had to fix that car this weekend.

JACOB
(smiling)
Yeah, well, my mom's club meeting
got canceled, so she said I should
go ahead and join you guys. She can
wait until Sunday for the SUV. I'll
meet you guys at the campsite in
the morning—I'll use the GPS for
directions.

Jacob waves as the group nods in agreement, some exchanging smiles and excited comments. With that, Jacob turns, hurrying back toward the parking lot, excited to join them for the trip.

22. EXT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - EARLY SATURDAY MORNING

The early morning air is cool as Jacob loads his Yamaha bike with a tank of fuel secured on the back railing. The bike, a gift from his mom after high school graduation, has been his reliable companion throughout college and beyond. He checks the tires, making sure everything is in good shape for the trip.

Jacob takes a deep breath, a feeling of contentment washing over him as he prepares to head out. The weight of the past few years seems to lighten with every moment. He's looking forward to finally breaking free, if only for a weekend.

23. EXT. NATIONAL PARK CAMPSITE - EARLY MORNING

Jacob arrives at the National Park before the others, his Yamaha bike parked out of sight among the trees. The campsite is quiet, the only sounds being the rustling of leaves and the distant chirping of birds. Jacob takes a moment to observe the surroundings, mentally preparing for the weekend ahead.

He leans against his bike, his thoughts drifting. He recalls something his father once said to him years ago—before he passed away from cancer.

JACOB (V.O.)
Snowbirds," my dad used to call
them. The folks who come down for
the summer, only to leave just
before autumn hits. The
campground's always quieter at this
time of year, with most people
heading home before the season
ends.

The memory lingers as he looks around the campsite, feeling the weight of the past yet again. His father's words, spoken long ago, still echo in his mind, one of the last things he had said before passing. Jacob can almost hear him.

24. EXT. CAMPSITE - LATE MORNING

The group pulls into the campsite. The sound of gravel crunching beneath the tires fades as they come to a stop. The air is still fresh, but the heavy scent of alcohol lingers in the backseat of the truck. DUANE, a tall, lanky guy with a reckless streak, climbs out of the backseat, his hand gripping a bag filled with pint-sized bottles of gin and tequila. His reputation for danger-loving behavior precedes him, and his past injury, a result of mishandling a semi-automatic in the Army, hasn't slowed him down much. He now collects disability checks, living with his parents, content to stay out of trouble—or so it seems.

The others start unloading the truck, their laughter already echoing through the trees. The air is thick with the energy of anticipation for another weekend of camping, fishing, and drinking.

BRIAN
(cheerfully, spotting Jacob)
Hey, Jacob's here already! And look, he even brought breakfast! Come on, guys, let's get a bonfire going!

The group piles out of the truck, and ERIC, a weaselly type with long bangs, glances over at Jacob.

ERIC
(squinting)
We keep you waiting long?

JACOB
(laughing)
Nah, just a couple of hours. It wasn't bad.

Duane rolls his eyes, annoyed at Eric's incessant questioning.

DUANE
(mocking)
Can we skip the interrogation, Eric? Jeez. You ask too many damn questions.

Jacob shrugs it off with a smile, though a trace of nervousness lingers beneath his calm facade.

JACOB

I rode my motorbike, parked it out by the pine trees. I don't take chances with it. Saw a couple shady characters when I pulled in.

Brian chuckles to himself, amused by Jacob's innocence. Meanwhile, Jacob begins passing out beers to everyone.

JACOB

So, how's everyone doing? Beautiful weather, huh? Perfect for sleeping under the stars. I brought some donuts and kolaches for breakfast. What do you say we dig in while they're fresh?

The group settles down around the campfire, the crackling of wood filling the space between their conversations. As the sun rises higher, the group begins to talk shop—drinking, fishing, and telling crude stories.

HECTOR

(to Brian, noticing the iPad)

Wait, what's with the iPad? You really think you're gonna get Wi-Fi out here?

BRIAN

(grinning)

I've got data on this thing. And speaking of which, did you bring more liquor, Eric?

ERIC

(looking through his bag)

Yeah, yeah, I got more. But wait till you see the new site I found.

HECTOR

(leaning in)

Let me check it out too, man. I heard this one's got the hottest babes.

Just as Eric starts pulling up various adult sites on the iPad, an advisory notification pops up, catching everyone's attention. The mood shifts slightly.

JACOB
(under his breath)
What's that?

BRIAN
(squinting at the screen,
annoyed)
What the hell is this? A breaking
news report. Man, this is crazy. It
says one of the high risk prisoners
escaped from the pen yesterday
afternoon. That place we passed
earlier, the creepy one.

HECTOR
(laughing)
Ouch, bet those barb wires didn't
feel too good.

Brian scrolls through more details, his face lighting up with excitement.

BRIAN
This place is only forty miles from
here. The guy went missing during
lunch hour on Friday. Sounds like
an inside job, huh? Bet some chick
or a paid-off guard helped him out.

ERIC
(smirking)
You're really into this prison-
break stuff, huh, Brian?

Brian brushes it off and returns to his iPad.

BRIAN
(half-smiling)
Yeah, well, let's just say I've got
my theories. Anyway, let me show
you guys something.

Jacob watches in silence, his mind beginning to race as the conversation spirals into increasingly vulgar stories about their "dates" and the strange, inappropriate way they compare notes. His stomach turns with every word, but he forces a smile and laughs along.

The group's laughter gets louder as they drunkenly argue over who had the best time on their respective dates. As the alcohol takes hold, they become more boisterous, forgetting that Jacob is still sitting across the fire from them. They begin to describe their behavior toward the women in disturbingly graphic detail, trying to outdo one another.

JACOB
 (quietly, to himself)
 How disturbing... These guys are
 sick. Trying to outdo each other...
 as if it's some kind of
 competition.

The adrenaline starts building in Jacob, and he feels a rising anxiety. He's not sure if he can keep up the act much longer. The more he hears, the more disgusted he feels. He remembers why he's here, why he had to come. He must stay focused. They won't be able to hurt anyone again. Not if he has anything to do with it.

JACOB
 (under his breath, his
 voice hardening)
 Not if I can stop it...

Jacob sits alone, lost in thought. The group's laughter and crude remarks fade into the background as his mind drifts. The fire crackles softly, but he's no longer paying attention to the flames. His eyes stare blankly ahead as a flashback takes over.

FLASHBACK - COLLEGE YEARS - INT. PSYCHOLOGY LECTURE HALL - DAY

The classroom is filled with students, but Jacob is alone in his thoughts. He listens intently as the professor lectures about the complexities of the human mind. The chalkboard is filled with diagrams of brain activity, theories about behavior, and case studies of psychological disorders.

Jacob, notebook open in front of him, writes down notes - but his mind isn't fully on the lecture. His pen hesitates as memories of his past begin to bleed into his thoughts. He scribbles down an incomplete sentence before the words on the page blur into the image of his childhood.

25. EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (10 YEARS OLD)

A warm summer breeze rustles through the tall grass in the backyard. The sunlight filters through the trees, casting gentle shadows. YOUNG JACOB, about 10 years old, stands motionless near the edge of the yard, his small frame rigid with unease. His gaze is locked on a haunting scene in front of him.

Two baby raccoons huddle together near the base of a tree. Their tiny bodies tremble with fear, their soft cries barely audible. Just a few feet away, the lifeless body of their mother lies on her side, her fur matted and still.

Flies buzz faintly around her.

YOUNG JACOB
(whispers to himself)
It's okay... I'll help you.

He steps forward hesitantly, his sneakers crunching on the dry leaves. His heart pounds in his chest as he kneels down. Carefully, he extends his arms toward the babies. One of them recoils, but the other weakly climbs into his hands.

JACOB scoops them both up, cradling them gently against his chest. His face is a mix of fear and determination.

YOUNG JACOB
(to the raccoons)
Don't worry... I got you.

He turns and sprints back toward the house. His small legs move as fast as they can, his footsteps pounding against the ground. The screen door slams as he bursts into the house.

26. INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

His SISTERS, SARAH and BRITTANY, both teenagers, are sitting at the kitchen table, chatting. When they see JACOB enter with the raccoons, their faces light up in surprise and delight.

SARAH
Jacob! What-where did you find them?

YOUNG JACOB
Their mom... she's gone. They were all alone.

BRITTANY
(softly)
Poor things.

SARAH gets up and carefully strokes one of the raccoons. BRITTANY quickly grabs a shoebox, lining it with a soft towel.

SARAH
We'll take care of them, Jacob.
Don't worry.

JACOB looks at them, his eyes wide and glassy. For the first time, he exhales, letting some of the tension leave his small body. As his sisters fuss over the raccoons, he watches, a bittersweet smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (10 YEARS OLD)

The sterile white walls of the hospital room seem to glow under the fluorescent lights. Machines beep softly in the background. YOUNG JACOB stands at the doorway, clutching a stuffed toy tightly in his small hands. He looks hesitant, afraid to step inside.

On the hospital bed, SARAH, his older sister, lies pale and bruised. Her face is swollen, her arms bandaged. Her once-bright eyes are dim but still filled with the warmth of recognition when she sees JACOB.

SARAH
(weakly)
Jacob... come here.

JACOB slowly steps inside, dragging his feet. He climbs onto the chair beside her bed, his small hands gripping the edge of the mattress. His voice is barely a whisper.

YOUNG JACOB
Sarah... are you okay?

SARAH
(smiling faintly)
I'll be okay, little brother.

Her smile fades as her eyes grow distant, haunted by what she's about to say. She struggles to lift her hand, placing it gently on his.

SARAH
Jacob... you have to listen to me.
The men who... did this to me and
BRITTANY... they said their names.

JACOB's eyes widen, his breath hitching. He leans closer, his voice trembling.

YOUNG JACOB
Who? Who were they?

SARAH
(whispers)
Hector... Duane... Brian... and
Eric.

JACOB stares at her, his young mind struggling to process the weight of her words. His grip on the stuffed toy tightens until his knuckles turn white.

SARAH
 (through tears)
 Don't ever forget those names,
 Jacob. Promise me...

YOUNG JACOB
 (tears streaming)
 I promise.

SARAH's eyes close, her energy spent. The machines continue to beep softly as JACOB sits there, his small frame trembling with a mixture of fear and anger. He looks at her, his jaw clenching in silent determination.

27. INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, a small desk lamp casting a soft glow over a cluttered desk. Textbooks, papers, and empty coffee cups are strewn everywhere. JACOB, now in his late teens, sits cross-legged on his bed, a heavy psychology textbook open in his lap. The weight of the day and years of suppressed memories weigh heavily on his face.

The words on the page in front of him read: The human mind has an incredible ability to bury painful memories, yet these memories can resurface when triggered, often more vivid and disturbing than before."

JACOB's eyes linger on the passage, his brow furrowed. His mind drifts as he quietly recites a list of names, barely audible.

JACOB
 (whispering)
 Hector... Duane... Brian... Eric...

His voice catches as he says them again, slower this time, as if trying to etch them into his soul.

JACOB
 Hector... Duane... Brian... Eric.

He closes his eyes, leaning back against the wall. The textbook slips slightly from his lap, revealing a folded piece of paper tucked at the back. He reaches for it, unfolding it with shaking hands. On the paper, written in his handwriting, are the same names she whispered to him all those years ago.

His eyes glaze over as the memories flood back—the hospital room, her voice trembling, the promise he made. He folds the paper and slips it back into the book, his hands trembling.

JACOB rubs his temples, trying to block out the vivid flashes in his mind. The nightmares have been coming more frequently now, pulling him back to his childhood, to things he didn't understand at the time but now feels deeply. The loss, the injustice, the weight of knowing.

The words on the page in front of him blur as tears well up in his eyes. He can't focus. The past is louder than the present.

He slams the book shut, the sound echoing in the quiet room. He rests his elbows on his knees, his head sinking into his hands. The room feels suffocating, the air thick with the weight of his grief and anger.

For a moment, the silence is broken by the muffled sound of voices and laughter from the hallway outside. But JACOB is locked in his own world, spiraling deeper into the memories that haunt him.

JACOB
(softly, to himself)
I promised you, Sarah... I haven't
forgotten.

He takes a deep, shuddering breath and looks up, his face a mix of exhaustion and resolve. The textbook sits on his lap, the folded paper inside like a time bomb waiting to go off.

The camera lingers on his face for a moment, his eyes staring into the distance as if seeing something far beyond the room. Then the scene fades to black.

28. FLASHBACK ENDS

Jacob blinks hard, pulling himself back to the present. The fire in front of him flickers, and the voices of the group snap back into focus. He takes a deep breath, trying to shake off the overwhelming flood of memories.

HECTOR
(shouting over)
Hey, Jacob! You awake, man? Hey,
wake up! You look like you were in
a trance or something, like you're
sleeping with your eyes open.

Jacob snaps out of the flashback, forcing himself to focus on Hector. He blinks rapidly and offers a weak smile.

JACOB
(slightly disoriented)
Oh... Sorry. I didn't get enough
sleep last night.

Hector chuckles, shaking his head, but Jacob remains lost in his own thoughts, the flashback lingering in his mind as he watches the group continue their conversation. The sound of laughter and jabs feels distant now, as if he's no longer a part of their world.

HECTOR, lounging with an almost mocking grin, focuses his attention on JACOB again.

HECTOR
(leaning forward, teasing)
So, boss man, now that we're not at
work, you're one of us. Let's make
this a fun weekend. Tell us, what
do you do in your spare time? You
got a girlfriend?

JACOB
(awkward, shrugging)
Ha. No... no girlfriend.

HECTOR
(grinning, playful)
Maybe you work too hard. You're
kind of young to be a boss-man,
right? Am I right? Guys, doesn't he
look too young?

The group says nothing. Hector presses on.

HECTOR
(eyeing Jacob)
I have a personal question for you,
man. Are you a virgin?

The group freezes, staring at Jacob. Hector chuckles.

HECTOR
(laughing)
Hey, I'm just asking a simple
question, man. So... I bet you're a
virgin, huh? Yeah, I bet you are.

BRIAN
(abruptly, stern)
Hey, jackass, be cool, all right?

Jacob shifts uncomfortably. It's clear he wants to fit in, and after a beat, he forces a reply.

JACOB
(blurting out,
embarrassed)
You're wrong about that. I once
dated two chicks at the same time.

He can't suppress a blush at the absurdity of the lie.
Hector's eyes light up with amusement.

HECTOR
(grinning wider)
Okay, now this dude is starting to
relax. So, tell us – how'd you get
them to go out with you? Did you go
at them from behind? Don't stop
now, man. This is getting good.

Jacob looks around nervously. Not wanting the questioning to
continue, he stands and clears his throat.

JACOB
(deflecting)
Hey guys, have we thought about
lunch?

The group shifts slightly, but Hector can't resist pushing
again.

HECTOR
(teasing, persistent)
You know, if my girl doesn't wanna
make out, I have my ways of getting
her to. So, what's your method,
man?

JACOB
(holding his ground,
tense)
How about we focus on lunch and
worry about that some other time?

HECTOR
(snarling, standing up)
What the hell? I asked you a
question, man.

JACOB
(firm, calm)
And I asked if we could consider
what we're having for lunch.

Brian stands abruptly, stepping between Hector and Jacob to
diffuse the tension.

BRIAN

(authoritative)

He's right. How about me and Eric head to the creek to see if the fish are biting? If we hook 'em, we'll grill 'em for lunch. If not, we'll do the sausage I brought. You guys can make yourselves useful and get the grill ready.

He glances at Hector, lightening the mood.

BRIAN

(laughing, winking)

This is supposed to be a fun weekend. Let's show Jacob chicks aren't the only thing on our minds.

Hector glares at Brian, unmoved.

HECTOR

(sternly)

Wait a minute, Brian. Wait just a minute. Fish for lunch sounds great, but tell me something — why did you invite Jacob on our trip? I know he's our boss-man...

Hector's voice darkens.

HECTOR

(serious, pointed)

But that's back at the shop, not here. You know the rules — it's always been just the four of us. You broke our tradition, and I don't like it, not one shitty bit!

Jacob swallows the lump in his throat. He stands awkwardly, silent, his gaze darting between the group.

DUANE

(stepping up, hands on hips)

Settle down, Hector. You're acting like a dumb-shit. Besides, Jacob's the new guy in town. He asked if anything fun was happening this weekend, so I invited him. What's the problem?

Duane turns to Jacob, flashing a grin.

DUANE

(sly)

Besides, if we play our cards right and don't act like dicks, Hector – he might hook us up with an employee discount on those chrome rims we all want. Right, Jacob?

Duane shifts his gaze back to the group, his tone sharper.

DUANE

(firm)

I'm not letting you guys fuck up my chill time.

Brian steps in again, his tone half-joking, half-exasperated.

BRIAN

(mocking frustration)

Hector, you talked me into coming when I was just as happy staying home. And now you're about to send me packing. I'd rather be at the shop alone than deal with this crap. Bunch of sissies. Either kill each other right now or shut the fuck up already.

Brian laughs arrogantly, but Jacob notices the tension simmering beneath the joke.

DUANE

(supportive, grinning)

Yeah, Brian's right. Besides, nothing wrong with including Jacob as a fifth guy in our pack – if he wants to stick around.

Jacob gives Duane and Brian a quick, appreciative nod but remains wary. The tension lingers as the group settles. Hector backs down for now, though his displeasure hangs in the air.

Jacob takes a deep breath, looking at the others. He knows he'll have to tread carefully from here on out.

ERIC grabs his fishing pole from the truck and slings a small pack over his shoulder. BRIAN stands nearby, checking his gear.

ERIC
(grinning)
You know, it's gonna be lunchtime
in an hour or so. Best we get a
move on.

BRIAN
(nodding)
Okay then, let's get going!

Brian turns and calls back to the group as he and Eric start walking toward the path.

BRIAN
(half-joking)
Don't you guys go drinking up all
the booze in the cooler, dog-gone-
it. And keep an eye on the fire
too!

JACOB
(calling after them)
How far to the creek from here?

Eric turns back, hefting his pack higher on his shoulder.

ERIC
Oh, it's about a twenty-five-minute
walk. Why, you wanna join us?

JACOB
(shaking his head)
Nope, I'll just chill here.

Brian and Eric disappear down the path. Jacob turns back to HECTOR and DUANE, who are lounging near the fire.

JACOB
(casual)
What kind of fish are in the creek,
by the way?

DUANE
(rolling his eyes, amused)
Fish is fish, man.

JACOB
(keeping it light)
Just curious. Maybe I'll come back
sometime and do a little fishing of
my own. I hope the guys have some
luck and are back by dinner. With
the time changing and all, it'll
get dark before you know it.

Hector glances at his watch, smirking.

HECTOR
(grinning)
Look, it's been twenty-five minutes
already. Bet they cast their hooks.
Maybe if you got laid occasionally,
you wouldn't be so uptight.

Duane laughs loudly, egging Hector on.

DUANE
(taunting)
Yeah, you're as wound up as the
last lady I took advantage of.
Nothing I could do to make her
relax.

Jacob freezes. His expression darkens, but he keeps his
composure. He rises abruptly to his feet.

JACOB
(flat, controlled)
I'll be back in a few minutes.

HECTOR
(mocking)
Hey, where you going, Jacob? Come
on, man! Where are you going, dude?

DUANE
(grinning)
Yeah, come back and tell us about
the chicks you dated. We wanna hear
all about it.

Jacob doesn't reply. He heads toward the bushes, fists
clenched, jaw tight. He disappears into the trees. From his
hidden vantage point, Jacob can hear Hector and Duane
continue their crude banter. He lingers, half-hidden, just
within earshot.

HECTOR
(laughing)
You know those chicks at the new
burger joint? The ones with the
tops so tight their nipples are
always out?

DUANE
(grinning)
Oh, hell yeah. What do you say,
wanna take 'em out? Show them how
we party?

HECTOR
(enthusiastic)
Hell yes. Next Saturday. It's a deal.

They slap a high-five.

DUANE
(teasing)
But you know Brian's gonna join us, right?

Jacob narrows his eyes, hiding behind the trees, as Hector nods. But suddenly, their tone shifts. Their conversation grows darker.

DUANE
(lowering his voice, serious)
Hey, dude, remember we're not supposed to talk about this shit. Especially now. You know Brian doesn't want any of it coming out. He'd kill us.

Jacob freezes, his breath catching. He listens, heart pounding. Hector glances nervously around, as if suddenly aware of how much he's said.

HECTOR
(quiet, glancing over his shoulder)
Yeah, I know. None of us do.

Jacob ducks deeper into the bushes as Hector scans the area. After a moment, Hector calls out, voice loud and booming, his bravado returning.

HECTOR
(shouting)
Hey Jacob! What the hell is taking you so long over there? Come on, sit right here.

He pats the bench beside him, grinning.

HECTOR
(taunting)
Tell us a good story or something.

Jacob emerges from the trees, forcing a composed expression. He walks back toward the firepit, his movements deliberate, masking his anger.

JACOB
(casual, controlled)
Okay, okay. Here I come. Had to
take a leak, man.

He pauses, glancing between Hector and Duane, his voice
measured.

JACOB
(half-smirking)
But I'm afraid you'll be
disappointed. I don't have much in
the way of stories.

Jacob lowers himself onto the bench, watching them carefully
as the fire crackles between them. Hector smirks, but there's
a flicker of suspicion in his gaze. Duane chuckles under his
breath, oblivious.

29. EXT. CREEK - DAY

BRIAN and ERIC stand by the creek. Eric casts his line into
the water, letting the lure sink while Brian crouches nearby,
flipping stones absentmindedly.

BRIAN
(shrugging)
You know, Jacob was getting tired
of Hector asking all those stupid
questions about his lady
experiences.

ERIC
(skeptical)
Hector's always running his mouth.
I don't know why Jacob even listens
to him.

Brian picks up a stick and pokes at the water, grinning
mischievously.

BRIAN
(laughing)
Maybe Jacob doesn't have any
stories, man. Maybe that's the
problem. He gets all weird when
Hector and Duane start talking
about chicks.

Eric raises an eyebrow, reeling in his line slightly.

ERIC
(serious)
You ever think he's just different
from us? Not everyone's gotta be
like Hector and Duane.

BRIAN
(smug)
Nah, he's just too uptight. You'll
see, guys like him, they crack
eventually. Besides, I'm telling
you, his girlfriend—if that's even
what she is—was eyeing me.

ERIC
(smirking, sarcastic)
Yeah, sure she was, Casanova.

Brian ignores the jab, leaning back on a rock and tossing
pebbles into the creek.

BRIAN
(chuckling)
Hey, remember that company picnic
back in July? I swear, she couldn't
stop staring at me. All I gotta do
is flash a smile, and she'll be
mine.

ERIC
(flatly)
You need help, man.

Eric focuses on his fishing rod, the line taut as he reels in
slowly. Brian falls silent for a moment, watching the water
ripple. The stillness is broken by the distant sound of a
twig snapping. Both men glance up instinctively.

ERIC
(quietly)
Did you hear that?

BRIAN
(sitting up)
Yeah. Sounded like it came from
over there.

Brian points toward the line of trees a little further down
the creek.

ERIC
(suspicious)
Probably just a deer or something.

Brian narrows his eyes at the treeline, a playful grin returning to his face.

BRIAN
(mocking)
You scared, Eric? Want me to hold
your hand?

ERIC
(rolling his eyes)
No, dumbass. I just don't like
surprises.

Eric pulls his line back and sets his fishing rod down, standing to get a better look. The two men stare into the shadows of the trees, the silence stretching. Finally, Eric shrugs.

ERIC
(trying to relax)
It's nothing. Let's get back to
fishing.

Brian smirks, though his eyes linger on the trees a moment longer. He shakes his head, trying to brush off the uneasy feeling.

BRIAN
(smirking)
Told you we should've brought our
guns. Target practice would've kept
us entertained.

ERIC
(half-joking)
Yeah, because nothing says relaxing
day" like shooting off rounds and
having park patrol drag us outta
here.

Eric casts his line again. The water splashes gently as the lure lands, but the air feels heavier now. Brian picks up a stone and hurls it farther into the creek with force.

BRIAN
(after a pause)
You think Jacob'll ever loosen up?
I mean, the dude's wound tight as a
drum.

ERIC
(sighing)
I don't know, man. He's probably
got his reasons. Some guys have
baggage, you know?

Brian snorts, dismissing the idea.

BRIAN
(derisive)
Baggage, huh? Whatever. All I'm
saying is, if I was Jacob, I
wouldn't let a girl like that hang
around Hector and Duane too much.
They'll scare her off.

Eric glances sideways at Brian, clearly annoyed.

ERIC
You ever stop to think it's not
about you, Brian? Maybe Jacob's got
more going on than you know.

BRIAN
(scoffing)
Or maybe he's just weird.

Brian's voice trails.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The campfire crackles, casting flickering shadows across the group. JACOB leans back in his camping chair, his expression casual but his eyes sharp, watching every move. Across the fire, HECTOR and DUANE sit with beers in hand, laughing loudly, their bravado filling the night air. The campsite feels eerily still, the silence of the surrounding woods amplifying the tension.

JACOB
(leaning forward,
nonchalantly)
Hey, Hector, Duane... why don't you
two tell me about that thing with
the two sisters? You know, the ones
you gave a ride in the rain.
Happened about... what, fifteen
years ago?

The laughter dies instantly. HECTOR freezes mid-sip, while DUANE slowly sets his beer down.

Both men exchange a quick, panicked glance. HECTOR's jaw tightens, and his hands begin wringing together nervously.

HECTOR
(gruffly)
What the hell is this? How do you
know about that? Who told you?

DUANE clenches his fists, trying to maintain his composure, but his body language betrays his agitation. JACOB sits back, calm, calculated, a faint smirk on his face.

JACOB
Brian told me. Said the whole thing
like he was proud of it.

HECTOR
(snapping)
Bullshit. That doesn't sound like
Brian.

JACOB
(smirking)
Sure sounded like him when he told
me the story. Looked like him too.
Pretty messed up story, if you ask
me.

DUANE
(standing abruptly)
When Brian gets back, I'm gonna
beat the crap out of him for
spilling lies!

JACOB
(voice hardening)
Forget about Brian. I don't care
about his version. I want your
version. Why'd you four do it? What
did those girls ever do to you?

HECTOR and DUANE stiffen. The fire crackles between them, but the silence is deafening. DUANE takes a step forward, his fists trembling at his sides.

DUANE
(teeth gritted)
You don't know what you're talking
about. That's some serious crap
you're accusing us of.

JACOB
 (leaning forward, voice
 rising)
 Damn right it's serious. You raped
 them, beat them to death, and left
 them there like trash. Why? Was it
 fun? Did you feel powerful? Or was
 it just to see if you could get
 away with it?

HECTOR
 (defensive, raising his
 voice)
 Look, man, that was a long time
 ago! It's old news!

JACOB
 (slamming his fist on the
 armrest)
 Old news? Old news?! You think
 those girls' lives were just a
 headline that you could brush off?

DUANE points a shaky finger at JACOB, his voice trembling
 with anger and fear.

DUANE
 Why the hell do you care? Huh? Are
 you some kind of reporter? Looking
 for a story? You're new around here
 —you don't get to come in and act
 like our boss!

JACOB
 (standing, glaring at
 them)
 Why do I care? Because those girls
 weren't just some random victims.
 They were my sisters.

The revelation hits like a bombshell. HECTOR's eyes widen,
 and DUANE takes an involuntary step back. Both men suddenly
 look pale, the firelight reflecting their fear.

HECTOR
 (whispering, shaken)
 No... that's not possible.

JACOB
 (snarling)
 It's very possible. You made it
 possible. And now, you're going to
 answer for it.

DUANE and HECTOR exchange a look. It's clear they're weighing their options, considering making a move. JACOB notices their shifting stances, his eyes narrowing. His hand subtly moves toward his pocket and pulls out a gun.

JACOB
(quietly, deadly)
Don't even think about it. You so
much as twitch, and this ends
faster than you can blink.

HECTOR balls his fists, but his bravado begins to crack.

HECTOR
Look, we didn't mean for things to
go that far, okay? We didn't... we
didn't know what we were doing.

JACOB
(cutting him off)
Save it. I'm not here for your
excuses. I want the truth. Why did
you do it? And tell me—did you even
feel a shred of remorse?

DUANE snaps, his voice breaking.

DUANE
(angrily)
What's it matter now? It's done! We
can't take it back!

JACOB
(coldly)
No, you can't. But you can pay for
it.

DUANE and HECTOR lunge toward him simultaneously. JACOB steps back swiftly, pulling a handgun from his pocket and aiming it directly at them. They freeze, their hands raised instinctively.

JACOB
(smiling grimly)
That's what I thought. Sit your
asses back down.

HECTOR and DUANE slowly lower themselves back onto the logs by the fire, their faces pale and terrified. JACOB keeps the gun trained on them, his expression unreadable but his hand steady as a rock.

JACOB
Now, let's finish this
conversation. Start talking.

The fire crackles between them as the camera lingers on JACOB's steely gaze.

CUT TO:

31. EXT. CREEK - DAY

The creek rushes past with a rhythmic, soothing sound. BRIAN leans against a rock, casually taking a drag from a joint. ERIC stands nearby, adjusting his fishing line, the two of them basking in a false sense of calm. Overhead, birds chirp in the trees.

BRIAN
(exhaling smoke)
Man, I'm beat. All that walking and
standing... I'm just gonna chill
here, light up, and enjoy the show.
This weed wasn't cheap, you know.

ERIC
(chuckling, not looking
away from the water)
Fine by me. You can watch me land
the big one.

BRIAN takes another drag, relaxing into his spot, when a sudden, sharp BANG echoes through the woods. Both men jolt upright. BRIAN drops the joint, and ERIC lets his fishing rod slip into the creek.

ERIC
(alarmed)
What the hell was that? A gunshot?
Someone out here for target
practice or something?

BRIAN
(standing, looking around)
Damn if I know. Maybe park patrol
messing around? Shooting a hog,
maybe? I just hope it's nothing
serious. Let's head back to camp-
see if the guys know anything.

As they gather their things, a second BANG rings out, louder and closer. Startled birds take flight from the trees, their wings flapping frantically.

BRIAN
(looking around nervously)
Okay, that's it. Somebody's
hunting, and I don't want to end up
mistaken for a deer. Let's get out
of here.

ERIC
(frozen in place)
Which way? I—damn, I don't even
know which way is out.

BRIAN
(agitated, pacing)
Shit, how do I not know? I've been
here a dozen times!

The sound of crackling branches and crunching leaves cuts through the air. The two men freeze, eyes darting toward the forest. The noises grow louder, closer—rapid footsteps, heavy breathing, and low groans. BRIAN and ERIC back up instinctively, their fear mounting.

ERIC
(whispering)
What the hell is that?

BRIAN
(frightened, backing up)
I don't know, but it's coming fast.

Out of the shadows, JACOB stumbles into view, sweat dripping from his face, his chest heaving as he catches his breath. His demeanor is unnervingly calm despite his disheveled appearance.

ERIC
(relieved, then confused)
Jacob? What happened? We heard
gunshots. Where are the guys?

JACOB
(straightening, wiping
sweat from his brow)
They're not coming. I took care of
them.

A heavy silence falls. BRIAN's jaw drops, his mind racing to comprehend JACOB's words.

BRIAN
(stepping forward, voice
rising)
What the hell do you mean, took
care of them"? You didn't... you
didn't shoot them, did you?

JACOB
(calm, cold)
Friends? Is that what you called
them? No. They weren't friends.
They were monsters.

ERIC
(panicked)
This isn't funny, man. What are you
saying?

JACOB
(flatly)
I'm saying they're dead.

ERIC falls silent, his face pale. BRIAN clenches his fists,
glancing around for an escape route. JACOB notices, his hand
already reaching into his pocket.

JACOB
(voice hardening)
Don't even think about it.

JACOB pulls out a Smith & Wesson revolver and levels it at
them. Both men freeze, BRIAN raising his hands halfway, ERIC
sinking to his knees by the creek.

JACOB
(voice rising with anger)
Now it's your turn. You're going to
tell me about the two girls. The
ones you tortured, raped, and
killed fifteen years ago.

BRIAN
(stammering)
We—we didn't kill them! We just...
roughed them up. They were alive
when we left!

ERIC
(nodding frantically)
Yeah! We swear, man! They were
alive!

JACOB
(stepping closer, voice
venomous)
Alive? After you beat them, raped
them, left them broken in the
woods? You call that alive?

BRIAN
(shouting, desperate)
What's it to you? Why do you care?

JACOB
(quietly, staring them
down)
Because they were my sisters.

A beat of stunned silence. BRIAN's mouth opens and closes, his brain struggling to process. ERIC looks like he might vomit.

BRIAN
(whimpering)
No. That's... that's not possible.

JACOB
(snapping)
It's very possible. You made it
possible. And now, it's time to
pay.

BRIAN shifts, his eyes darting to a trail behind him. JACOB notices and raises the gun higher.

JACOB
(firmly)
Don't even think about running. I
don't miss.

ERIC
(sobbing)
We—we didn't mean for it to go that
far! It was a mistake!

JACOB
(snarling)
A mistake? Beating two innocent
girls to death is a mistake? I
don't think so.

ERIC
(turning to BRIAN, crying)
I told you we should've left town!

JACOB
(smiling grimly)
Wouldn't have saved you. I would've
found you eventually.

Jacob's hand grips the gun tightly as he points it at BRIAN and ERIC. His chest rises and falls with steady breaths, but his face twists with a cocktail of rage and grief. The sound of the rushing creek fades as his memories surge forward, vivid and raw, as though they'd just happened.

JACOB
(voice trembling with
suppressed emotion)
You don't know the hell you put me
through. But you will. You'll feel
every ounce of it.

ERIC shifts uncomfortably on the ground, his hands still raised. BRIAN looks away, unable to meet JACOB's burning gaze. JACOB takes a step closer, his voice turning dark and steady.

JACOB
I was ten years old. Just a kid
when I heard my mom screaming on
the phone. The State Trooper had
called her...

JACOB's grip on the gun tightens, his knuckles turning white. His voice cracks as he continues, the memory replaying with haunting clarity.

JACOB
He told her my sisters had been
found near some boulders,
unresponsive. An elderly couple
walking their dog found them. They
stayed there... stayed with their
bodies until the paramedics came.

BRIAN and ERIC exchange a nervous glance, but JACOB keeps talking, his voice growing harder with each word.

JACOB
The ambulance took them to
Anderson's Hospital. I remember the
waiting room like it was yesterday.
Cold. Quiet. Except for my mom's
crying.

JACOB lowers the gun slightly, his eyes narrowing as he looks past the two men, lost in his memories.

JACOB

Doctors said they'd been beaten—
savagely. Bones shattered. Arms.
Legs. The head trauma was...
catastrophic. And after you pieces
of filth had your way with them,
they bled internally.

His voice wavers slightly, but he pushes through, the anger
giving him strength.

JACOB

One of my sisters managed to
describe you before... before the
brain hemorrhaging took over. She
told us it was four guys. Told us
what you looked like.

ERIC chokes back a sob. BRIAN shifts uncomfortably, sweat
trickling down his temples.

BRIAN

(whispering)
We didn't mean—

JACOB

(raising the gun again,
cutting him off)
Shut up.

JACOB's hand trembles slightly now, but his aim remains
steady. His eyes brim with tears as he continues.

JACOB

The doctors couldn't stop the
bleeding. They came out to tell my
mom... that my sisters wouldn't
survive the night.

The creek's rush seems to drown out everything else. JACOB
glares at the two men, his voice thick with rage.

JACOB

Before she died, Sarah gave me
clear descriptions of you. She
described every sick bastard who
hurt her and my other sister.

He pauses, his voice hardening further, almost a growl.

JACOB

Father Samuel came into the room to
bless them while my mom sat
there... broken. My mom hasn't been
the same since. She's a shell of
who she was.

He takes another step closer, his voice now trembling with
unrelenting hatred.

JACOB

You did that. You destroyed her.
You destroyed our family. And
now... now it's time to pay.

The camera lingers on JACOB's tear-streaked, rage-filled face
as he takes aim. The tension in the air is thick enough to
cut with a knife. Brian trembles where he stands, his breath
shallow and ragged. Eric remains on his knees, rocking back
and forth, sobbing uncontrollably. Jacob observes them with a
cold, detached glare, his gun unwavering. He relishes the
moment, the power, the fear etched into their faces.

JACOB

(low and steady)

You know what disturbs me the most?

Brian glances at Jacob nervously, while Eric's sobs grow
louder. Jacob's voice hardens, each word dripping with venom.

JACOB

Trying to imagine what they went
through that night. Picturing their
faces... hearing their cries.

Jacob's jaw tightens as his free hand curls into a fist. His
voice rises slightly, the rage threatening to boil over.

JACOB

Fifteen years. I've waited fifteen
years for this. And every single
day, your voices, your laughter...
your bragging about what you did—
it's haunted me.

Brian's eyes dart around, looking for an escape, while Eric
continues to rock, his head hung low. Jacob takes a step
closer.

JACOB

You thought there were no
witnesses. But there were.

Brian freezes, his face pale. Jacob smirks bitterly.

JACOB

Two teenage boys. They saw you that night, riding their bikes on that same road. They were too scared to say anything back then... scared of being caught sneaking out, scared of their underage drinking.

Jacob's voice grows colder as he locks eyes with Brian.

JACOB

But when they came of age, guess who got to them first?

Brian swallows hard, visibly trembling. Jacob tilts his head slightly, his eyes narrowing.

JACOB

Your stepbrother, Brian. He threatened them. Told them they'd go to jail if they ever opened their mouths.

Brian's breathing grows erratic. Eric whispers something incoherent through his tears. Jacob ignores him and continues, his voice unrelenting.

JACOB

You couldn't help yourselves, could you? Bragging about what you did like it was some kind of game. Like their lives didn't matter.

Jacob raises the gun, aiming directly at Brian. His voice drops to an icy calm.

JACOB

This is where the game ends.

BRIAN

(pleading)

Hey, man. You don't have to do this. You really don't!

Brian throws up his hands in surrender, his eyes darting toward the trail. Jacob sees through the ploy and steadies his aim. Eric whimpers louder, still rocking back and forth on his knees.

BANG!

Brian's body jerks backward as the bullet strikes him square in the forehead. He crumples to the ground, lifeless. Jacob lowers the gun slightly, staring at Brian's motionless body.

JACOB
 (forcing the words out)
 This is for my sister, Brittany.

Jacob turns his attention to Eric, who looks up, his tear-streaked face filled with horror.

ERIC
 (pleading)
 Please... I'm sorry...

Jacob ignores him, his hand steady as he takes aim again.

JACOB
 And this...

BANG!

The bullet strikes the top of Eric's head. His body collapses, limp, next to Brian's. Jacob lowers the gun and stares at their lifeless forms. His voice is cold, emotionless.

JACOB

32. ..IS FOR MY SISTERS, SARAH AND BRITTANY.

For a moment, the forest is eerily silent. No birds, no insects—just the faint rustling of leaves in the breeze. Jacob stands motionless, the gun still in his hand. His face is blank, but his eyes are a storm of pain and rage. Slowly, he exhales and slips into action.

33. EXT. CREEK - MINUTES LATER

Jacob kneels by the water's edge, slipping on a pair of latex gloves. He wipes the gun carefully, ensuring no fingerprints remain, then tosses it toward the creek. It lands just shy of the water, sticking in the mud by the edge. Jacob doesn't notice as he straightens up, his thoughts racing.

JACOB
 (under his breath)
 Time to get out of here.

He glances around the area, his heart pounding. The sound of every rustling leaf and snapping branch puts him on edge. Jacob scales the twelve-foot fence at the park's edge, grunting as he lands hard on the other side. He winces, muttering to himself.

JACOB
Can't stay here... not after this.

He moves quickly through the woods, reaching a concealed spot where his Yamaha is hidden. He grabs the handlebars but hesitates to start it, knowing the noise could attract attention. Instead, he begins walking it down the road, his boots crunching against the gravel.

34. EXT. COUNTY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Jacob reaches the empty county road and finally mounts his bike. With one swift motion, he starts the engine. The Yamaha roars to life, and Jacob speeds off, the wind whipping against his face.

The camera lingers on Jacob's expression—nervous, relieved, but utterly devoid of guilt. His eyes remain cold, locked on the road ahead as the sun begins to set.

CUT TO:

35. INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The small, somewhat outdated convenience and fuel store hums with the sound of a ceiling fan. ROB, the store manager, stands near the counter with a clipboard in hand, glancing at the muted TV playing the local news. MONA, the cashier, sits behind the register, scrolling on her phone.

ROB
(looking at Mona)
It's been hours since this morning's advisory report. Still nothing. Wonder if they've caught him yet.

MONA
(smirking, not looking up)
Probably hiding under a rock somewhere. Guys like that don't last long out here.

ROB
(shaking his head)
You'd think with all the cops swarming the area, they'd have him by now. Ten years in the pen, and he just strolls out? Crazy.

Mona shrugs, unconcerned. Rob sighs and looks out the window toward the fuel pumps, where no cars are in sight.

36. EXT. COUNTY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

JACK, a grizzled man in his early sixties, trudges along the shoulder of the road. His clothes are torn and filthy, his face weathered with exhaustion. The dry blood on his trousers and the scratches on his hands tell a story of struggle. He glances over his shoulder occasionally, alert for any sign of pursuit.

From behind, the roar of a truck engine grows louder. Jack steps slightly off the road to let it pass. The vehicle, a red pickup with blazing orange decals streaked down its sides like fire, barrels past him before screeching to a halt ahead. It makes a sharp U-turn and speeds back toward him.

The truck stops a few feet away. The windows are down, revealing a group of rowdy young men inside. Their laughter and the unmistakable smell of pot waft toward Jack.

GUY IN TRUCK

(laughing)

Hey, grandpa! Need a lift?

Before Jack can respond, an empty liquor bottle is tossed at him. It shatters near his feet. Another guy hurls an empty beer can, which bounces off Jack's chest.

DRIVER

(laughing as he floors the
gas)

Good luck, old man!

The truck roars off, leaving Jack standing there, fists clenched, his face a mixture of anger and frustration. He mutters to himself as he starts walking again.

JACK

(panting)

Damn kids. No respect. Not even an
offer for a ride. Figures.

37. EXT. COUNTY ROAD - EARLY EVENING

The sun hangs low in the sky. Jack is still walking, his pace slower now. His legs drag, and he stumbles occasionally. The sound of another vehicle approaches from behind. This time, it's a modest sedan. Jack turns and lifts his thumb, hoping for better luck.

The sedan slows as it passes him, then stops a few yards ahead. Jack's expression softens with relief as the car reverses back toward him.

The window rolls down, revealing a YOUNG MAN in his late twenties and his WIFE in the passenger seat. A BABY coos softly in the backseat.

YOUNG MAN
(eyeing Jack cautiously)
You lost, sir?

JACK
(nodding, trying to sound harmless)
Yeah. Car stalled about a mile back. I'd be grateful for a lift to the nearest town. Need to report it.

The Young Man glances at his Wife, who frowns slightly. She leans toward him and whispers something. The Young Man looks back at Jack, unsure.

YOUNG MAN
(slowly)
Uh... tell you what. Stay right here.
I'll call for help.

The window starts rolling up. Jack steps forward, but the car suddenly speeds off, tires kicking up gravel. Jack watches it disappear down the road, his face hardening.

JACK
(smirking bitterly)
Should've known. They'll probably report me as some crazy old man wandering the road.

Jack looks around, scanning the dense woods lining the road. He takes a deep breath, then steps off the asphalt, heading into the trees.

38. EXT. WOODS NEAR COUNTY ROAD - NIGHTFALL

Jack crouches under the cover of thick brush. The faint sound of a distant car engine fades away. He looks up at the darkening sky and mutters to himself.

JACK
(quietly, determined)
Let's be real. My odds are slim.
But I'm gonna take a stab at it.

He pulls his jacket tighter around him and starts moving deeper into the woods, his silhouette blending into the shadows.

CUT TO:

39. INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A YOUNG COUPLE rushes into the store, their BABY crying softly in the man's arms. The YOUNG MAN approaches the counter, visibly shaken, while the YOUNG WOMAN hovers close behind.

YOUNG MAN

(urgent, to Mona)

Will someone please call the cops?
There's a strange old man walking
along the county road, heading this
way. He seemed lost... and kind of
creepy. Said his car was disabled a
mile back, but we didn't see any
stalled vehicle on the road.

MONA

(trying to stay calm)

Alright, sir. Hold on a second.

Nearby, in a small office, ROB, the store manager, hears the commotion. He rolls his chair closer to the doorway, leaning to eavesdrop. Standing up, he approaches the counter.

ROB

(to the young man)

I'll take care of it. Thank you,
folks, for reporting this to me.

The young man nods but doesn't seem reassured. He exchanges a worried look with his wife, who clutches their baby tightly.

ROB

(continuing, more to
himself)

Now, I'm not saying for sure this
is the convict who escaped
yesterday, but it's best to have
this fellow checked out.

Hearing this, the young couple becomes visibly nervous.

YOUNG WOMAN

(whispering to her
husband)

Let's go. I don't want to stick
around here.

The couple hastily exits, hurrying to their car. ROB watches through the glass doors as they drive off in a rush.

He turns toward MONA, who stands behind the counter.

ROB
(frustrated)
I'm still wondering what the heck
happened earlier today. Why hasn't
there been an update? Did they
catch that guy or not?

MONA shrugs, uncomfortable with the tension in his voice. ROB
crosses his arms, pacing slightly.

ROB
(continuing)
You think this guy walking this way
could be the escapee? Ugh, I hate
this news channel. They're useless.
Right, Mona? Aren't you worried?

MONA hesitates but keeps her composure.

MONA
(softly)
Maybe you should call the news
station, Rob. They might have
something more up-to-date.

ROB pauses, considering her suggestion. He glances out the
window toward the road, the tension still palpable.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The faint glow of twilight gives way to darkness. JACK
stumbles through the dense forest, his clothes torn, his face
dirty and drenched in sweat. He clutches his stomach, hunger
and exhaustion weighing heavily on him.

41. INT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

JACK collapses against a tree, breathing heavily. He mutters
to himself.

JACK
(whispering, to himself)
What the hell now? The law's coming
for me... My face... it's what
scared that couple. Dead giveaway.

He looks down at his tattered clothes and shakes his head.

JACK
I should've stolen some clean
clothes from the laundry...

Jack scans his surroundings. Unknowingly, he's chosen to rest near the site of the killing. He closes his eyes, trying to block out his spiraling thoughts.

42. DREAM SEQUENCE: INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

JACK's dream takes him back ten years. He enters his home, flowers and a bottle of wine in hand. He's smiling, ready to surprise HELEN, his wife of ten years. But as he steps inside, he hears noises from the bedroom—soft thumps and muffled giggles.

Jack's smile fades. He sets the flowers and wine on the sofa and cautiously approaches the bedroom. His hand trembles as he pushes the door open. Inside, he finds HELEN in bed with BOB, his best friend of thirty years.

JACK
(yelling)
What the hell is this?!

HELEN screams, scrambling to cover herself with the bedsheet. BOB leaps out of bed, fumbling for his clothes.

BOB
Jack, listen! Let me explain—

Jack shoves Bob hard, sending him crashing into the dresser. In a blind fury, Jack reaches into his jacket and pulls out his revolver. Without thinking, he fires twice. The gunshots echo in the room. HELEN and BOB collapse to the floor, lifeless.

Jack drops the gun, staring at their bodies in horror. He collapses onto the bed, his hands trembling.

JACK
(whispering)
What have I done?

43. EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jack wakes up with a start, his heart racing. The sound of HELICOPTERS overhead grows louder. He jumps to his feet, panic-stricken.

JACK
(whispering)
It's over... They're here.

He starts running, pushing through shrubs and branches. His hands come away sticky and wet. He glances down and freezes. Even in the dark, the unmistakable sheen of BLOOD glistens on his hands.

JACK
(shaking his head)
What... what is this?

Jack stumbles and trips over something. He falls hard, his hands landing on a carcass. He recoils in horror, realizing he's surrounded by dead animals. Nearby, a metallic glint catches his eye. He crawls over and finds a GUN partially hidden under a bush.

He picks it up, examining it briefly before tossing it further into the underbrush.

JACK
(to himself)
This is a nightmare...

44. EXT. FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

SIRENS and flashing red lights illuminate the county road. Six PATROL CARS block the entrance, officers armed and ready. SHERIFF CONNER steps out of his car and grabs the PA system.

SHERIFF CONNER
(using PA system)
Jack, come out now. You're surrounded. Don't make this harder on yourself.

Jack, hiding in the shadows, freezes. He whispers to himself.

JACK
(to himself)
It's over. Just end it...

Suddenly, DEPUTY WELCH steps out of his vehicle, his K-9 partner BENJY straining at the leash.

DEPUTY WELCH
Go get him, Benjy!

Benjy takes off into the forest, barking furiously. Jack hears the barks getting closer. He starts running, tripping over branches and rocks.

The darkness disorients him, and he stumbles into more carcasses.

JACK
(pleading)
Leave me alone!

Benjy catches up, lunging at Jack and grabbing his arm with his powerful jaws. Jack screams, struggling against the dog. DEPUTY WELCH follows the sound, arriving moments later. He pulls Jack to his feet and slaps cuffs on him.

DEPUTY WELCH
(to Benjy)
Good boy.

SHERIFF CONNER approaches, glaring at Jack.

SHERIFF CONNER
Face to face at last. Nice try,
jackass. Back to your cell you go.

Jack, exhausted and defeated, doesn't resist. As he's led to the patrol car, he glances down at his blood-stained clothes and hands. Confusion washes over him.

JACK
(to himself)
Where the hell did this blood come
from?

CUT TO:

45. EXT. NATIONAL PARK - MORNING

The County and Yard environmental truck pulls into the park. The entrance gates creak as they open for what will be the last time this season. Supervisor RAUL steps out, clipboard in hand, addressing his crew.

RAUL
Alright, folks, you know the drill.
Let's wrap this up. The gates stay
locked after today until spring.

Raul gestures to two of his team, pointing toward the creek area.

RAUL
You two, check the creek. Get after
it!

He turns to JOE, his third crew member.

RAUL
Joe, you've got the campground.
Don't take all day.

The team splits up, each heading to their assigned areas.
Raul walks toward the parking lot near the entrance.

46. EXT. PARKING AREA - MINUTES LATER

Raul spots an old, beat-up truck parked haphazardly near the restroom facilities. He freezes, squinting at it, and mutters under his breath.

RAUL
What the hell? Either someone's
still here, or they thought this
was a junkyard.

He shouts over his shoulder toward the main campground.

RAUL
Joe! I'm heading to the restroom.
This junk is getting towed at
someone's expense.

47. EXT. CAMPGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Joe is stumbling slightly, visibly tired and disheveled from a long night of partying. He's picking up trash when his foot catches on something. He stumbles forward and looks down.

JOE
What the—?

Joe's eyes widen in shock as he realizes he's nearly tripped over a dead body. He scans the area and spots another corpse nearby.

JOE
Holy moly! Boss! Hey, boss!

Raul exits the restroom, wiping his hands on his pants. Joe's panicked voice catches his attention, and he rushes over.

RAUL
What is it now?

Joe points to the ground, shaking slightly. Raul follows his gaze and freezes, his face contorting in disbelief.

RAUL
You've got to be kidding me.

48. EXT. CAMPGROUND - LATER

Sheriff CONNER's patrol car pulls into the campground, sirens wailing briefly before cutting off. Behind him, a CORONER van, a FORENSICS TEAM, and a PHOTOGRAPHER arrive in quick succession. Sheriff Conner steps out, adjusting his hat, and approaches Raul and Joe.

SHERIFF CONNER
Alright, fellas. Let's hear it.
What exactly did you see?

Raul and Joe recount their discoveries as Sheriff Conner listens intently, jotting down notes. Meanwhile, the forensic team begins examining the scene, snapping photos and marking evidence. The coroner kneels beside the bodies, inspecting them.

49. EXT. CREEK AREA - SAME TIME

STATE TROOPER MARTIN speaks with the second maintenance crew near the creek. The crew members look pale and shaken as they recount their findings. Martin scribbles in his notebook, occasionally glancing toward the forensic team working nearby.

50. EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

Word has spread quickly. Reporters swarm the park entrance, cameras flashing as they jostle for position. Vehicles line the nearby road as locals park and gather in small groups, murmuring among themselves.

51. EXT. CAMPGROUND - FINAL MOMENTS

The two murder scenes are methodically processed. Evidence is bagged and tagged, and the bodies are carefully loaded into the coroner's van. Sheriff Conner watches the operation with a grim expression, his hand resting on his belt.

SHERIFF CONNER
Alright, pack it up. Let's get
everything back to the lab.

The forensics team finishes up, and the area is cleared. The campground falls eerily silent as the vehicles pull away, leaving the park empty once again.

CUT TO:

52. INT. PENITENTIARY CELL BLOCK - MORNING

SFX: The loud creak and metallic bang of a cell door opening.

WARDEN TYLER and SHERIFF CONNER step into the dimly lit cell block. JACK sits on the edge of his cot, his face haggard, his hands cuffed.

SHERIFF CONNER
(angrily, leaning in
close)
You really did it this time, you
low-life scumbag. Escaping wasn't
enough, was it? Now you've got four
murders pinned on you. Four young
men. I want a statement, Jack. I
want the truth, not the garbage
you've been feeding the press.

Jack stares at the floor, visibly shaken.

JACK
(desperate, pleading)
I told you, Sheriff, I didn't kill
those boys! That blood on me wasn't
theirs. I-I scratched myself
running through the woods. You have
to believe me!

SHERIFF CONNER glares at him, pacing the small cell.

SHERIFF CONNER You expect me to buy that crap? The blood on
your clothes matches theirs. It's a match, Jack. You ran from
one crime to another, and you're already rotting here for
murdering your wife and her lover. But this time...

SHERIFF CONNER steps closer, his voice dropping to a
threatening whisper.

SHERIFF CONNER
This time, I'll make sure you get
the chair.

SHERIFF CONNER turns on his heel, nods to WARDEN TYLER, and
storms out. The cell door slams shut behind him.

WARDEN TYLER
(calm but firm)
You've dug yourself a hole too deep
to crawl out of, Jack. Make peace
with it.

WARDEN TYLER follows SHERIFF CONNER out. JACK collapses onto
the cot, his hands covering his face.

53. INT. DEATH ROW CELL - NIGHT

JACK sits in the dimly lit cell, staring blankly at the wall. His face is streaked with tears. The faint sound of a GUARD's boots echoes through the corridor.

JACK
(quietly to the
approaching GUARD)
I'm not feeling so well tonight.
Think you could turn out the
lights? I just... I need rest.

The GUARD pauses outside JACK's cell, looks him over, and nods.

GUARD
Sure thing. Lights out.

The GUARD flips the switch, and the cell plunges into darkness.

54. INT. DEATH ROW CELL - LATER THAT NIGHT

The camera pans over JACK, now standing on the metal headboard of his cot. He ties the leg of his prison jumpsuit to the exposed water pipes along the ceiling. His hands tremble as he loops the arm section around his neck.

JACK
(whispering to himself,
tears streaming)
I didn't do it. I didn't do it...

JACK takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and pushes the headboard away with his foot. The sound of the cot scraping against the floor echoes eerily in the silence. The screen fades to black as the faint sound of a creak grows louder.

CUT TO:

55. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob sits alone on the couch, a football game playing on the TV. A NEWS FLASH suddenly interrupts the broadcast, catching his attention.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 This just in: The brutal events at Pine Creek State Park continue to haunt this small town, six months after the tragic discovery of four young men brutally murdered. The case closed with the execution of escaped convict Jack Carson, who took responsibility for the killings."

Jacob smirks, leaning back on the couch, a beer in hand.

JACOB
 (to himself)
 Wow. Six months, and they're still talking about it. That old man Jack... right place, right time—for me, anyway. And lucky for him, the prosecutors pushed for the electric chair. Got to take the quick way out."

He chuckles to himself, taking a sip of his beer. A photograph of two young girls, his sisters, sits on the side table next to him. Jacob's smile softens into a moment of reflection.

JACOB
 (softly)
 For my sisters."

His phone buzzes on the table. Jacob picks it up and dials a number. The line rings twice before a woman's voice answers.

MOM (V.O.)
 Jacob? Is everything okay?"

JACOB
 Hey, Mom. Did you see the latest news?"

MOM (V.O.)
 (a hint of satisfaction in her voice)
 Yes, Jacob, I did. Those sons-of-bitches got exactly what they deserved."

Jacob smirks, his eyes narrowing with resolve.

JACOB
(calmly but firmly)
Yeah, Mom. I've waited so long to
bring justice... for my sisters."

He ends the call, staring at the photograph of his sisters, the weight of his actions settling over him. The football game resumes in the background, but Jacob remains still, lost in his thoughts.

FADE OUT.