



Scripts.com

# Dead End

By Jean-Baptiste Andrea

-You know Mom hates when I'm late.  
-I told you...  
we should have left earlier.  
It's the same damn thing every year.

**It's always:**

blue shoes, dear?"

**Or:**

my Marilyn Bronson CD."  
-Marilyn Manson.  
-Whatever her name is.  
-She's a guy, dad.  
-Marilyn? A guy?  
What's the world coming to?  
-Oh, boy...  
-Are you all right, darling?  
Yeah.  
Dad! Dad!  
Oh, God!  
My God, what happened?  
-Are we there yet?  
-Is anybody hurt?  
-Marion, are you okay?  
-Are you crazy?  
-You almost killed us!  
-I'm sorry. I must have dozed off.  
I hope you slept well. Maybe  
I should whip you up some breakfast.  
Nobody is hurt.  
Get off my back, all right?  
For Pete's sakes, why don't you  
let someone else drive, for once?  
Don't worry.  
That woke me up.  
The pie is probably ruined.  
-Oh, Jesus!  
-What is that?  
-It's pumpkin and chocolate.  
-Smells like ass.  
I'd better go out and check the car.  
The son of a bitch didn't even stop!  
-Where are we?  
-We're on the road.

-What does it look like?  
-What happened to the Interstate?  
I thought we could take  
the back-way for a change.  
What's wrong with the Interstate?  
We've taken it for years!  
I was bored.  
And I didn't wanna... fall asleep.  
-That seemed to work.  
-All right.  
Car looks okay.  
No damage.  
-Want me to take the wheel, dad?  
-No, thank you, dear.  
-I'm growing attached to this car.  
-Here we go again.  
Did you or did you not put  
the Mercedes in the junkyard?  
-It wasn't my fault!  
-I'm just teasing you, sweetheart.  
There certainly aren't  
very many people on this road.  
It's Christmas Eve. Most people  
are at home, with their families.  
-Damn, I'm starving!  
-Me too.  
I hope your mother doesn't get  
experimental with that turkey.  
Look, can we drop the subject?  
I don't feel very good.  
Are you okay, honey-bunny?  
You want us to stop?  
Long car rides make me queasy. And  
all this talk food isn't helping any.  
-How about a couple of bookers?  
-Shut up, Richard!  
-Or some Macaroni and dick-cheese.  
-Richard, that's disgusting!  
But, mom, there really is a cheese  
called dick-cheese. Chinese make it.  
You've had dick-cheese before,  
right, Brad?  
-Grow up, Richard.

**-It's 7:**

I'm aware of that, Laura. I thought we'd come to a junction by now.

Jesus, Laura, do you have to suck on it like that?

-That's the way I drink.

-All right, you guys. Calm down.

-Take it easy.

-Marion is right.

When I played baseball, they taught us this technique to help us relax.

I still use it sometimes.

You breathe in deeply through your nose and out through your mouth.

Thank you, Brad.

Yeah, thanks, Brad.

-Can I ask you a question, though?

-Sure.

Was your entire school gay, or was it just the baseball team?

-Richard!

-What?

Richard, it's a technique we use to help us get in what we call...

..."The Zone".

-The Homo Zone?

Richard!

This is such a beautiful night!

Does anybody know the name of that really bright star right in front of us?

There's 1 50 billion stars up there, for Christ's sake.

That one I know. That bright one is the North Star. The only one I know.

Thank you.

-Let's sing a song, everybody.

-Okay. What?

-How about "Yellow Submarine"?

-We always do that one.

-Brad, how about "Y.M.C.A."?

-It's Christmas, so how about...

"Jingle Bells"?

Come on. Come on.

You like that part, don't you?

Why did you stop?

A woman.

I saw a woman in the forest.

-Cool. Dad is tripping out.

-Richard.

-Are you sure, dad?

-Well, yeah.

Dressed in white.

She was holding something.

Fuck!

Hi there.

We are a little lost.

You wouldn't happen to know the  
quickest way back to the highway?

Are you all right?

Did you have

an accident or something?

Okay. Anybody got a cell phone?

-No signal.

-We just passed the cabin.

Maybe there's a phone. Richard, be  
a gentleman and make room for her.

-Let Brad be the gentleman.

-What's your problem, man?

Relax, buddy.

Breathe in slowly through your nose  
and out deeply through your ass!

-It's all right, Mrs. Harrington.

-I'll walk.

-I could use the fresh air, anyway.

-You're not walking by yourself.

-I wanna be alone.

-Marion!

-Let me tell you something, smart guy.

-What?

Keep busting my balls and I'll  
take you out of the game for good.

-Understand me?

-Yes, sir!

We'll meet you down there in  
just a minute. Okay, honey?

Okay.

All right.

Okay, we'll see you there, honey.

Shit!

Would you like a nice  
hot cup of coffee?

I think she's in shock. We should  
have asked Marion what to do.

Honey, we don't need a shrink.

We'll call 91 1.

-Okay.

-They'll know how to handle it.

Damn! Fucking stinks in here.

It's the baby...

jack-ass.

-Where are you going, sweetie?

-Away from you guys.

Teenagers.

What's your name?

Where do you live?

-She's not gonna be much help.

-No.

Hello, Miss July.

Does anybody live here?

Maybe it's one of those old  
forest ranger stations.

Jesus, Laura.

You scared the shit out of me.

Sorry. They have very interesting  
wall hangings, these rangers.

So, what's his name?

Do it, baby.

You got a ring. You married?

Marion and I are getting married.

Actually...

don't say anything but I'm proposing  
to her tonight at her grandmother's.

Remember when you said you would  
kill yourself if I ever left you?

I hope that was just  
a figure of speech, 'cause...

Brad, we've had some  
great times together, but...

I think we need to go on  
with our lives separately.

Shit.

-Damn!

-Was there no dial tone?  
No, Laura, I just forgot  
the number for 91 1.  
It's Amy.  
My little girl.  
Her name is Amy.  
-She's so cold.  
-Not surprised. It's freezing here.  
-You hold her.  
-No.  
I'm not really a baby kind of guy.  
How does she breathe with  
all those blanket on her face?  
Don't worry.  
She's dead.  
That's a good one.  
Oh, my God!  
Shit!  
-What the hell was that?  
-Richard!  
Richard!  
-Yeah, I'm here!  
-Get over here.  
Where's Brad and the lady?  
-Brad!  
-Are you okay?  
-Yeah, I'm fine. What's going on?  
-Brad!  
Hey, dickhead!  
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!  
-Dad?  
-What?  
-They got Brad.  
-What are you talking about?  
-I saw Brad in a car! We gotta go.  
-What car?  
We've gotta go!  
Frank, slow down.  
You are gonna kill us all.  
You saw a car driving by  
and Brad was in the back of it?  
-Yes.  
-I don't get that! Why...  
I saw him. They were hurting him.

You have to stop them!  
-Okay! Where the hell did they go?  
-Maybe they took a side road.  
Did you see one?  
Me neither.  
-At least you don't drive like a pussy.  
-Shut up, asshole!  
-What's going on?  
-Why did you stop?  
Laura, give me the flashlight, please.  
Where's he going?  
-Why did he stop?  
-Just a minute.  
Stay back. Stay back!  
Don't come over here,  
for God's sake.  
-Fuck me!  
-Oh, God!  
Richard, get your sister  
back in the car now.  
My baby.  
Do you have her?  
Jesus Christ...  
What is he doing?  
He's trying to get Brad's phone.  
-With a stick?  
-You got a better idea?  
I can't believe I'm gonna do this.  
Look out.  
Oh, God...  
Good boy, Richard.  
Give it to me.  
And drop that.  
That thing is dirty.  
You got a signal?  
Thank God. We can call the police  
and they will tell us what to do.  
-Okay.  
-Now.  
-Now.  
-Now.  
Please, somebody help me.  
Please!  
God! I can't feel my legs.



I can't feel my legs!  
-Help me! My baby is bleeding!  
-Who is this?  
Baby! Wake up!  
-Anybody, please help us.  
-Oh, Jesus!  
Somebody, please, help us.  
Frank, we gotta get out of here.  
-Did you get the police?  
-The phone, it was broken.  
-Shit.  
-Please, let's go.  
We can't leave him here like this.  
Richard, drag his body off  
to the side of the road.  
Jesus, what do I look like?  
Your fucking janitor?  
Thank God. Oh, Marion.  
Are you all right?  
You're gonna be okay.  
Marion. Marion?  
Marion? Wake up.  
Wake up. Come on, wake up.  
Wake up! Wake up!  
Laura! Stop!  
Stop it!  
Can't you see she's in shock?  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Dad, that guy...  
or whoever did that...  
...must've used an axe or a chainsaw.  
-It was the work of one sick psycho.  
-Let's get the hell out of here.  
-Wait. What about that woman?  
Maybe she got away.  
-Maybe the psycho got her.  
-So, you wanna go after him?  
Richard, get in.  
We're going to the police.  
-Why don't we go back to Interstate?  
-Your mother lives by the sheriff's.  
We'll be there in 15 minutes.  
Marcott? Never heard of it.  
Richard, check the map.

Marcott...

Gimme a second.

-There's no Marcott on this map.

-Just give it to me.

-I don't see it either.

-Maybe that's because it's not there!

-Laura, give me the local map.

-I didn't bring it.

-You didn't bring it?

-We never needed it before.

-I asked you to. Remember?

-I had a lot of things to take care of.

-The presents and...

-Who gives a fuck about presents?

Would you please

watch your language?

I'm sorry, but how was I supposed to

know you're gonna take a shortcut?

And how was I supposed to know that

you were going to forget the map?

We've been coming here for 20 years,

and you'd never taken a shortcut.

I'll bring a globe in case you feel

like driving by way of the North Pole!

Is there any coffee left?

A little.

Okay. Pour me some.

Let's go to Marcott, then.

Is anybody else a bit freaked out

we are the only car in the road now?

It's Christmas Eve.

Yeah. Okay. How long

have we been driving?

**It's 7:**

You said it was 7:30

when we took that lady into the car.

That damn thing is broken.

All right. Who's got a watch?

-I have a watch. It stopped at 7:30.

-Come on.

Don't you guys think that

this is just a little wacked?

I know you guys think

I'm retarded or whatever...  
but I have a theory and I want you  
to hear me out, okay?  
Brad is dead. His body is mutilated  
and God knows how it got that way.  
We are the only people out here and  
all the clocks have stopped at 7:30.  
This reeks of  
alien activity, you guys.  
-Blow me.  
-What?  
Nothing.  
Laura...  
can you make her stop that, please?  
-Let her. Maybe it will help.  
-It's getting on my nerves.  
I can't believe I fell asleep.  
-How long was I out?  
-I don't know. Maybe 10 minutes.  
Are we still on that same road?  
-Still no Marcott?  
-No. No Marcott.  
-I don't understand. Did we pass it?  
-No, I haven't seen anything.  
No lights, no signs, no nothing.  
Shit! What is that?  
-It's a baby carriage.  
-I can see it's a baby carriage.  
-Okay. I'll get out and I'll go see.  
-No. Don't.  
-Why?  
-Just get going. I don't like this.  
-Richard, come back here! Richard!  
-Stop yelling in my ear!  
Richard, come back here!  
Hey, little guy!  
Richard! Frank, no!  
-You guys suck!  
-I'm gonna kill that kid.  
Oh, God!  
-What the hell was that?  
-Man, that was good!  
-This is so not funny, Richard!  
-It's a baby carriage. Why fear?

-It's empty.  
-No shit!  
-That is so not funny!  
-Nice job. That was dumb.  
What is it now?  
I can't stop thinking about Diane.  
How are we gonna tell her about Brad?  
-He was our responsibility.  
-I don't wanna worry about that now!  
I just wanna figure out some  
goddamn way to get out of here.  
I'm sorry.  
Talk about a merry  
fucking Christmas.  
You are not gonna open that.  
That's my Uncle Herb's present.  
I need this a whole hell of a lot more  
than your Uncle Herb right now.  
Let's face it. We are lost, Frank.  
This road is not going to Mom's.  
Let's turn around.  
We should turn around, Frank.  
We just passed a sign.  
Marcott can't be too far.  
Hey, Sis.  
Mom... Mom and Dad are kinda  
going off the deep end, huh?  
They are really losing it.  
This whole thing is  
pretty fucking crazy, huh?  
Mare?  
Mare?  
Come on, you've gotta snap  
out of it, okay? You have to.  
We need you back here.  
I... I need you.  
Mom is always going on about  
what a great shrink you are, so...  
you are the only person that can  
figure a way out of this. Damn it!  
Do you remember when  
your hamster disappeared...  
and I told you it had been  
abducted by aliens?

Well, I lied. Okay?

It was me.

Me and Kevin. We stuck it  
in the microwave and we fried it.

Marion?

Dad!

Dad, it's here again.

Richard, I am fed up  
with your stupid jokes.

-It wasn't me this time. I swear.

-Richard, we do not have time...

Christ! I'm telling you the truth,  
your fucking assholes!

Frank, would you say something  
for once?

-I think we'd better get out of here.

-Get going.

We should have passed  
a town or a gas station or...  
a motel, or a crossroads,  
a junction, something by now!

I know. I know.

Just calm down, Laura.

It's probably one of those closed  
roads that forest rangers use.

God! I just feel like  
we've been driving forever.

What is this forest?

Is this like the Amazon?

Last year, I had to drive to Lakewood  
to talk with a client and I went...

...on a very roundabout way.

-What you seem to do sometimes.

I was driving and driving until I had  
to turn back to the road I came from.

-What are you talking about?

-Some of these roads are designed...  
by engineers who weren't qualified  
to build a goddamn bird house!

-So?

-So? That's that!

That's that...

Lakewood? Isn't there where  
Sally Schmidt bought her cottage?

Yeah, I think so.  
Jesus Christ!  
-What was that?  
-Some kind of a radio talk show.  
-That was no talk show.  
-A public radio, or something.  
Public radio? Right.  
-No! Damn it!  
-You just said it was public radio!  
I don't know what it was!  
I don't wanna know what it was!  
I just wanna get to the police  
before anything else goes wrong.  
And I thought last year's  
Christmas was bad.  
And what was wrong with  
last year's Christmas?  
-Let's see... Everything?  
-I thought last year was great!  
-We took the Interstate!  
-I was talking about Christmas dinner.  
And what's wrong with my  
family's Christmas dinners?  
Your family.  
Your mother always felt you deserved  
more than a used car salesman.  
Now that salesman has become  
a respected sales manager.  
So, I'm sorry, baby,  
but screw your mother!  
-Anything else?  
-Your damn brother is a freak too!  
He jerks off to gun magazines!  
That is disgusting! That is  
disgusting and that is not fair!  
-Mikey has had a lot of hard times!  
-Poor little Mikey! Poor Mikey!  
Wht do I have to suffer every time  
I talk to the son of a bitch?  
-You are just so sensitive!  
-I know it's Christmas, Laura.  
I know it's the season of giving,  
but I don't give a shit right now!  
I just wanna get

off this goddamn road!  
-Jesus! Mother of...! Fuck!  
-Oh, Frank!  
It's okay, honey.  
We just had a blow-out.  
-Okay.  
-I'm pregnant.  
Marion!  
Jesus Christ!  
I smoke pot.  
I'm gonna go change the tire.  
You handle that wrench  
like a whore handles a baby.  
-Fucking do it yourself, man.  
-You watch your mouth, goddamn it.  
-All right.  
-You want some help?  
How is Marion doing?  
She's pregnant.  
-How are you?  
-Frankly, it's been much for one night.  
I'll say.  
-Where did Richard go?  
-He's probably off smoking a joint.  
That is not funny!  
Our son is doing drugs!  
Please, Laura.  
-Can't you see this is a cry for help?  
-Christ! It's just a joint, all right?  
-Not worse than those pills you take.  
-My pills are legal!  
Pregnant.  
Man, I hope it's a boy.  
What's up, little critter?  
I'm your Uncle Dick.  
That means you'd better  
show me some respect, huh?  
Or I will fuck you up.  
Okay.  
Are you okay, honey-bunny?  
-Don't you ever call me that again.  
-Okay.  
-Okay, that's fine.  
-That's what Brad called me.

Uncle Dick. Right on.  
Fuck!  
I love you.  
Jesus!  
Okay. I'm done. Let's go.  
Richard, we're going!  
-It's the car!  
-Oh, my God...  
Open the door!  
-Open the door! Open the door!  
-Laura! Laura!  
Let's go back and get the car!  
Dad! Dad!  
Richard! Richard!  
Come here!  
Laura, get in the car now!  
-Frank...  
-Get in, we'll get him!  
-Faster!  
-It doesn't go any faster, Laura!  
-Where is he?  
-I don't know. I can't see him.  
The son of a bitch  
shut off his lights!  
-They are gonna kill him.  
-No!  
-They are gonna kill him!  
-No, they won't!  
-Yes, they are!  
-Calm down, mom!  
He'll be all right!  
I'll get him!  
-It was Richard!  
-Shut up! Damn it!  
It was Richard!  
Stop the car! Stop the car!  
Please...  
My baby!  
Please...  
What did they do to you?  
-Mom...  
-Come on.  
Come on, baby. You can wake up.  
Come on, baby.



Laura...

-Laura...

-What? What?

-Mom, he is...

-No! No, no...

This is one of his jokes, isn't it?

You're just like your father.

Remember the time that

he took me to New Orleans?

-We never went to New Orleans.

-'Course not. You're not his father.

-What?

-Richard is not your son.

-Mom, what are you talking about?

-She's out of her fucking mind.

I am not out of my mind.

Don't you remember Alan Rickson?

-Laura...

-What? What?

-What did you say?

-You remember Alan Rickson?

My baby. I don't wanna go.

I don't wanna go.

-Please, let me stay with him.

-Come on.

Let me stay...

Don't take me from him! Oh, God!

Please, I don't wanna go.

Please, Frank...

-What are we gonna do?

-We gotta go to the police.

How are we gonna go to the police?

We're in the middle of nowhere.

-Come on. Let's go, honey.

-We can't leave him here.

No, we won't.

He was my son.

He goes with us.

What is it?

It's what Uncle Mike

wanted for Christmas.

Thank God for the gun freak.

Isn't Michael coming?

-Michael? Who the hell is Michael?

-It's Richard.

His real name is Michael. Because that is what Alan wanted to call him.

-Richard is dead!

-Okay.

Would you like some pie?

-It was that sign again.

-How far is this fucking town?

-We've been driving for 1 00 miles.

-What a wonderful Christmas.

I wonder if I should save some pie for Michael?

-Do you think she's gonna recover?

-I don't know.

But she's gonna have to face reality sooner or later.

-What a wonderful Christmtas.

-God only knows how she will react.

-Can't be any worse.

-It can be much worse.

Look, I finished the pie.

-Could I have a pen, please?

-What for?

-I'm gonna do a drawing.

-Good, good. Here, my pen.

-You are so beautiful, Marion.

-Jesus!

Let's hope there's a hospital in Marcott.

What if we never reach Marcott?

What if she gets us first?

-Who?

-The lady in white.

-That woman with the baby?

-Yeah, I saw her in the woods...

...right after Richard disappeared.

-You saw her?

And then I remembered the story my grandfather used to tell me.

Used to creep me out every time I heard it.

Look. I made a drawing of Brad. This was his leg that was hanging out.

-It's for you.

-Okay, Mom.

Wipe your face.

There was this couple that was driving home from a wedding... in Rhode Island.

It was night. It was raining.

And they saw a little girl standing by the side of the road.

And she was just wandering back and forth, clutching the school book.

They stopped and they let her get into the back seat...

and they tried to talk to her, but she must have been in shock.

They were driving on down the road, all of a sudden they heard a scream... coming from the back seat.

They slammed on the brakes, they nearly had an accident.

Miraculously, they didn't go over the cliff. They turned to the back seat...

the little girl had vanished.

There was just her school book there, with her name on it.

Barbara Rose.

And then they remembered:

the entire Rose family had died in a tragic car accident...

right at that cliff,

five years earlier.

Come on! Dad, what are you saying?

That that woman is a ghost?

Look! We've got potato chips!

I'll get them open.

I didn't know we had them.

-Do you want some?

-Mom, don't eat them so fast.

-You're gonna make yourself sick.

-I am not.

Oh, God! We'd better wake up from this nightmare pretty soon.

Do you feel better, Laura?

Dad, who's Alan Rickson?

I have no idea.

-What was Mom talking about?  
-I never heard of any Alan Rickson.  
She's in shock. She's talking  
a whole lot of nonsense.  
-Why would she do that?  
-You tell me.  
Wow! Look what I found!  
Mom, put the gun down.  
It's dangerous.  
It's not. It's a toy! It's like  
the one Michael used to have.  
-Laura!  
-I was just kidding!  
Laura, that is a loaded gun.  
Put it down.  
You are just trying to scare me.  
I don't wanna play with you anymore.  
-Bang-bang, you are dead!  
-Okay.  
Okay, sweetheart. You win.  
I'm dead.  
-Do something.  
-Like what?  
-You are the shrink.  
-Student shrink.  
-Marion...  
-Mom!  
-Yes, darling.  
-We'll play something else now.  
Remember when  
we used to play house?  
I don't wanna play that. I wanna  
play what Michael and I used to.  
Laura, this is not a game!  
Our son is dead!  
-No.  
-Richard is dead!  
Dad!  
Holy shit!  
The bitch shot me in the leg!  
-Is he hurt?  
-Mom, go back to the car.  
-It's gonna be all right.  
-Is he gonna die too?

Nobody is gonna die anymore, okay?  
How does it look, Doc?  
We'll see.  
-Hold this. Hold this!  
-All right.  
-I have to get the pellets out.  
-Okay.  
Light on the wound, please.  
-Have you done this before?  
-No, this is my first time.  
-Shit!  
-Light on the wound!  
Right.  
-Okay, brace yourself.  
-Why?  
Brace yourself.  
Oh, God!  
That hurt more than the shot!  
Okay, lift your leg up.  
All right. All right.  
You should be all right now.  
-Give me the keys.  
-I'll drive.  
Easy on the bottle there.  
-You know of a better pain killer?  
-Driving isn't helping any.  
It helps.  
I don't understand it.  
We should have passed  
a side-road by now.  
Your grandma's place is  
probably miles behind us.  
That's it!  
This must be a military road!  
You think so?  
That's why we never see military  
trucks. Always on roads isolated!  
Marcott must be a military base.  
That's why it's not even on the map.  
-I guess so.  
-Of course! That's it! That's it!  
Dad?  
-Dad!  
-It's okay, honey.

-I'm here. I'm here.  
-Thank God! I thought that...  
Your leg...  
-Are you okay?  
-That's not so bad.  
I think we finally got some  
good news. Come here.  
Look. Earlier, I showed  
your mother the North Star.  
It was on our right side.  
It still is.  
That means we've been  
headed constantly west.  
So, if we left the Interstate  
somewhere around here...  
and we headed constantly  
west on this road...  
the road must go right  
straight to the sea.  
Marcott must be somewhere on  
the coast. It makes perfect sense.  
It must be a naval base.  
Okay, okay. So how long  
until we get there?  
We have about half a tank of gas,  
we covered 150 miles on this road.  
That leaves us another 40 or 50  
miles until we get to the coast.  
We can reach Marcott  
within an hour, tops.  
You're a genius.  
But you know, I'm more than a little  
concerned about your mother.  
-Mom?  
-You're awake?  
-I slept like a log.  
-How are you feeling?  
I feel... okay...  
considering...  
Now we have got...  
to stick together. We have got to  
support each other in our grief.  
Would you like me to drive, darling?  
-We should reach Marcott soon.

-Oh, good!

-You look not very well.

-She's okay.

Frank, you know,

you are a wonderful father.

And a wonderful husband too.

I want you to know that I understand  
about you and Sally Schmidt.

-What?

-I know the whole thing.

I know how you two used to meet  
at the Motel 6 on your lunch break.

It's okay. I completely understand.

I have never been able to fulfill...  
your sexual fantasies.

And I want to promise you...

that when we get out of here, you can  
do anything you want to me, darling.

And I mean anything.

Anyway, the most important thing...

is that the three of us come out  
of this stronger. What do you think?

-Not much.

-Good.

Now...

there's something that has been  
bothering me ever since I woke up.

-What?

-Who are these people in the woods?

Honey, slow down. They are waving.

Hi!

Oh, my goodness,

why do they look so sad?

This is Christmas Eve.

Smile!

They teach you what to do  
in this kind of situation?

Not to panic.

Frank, do you really need to  
suck on that bottle like that?

Frank! It's Jeannine!

Quick, stop the car!

-Who is Jeannine?

-She's my friend!

Who died 20 years ago.

-And what exactly is your point?

-She's dead.

-So?

-So drop it!

If the dead are alive, maybe  
we should check out Richard.

-Are you crazy?

-Think he is comfortable back there?

Mom, if he was alive, don't  
you think we would here him?  
Your brother was burned alive.  
How could he talk?

-Shut up, Laura!

-Easy, dad.

-Okay.

-She's driving me crazy.

-Could I go see Jeannine now?

-No, you can't!

-Yes, I can.

-No, you can't!

-Yes, I can.

-No, you...

I'm gonna go now.

Oh, my God! Dad, stop the car!

-Mom!

-Laura! Laura!

-Mom!

-Laura!

Mom!

Oh, God! God! Laura!

-Where the hell did she go?

-Mom?

Mom!

-Maybe she ran away.

-Oh, Marion...

-Maybe she went into the woods.

-Marion, I'm going 60!

-She would have broken her neck!

-Then where is she?

Maybe the lady got her.

It's the black car.

You son of a bitch. I'm gonna  
blow that bastard's head off.



-Marion, where's the ammo?  
-It's here. I hid it from mom.  
Come on!  
I got him!  
-Mom!  
-Laura.  
-Thank God.  
-Mom, are you all right?  
I'm okay. My head hurts a little  
but I'm fine.  
Sweetheart.  
Honey, honey.  
You got something on your...  
Oh, my God! Oh, God!  
-Something wrong with my hair?  
-Oh, God!  
Alan!  
-Finally!  
-No! Stop!  
-Alan!  
-Stop! Stop!  
Laura...  
-Daddy?  
-Laura...  
I made the cheerleading squad.  
This is the happiest day  
of my life.  
Laura...  
Dad! Dad!  
Give me that gun!  
Stop it, dad! Stop it!  
-You bastard! Stop it!  
-Marion...  
I'm gonna have a baby. You can't  
leave us. You can't leave us.  
-I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
-I've already lost my mother...  
and my brother and my boyfriend.  
I don't wanna lose you.  
-I don't wanna lose you.  
-She's gonna get us all anyway.  
No. No one is gonna get us,  
as long as we keep moving.  
Every time we've stopped, someone's

gotten killed. We have to keep driving.

We are going to Marcott.

Let's put your mother in the car.

-You got a cigarette?

-In my coat.

Alan Rickson was a friend of mine,  
back in Detroit.

You don't have to say anything, Dad.

Then one day he came to me  
for some advice.

He said that he was  
in love with a woman.

Didn't mention her name.

He said that she was married  
and that she loved him too.

And he wanted to know  
what he should do about it.

And I remember what

I said to him...

"You only live once, buddy.

Go for it.

Just go. You go and you see her,  
and if she loves you...

she will leave her husband  
and she will go with you."

-I'm sorry, Dad.

-Only talked to him once after that.

He said the woman had decided she  
didn't want to leave her husband.

She already had a kid.

A little girl.

She didn't want to lose her.

Last time I ever saw Alan.

Always wondered

why he never kept in touch.

Why did you do that?

If you are scared,

alcohol will only make it worse.

-You think I'm scared?

-You don't need to pretend.

-It's okay.

-No, it's not.

Have you looked at

the odometer lately?

We've driven 60 miles since  
the last time we checked the map.  
I know.  
-We should have reached the coast.  
-I know.  
Maybe I miscalculated a little bit.  
Maybe.  
Maybe the North Star  
doesn't indicate north.  
Maybe the map maker was drunk.  
Maybe the moon's made out of cheese.  
Who knows? Everything is so  
fucked up on this goddamn road!  
After all, we don't have to drive  
to get to Marcott.  
-Maybe there's another way out.  
-Like what, dad? Flying?  
No. Walking.  
Through the woods.  
-This is insane.  
-Agreed. Agreed.  
-You ready?  
-We should at least wait until sunrise.  
Remember what you said? Every time  
we stopped, somebody died.  
Let's keep moving.  
Did you hear that?  
-Of course I heard that.  
-What is it?  
I don't know. We're in the woods,  
Dad. It could be anything.  
A branch falling, a rat or something,  
maybe a bird.  
Remember what Laura said  
about all the faces in the forest?  
Are there any ghosts  
in the woods tonight?  
-Come on, I'm waiting!  
-Don't...  
ever, ever do that again.  
You hear me?  
-What is the matter with you?  
-We shouldn't have left the car.  
That's what's the matter with me!

The more distance we put between us  
and the road, the better off we'll be.

Goddamn! Shit!

Shit! Shit!

-Are you all right?

-Yeah, just dandy.

-What the hell is that?

-You found us a fence!

A fence. Good, good.

There must be a farm  
on the other side. It's not that tight.  
I'll hold it up.

You crawl under. Go on.

-Now you hold it for me.

-Okay.

Dad! Look!

-Hello!

-Hello!

Hello!

We're here! We're here!

No!

No, it can't be!

How can it be? How can...

How can it be?

-Maybe we got lost.

-If we were lost...

we would have come out  
at the same side of the road.

-Somebody is fucking with us.

-Calm down.

I don't wanna calm down!

I want this shit to stop!

-It's still locked.

-So what?

So who turned on the lights?

Who turned them on?

Laura?

-I'm not getting back in that car.

-Me neither.

What are you writing?

Things I wanna do  
when this is over.

So?

Do you want me to help you?

-What about playing bridge?  
-How old do you think I am?  
I wanna do something... cool.  
I wanna buy an Atari, a computer,  
a bunch of videogames.  
If you wanna do something cool,  
then I'd go for the PlayStation.  
What's that?  
Never mind.  
Atari is cooler anyway.  
Maybe buy some of those  
Marilyn Bronson CDs.  
Manson.  
-What did you write?  
-That's none of your business.  
Stop!  
-What's going on?  
-I knew it.  
Somebody is playing with us.  
That's the same cabin as before.  
There's probably 1 00 ranger stations  
on this road. It can't be the same one.  
No, it can't be. But it is.  
-Oh, shit! Go get the flashlight.  
-No.  
Go get the flashlight!  
Marion?  
What are you doing?  
Stop it! Stop it!  
-There's someone in here! I know it!  
-Dad, stop it!  
We are damned.  
Dad, come on.  
No road goes on forever.  
Where the fog come from?  
-There's no fog, dad.  
-No fog?  
Somebody needs to pay a visit to  
Dr. Sacks to get her eyes checked.  
-Where's the whiskey?  
-I threw it away, remember?  
What?  
You threw away my whiskey?  
My whiskey? Ungrateful little brat.

-Dad, calm down.  
-You think because I'm weak...  
...you can start messing with me?  
-Dad, listen to me.  
What are you doing?  
That'll teach you to think twice  
before you touch my booze.  
Dad, please. Please.  
Shut up! Shut up!  
God damn you!  
Marion?  
Marion?  
Marion? My baby!  
Oh, God, what did I do?  
What did I do?  
Oh, my baby...  
So, you've come for her, huh?  
Well, you'll have to kill me first,  
you bitch!  
Why us, huh? Why?  
What did we ever do to you?  
All we wanted was a nice Christmas.  
Is that too much to ask,  
to have a nice Christmas?  
Come on out!  
Where are you hiding?  
Come on! I'll give you a taste  
of your own medicine, you bitch!  
I'll send you right straight back...  
Dad? Dad?  
He is dead.  
-He is dead!  
-Oh, God!  
Get started!  
Come on. Come on!  
Start! Come on!  
Let's end it!  
Come on!  
Stop playing with me!  
Please! Please!  
He's not here for you!  
Dad!  
Don't try to talk.  
Everything is gonna be okay now.

-Just try to get some rest, okay?

-I'm pregnant.

It's all right, Marion.

We know.

Both of you are gonna be fine.

-How is she?

-Are you a member of the family?

No, I'm the one who found them.

I reported the accident.

She was lucky, she was

thrown out of the car.

Been in a coma for a few hours, but

she's gonna be fine. A few broken...

...ribs and a concussion.

-But the others died.

-Do they know what happened?

-According to the police...

father must have fallen asleep

and crashed into an oncoming car.

-A woman and her baby.

-They died too.

Well...

thank you. Thank you for

what you did. Doctor...

-Marcott. Helen Marcott.

-Thank you, Doctor Marcott.

Not again.

Shit.

Hey!

-Nice car.

-Yeah, I'm a collector.

-Can I give you a lift?

-Why not?

Must have been a messy one.

Broken glass everywhere.

I should be at home

stuffing myself today.

So should they.

Did you drop this?

No, what have you got there?