

MASKED

an original screenplay by

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SCRIPT SAMPLE

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INT. FOYER - AFTERNOON

Maggie walks the Sheriff to the door.

MAGGIE
Thanks for checking in, Douglas.

SHERIFF HOUSTON
I'm just a phone call away if you
need anything.

Maggie nods appreciatively. Sheriff Houston picks his hat
up off the bench, looks at the collection of masks.

SHERIFF HOUSTON (CONT'D)
Those always spook me out.

Maggie looks at them, smiles.

MAGGIE
The masks are harmless. It's what's
behind the mask that matters.
(leans over, whispers)
It's just a wall.

Maggie grins. Houston CHUCKLES. He turns and walks out the
screen door.

SHERIFF HOUSTON
Guess now that Carrie's home, you
won't need me to take you for
groceries.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff steps outside and puts his hat on. Maggie follows
him onto the porch.

MAGGIE
Oh, she's scurrying off tonight.
Can't handle the peace and quiet out
here. She needs to get back to the
city where she can honk her horn.

Maggie CHUCKLES at the thought. Houston has made it to his
car door. Maggie stands at the edge of the porch.

SHERIFF HOUSTON
I'll pick you up in the morning then.

The Sheriff opens his car door, gets in. The ignition turns
over. Maggie watches him drive off with a smile on her face.
Carrie steps up beside her mother.

CARRIE
You two really need to step up your
game.

Maggie turns to look at Carrie--not knowing she was there.
She blushes, becomes shy.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

The car fishtails and skids to a fast stop.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Houston looks in his rear view mirror but the road is empty. He reaches for his door handle and pulls it.

BANG. The door is pushed back closed. Ryan leans in the window. Houston looks at him startled, angry.

SHERIFF HOUSTON

What the hell you doin' jumpin' in front of a car, Ryan?!

RYAN

(calm, aloof)

Wanted to talk to you before you left.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Ryan straightens up, pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket--the same brand Carrie smokes. He offers one to the Sheriff. The Sheriff declines. Ryan shrugs, pulls one out, puts it in his mouth, lights it. INHALES.

RYAN

Don't want you fillin' my mom's head with shit about me.

(exhales the smoke)

SHERIFF HOUSTON

Lookin' out for you, son.

BAM!--Ryan hits the top of the car with his fist, aggravated.

RYAN

(low, cold)

I'm not your son and I don't need you lookin' out for me! Stay away from my house!

Ryan leans over to look the Sheriff in the eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(soft, cold)

I know what you're planning and I won't let you get away with it.

The Sheriff shakes his head gently at Ryan.

SHERIFF HOUSTON

Not planning anything, son--

SMACK. Ryan slaps the top of the car, cringing at the Sheriff calling him 'son'. He reels around on his heels, INHALING DEEP as if needing to shake off the comment.

The Sheriff nods at him.

Sheriff Houston squats down to examine the tire--it's definitely a slash. He stands, goes to the open door of his car, leans in and grabs the cb radio. As he stands the cord on the cb bounces down his front--it's been cut. The Sheriff lifts it up and looks at the severed end.

SHERIFF HOUSTON (CONT'D)

What the heck--

He realizes, throws the cb down on the seat and spins around on his heels looking for Ryan across the road in the trees.

SHERIFF HOUSTON (CONT'D)

This ain't funny Ryan! You're putting yourself into a shit load of trouble son!

BANG!--the sound of something hitting the car roof. The Sheriff jumps--startled. He spins to look over the top of his car behind him--no one is there.

The Sheriff unlocks his gun holster as he walks cautiously around the front of the car to the other side--no one's there. He looks at the woods on both sides of the car.

SHERIFF HOUSTON (CONT'D)

Enough of this game!

The Sheriff plucks the walkie radio off his belt and turns it on. Nothing but LOUD STATIC. He takes a few steps but the STATIC WORSENS. Sheriff Houston turns off the radio and clips it back onto his belt, annoyed.

SHERIFF HOUSTON (CONT'D)

Goddamned!

The trunk opens. The Sheriff peers down into it and pulls out the spare tire kit.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Ryan stands behind a tree watching the Sheriff. Crystal stands beside him.

CRYSTAL

He's not going to get your mom for groceries tomorrow. He's coming for you, baby. Believe me. You heard him say it in the kitchen. Says he's taking you to some institution. That's where they get rid of you.

(evil)

You got to do it.

Ryan whips his head to look at Crystal.

RYAN

(a spitting whisper)

No. Shut up!

Andy stands a few steps away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

The tools are on the road behind the Sheriff who works on the tire. The Sheriff jacks up the car. He loosens the bolts with a tire iron then sets it on the road behind him. The tire is removed; the spare is put on. The Sheriff twists all the bolts on with his hand as he reaches for the tire iron behind him without looking. It's not there. The Sheriff reaches a bit further--we see his hand grope near Ryan's boots. The Sheriff looks around at the road for the tire iron--sees Ryan's boots, looks up.

Ryan stands holding the tire iron like a club; his expression, insanity. It takes the Sheriff a moment to register everything.

SHERIFF HOUSTON

What the fuck--

WHACK! The tire iron cracks into the Sheriff's head sending him over in a lethal strike.

The Sheriff's head hits the dirt road--it's cracked open, blood spilling.

Ryan stands above him, a crazy smile on his lips. He drops the tire iron onto the road--CLANG! He grabs the Sheriff's ankle and drags him off the road--the blood from his head streaking the dirt.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

The Sheriff's body rolls down a slight slope, hits a tree and stops.

Ryan WHISTLES a tune. He steps beside the Sheriff's body, bends down, removes the gun from the holster. He points the gun at the Sheriff's dead body.

RYAN

You're not toying with me, are you Sheriff?

(pokes him with the gun)

You just pretending to be dead?

Ryan cocks the trigger. BANG! The bullet blows right through the Sheriff's forehead.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Well, at least you're not now.

Crystal stands over the Sheriff with a cold grin as Ryan stands up. Ryan suddenly points the gun at Crystal. Crystal doesn't flinch nor does her smile fade.

Andy stares in shock at what happened.

ANDY

Oh fuck guys.

Crystal calmly reaches up and clasps the barrel. She pushes the gun down--Ryan let's her. She grabs Ryan's collar, pulls him in close, whispers hard in his ear

CRYSTAL

You need me. You can't do this
without me.

Crystal releases her hold. Ryan looks defeated. Andy still holds his hands up, looking concerned at the Sheriff's dead body.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The spare tire is securely on the back of the Sheriff's car. It skids away.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

The lighter pops. Ryan sings the end of his cigarette. The MUSIC is cranked. The speedometer increases past eighty.

Crystal leans out the open passenger window SQUEALING with excitement. Andy sits in the back seat, awkward and worried.

Ryan sucks on the cigarette as he drives. He picks the Sheriff's gun up from his lap, holds it out the car window, shoots at the sky twice.

Crystal sits in the car, smiling and SINGING with the music. Her smile suddenly falls away and her singing stops as she looks at the road ahead, realizing.

CRYSTAL

Where you going?

RYAN

I'm gonna get me some smack and then
ditch you!

CRYSTAL

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

Ryan looks at Crystal as he drives.

RYAN

I CAN! I CAN! I don't want to listen
to you anymore!

Ryan beats his hands on the steering wheel in frustration. He shakes himself, GROWLING, to let off tension.

Crystal turns calmly, looks outside the front window.

CRYSTAL

There's a road block up ahead.
They're already looking for you.

Ryan slams on the breaks, looks out the front window.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW the street is empty.

Ryan throws the gear in reverse, flings his arm across the passenger seat, looks over his shoulder out the back window past Andy and speeds away backwards.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
 (almost singing)
 They're gonna get you.

Ryan stops the car, hunches over, gripping the steering wheel, trying to think.

ANDY
 You're fucked. You're fucked, guy.
 You've fucked us. This is whacked.
 You really fucked us.

RYAN
 SHUT UP!

They both keep speaking--Crystal singing her line; Andy repeating his words rapidly.

Ryan grabs the gun off his lap, he points it at Andy.

BANG! Andy is killed. He falls out of sight in the back seat.

Crystal SQUEALS with excitement LAUGHING.

CRYSTAL
 Yes! I couldn't stand that loser.
 Now it's gonna be just you and me
 baby.

Ryan points the gun at Crystal--his expression hardens. He cocks the gun. Crystal stares with certain confidence.

BANG! Crystal falls against the door. There's no blood but she looks dead.

Ryan grips his head, still holding the gun in one hand. His eyes are closed, BREATHING HARD.

CRYSTAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I told you, you can't kill me like
 that, baby.

Ryan looks fast at Crystal, shocked. Crystal smiles at him. Ryan shoots her again. BANG! Nothing happens. BANG! Nothing. BANG! Nothing.

RYAN
 FUJUCCKKK!

Ryan has a small panic attack.

CRYSTAL
 You can't kill me, baby, because I'm
 all in your mind.
 (looks over in back
 seat)