

BROCK

As he LAUGHS, coldly, maniacally.

BROCK
You're not Elspeth.

He limps forward, carefully steps over the batteries, flashlight. He extends his large hand towards her.

BROCK (CONT'D)
You don't want to be Elspeth!

M.J. (O.S.)
No! Don't touch me! Leave me alone!

Brock jacks M.J. against the wall, closes his large hand around her throat. She GASPS for air, unable to speak.

BROCK
Where is she!

CASSIE
Leave her alone!

Cassie swings the rod. It bounces off Brock's skull. He falls, releases his lethal grip, and his rifle.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
M.J.! M.J., are you okay?

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Oh God, if I only got here a few seconds sooner.

Brock rises, suddenly, grabs the back of Cassie's neck.

BROCK
Why have you kept me waiting Elspeth, my beloved? It's time. It's time for you to join Gideon...in hell!

Brock directs her towards the staircase.

CASSIE
(winces)
You're sick!

She stops. A tighter grip.

BROCK
(gritting teeth)
Yes, I'm sick. I'm sick of your deceits and your lies!

BROCK (CONT'D)
Sick of them all Elspeth!

M.J. Reaches out, retrieves the rifle. She raises it, slowly, then FIRES. A CHUCKLE O.S.

BROCK

As he turns towards a hole in the wall. He LAUGHS, tightens his grip on Cassie, moves towards M.J.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I should have taken care of you when
I had the chance.

He lifts the rifle, strokes her cheek with it.

BROCK (CONT'D)

I'll be back for you, my pretty little
wench.

He drags Cassie towards the staircase, turns back.

BROCK (CONT'D)

But first, I need to take care of my
wife. I am a married man still. I
took a vow...

A few more steps. A tighter grip.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Till death do us part.

Brock LAUGHS, uncontrollably.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Shall we my beloved...It's time!