

HENCH

Written by

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EXT. SECLUDED HOUSE - NIGHT

We open on an isolated lodge in the middle of a dense forest. The porch looks like the scene of a struggle with broken glass and blood scattered everywhere.

INT. SECLUDED HOUSE - DREARY BASEMENT

The room is bleak and devoid of hope. We see MASKFACE; a serial killer dressed like a straight-to-VHS horror villain. Her tall and slender frame almost makes her look inhuman.

She wields two large cleavers and dons a skin-like mask that lives up to her name.

Maskface clangs the weapons together.

MASKFACE

Iron sharpens iron. I thought that was just a metaphor. Unfortunately, for your friend, we had to learn the hard way.

She turns around to face a bound and gagged TAMMY (24) and JORDAN (23), both terrified and weary.

Beside them is an empty chair covered in blood and scratch marks. Tammy belts out muffled pleas while Jordan struggles to stay awake.

Maskface leers at Tammy.

MASKFACE (CONT'D)

Do you really think you can change my mind at this point?

Tammy nods fervently.

MASKFACE (CONT'D)

All right. Don't disappoint.

She undoes Tammy's gag.

TAMMY

Please! We'll do whatever you want!

MASKFACE

You'll do whatever I-- wow. That was uninspired. Tell you what: how about I start on your friend and you can workshop something better.

She grabs Jordan's neck. He SCREAMS.

TAMMY  
You don't have to do this!

MASKFACE  
I know I don't have to, I want--

**"Electric Avenue" by Eddy Grant** plays faintly from upstairs.

EDDY GRANT (O.S.)  
NOW IN THE STREET THERE IS  
VIOLENCE!

JORDAN  
(muffled)  
Eddy Grant?

MASKFACE  
I want--

VACUUM NOISES.

MASKFACE (CONT'D)  
I want to do--

She notices Jordan nodding to the tune. Maskface re-gags Tammy and readies her cleavers. She ascends the basement stairs with caution as the music loudens.

CALEB (O.S.)  
Do we have enough bleach?

INT. SECLUDED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

CALEB NICHOLS (29), directionless but not adrift, mans a vacuum over a blood-stained carpet. He's in a jumpsuit that has "KORE ENTERPRISE" stitched on the left breast. Caleb looks more annoyed than horrified by the carnage.

CALEB  
I swear they like making this shit  
harder for us. Why does she not  
have hardwood floors?

The basement door swings open. Maskface runs in knives first.

Caleb SCREAMS. Maskface SCREAMS. The two calm down once they recognize each other.

MASKFACE  
You're early.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
You're still here?

JEFFERSON (50s) enters the room with a huge bottle of bleach. He looks to Maskface and taps his watch. She reaches into her pocket and checks her phone.

MASKFACE (CONT'D)  
Jeez. Where does the day go? I'm not done yet.

JEFFERSON  
We heard. We actually offer our own high-grade weapons. Should offer less of a struggle.

MASKFACE  
Are you trying to upsell me?

JEFFERSON  
Something to think about in the future.

She rolls her eyes.

MASKFACE  
Can you guys keep it down? You're kinda killing the mood.

Caleb shuts off his Bluetooth speaker.

CALEB  
Vacuums don't have silencers.

JEFFERSON  
We could wait but you only booked us for two hours. There's a lot of blood.

CALEB  
(to Jefferson)  
We might need that extra hour regardless.

JEFFERSON  
(to Maskface)  
We might need that extra--

MASKFACE  
I heard him.

JEFFERSON  
Wasn't sure how far you can hear with the... face mask.

MASKFACE

It's a maskface. What will this  
cost me?

Jefferson hands her a clipboard. She scans the paper and  
chuckles.

MASKFACE (CONT'D)

You guys offer therapy?

JEFFERSON

Think of her as a performance coach  
available at all hours. Everyone  
needs their batteries re-charged.

Maskface shoves the board back at Jefferson.

MASKFACE

Clean what you can for now and I'll  
give you the signal to use the  
vacuum. And keep the music off.

Jefferson gives her a thumbs up. Caleb follows suit. Maskface  
re-adjusts her mask and returns to the basement.

Jefferson smirks at Caleb.

JEFFERSON

Hour-long break?

Caleb drops the vacuum and plops onto the couch.

CALEB

What was the deal with the mask?

JEFFERSON

Gross, right?

Caleb reaches into his bag and pulls out a container of  
treats. He presents it to Jefferson.

CALEB

Snickerdoodle?

Jefferson gives him a skeptical look but grabs a cookie. He  
bites in. It's orgasmic.

JEFFERSON

Goddamn! Who made this?

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