

HACK/SLASH
Episode 101: "The Strange Story of Cassie Hack"

written by

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August 21, 2023
Third Draft

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

An abandoned warehouse stands tall over an intersection. The city is dark minus the lights illuminating the streets.

SUPER: Atlanta, Georgia

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN, draped in all black from her crop top and lipstick to her plaid skirt, is seated on a chair. Her wrists are bound behind her back. One leg is tied to the chair leg while the other leg is extended and tied to a cinder block. This is CASSIE HACK (19)

CASSIE

You know, if you wanted to get
kinky, you could've just asked.

Ten feet in front of her, a figure steps into frame out of the shadows. DR. GROSS lives up to his name. Completely lacking in skin, his body is made of exposed muscle coated in a thin layer of blood. He wears an untucked, unbuttoned collard skirt with cut-off sleeves, grey slacks, and a pair of surgical gloves. He smiles back at Cassie.

GROSS

Oh? Are you saying I'd have a shot
with the great Ms. Cassie Hack?

CASSIE (contorting her face)

Now that I think about it...

GROSS

Am I not your type?

CASSIE

Well, typically my response would
be "I'm not into dick," but I
think you lost yours a long time
ago anyway.

GROSS chuckles to himself and slowly approaches CASSIE. We are witnessing a final meeting between two adversaries. We don't know how we got here, but we will.

GROSS

So funny, Ms. Hack.

With a scalpel in his right hand, Gross takes a swipe at Cassie's left arm, creating a small cut. Her left eye winces slightly as blood drips down her arm, but nothing more from her. It's not her first time being cut. Gross wipes at the cut his two fingers, then wipes his fingers on Cassie's cheek.

GROSS

Make your jokes. Hide within your cage of flesh. I stripped away my own mask to free myself. And I have peeled back the lies of others until all that remains was bone.

Gross crouches down closer to Cassie's face.

GROSS

That's how I tried to reach my students. Through my experiments. I was trying to help them. And how did they thank me? By turning me in. So, therapeutically, I took them apart... revealed the truth about them.

CASSIE

Yeah, Dr. OZ has got nothing on you.

GROSS

And that's why you're here, isn't it, Ms. Hack?

Gross stands up and remains in front of her. Cassie looks up at Gross with a confused look.

GROSS

You came here to become one of my students.

CASSIE

No, actually. I came here to bash your skull in with a sledgehammer.

Gross swipes his scalpel across Cassie's right arm. This time, Cassie turns her head and grits her teeth, showing a mix of pain and annoyance.

GROSS

Now, now, Ms. Hack. You say you came to "bash my skull in," but I believe there's something more. I believe you're here in an attempt to peel back your own lies.

Gross lightly slides the scalpel down Cassie's right arm, creating a painted stroke of blood down her arm.

GROSS

Are you in need of therapy, Ms. Hack?

Cassie stares back up into the eyes of Gross, controlling her rage.

GROSS

Oh, come on. It's not like you're going anywhere. Why not humor the ol' therapist? I promise I won't charge you for the session.

CASSIE

Sorry, the only black couches I enjoy are the ones used in auditions.

GROSS

Ah, so funny... Here, let me do this properly. Ms. Hack, what was your childhood like?

Cassie freezes. Gross' words hit a chord.

CUT TO:

A living room. Cassie, in the same attire, is standing in the corner of the room. She hears a voice in the kitchen. It's her mother, DELILAH (33), talking to a friend.

DELILAH (O.C)

Hi, Deb. Yeah, It's Delilah.

Cassie walks from the living room to the kitchen and sees her mother on the phone.

DELILAH

I was wondering... is Jack down there at the pub?

Cassie watches as her mother waits for a response.

DELILAH

No? Okay... no, it's nothing serious. He just... he was supposed to be home a few hours ago and he hasn't called me back... well, let me know if he shows up.

Delilah hangs up the phone. She has a worried look on her face.