

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

written by

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EXT. WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

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

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, and the expression on her face is one of annoyance.

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? Is Cassie Hack saying I'd have
a shot?

CASSIE (contorting her face)

Now that I think about it...

GROSS

Not your type?

CASSIE

Typically I'd say "I'm not into
dick," but you probably lost yours
a long time ago.

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 SWIPES 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 with his two fingers, then wipes them on Cassie's cheek.

GROSS (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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, but remains in front of her. Cassie looks up at him.

GROSS (CONT'D)
You came here to become one of my students.

CASSIE
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..

GROSS
Now, now, Ms. Hack.
(MORE)

GROSS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 me? I promise I won't charge you for the session.

CASSIE

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

GROSS

Let me do this properly, shall we? 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. She 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?

(MORE)