

# LOCKED IN

Written by

Stephen O'Hearn and  
Brantley J Brown

Copyright (c) 2023

FIFTH DRAFT (12/27/23)

Matt Chasin  
(818)484-0339  
matt@mattsmarketing.com

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ESTATE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

1

SUPERIMPOSE:

GREENWICH, CT

A gray sky looms over a grand estate that sits back from a picturesque tree-lined New England street.

A landscaping truck is parked nearby. Printed on the doors:  
"H&H Landscaping - 555-778-4118"

Two gardeners, HECTOR and HORATIO, late 20s, both Hispanic, work to clear fallen leaves from beneath large oak trees that line the driveway, blowing them away with leaf blowers.

A breeze sends a shower of more leaves to the ground. Hector groans.

HECTOR

Los hio de puta!

Horatio chuckles.

HORATIO

Hector! Creo que te perdiste un lugar

Hector blows leaves towards Horatio.

Horatio laughs harder, turning back to his own pile of leaves.

HECTOR

Estúpido.

Hector, shaking his head, turns, blowing leaves away from him.

The leaves clear to reveal -

A dazed teenage GIRL wearing a blood-soaked gown, standing unsteadily in front of him. Startled, Hector cries out.

Horatio turns his attention towards Hector, just in time to see the girl collapse, falling forward into Hector's arms.

HECTOR (cont'd)

Horatio! Ayúdame!

Horatio rushes to Hector's side as Hector lowers the girl's limp body to the ground. Her long, blood-soaked hair falls over her face, obscuring her features.

HECTOR (cont'd)

Senorita?

Horatio looks down with worry in his eyes at the seemingly lifeless girl.

HORATIO

¿Qué pasó?

HECTOR

No sé.

Horatio digs into his pants pocket and pulls out a cell phone. He dials 9 - 1 - 1.

HORATIO

(into phone, broken English)

Yes...hello...my name is Horatio Mendoza. I'm a gardener and...We need help!...It's a girl! She's hurt... I think she's dead!

As Horatio continues to talk into his phone, Hector cradles the bloody unconscious girl in his arms.

HECTOR

No te preocupes, señorita. La ayuda esta llegando.

FADE TO:

2 EXT. STREET - DAY

2

SUPERIMPOSE:

DANNEMORA, NY

TEN DAYS EARLIER

An old two lane highway stretches out before us, running along side a STATE PRISON, surrounded by barb-wired fencing. Guard towers stand at regular intervals.

MICHAEL NOLAN, 30, tall and boyishly handsome with a muscular build, leans against a weathered 1980s sports car parked across the street. A cigarette dangles from his mouth.

Michael looks down at a portable computer system, deftly working the joystick.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands, back to us. As he turns, the CAMERA DROPS and the screen blurs.

AN ENGINE ROARS loudly as a truck speeds down the highway. Tail wind left in it's wake sends Michael's cigarette flying from his mouth and down to the pavement.

A klaxon sounds across the street. Michael looks up, toggling the joystick.

A SMALL DRONE rises from behind the gates of the prison, zooms across the street, and then swoops down, humming as it goes into an open back window of the car.

The THROATY ROAR of an approaching truck grows louder as a semi truck barrels down the road. Michael glances in the truck's direction.

Across the street, a massive iron door slide open. A figure steps from the shadows of the prison's interiors and into the light.

RICHARD, 35, lean and hard with an imposing demeanor, holds a brown paper bag under his arm. The iron door SLAMS behind him.

Richard squints against the sun, spotting Michael - his brother - across the street. He smiles, casually stepping out into the road.

Michael's eyes widen, looking from his brother to the approaching truck and then back again.

Seemingly unaware, Richard makes his way across the street. The speeding truck's brakes squeal, tires smoking as it skids to a stop only inches from Richard.

Michael sighs.

Richard yawns, casually glancing at the WIDE-EYED TRUCKER through the truck windshield, as he strides towards Michael.

MICHAEL  
Shit! That was close!

Richard shrugs.

RICHARD  
Hello to you, too, little bro.

Michael shakes his head, smiling. Richard opens his arms wide.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Get over here.

Michael hugs Richard.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
You look good, Mikey.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
Wish I could say the same for you.  
You kinda look like shit.

Richard smirks and reaches for a pack of cigarettes and a lighter that rest in Michael's front shirt pocket. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

RICHARD  
Eh, you were always the pretty one.

They laugh.

MICHAEL  
Seriously, though. How you doing,  
Richie?

RICHARD  
Ask me again when we're far away from  
here.

Michael pulls his car keys from his pants pocket.

MICHAEL  
Say no more.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ROADHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

3

Michael's car sits parked among pick-up trucks in the gravel parking lot of a vintage roadhouse that takes up one corner of an otherwise desolate intersection.

4 INT. ROADHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

4

Streaks of light from passing cars slice through the dim interior of the building, illuminating pool tables set opposite from the dining area.

Several patron play games of pool, while others dine behind tables and booths.

Behind the bar, a television plays, with the volume turned down.

Michael And Richard sit at a corner table, two empty ketchup-smeared plates pushed to the side.

Michael empties a pitcher of beer in two mugs as a WAITRESS approaches. She sets another plate of food in front of Richard.

RICHARD

Thank you.

WAITRESS

Anything else I can get you?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

We'll let you know.

The waitress takes the empty plates and leaves.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I can't believe you're still eating.

Richard belches loudly.

RICHARD

Do you know how long it's been since I've had real food?

MICHAEL

Careful. You'll ruin your girlish figure.

Richard takes a big bite of the burger.

RICHARD

(mouth full)

It's worth it.

Michael chuckles.

MICHAEL

They didn't have food in the slammer?

RICHARD

Not like this.

Richard shovels more food into his mouth.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Hey! Turn this up!

Michael looks over to see the BARTENDER turn the television's volume up with a remote.

ON THE TV SCREEN -

DAVE, a news anchor, sits behind a desk. A banner ticks below him: "NEW ENGLAND NIGHTMARE".

DAVE

-Going live on the scene in Boston with Judy Lambert, from our sister station WBZ. Judy, what can you tell us?

The news cuts to JUDY LAMBERT, mid 30s, standing in front of crime scene tape, holding a WBZ microphone.

JUDY

So far, Dave, this is what we know. A young woman's body was discovered early this morning by a jogger, just two blocks from campus. Police aren't saying much, but sources tell me that this may in fact be another victim of the serial killer that has become known as the "New England Nightmare".

BACK TO SCENE -

Richard continues to eat as Michael stares at the screen.

MICHAEL

Jesus.

RICHARD

You know, at least four guys on the inside swore they were that fucking killer.

MICHAEL

Why would they do that?

Richard shrugs.

RICHARD

Beats me. Made em feel tough, I guess.

Richard takes another bite.

DAVE (O.S.)

Now, how about news that we can all feel good about? In a press release, this morning, Legend Corporation announce that the notoriously reclusive CEO, John Hammerick -

Richard swivels in his chair, turning to face the television.

ON THE TV SCREEN -

A photograph fills the screen. JOHN HAMMERICK, early 40s, smiles in the picture, dressed exquisitely in a suit and tie that hugs his athletic frame. He is extremely good looking, save for the jagged scar on his forehead.

DAVE (V.O)

- plans to donate twenty million dollars to several local charities, including those that provide assistance to victims of violent crime; especially those failed by an ineffective justice system.

BACK TO SCENE -

Richard's brow furrows as he turns to face Michael again.

MICHAEL

What is it?

RICHARD

Nothing.

MICHAEL

Well, it was obviously something. It made you stop eating.

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD

It's just - eh, never mind.

Michael clears his throat.

MICHAEL

Are you going to make me beat it out of you?

RICHARD

You wish.



MICHAEL

What? I've been working out? Have you seen these guns?

Michael starts to roll up a shirt sleeve. Richard chuckles.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Now, come on. What's up?

RICHARD

I ever tell you about my old cell mate? Di Cicco?

MICHEL

I think so. What about him?

Richard leans closer to Michael.

RICHARD

(whispering)

He told me something once, not long before he died.

MICHAEL

(whispering/mocking)

Why are you whispering?

Richard clears his throat.

RICHARD

Never mind.

MICHAEL

Aw, come on. I'm just messing around. What did he tell you?

Richard takes a drink of beer.

RICHARD

You know about the Boston Museum heist, right? Maybe 25 years ago?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

Course I do. Two robbers disguise themselves as cops then proceeded to pull off one of the most intricately planned heists in history, and got away with like \$500 million pieces of art.

RICHARD

Yeah, that's the one.

MICHAEL  
What about it?

Richard lowers his voice again.

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
So, Di Cicco's dying, right? He's in  
bad shape. I mean, like he's bout to  
meet the Grim Reaper kind of bad.

MICHAEL  
And?

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
So, he tells me, one night, that he  
trusts me and that he wants to tell  
me something. Needs to confess, I  
guess.

MICHAEL  
I'm listening.

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
He helped plan Boston. Was supposed  
to be in on it, but he got sent up on  
some other beef.

Michael's eyes widen.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
A buddy of his was one of the fake  
cops. The one who put it all together  
in the first place. Can you guess who  
that was?

MICHAEL  
Who?

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
That rich guy. On TV.

MICHAEL  
Bull shit.

RICHARD  
I'm serious.

MICHAEL  
John Hammerick?

Richard tenses.

RICHARD

Shh.

Michael glances around.

MICHAEL

Would you relax? No one's paying any attention to you. You should be used to that.

Richard relaxes.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Besides, what you're saying...it just doesn't make any sense. You know that, right? The guy is practically a saint.

RICHARD

Just forget I said anything. Come on. Let's get out of here.

5 EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

5

The sun sets on the horizon beyond the two lane stretch of highway.

Michael's car speeds down the road.

6 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DUSK

6

Michael drives. Richard stares out through the passenger's side window.

MICHAEL

Alright. I've been thinking. Let's say ol' Di Cicco was telling the truth. Why would Hammerick do it?

RICHARD

Money. Why else?

MICHAEL

No. That doesn't check out. His family's filthy rich. His father was a millionaire, and he's got to be worth a hundred times that by now. Definitely wasn't money.

RICHARD  
What's your theory?

MICHAEL  
I don't have one. Why the hell would he risk everything he has for a museum robbery?

RICHARD  
Dunno. That's just what I was told.

MICHAEL  
By another inmate.

RICHARD  
I know. It sounds crazy.

MICHAEL  
But -

RICHARD  
But?

MICHAEL  
You believe it.

Richard nods.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
So, here's my next question. What's your angle, here?

RICHARD  
No angle.

MICHAEL  
You always have an angle.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD  
If it's true, then that would mean that this Hammerick guy would have a lot of valuable things.

MICHAEL  
Valuable things that he stole. Things that don't really belong to him?

RICHARD  
Right.

They drive on, silent for a few moments.

MICHAEL  
What are the odds that he'd even  
still have the stuff?

RICHARD  
Slim to none.

MICHAEL  
They probably fenced it, anyway.

RICHARD  
Probably.

Another moment of silence.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
But -

Michael smiles.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
If he still has that stuff, there  
could be enough money in this to last  
us the rest of our lives.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, but we don't know if he does or  
not.

RICHARD  
That's where you come in. You and  
that flying camera back there.

MICHAEL  
My drone?

RICHARD  
Yeah. That thing.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL  
I guess I could do a little recon for  
you. Just to see.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD  
You rock.

MICHAEL  
And don't you forget it. Shithead.

Michael smiles as he continues to drive.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

7

Michael's car sits parked in the trees along the quiet road leading up to John Hammerick's mansion.

The trunk is open, a couple of open metal cases inside.

Michael sits on the bumper intensely focused on laptop screen as he works a joystick.

ON THE SCREEN -

The Hammerick estate drifts across the screen from a high point-of-view.

8 EXT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - NIGHT

8

The drone hums along the front of the massive brick house with an attached large garage with three doors. The drone glides slowly, pauses by a curtained window, then moves on.

9 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

9

Michael watches the computer screen.

ON THE SCREEN -

The drone moves from the front entrance to more windows with drawn curtains.

BACK TO SCENE -

MICHAEL

What's with all the curtains?

(beat)

Oh, hold up. What's this?

ON THE SCREEN -

The drone holds near a single window that affords a view inside. An office or a study can be seen - bookshelves, several paintings...

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Bingo!

He slowly pans the camera to record what he can. Stops on a flag pole that stands tall above a covered patio.

10 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

10

Michael looks up from the computer screen as HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance.

MICHAEL

Oh, shit!

Michael quickly closes the computer and puts it into the trunk. He slams it shut and ducks down, out of sight.

A newer-modeled yellow sports car passes by. Brake lights shine brightly in the night as the car slows.

Michael's eyes widen. He holds his breath.

The yellow car sits there for another moment, before turning up the long driveway to the Hammerick estate.

Michael sighs. Once he is certain the coast is clear, he rises, pulling his cell phone out of his pocket. He dials, bringing the phone up to his ear.

RICHARD

(on phone)

Alright, Mikey. What have you got?

MICHAEL

Well, the place is like a prison or something. He's definitely got something in there that he doesn't want anyone to see. I saw some expensive art in one of the windows, but I'm not sure if that proves anything.

RICHARD

(on phone)

What do you say, little brother? It's your call.

Michael thinks for a moment, glancing towards the Hammerick mansion.

MICHAEL

Maybe you should call Donny. We can show him my footage, and he'll be able to tell you if there's anything in there worth going for.

RICHARD

(on phone)

Alright. Meet me at the gallery in an hour.

CUT TO:

11 INT. ART GALLERY - FRONT - NIGHT

11

Standing alone behind the counter of a very posh art gallery, full of framed artwork hanging on the walls, is DONNY, an art dealer in thin-rimmed glasses.

Around Donny's neck, a gold cross necklace. He clutches it as -

A tiny bell above the glass door entrance DINGS. Donny shifts nervously as Richard and Michael enter the building. Michael carries a tablet.

They approach Donny.

DONNY

You were supposed to wait around back.

RICHARD

What can I say? I'm impatient.

DONNY

Did anyone see you?

Richard looks around the empty art gallery. Looks at Donny.

RICHARD

No.

Donny sighs.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Donny, you remember my little brother Mikey, right?

Donny nods.

RICHARD (cont'd)

He's got some footage that I need you to take a look at.

Michael places the tablet on the counter in front of Donny and hits play.

DONNY

What exactly am I looking for?

RICHARD

You tell me. What do you see?



Donny sighs and focuses on the footage.

ON THE SCREEN -

The front of the house comes into view as the drone swoops down. Past the garages. Past closed windows. The front door.

Donny FREEZES the image when he comes to the study window. He adjusts his glasses and squints.

DONNY

Can you zoom in? (points at the screen) Here?

Michael taps the screen. The image becomes larger.

RICHARD

What is it?

DONNY (CONT'D)

That's a Picasso. Not original, but an excellent copy.

RICHARD

Shit.

DONNY

There's another one... (shakes his head)  
But, I can't make it out.

The video continues to play until the drone comes to a bedroom window on the second floor. Michael freezes the image.

MICHAEL

Anything here?

BACK TO SCENE -

DONNY (CONT'D)

The one on the left is a Warhol.  
Might be an original.  
Or a knock-off. (chuckles) How can you tell with Warhol?

Donny looks up at Richard and Michael who stare back at him blankly. They don't get the joke.

Donny turns back to the screen.

DONNY (CONT'D)

And the one on the right looks  
(MORE)

DONNY (CONT'D)  
like... (squints) A Judas Priest  
poster. "Redeemer of Souls". Nothing  
too remarkable, here.

RICHARD  
Damn it.

MICHAEL  
That's it, then. It's all I got.

Richard slaps the counter top angrily. Donny jumps.

DONNY  
Would you mind not doing that?

Donny looks back to the tablet as the video continues to  
play.

ON THE SCREEN -

The patio comes into view.

BACK TO SCENE -

Donny's eyes widen.

DONNY (cont'd)  
Look!

Richard and Michael stare at the tablet screen.

RICHARD  
What?

DONNY (CONT'D)  
Go back. Uh, rewind or whatever.

Michael rewinds the footage.

DONNY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Can you zoom in on the  
flagpole.

Michael nods.

ON THE SCREEN -

The flagpole topped with the bronze eagle becomes larger.  
The base of the finial is emblazoned with a "1".

DONNY  
Oh, my.

RICHARD  
You found something?

Donny nods.

DONNY  
Oh, you bet I did. That, gentlemen,  
is the finial of La Premier Régiment  
d'infanterie de la Garde Impériale de  
Napoléon. The First Regiment  
Napoleon's Imperial Guard. One of 13  
pieces stolen from the Isabella  
Stewart Garden Museum.

Richard and Michael looks at each other, smiles creeping  
across their faces.

RICHARD  
I knew it.

Donny looks at Richard with eager eyes.

DONNY  
Are you telling me that you know  
where The Isabella Stewart Gardner  
collection is?

RICHARD  
Seems like we do.

DONNY  
Incredible. Does anyone else know?

RICHARD  
Not yet.

DONNY  
Well, you might want to call Ray,  
because - if that entire collection  
is in this house - you're looking to  
gain somewhere in the twenty million  
dollar range.

RICHARD  
Say no more.

Richard pulls his cell phone from his pants pocket.

CUT TO:

12 INT. BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

12

RAY PACINO, a wiry man obsessed with his looks, sits in a barber's chair as VINNY, an elderly barber, puts the finishing touches on a slicked-back 1950s pompadour.

RAY

Looks good, Vinny. Looks real good.

The cellphone in Ray's pocket rings. Ray reaches under the apron cape placed around his neck and shoulders, fishing for his phone. He finds it and brings it up to his ear.

RAY (cont'd)

Hello?

RICHARD

(on phone)

What's good, Ray?

Ray's face lights up.

RAY

Slick as shit fucking Richard Nolan!  
You got out?!

RICHARD

(on phone)

Early this morning.

RAY

Hot damn, that's great.

RICHARD

(on phone)

Listen, Ray. I got a proposition for  
you? You down to get in some trouble?

RAY

I dunno, Richard. I mean I'd love to,  
but I'm getting ready for a hot date,  
you know what I mean?

RICHARD

(on phone)

How about twenty million dollars  
worth of trouble? What would you say,  
then?

Ray's eyes widen.

RAY

I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ART GALLERY - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

13

Michael, Richard, Donny, and Donnie stand in a back room full of artwork that rests under tarps and some cardboard boxes, looking at the tablet that Michael holds in his hand.

A metal door opens and Ray enters.

RAY

Alright, let's get the party started.

Donny glares at Ray.

DONNY

Could you keep your voice down, please?

RAY

Nice to see you're still a stuck up snob, Donny.

Donny rolls his eyes.

Ray approaches Richard and hugs him.

RAY (cont'd)

It's good to see you, man. Was starting to think you might never get out.

RICHARD

Can't keep a bad guy down.

Ray turns to Michael.

RAY

Woah, Mikey! Look at this little shrimp all grown up, now.

Michael fist bumps Ray.

Ray moves to stand next to Donny. He spots the cross hanging from Donny's neck and flicks it with his fingers.

RAY (cont'd)

What the Hell is this?

DONNY

Don't do that.

Donny holds on to the cross.

RAY  
Oh, this is beautiful. Don't tell me  
you went and found religion on us?

DONNY  
As a matter of fact, I did.

Ray sighs.

RAY  
Donny. Don't you know what they do to  
little boys in church?

Donny's eyes turn to daggers, aimed at Ray.

RAY (cont'd)  
Hell, maybe that's why you like it.

RICHARD  
That's enough!

Obediently, Donny and Ray turn their attention to Richard.

RAY  
So, where's this money you were  
talking about.

Richard points to the tablet screen.

RICHARD  
Right here.

RAY  
A flagpole?

DONNY  
It's what's on the flagpole. The  
finial of La Premier Régiment  
d'infanterie de la Garde Impériale de  
Napoléon.

RAY  
English, please?

DONNY  
It's one of the pieces stolen from  
the Isabella Gardner.

RAY  
No shit?

RICHARD  
No shit.

RAY  
And some bastard really just has it  
on his flagpole?

RICHARD (INCREDULOUS)  
Arrogant, ain't he?

RAY  
Do you think he's got more?

RICHARD  
Pretty sure.

DONNY  
But, you don't know that for certain.

RICHARD  
Let's just say I got a feeling.

RAY  
And you want us to break in and take  
it?

Richard nods.

RAY (cont'd)  
How exactly do we do that?

Michael taps the screen. It changes.

ON THE SCREEN -

A blueprint layout of the mansion.

MICHAEL  
So, this is the basic layout of  
Hammerick's house.

DONNY  
How'd you get that?

Michael smirks.

MICHAEL  
I'm good at what I do. This guys  
lives alone, and he always takes a  
trip to Boston on the weekends, so  
he'll be gone on Friday. I think we  
should make our move, then.

RAY  
Are you sure we can get in? Looks  
like a damn fortress.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

I've all the equipment we need. I can override any pass code or security system.

RICHARD

So, it's settled, then? We go Friday night...Shit! Do you even realize how perfect this is? We can rob him blind and he can't even go to the cops.

MICHAEL

And there won't be any insurance company investigation.

RAY

It's full proof.

Donny clutches his cross so tightly his knuckles turn white.

DONNY

(nervous)

Maybe this is all a bit rash? I mean...

RICHARD

The way I see it, you can either wait to strike when the iron's hot, or you make it hot by striking it first.

Donny nods.

DONNY

Friday it is, then.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

14

A black van sits parked in the shadows of the trees along the street.

At the van's open back doors - Richard, Michael, Donny, and Ray - all dressed in black, retrieve various tools.

Donny closes his eyes and begins to say a prayer.



DONNY

I will say of You, Lord, "You are my  
refuge and my fortress, my God in  
whom I trust."

RAY

Are you actually praying?

Ray shakes his head, looking to Richard.

RAY (cont'd)

He's actually praying.

Donny continues with his prayer.

DONNY

"Surely, you will save me from -"

Ray suddenly claps his hands, startling Donny. His eyes open.  
He glares at Ray as he starts to sing, mockingly.

RAY

(singing)

"At first I was afraid, I was  
petrified. Kept thinking I could  
never live without you by my side!  
But, then I spent -"

RICHARD

Cut it out.

Ray chuckles and pats Donny on the shoulder.

RAY

Hate to break it to you, Donny, but  
God don't care nothing bout you.

Donny opens his eyes, glaring at Ray.

DONNY

He cares about us all.

RICHARD

Not in my experience.

Donny sighs.

MICHAEL

What are you praying for?

Donny shrugs.

DONNY

I pray when I'm nervous.

MICHAEL

Relax. It's going to be fine.

DONNY

It's difficult to relax knowing that we're breaking into a man's home. I shouldn't even be here.

RICHARD

You're here to help identify the art pieces. Okay?

DONNY

I already identified the flagpole in the video.

RICHARD

And, now, we need you to identify the rest.

DONNY

What if we get caught?

RICHARD

We won't get caught. The guy's in Boston. We'll have the whole place to ourselves. It'll be a quick in and out job. The easiest money you'll ever make. Okay?

Donny nods but still looks around nervously.

RICHARD (cont'd)

You guys ready?

All nod.

Michael takes a duffel bag and throws the strap over his shoulder.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Okay. Let's go then.

Richard closes the van's back doors. He reaches for Michael's arm, pulling him back from the others.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Listen. I know you're excited, but keeps your wits about you. And stay close to me.

MICHAEL

Why?

Richard shrugs.

RICHARD  
Because I said so.

Michael rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, yeah.

Richard and Michael join Donny and Ray. They make their way across the road, and disappear into the darkness of the trees.

15 EXT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - NIGHT

15

The four men move stealthily through the trees along the perimeter of the property, emerging to cross a long driveway that leads up to the house.

They approach the garage.

MICHAEL  
Okay. This is where we'll get in.

Michael digs through his duffel bag and pulls out a small gray box and an tablet.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
This guy will probably have a top of the line alarm system at every entrance of his house. But, if he's like most people, he'll overlook the garage.

DONNY  
Why would he do that?

MICHAEL  
Everyone uses remotes. They assume that technology makes them safe.

Michael plugs the box into the tablet. He presses a few keys.

The center garage door begins to open. A light comes on inside the garage.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
Lucky for us, they're wrong.

Michael puts the gray box and tablet back into his bag.

The four men move through the garage door.

16 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT

16

The men enter a cavernous garage, where five immaculately polished sports cars are parked. A large flat screen TV hangs on the back wall.

Ray whistles.

RAY

Remind me to come back if we ever  
need to boost some classy wheels.

The garage door purrs as it slides shut behind them.

Michael moves across the garage to door that leads into the house. He leans in, examining the locks.

RICHARD

What gadget do you have for that?

MICHAEL

I should be able to use the good old-  
fashioned method here.

RICHARD

A classic never go out of style.

Michael kneels and opens the duffel bag. He retrieves a set of lock picks and begins working on the door. Within seconds, a distinctive CLICK is heard.

MICHAEL

One down.

Michael moves up to the dead bolt. He stops, frowning.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

That's weird.

RICHARD

What?

MICHAEL

The deadbolt's installed on the wrong  
side.

Richard snickers.

RICHARD

He probably installed it himself. The cheap bastard. It's not like he needs to save a few bucks.

Michael shrugs and turns the deadbolt. The door swings open.

17 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MUDROOM - NIGHT

17

Richard, Michael, Ray, and Donny silently enter the house.

A wide hallway stretches before them. A flat screen TV hangs on one wall.

Michael approaches an alarm panel on the wall across from the door. A row of green lights shine bright.

MICHAEL

Okay. We're good.

RICHARD

Just remember. Only the museum stuff.  
Nothing he can report to the cops.

The men move on. Behind them, A CLICK sounds from the door the garage.

Above the door, a small red light flashes twice.

18 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

18

The men enter the room, quietly making their way across the large space.

Another flat screen TV hangs on the wall.

RAY

What's with all the TVs?

Ahead, through an open doorway, a light comes on. The men freeze.

DONNY

I thought you said he was gone.

MICHAEL

It's probably just a light on a timer.

A woman begins to hum in the other room.

RAY  
That ain't no timer.

The men slowly approach the doorway.

19 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

19

A beautiful, but pale, brunette woman - JENNIFER, 36, sits on the couch in an elegant night gown, thumbing through a journal as she hums softly.

Michael peeks into the room, eyes widening. He quickly pulls back.

20 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

20

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
There's a woman in there.

RAY  
(whispering)  
I thought you said this guy lived alone.

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
Girlfriend, maybe?

DONNY  
(whispering)  
I vote for leaving.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Me too. This wasn't part of the plan.

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
No! This is our chance. I'm not gonna let one bump in the road stop me.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Richie...

Richie stares into Michael eyes.

RICHARD

(whispering)

Maybe you're not cut out for this if  
you're gonna dip out the minute  
something doesn't go to plan. I can  
do it by myself, if I have to.

Michael's shoulder slump. He nods.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

I'm not dipping. I just...don't want  
anyone to get hurt, okay?

Richard nods, then motions with his hand for the men to  
follow him.

21 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

The four men slowly and quietly enter the room, creeping up  
behind Jennifer.

Ray accidentally bumps into a table.

Jennifer, startled, jumps up and turns to see the four  
strangers standing before her. She rises.

JENNIFER

Who are you?!

RICHARD

Grab her!

Ray lunges towards Jennifer, but she catches him by surprise  
and kicks out, making direct contact with his knee. He cries  
out and falls forward.

The notebook flies out of Jennifer's hand and skids across  
the floor and under a chair.

RAY

You bitch!

Ray tries to rise again, but Jennifer kicks him in the face.  
He cries out in pain, blood running down his nose.

MICHAEL

Don't hurt her!

Ray looks back at Michael with incredulous eyes.

RAY

Don't hurt HER? Are you kidding me?

Richard circles around behind Jennifer and wraps his arms around her. She struggles against his body, trying to wriggle free from his grasp.

RICHARD

Calm down!

Ray rises, anger on his face. He slaps Jennifer hard across the face.

She moans, the fight taken out of her. Richard lowers her to the couch.

Michael glares at Ray.

MICHAEL

What the fuck was that?

Ray shrugs.

DONNY

Oh, Lord. Oh, Lord. Oh, Lord.

Donny paces back and forth, a nervous wreck.

RICHARD

Someone tape this bitch up.

Ray reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll of duct tape.

RAY

Gladly.

Ray binds Jennifer's hands with the tape, positioning her so that she is sitting upright. He binds her legs, too.

DENISE (O.S.)

Mom?

Michael, Richard, Ray, and Donny tense, looking back and forth at each other with worried eyes.

22 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

22

DENISE, 16, barefoot and in a night gown, nervously stands at the top of a staircase leading up from the foyer.

DENISE

Mom? Are you okay?

No response.



Denise take a tentative step down the stairs.

23 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

The four intruders look at each other, perplexed.

DONNY

How many more people do you suppose  
are in this empty house?

RICHARD

Oh, for fuck's sake. Go grab her.

MICHAEL

Don't hurt her.

RAY

You're starting to sound like a  
broken record, kid.

Ray and Donny move out of the room.

24 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

24

Denise is halfway down the staircase.

Ray and Donny enter the foyer, spotting the frightened  
teenager.

Denise screams, rushing back up the stairs.

RAY

Get back here!

Ray chases the girl up the staircase. Donny follows close  
behind.

25 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

25

Denise frantically runs down the hallway, Ray in hot pursuit  
behind her. She hurries through an open bedroom door and  
slams it shut behind her.

Ray crashes into the bedroom door with full momentum. He  
bounces off, wincing in pain. Donny catches up.

Ray backs up and runs for the door, but Donny puts a hand up  
to stop him.

DONNY

Brains before brawn.

Donny turns the door knob. The door swings open.

26 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DENISE'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Ray and Donny step into the bedroom. Denise cowers by the back wall.

Ray grabs at Denise's nightgown, pulling her close. She whimpers. He raises his fist.

DONNY

Mike said not to harm her.

RAY

Do you have to be such a puss?

Donny's brow furrows in anger. He suddenly punches Ray's already injured nose. Looks upwards.

DONNY

God, forgive me.

Ray cries out in excruciating pain.

RAY

What the actual Hell?!

Donny takes a deep breath.

DONNY

It's usually a person's mouth that breaks his nose.

Donny reaches out and gently guides Denise past Ray.

27 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27

Michael and Richard stand near the couch, where Jennifer is sits with a dazed expression on her face.

Donny enters the room, leading Denise by the arm. He leads her to sit on the couch near Jennifer.

DENISE

Mom!

Denise wraps her arms around Jennifer, huddling close.

RICHARD

Where's Ray?

Ray enters the room, holding his hand over his bloody nose.

RAY  
Right fucking here.

MICHAEL  
What the hell happened to you?

RAY  
Don't ask. Anyone got a rag, or something.

Michael digs into his duffel bag and produces a cloth. He hands it to Ray.

DENISE  
Who are you? Father never lets people into the house.

JENNIFER  
I don't know.

RICHARD  
Father?

DENISE  
Why are you here?!

Michael looks to Richard.

MICHAEL  
He has a wife and kid?

Richard groans.

RICHARD  
Shit! Damn it!

MICHAEL  
Just...calm down. Let's try to think.

Ray holds the cloth up to his nose, looking at his battered reflection in a mirror hanging on the wall.

RAY  
This place was supposed to be empty. Like, no one home, right? What the hell are we supposed to do, now?

DONNY  
This does pose a bit of a problem.

RAY  
I say screw it. This isn't what I signed up for.

RICHARD

No one is going anywhere. We're too far in this. Just tape up the girl and start searching. Look for anything on the list.

Ray begins wrapping tape around Denise's wrists and legs.

Donny reaches down and picks up a piece of metal from one of the end tables.

DONNY

Like this?

RICHARD

What is it?

DONNY

A Shang Dynasty Ku. Beautiful, isn't it?

RAY

Is it one of the pieces?

Donny nods, looking at the metal piece reverently.

RAY (cont'd)

What's something like that worth?

DONNY

Maybe twenty-five thousand. Though, the museum recently offered a \$100,000 reward for it.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD

Didn't I tell you? Easy money.

Ray looks down at the bloody cloth in his hand.

RAY

Yeah. Real easy.

RICHARD

Let's find the rest of this shit and get the hell out of here.

MICHAEL

I think we should leave, Richie.

Richard pats Michael on the shoulder.

RICHARD

We will. As soon as we finish the job. I told you, I'm going to make things better for you, and that's what I intend to do.

Michael looks down at the ground.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Tell you what, little brother. You've got guard duty. Just stay here with these lovely ladies, and make sure they stay put. Okay?

Michael nods, turning to look at Denise and Jennifer.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Alright. Donny. Ray. Let's go.

28 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

28

Richard, Ray, and Donny enter the room.

A painting, on the wall above the fireplace, shows a female figure's head turned as if she is asleep. Her face is split in a bizarre, sexually suggestive manner.

DONNY

La Rêve. The Dream.

RAY

(laughs)

Hah! She's not dreaming. She's dead. Looks like someone split her head open with an ax.

RICHARD

Is it worth anything?

DONNY

The original it would bring in the area of \$160-million on the, ah, legitimate market. But, alas...

RAY

Sheesh! It's a stupid cartoon.

DONNY

Now that, on the other hand...

He points over Richard's shoulder.

DONNY (cont'd)  
Is worth millions.

The men turn to a painting on the wall behind them.

DONNY (cont'd)  
Landscape with Obelisk by Govaert  
Flinck.

RAY  
Now that's what I call a painting.  
Way better than cartoon guy over  
there.

DONNY  
Dutch Golden Age. And, by-the-by,  
it's on our list. Quite valuable.

RICHARD  
That's two. Take it in by Michael.

Ray grabs the gilded frame. It snags. He YANKS.

Donny winces and reaches for the painting, smiling smugly.

DONNY  
Why don't I take care of this?

29 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

29

Michael checks the tape on Jennifer's wrist as Donny enters  
the room with the painting.

MICHAEL  
Found another one?

DONNY  
Indeed. And isn't it exquisite?

JENNIFER  
Who are you?

Michael turns his attention back to Jennifer who stares at  
him with a blank expression.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
How did you get in?

MICHAEL  
We're not here to hurt you. I  
promise.

Jennifer looks into Michael's eyes.

JENNIFER

Then help us. Get us out of here.

MICHAEL

(confused)

What?

JENNIFER

If you got in, then you can get out.  
Please! Get us out!

MICHAEL

Look, I don't know about your  
marriage problems, but if you need a  
divorce, I'm sure you can afford a  
good lawyer.

Jennifer's eyes become fierce...defiant.

JENNIFER

You don't understand. GET...US...

30 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

30

Ray and Richard make their way down the hallway, looking  
into each door they pass.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

(loudly)

...OUT OF HERE!

Jennifer's voice reverberates down the hall. Richard and Ray  
look at each other with a worried expression.

RICHARD

Shit! Come on!

Ray and Richard take off back towards the living room.

31 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Michael struggles to hold Jennifer down as she frantically  
bucks and twists her body.

Michael looks at Donny, who continues to admire the  
painting.

MICHAEL

Could I get some help here?!

Donny pays no attention, his only focus on the painting.

Ray and Richard rush into the room, shocked to find Jennifer fighting against Michael's grip.

JENNIFER  
LET ME GO! UNTIE MY DAUGHTER!

RICHARD  
Shut the bitch up!

Ray retrieves the duct tape and tears a strip from the roll. He slaps it across Jennifer's mouth.

RAY  
That's a good look for you.

Jennifer continues to struggle, eyes wide.

DENISE  
Stop! She just needs her pill!

MICHAEL  
What?

DENISE  
Her pill! In her pocket! They keep her calm.

Michael reaches into a pocket on Jennifer's nightgown and pulls out a prescription pill bottle - with no label.

MICHAEL  
How many?! It doesn't say.

DENISE  
One. Every two hours.

Richard takes the bottle from Michael and rips the top off. He dumps a MIX of different colored pills into the palm of his hand.

RICHARD  
The hell?

DENISE  
Give it to her!

Richard pulls the tape away from Jennifer's mouth and shoves a pill past her lips. She spits it out.

MICHAEL  
Something's not right about this.

Richard crouches in front of Jennifer, his face only inches from hers.



RICHARD  
Look, we only want the paintings.  
Where are they?

JENNIFER  
What paintings?

Richard looks to Donny.

DONNY  
Three Rembrandt's, One Manet, Five  
Degas...

RICHARD  
Right. Those! Where are they?

JENNIFER  
I don't know. They're...everywhere.

RICHARD  
Specifics?

Jennifer mumbles, the medicine seemingly kicking in.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Ray, gimme your knife.

Ray reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his hunting knife. He hands it to Richard.

Richard holds the blade close to Jennifer's skin.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Talk to me. Or maybe I should try  
this out on your little girl over  
there?

Denise sneers.

DENISE  
Your blade isn't big enough, little  
man.

Suddenly, Jennifer twists her face towards Richard and RIGHT INTO THE BLADE. It plunges through the flesh of her cheek, sending a spurt of blood across Richard's face.

All others in the room, apart from Denise, react in shock; eyes wide in terror.

Jennifer pulls back off of the blade, blood oozing down her face and neck.

JENNIFER

(crazed)

You think this is pain?! You don't  
know pain!

Richard drops the knife, in shock. Donny gags, turning away  
from the bloody sight.

Denise laughs.

MICHAEL

Richie?

Richard looks at Michael with apologetic eyes.

RICHARD

I didn't...She just...

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT, plunging the room into  
darkness, save for the track lighting behind the couch.

Several loud CLINKS and muffled ELECTRIC WHIRS can be heard.

Michael, Ray, Richard, and Donny look around uncertainly.

RAY

What the hell was that?

Denise continues to laugh.

DENISE

That's the sound of hope...vanishing.

A voice emanates from the darkness of the foyer.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

Good evening, gentlemen.

The men spin around to find -

John Hammerick, 40, stands calmly in the shadows, holding a  
crystal goblet of wine in one hand and a bottle in the  
other.

RAY

Who the hell are you?

Hammerick steps forward, into the soft glow casts from the  
track lighting, revealing himself.

He is handsome, with a muscular build, wearing a business  
suit. His chiseled good looks are marred only by a jagged  
scar on his forehead.

HAMMERICK

I'm the owner of this house. The real question is...who are you?

MICHAEL

I thought you were in Boston.

HAMMERICK

Alas, a change of plans.

Hammerick looks towards Jennifer and Denise. Jennifer turns away from his gaze, hiding the wound on her cheek.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

I see you've already met my lovely Jennifer and Denise. I certainly hope you haven't harmed them. They're my treasures.

Hammerick turns his attention back to the other men.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

Let's start with introductions. My name is John, though I assume you already know that. And you are?

The men remain silent. Hammerick moves towards Donny, staring at him intently.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

You look like a reasonable man. Won't you tell me who you are? It's only polite, after all.

DONNY

I'm Donny. That's Ray, Michael, and Rich -

RICHARD

Are you crazy? Don't tell him our names!

Hammerick smiles.

HAMMERICK

Thank you, Donny boy. And now that introductions are out of the way, how can I help you?

RICHARD

Where's the art?

HAMMERICK

I suppose you mean the exceedingly valuable "museum" pieces.

RICHARD

That's exactly what I mean.

HAMMERICK

Those I keep in my safe.

RICHARD

Where is it?

Hammerick makes a vague gesture with his hand towards an entertainment center on the wall.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Help me move this thing!

Richard and Ray strain to slide the massive entertainment center away from the wall. Contents on the shelves crash to the floor.

The wall behind is BARE.

RICHARD (cont'd)

There's nothing there!

Richard turns back and is surprised to see...

HAMMERICK IS GONE.

RAY

Where did he go?!

RICHARD

Mike? Did you see -?

Hammerick's voice echoes through speakers in the ceiling.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

The entire house is my safe, and unfortunately, you unlucky chaps cracked the code. And now that you're in, don't even think about leaving. Because you can't.

The four men look at each other, confused.

MICHAEL

What does he mean by that?

Michael rises and moves into the foyer.

32 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

32

Michael tries to open the front door. It won't budge. He turns the dead-bolt and tries again. Nothing.

33 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33

Michael reenters the room.

MICHAEL

The door won't open. Ray, try a window.

Ray moves to one of the windows. He flips the lock and lifts, straining to get it to rise, but it won't move.

RAY

I can't.

RICHARD

It can't be that fucking hard.

Richard pulls a pistol out from his belt loop and aims it at the window. He fires.

The bullet hits the window and ricochets off. The others in the room duck.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Are you kidding me?!

Donny paces nervously back and forth.

DONNY

This isn't good. Not good at all.

RAY

What kind of nut job locks four thieves in his own house?

Michael kneels in front of Jennifer.

MICHAEL

How do we get out of here?

Jennifer looks at Michael with dull eyes.

JENNIFER

You don't. Just like he said. I haven't been out of this house in... sixteen years.

DONNY

Oh, God.

Denise laughs wickedly.

DENISE

God is not here. But...the devil just  
may be.

Hammerick's voice filters through the speakers, again.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

In the spirit of making things  
interesting, let's make a deal. You  
want my very special art pieces. Find  
them, and I will consider letting you  
go. (pause) Happy hunting!

RAY

Screw that. We need to leave. Now!

DONNY

I agree. Better to have a good run  
than a bad stand.

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD

You heard the man. He's basically  
serving what we came for on a silver  
platter. We can't leave, now.

MICHAEL

I don't trust him.

RICHARD

Even if he doesn't unlock the doors,  
what's he going to do? We figured out  
how to break in. We can figure out  
how to break out.

Michael looks back at the women, then back at Richard. He  
nods.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Okay. Let's find this stuff.

34 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

34

Richard and Ray move down the hallway, glancing into rooms  
as they pass by.

35 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

35

As Richard and Ray pass through the room, they instantly spot two small framed sketches above a wooden buffet on the wall.

RICHARD

Look!

Ray pulls out papers from his back pocket and compares the printed pictures to the ones on the wall.

RAY

Here's three and four!

Ray grabs the framed sketches from the wall.

RICHARD

Careful with them.

Ray nods, sliding them into his pockets.

RICHARD (cont'd)

We'll go for the one on the flagpole  
when we get out. That'll be five.  
Come on.

Ray follows Richard out of the room.

36 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

36

Richard and Ray walk down the hallway, they pass stairs leading down to the basement.

A faint sound can be heard below.

RICHARD

Wait.

The men stop, listening as they look down the stairs. The sound comes again.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Down there!

Richard and Ray rush down the stairs.

37 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

37

Ray and Richard make their way down a hallway that leads to a single door.

Richard tentatively reaches for the door knob and turns it. The door opens and they enter.

38 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

38

The two men enter the dark room.

Richard searches for a light switch on the wall. He finds it and just as he is about to flip it -

Bright lights fills the room, revealing the space is filled with amusements of all kinds. TV screens, game consoles, a pool table, etc...

RAY

What the hell?

Suddenly, Hammerick's voice booms from a speaker in the ceiling.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

Hello, boys! Let the games begin!

At the far end of the room, Hammerick appears.

HAMMERICK

Mind if I go first?

Hammerick raises and assault rifle and levels it at the men.

RICHARD

Gun!

Ray and Richard duck behind an arcade game, both raising their own pistols. They shoot blindly. Glass SHATTERS. Wood SPLINTERS.

39 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39

At the sound of GUN FIRE, Michael leaps from his chair and draws a pistol from his jacket pocket.

Donny passes out and drops to the floor. Michael rushes to his side.

MICHAEL

Donny! Did you get hit?

Donny's eyes flutter open.

DONNY

No. I... Did I faint?



Michael helps Donny to stand.

Jennifer sits, vacantly staring ahead. Denise's eyes glimmer with excitement.

40 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

40

The room is quiet and still. Ray peers nervously out from behind the arcade game.

RAY

Did we get the rat bastard?

Both Richard and Ray rise, cautiously edging through the room.

Where Hammerick stood, is a wall-sized screen - now riddled with bullet holes.

RICHARD

It was a fucking video.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

That. Was. Precious!

Richard and Ray turn, shielding their eyes against bright light. Hammerick stands at the other end of the room, a mere shadow.

HAMMERICK

You should have seen the looks on your faces! I can play it back for you, if you'd like.

Richard raises his pistol, aiming for Hammerick's figure.

Suddenly, the lights go off. Richard fires blindly.

A DOOR SLAMS in the darkness. Room lights come on. Hammerick is gone.

Ray looks back and forth, searching.

RAY

Where the hell did he go? He was just here!

RICHARD

He's got a knack for disappearing.

RAY

He's just messing with us.

Richard nods.

41 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HIDDEN PASSAGE - NIGHT 41

Hammerick moves along a narrow passage. The men can be heard through the wall.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
He's a real hoot, that one.

RAY (O.S.)  
He's nuts.

Hammerick slides open a pocket door.

42 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT 42

Richard hears the muffled sound of the door.

RICHARD  
Shut up! Listen!

43 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HIDDEN PASSAGE - NIGHT 43

Hammerick slips through the door and slides it closed.

44 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT 44

The men strain to listen. Jim shudders.

RAY  
Sounds like rats. My mother used to  
say rats are the devil's...

RICHARD  
Shh!

Richard listens, but the sound is gone.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Damn it. Come on. Let's go before he  
decides to play any more games with  
us.

CUT TO:

45 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 45

Donny sits in the chair, recuperating from his fall.

Taped and immobile on the couch, Jennifer and Denise look to Michael with pleading eyes.

MICHAEL  
What's the matter?

JENNIFER  
Just a little sore.

MICHAEL  
Is it your legs?

Jennifer nods slightly. Michael kneels in front of her and removes the tape from around her legs. She winces as it tears from her skin.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
Sorry.

JENNIFER  
Thank you.

DENISE  
My legs are sore too.

Michael removes the tape from around Denise's legs.

MICHAEL  
Better?

DENISE  
They still hurt.

Michael gently rubs her calves and ankles.

MICHAEL  
How's that?

DENISE  
A little higher...

Michael's hands move up Denise's leg. She moans, as if caught in the throes of passion.

Michael stops, his face reddening with embarrassment. He pulls his hands back, turning away from Denise who smiles at him wickedly.

Something catches Michael's eye, beneath the coffee table... Jennifer's notebook. He grabs it and rises.

POUNDING FOOTSTEPS cause Michael to Spin. He raises his pistol, aiming.

Richard and Ray hurry into the room.

MICHAEL

What the hell happened? Who was shooting.

RAY

This freaking dude is whacked out. Seriously nuts. There was this video screen, and then -

The large flat-screen TV on the wall suddenly comes on.

ON THE TV SCREEN -

Hammerick's face smiles, on a live feed.

HAMMERICK

Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain!

BACK TO SCENE -

The men jump, turning to see Hammerick smiling back at them.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

I've always wanted to say that. I hope that you've enjoyed looking around my house. You've already found some of what you're looking for. Congratulations. Perhaps some music would be nice while you look for the rest.

Hammerick begins to hum a familiar 80's tune, then breaks into song.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

(singing)

"All I want is to be left alone, in my average home. But, why do I always feel like I'm in the Twilight Zone? I always feel like somebody's watching me, and I have no privacy."

Michael and the others look at each other with confused glances.

Hammerick stops singing.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

This song is a personal favorite of mine. It really takes me back, and it's so apropos, don't you think?

(MORE)

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Honestly, the 80s, while far from perfect, was filled to the brim with musical genius. Wouldn't you agree?

Richard, Michael, Donny, and Ray look at each other with confused glances.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Anyway, Happy Hunting.

The TV flashes off. The music continues to play.

RICHARD  
What the hell was that?

JENNIFER  
The whole house is wired.

Denise giggles.

DENISE  
He can see and hear everything.

MICHAEL  
When you say the whole house, you mean every room?

Jennifer shrugs.

JENNIFER  
I think maybe the bathrooms are private. I don't know for sure.

Richard groans, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He lights one.

DENISE  
You shouldn't do that. Daddy doesn't like cigarette smoke.

RICHARD  
Like I care what that asshole thinks.

Richard exhales a cloud of smoke.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
So, here's what I think we should do. Ray, give the pieces we found to Donny.

Donny's eyes light up with excitement.

DONNY  
You found more?

Richard nods. Ray eyes Donny skeptically.

RAY  
Not sure I trust him with these. He  
looks like a dog in heat.

RICHARD  
Ray, just do it.

Ray pulls the two framed sketches out and hands them to Donny.

Donny looks down at the sketches, mesmerized.

DONNY  
Exquisite.

RICHARD  
Put everything in the study.

Donny nods, and collects all of the art found so far. He leaves the room.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Mike, you stay here with these two.

MICHAEL  
Have Ray do it. I want to help.

RICHARD  
You are helping. Besides...

Richard glances at Ray who eyes Denise and Jennifer seductively.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
I don't trust him with them.

Michael looks around the room.

MICHAEL  
How's he doing all of this? Where is  
he?

DENISE  
He's everywhere.

Ray grimaces.

RAY  
That bitch is creepy. This whole  
place is creepy. Bad vibes all  
around.

RICHARD

Just a few more big ticket pieces to find, and then we're out of here. Okay?

Ray nods.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Alright, then. Come on.

46 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

46

Donny arranges the art pieces along the wall, looking at each piece with admiration.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

Stunning, aren't they?

Donny jumps/spins, startled by Hammerick's voice.

Hammerick stands there, partially hidden in shadow, holding another framed piece of artwork behind his back.

DONNY

Where the hell did you come from?

HAMMERICK

I know my way around this house. Did I startle you? I do apologize.

DONNY

What do you want?

HAMMERICK

To talk. You know, Donny, from the moment I met you, I knew you and I had something in common. We both appreciate fine art, and from one art lover to another, I thought you might enjoy -

Hammerick brings the artwork he hold to the front. Donny's eyes widen.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

This.

DONNY

Is that...?

HAMMERICK

"The Concert" by Vermeer. Yes, it is.

DONNY

Incredible.

HAMMERICK

And, this is one of the pieces that  
you've been looking for, is is not?

Donny nods, his eyes locked on the painting.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

I knew you would appreciate it. Would  
like to have it?

Donny's eyes widen.

DONNY

Of course. But, -

HAMMERICK

Don't worry about the others. They've  
been using you. Without you, they  
wouldn't even know where to begin.  
You are the one deserving of this.

DONNY

I do love -

HAMMERICK

No, you RESPECT the art. So, I think  
you should have it.

Hammerick holds out the painting.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

Consider it a gift. From God, if you  
like. You are a religious man, after  
all.

Donny takes a step forward. Then, stops.

DONNY

How do I know I can trust you?

HAMMERICK

The same way you trust in a God  
you've never seen. It's called faith.  
And it's what sets you apart from the  
others. Those common criminals.

DONNY

Thieves.



HAMMERICK

But, not you. No, you're a true aesthete.

Donny nods in agreement.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

And just think, you could be the one to return all of this art to its rightful owners. Imagine the reward you would receive. A true blessing.

DONNY

You're right. I've devoted my life to the Lord, and it's I who am an deserving. Not them.

Hammerick smiles.

HAMMERICK

Then, come get what's coming to you.

Donny approaches, only inches from the painting.

DONNY

Is it okay if I take a closer look?  
Just to authenticate it?

HAMMERICK

Of course. It's yours, isn't it? Do whatever you see fit.

Donny leans in, the lenses of his glasses nearly touching the canvas. He frowns.

DONNY

Wait.

HAMMERICK

What is it?

DONNY

Something isn't right. The brushwork...this is not original.

HAMMERICK

Well, now. You have quite the eye, don't you?

Suddenly, Hammerick plunges a blade through the backside of the canvas.

Donny falls back onto the floor, revealing an empty bloody socket where his left eye should be; his glasses lens shattered.

Hammerick chuckles.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Of course it's not the original.  
That's far too valuable to simply  
have lying around.

Donny's body convulses as blood pours from his eye.  
Hammerick looks down, smiling grimly.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
And he said to them, "Beware! Keep  
yourself from covetousness, for a  
man's life doesn't consist of the  
abundance of the things which he  
possesses.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

Jennifer sleeps, curled up into a fetal position on the couch.

Denise sits next to her, watching Michael as he flips through Jennifer's notebook.

ON THE NOTEBOOK -

The pages are mostly filled with handwriting, but near the back there are drawings and diagrams.

48 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

Richard and Ray, guns held tightly in their hands, make their way through the darkness.

Ray looks around, confused.

RAY  
Haven't we already been through here?

Richard nods.

RICHARD  
I think so. This place is like a  
maze.

DRIP.

Richard and Ray stop, listening.

DRIP. The sound comes again, from behind the closed door to the study.

RAY  
What's that?

Richard motions for Ray to follow him. They approach the door. Richard pushes it open with the barrel of his gun.

49 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

49

Ray and Richard step into the room, eyes widening.

RICHARD  
Oh, my God.

Hanging on the wall, drenched in his own blood, is Donny.

RAY  
What the fuck?! What the fuck?! What  
the actual fuck?!

Richard hurries to Donny and feels for a pulse on his wrist.

RICHARD  
He's dead.

RAY  
You don't fucking say?! Where's his  
God-damned eye?!

Ray trembles, staring at the macabre sight before him. Richard moves to him, placing his large hands on his shoulder, trying to calm him down.

RICHARD  
Ray. Listen to me. Calm down.

RAY  
Calm down? He killed Donny!

RICHARD  
I know. But, you have to listen. I'm  
going to go back get Mikey. I need  
you to keep looking for a way out.  
Okay?

Ray shakes his head.

RAY

No way, Rich. I don't want to go alone.

RICHARD

Ray, I need you to man up, and keep looking. I won't be gone for long, okay?

Ray nods.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Good boy. Now, let's go.

50 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

50

Michael continues to read the journal.

Richard suddenly rushes into the room, his eyes full of panic.

Michael jumps up, startled. Jennifer stirs.

RICHARD

Mikey, we have to get out of here.

MICHAEL

What's going on?!

Richard pulls Michael away from Jennifer and Denise.

RICHARD

Donnie's dead.

Michael's eyes widen.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

RICHARD

Dead! The bastard killed him!

MICHAEL

WHAT?!

Richard nods.

RICHARD

Yeah. So, what we need to do, is figure out how to get out of this fucking place.

Michael's eyes widen.

MICHAEL  
The notebook!

RICHARD  
Notebook?

Michael grabs Jennifer's notebook and flips it to the drawings and diagrams, holding them out for Jennifer to see.

MICHAEL  
Jennifer? What are these?

JENNIFER  
Tunnels. Through the house. At least,  
I think they are. I've never seen  
them.

Denise glares at Jennifer.

DENISE  
What are you doing? Don't help them.

Richard takes the book from Michael, looking at the drawings. He looks to Jennifer.

RICHARD  
How would you know about them if  
you've never seen them?

JENNIFER  
Because I've heard him. In the walls.

Richard nods.

RICHARD  
Ray and I heard something in the  
walls, earlier.

MICHAEL  
Where is Ray?

RICHARD  
He's still looking for a way out.

MICHAEL  
You let him go alone?!

RICHARD  
Yes, I let him go alone! Do you have  
to question everything I do?!

MICHAEL  
Rich, calm down.

RICHARD

Don't tell me to calm down! You  
didn't see -

Michael frowns. Richard is legitimately frightened.

MICHAEL

We have to keep our shit together  
long enough to figure a way out.

Michael turns to Jennifer.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What about these secret tunnels? How  
do we get in?

JENNIFER

I never found a way. I've tried, but  
John controls every lock on every  
door, so it wouldn't matter, anyway.

RICHARD

Mikey, see if you can figure it out.  
Maybe there's a secret door or access  
panel. I'm gonna go find Ray and  
bring him back here.

51 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

51

Ray nervously moves down the hallway, his pistol trembling  
in his hand.

RAY

(to self)

This ain't worth it. He can keep the  
goddamn art.

Behind Ray, Hammerick emerges from behind one of the closed  
doors to a bedroom.

HAMMERICK

I didn't peg you for the type to give  
up so easily, Ray. Tsk. Tsk.

Ray gasps, turning quickly.

Hammerick is GONE.

RAY

Where the fuck are you?

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

Everywhere.

Ray jumps, turning again. Hammerick is no where in sight.

RAY

Leave me alone, man. I don't want  
your shit, anymore.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

My 'shit' is quite valuable. Are you  
sure?

Ray's eyes dart back and forth. He backs up, his back  
hitting a door. He fumbles for the knob and opens it,  
falling back.

52 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DENISE'S ROOM - NIGHT

52

Ray tumbles into Denise's room. He scrambles to his feet,  
slamming the door shut.

He backs away, expectantly pointing the gun at the door. He  
goes backwards until he can go no further, bumping into a  
dresser along the wall. He turns.

A face stares at him in the darkness.

Ray jumps, letting out a cry, before realizing -

IT'S HIS OWN REFLECTION in a television screen. Ray  
nervously laughs. He leans in close, looking at his wounded  
face.

The TV suddenly comes on. Hammerick's face fills the screen.

HAMMERICK

Such a shame.

Ray's eyes widen.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

A fine looking man with such handsome  
features left mangled. And over what?  
A few paintings.

Ray shakes, his body overcome with fear. He can't even move.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

I do admire a man who takes pride in  
their appearance. But, if you don't  
mind me saying so, your hair is  
looking a little rough around the  
edges.

Ray frowns. The TV shuts off.

Behind Ray, Hammerick's face appears in the TV screen's reflection.

HAMMERICK

How about a trim?

In the screen's reflection, Ray's eyes lock with Hammerick's as he raises a large curved blade.

CUT TO:

53 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

53

Richard makes his way through a massive trophy room, filled with exotic stuffed animals of all kinds. Slivers of moonlight through curtained windows cast eerie shadows.

RICHARD

Ray?

Silence.

Richard presses on, slowly, passing each animal. The sound of a DOOR closing softly causes him to turn.

Richard cries out. A snarling MANDRILL mounted on a tree limb, is only inches from his face.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Fucking hell!

A flat screen TV mounted on the wall blink on, revealing Hammerick's smiling face.

HAMMERICK

Impressive, aren't they? Though, quite fragile. So, please do exercise caution.

RICHARD

Listen, we didn't mean to cause any harm. Just let us out of here, and we'll forget the whole thing.

HAMMERICK

You actually thought I would let you go.

RICHARD

You son of a bitch.



HAMMERICK

I'm not really a man who forgets, Richie. Honestly, did you think I was just going to let you come in and steal from me? That's rather foolish of you.

RICHARD

Please! Just let us out!

HAMMERICK

If you really want out, you're going to have to find me, first. Because I'm the only one with the code. And look hard, Richard. You never know. I might just be right under your feet.

Hammerick smiles and the TV screen blinks off.

Richard's brow furrows as he thinks.

RICHARD

Under my feet?

Richard looks down at the floor. His eyes widen with understanding.

RICHARD (cont'd)

The basement...

54 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

54

Michael flips through the notebook.

Ray groans in pain as stumbles into the room, blood running down from his SCALPED HEAD.

Michael looks up, eyes wide with horror.

MICHAEL

Ray!

Ray groans in pain, falling to his knees. Michael drops the notebook and rushes to his side, helping him to stand. He leads him to a chair.

Denise watches with wicked delight, smiling.

DENISE

Love the hair-do.

RAY  
(weak)  
Fuck you, bitch.

MICHAEL  
What the hell happened?

RAY  
Big knife. Really big knife.

Michael looks around for something to stop the bleeding.

MICHAEL  
Oh, Jesus, I need...something...

Jennifer, a worried look on her face, speaks up.

JENNIFER  
Michael. Tear a piece of my gown off.  
Use it to stop the bleeding.

Michael acts fast, tearing a large piece off from the bottom hem of Jennifer's gown. He holds it against Ray's head. Ray winces.

MICHAEL  
Sorry.

RAY  
Oh, God. It hurts so bad.

MICHAEL  
Just calm down. It could be worse.

Ray glares at Michael.

RAY  
Worse? You can see my brain!

MICHAEL  
No. You can't.

Denise watches intently.

DENISE  
It would be better if you could.

RAY  
Fuck off...

Michael glances towards the entrance to the living room.

MICHAEL  
Ray, where's my brother?

RAY  
Fuck, I don't know.

MICHAEL  
He went for looking for you.

RAY  
Well, he didn't find me. So...

Concern clouds Michael's face.

55 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

55

Richard moves slowly, shining a flashlight in the dark. The beam illuminates the dead-end wall ahead.

What before looked like a solid wall, there is now a faint glow illuminating the outline of a secret door, partially opened.

Richard smiles.

RICHARD  
Gotcha', asshole.

56 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - SECRET BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

56

A single, low-watt bulb illuminates the room, leaving corners in shadow.

Richard shines his flashlight around the room.

Newspaper clippings have been tacked to the wall. All headlines about the "NEW ENGLAND NIGHTMARE".

On shelves, there are random articles of clothing, locks of hair, photographs of various women - all dead.

Richard looks around in horror. He staggers backwards, turning. The flashlight beam shines brightly on -

THE DECAPITATED HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN, mounted on the wall. Her dead eyes stare straight at Richard.

Richard drops his gun and flashlight, doubling over. He retches.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
I see you've met my trophy wife.

Richard jerks upright and spins.

Hammerick stands there, back-lit by the single bulb. His face is dark, twisted into an evil sneer.

HAMMERICK

Not that we were ever actually married. But, she gave great head. Still does.

Hammerick laughs.

Richard swallows hard, fear taking hold.

RICHARD

You...you're...you're HIM.

HAMMERICK

Him? You make me sound like I'm the Boogeyman, or something. Please, call me John.

RICHARD

You're the New England Nightmare.

Hammerick frowns.

HAMMERICK

I would have preferred a more poetic sobriquet, but alas...

Richard looks down at his gun on the floor. Inches towards it.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

You'd better hope you can grab that gun before I can. I must warn you, though... I'm fast.

Richard holds his hands up, taking a step back.

RICHARD

Look. This was all a mistake.

HAMMERICK

On that we definitely agree, Richie.

RICHARD

Please... Let us out. We won't say anything. I swear.

HAMMERICK

(loudly)

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, YOU PETTY FUCK! THERE IS NO WAY OUT!

Richard shakes uncontrollably. Hammerick smiles.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
You broke into the wrong house,  
asshole. Now, you know my dirty  
little secret. So, I'm going to kill  
you. And your partners. What's left  
of them, anyway.

Hammerick laughs.

Suddenly finding a reserve of courage, Richard DIVES at Hammerick. Hammerick effortlessly side-steps the charge and drives Richard to the floor. He retrieves the flashlight.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
I should have warned you, Richie. I  
never have played nice with others.

Hammerick brings the flashlight down hard against Richard's head with a loud CRACK.

CUT TO:

57 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

57

Ray sits in the chair, still holding the blood-soaked piece of gown over his head.

Michael checks his gun, then places it on the table next to Jennifer's notebook.

MICHAEL  
Jennifer? Right?

Jennifer looks at him, eyes glazed.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
You're his wife, right.

JENNIFER  
In name, at least.

MICHAEL  
How did you get involved with someone  
like...him? Why did you stay?

JENNIFER  
I didn't have a choice. He didn't  
give me a choice.

Michael frowns.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
Especially after I got pregnant.

Michael looks to Denise. She smiles at him, winking one eye.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
He told me that it changed everything  
and that he would have to keep me.  
And, he did.

MICHAEL  
For 16 years? Locked away?

JENNIFER  
He's a man of his word, I suppose.

MICHAEL  
Why?

Jennifer shrugs.

JENNIFER  
Because he likes to own things. He's  
very fond of his possessions. Like  
the art you came to steal.

Michael looks away, fighting shame.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, well, he stole it, first.

The large, flat screen TV on the wall suddenly comes to  
life. Hammerick's smiling face fills the screen.

HAMMERICK  
Does that make it right?

All eyes avert to the television.

MICHAEL  
According to my rule book, it does.

HAMMERICK  
You go by an interesting set of  
rules, Mikey. Then again, so do I.

MICHAEL  
Good for you.

HAMMERICK  
That's rather rude.

Michael sneers at the television.

MICHAEL

Sorry. Guess I'm not used to dealing with a psychopath.

Hammerick laughs.

HAMMERICK

You grew up with your brother, so I'm certain you can handle it.

MICHAEL

Where is he?

HAMMERICK

Oh, he's just a little tied up, at the moment.

MICHAEL

TELL ME!

HAMMERICK

Testy, aren't we? Perhaps, a nice meal would do you some good. Hmm?

Ray, weakened from blood loss, lazily looks up.

RAY

I could eat.

HAMMERICK

Wonderful. That settles it, then. How about pizza?

The television screen flips from a view of Hammerick's face to a security camera view of the driveway.

Michael watches intently as a vehicle pulls up, headlights shining brightly.

RAY

What the hell?

On the TV screen, LISA, 19, a delivery driver, with a hat and a shirt displaying a restaurant logo, steps out of the vehicle, holding a stack of three pizza boxes.

MICHAEL

Someone's here!

On the screen, the Lisa approaches the garage door as it slides open.

RAY

That's our chance.

MICHAEL

What?

RAY

When that door opens, we could get out.

Ray rises, and takes off running

MICHAEL

Ray! Wait!

DENISE

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

On the TV screen, Lisa walks across the garage, towards the back door.

58 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT 58

Ray moves across the room, glancing up at the television screen, which shows us -

Lisa pushes the doorbell button on the wall.

A loud BUZZER sounds out.

Ray quickens his pace.

59 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT 59

Lisa waits at the door, looking over her shoulder at the cars parked behind her in the garage. She pushes the doorbell button again.

60 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MUDROOM - NIGHT 60

The loud BUZZER sounds out once more.

Ray rushes into the room, moving for the back door. Just a little further, and he's there.

Suddenly, an arm shoots out from the shadows on Ray's right side, clothes-lining him.

61 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT 61

A loud THUD sounds out from the other side of the door. Lisa frowns.



LISA  
Is everything okay in there?

62 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MUDROOM - NIGHT

62

Hammerick steps out of the shadows, looking calmly down at Ray who lies unconscious on the floor.

HAMMERICK  
Nice try, Ray.

Hammerick pushes Ray's body out of the way with his foot and opens the door.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Hello, there.

The delivery driver, a concerned look on her face, stares at Hammerick.

LISA  
Oh...hi. I...uh...Are you alright?

Hammerick smiles.

HAMMERICK  
I'll be even better once I get my pizzas.

LISA  
Oh, yeah. Of course. I'm sorry.  
You're John, right?

HAMMERICK  
Hammerick. Yes. What's your name?

LISA  
Um, it's Lisa.

HAMMERICK  
Pretty name for a pretty girl.

Lisa blushes, looking down at the ticket taped to the top pizza box.

LISA  
Three large pizzas? Two pepperoni?  
One all meat? Is this all for you?

HAMMERICK  
As much as I love pizza, no. I'm  
having a few friends for dinner.

Lisa smiles.

LISA  
Right. Well, here you go, John  
Hammerick.

Lisa hands the pizzas to to Hammerick.

LISA (cont'd)  
That will be \$56.50.

Hammerick reaches into his pocket and pulls out a one-hundred dollar bill. He hands it to Lisa.

HAMMERICK  
Here you go. Keep the change.

LISA  
Oh, wow! Thank you!

HAMMERICK  
It's my pleasure, Lisa.

Hammerick winks at Lisa. She starts to turn, then stops and looks back.

LISA  
You have a really nice house, by the way.

HAMMERICK  
Thank you. Perhaps sometime you can come back for a tour.

LISA  
I'd love that.

HAMMERICK  
I must warn you. Once I get you inside, I might never let you go.

Lisa giggles.

LISA  
Have a good night.

HAMMERICK  
You too.

Hammerick closes the door and looks down at Ray lying on the floor.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
I don't know about you, but I'm  
starving.

CUT TO:

63 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

63

Jennifer, Denise, and Michael wait anxiously in the living room.

MICHAEL  
Where the hell is he?

DENISE  
Who cares?

Hammerick's voice comes over the speakers.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
Dinner is served!

CUT TO:

64 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

64

Michael, Jennifer, and Denise enter the dark dining room to find Ray slumped in a chair at the head of the table. The three pizza boxes have been opened in front of him.

MICHAEL  
Ray?

Ray stirs, groggily raising his head.

RAY  
What the hell happened?

Hammerick's voice sounds loudly through the hidden speakers.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
Please, everyone. Have a seat. As you  
can see, Ray has already arrived. I  
only hope he's saved you some pizza.

Michael leads Jennifer and Denise to their chair.

HAMMERICK (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Michael, would you be a gentleman and  
remove the binding from my wife and  
daughter's wrists so that they can  
eat?

Michael rises and moves to Jennifer. He leans over and removes the tape from Jennifer's wrists. Her eyes meet his.

JENNIFER

Thank you.

Denise watches with disgust. Michael comes to her and leans down to remove the tape from her wrists.

DENISE

I saw the way you looked at my mother. She's taken, you know.

MICHAEL

I...uh...I know.

RAY

What the hell are you doing?

Michael pulls back, looking towards Ray.

MICHAEL

I'm untying them. They're not a threat.

RAY

How do you know that?

Orchestral music suddenly fills the room, loudly coming through the speakers.

As the music quiets -

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

Attention everyone! The show is about to begin!

RAY

What's he talking about?

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

I promised you a feast, and a feast you shall have! A FEAST FOR YOUR EYES! Mikey, shed some light on the situation and open the curtains!

Michael approaches the heavy curtains draped in front of the large picture windows. He pulls them back, revealing through the glass - THE PATIO AWASH IN LIGHT.

Michael's eyes widen.

Outside, Richie is bound to a patio chair. Bloodied, and barely conscious, his head droops slightly.

Behind Richie stands Hammerick, a wireless earbud in one ear.

MICHAEL

Richie!

Michael BANGS his hands hard against the window.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You son of a bitch!

Ray and Jennifer rush to the window, looking out as the scene unfolds. Denise casually takes a slice of pizza from one of the pizza boxes on the table and joins them.

Hammerick bends, reaching for something behind Richard's chair. He rises, revealing A GASOLINE CANISTER. He begins pouring it over Richard's body.

RAY

No way, man! What the fuck are you doing?!

Hammerick smiles as he douses Richard with gasoline. The orchestral continues to play.

MICHAEL

Please! STOP!

Hammerick takes a cigarette and places it in Richard's mouth. He pulls a lighter from his pocket.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Don't do this! Richie!

HAMMERICK

I think it's okay. We're outside, after all. Though, someone should tell him, cigarettes are bad for his health. They'll kill him, one day.

Hammerick lights the cigarette. It dangles precariously in Richard's lips.

JENNIFER

No!

Jennifer turns away, pressing her face into Michael's chest.

Ray trembles, staring with unbelieving eyes.

Denise steps closer to the window, mesmerized by what's unfolding on the patio. She takes a bite of her pizza slice.

The cigarette drops from Richard's lips and onto his gasoline soaked lap. It ignites instantly. Richard's eyes flutter open...

65 EXT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - PATIO - NIGHT

65

Through the window - Michael, Jennifer, Ray, and Denise watch wide-eyed as FLAMES IGNITE OFF SCREEN, casting an orange glow across their faces.

The terror in their eyes - and the glee in Denise's - tells us of the horror that is unfolding out of our view.

Richard screams in terror and pain.

Hammerick sways back and forth, his hands raised like a conductor, as he sings loudly.

HAMMERICK

(singing)

"Ah, watch out. You might get what you're after. Cool babies. Strange but not a stranger. I'm an ordinary guy...Burning down the house!"

Hammerick's eyes glow with an almost orgasmic luster.

66 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

66

Denise watches in fascination, continuing to eat her pizza.

HAMMERICK

I bet you he was a hit in prison.  
He's a real flamer.

Hammerick laughs hysterically.

MICHAEL

You son of a bitch!

Michael pulls out his gun and shoots at the window. Bullets RICOCHET around the room.

The music stops.

Hammerick moves slowly towards the window, staring at Ray and Michael with emotionless eyes.

HAMMERICK

If you haven't figured it out, yet,  
It should be very apparent to you,  
now. I'll never let you leave. And, I  
won't allow you to live, either.

The lights extinguish, plummeting the patio into DARKNESS.

67 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

67

Michael, holding Jennifer upright, rushes into the room.  
Tears stream down his face. Ray follows, fighting back the  
urge to vomit.

Denise gingerly walks in behind them, smiling happily.

Michael helps Jennifer to sit on the couch. She shakes her  
head, mascara tears running from her eyes.

JENNIFER

I'm so...sorry, Michael.

Michael screams in rage.

MICHAEL

I swear to God I'll blow his head  
off!

Denise glares at Michael.

DENISE

Not if he kills you first.

Ray lunges at Denise, wrapping one hand around her neck.

RAY

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Denise pulls free from Ray's grasp, pushing him away.

DENISE

Nothing is wrong with me! You're the  
crazy ones if you think you can get  
out of this, alive.

Michael angrily kicks the nightstand. It topples over.

MICHAEL

We WILL get out of here.

Michael looks to Jennifer.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

All of us.

JENNIFER

Don't worry about me. Just get Denise out. Take her as far away from this house as you can.

DENISE

Maybe I don't want to leave.

Jennifer starts to cry again.

JENNIFER

I can't believe this. I can't believe what he's done.

RAY

Are you really surprised?

JENNIFER

Yes! I knew he was possessive. I didn't know he was a...

Jennifer reaches out and takes Michael's hand.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I'm so sorry about your brother.

MICHAEL

We shouldn't have come here. I should have talked him out of it. This is my fault.

JENNIFER

It's not your fault.

DENISE

It is your fault, Mike. You killed your brother.

Suddenly, Jennifer slaps Denise hard across the face. Denise reels from the impact, glaring at her.

JENNIFER

What's wrong with you?!

DENISE

You're going to regret that, Mother.

Denise turns away, sulking like a child.



MICHAEL

We can't just stand around while he plays his twisted fucking game. We have to find one of the access panels or secret tunnels.

RAY

We already looked. It didn't go so well.

Ray points to his head.

RAY (cont'd)

Way I see it, we only have one sure fire way out of this.

Ray raises his pistol.

Michael reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his cellphone. He looks at the screen, thinking.

DENISE

It's no use. The house is bricked.

MICHAEL

Maybe so, but...

Michael approaches Ray and whispers into his ear.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(whispering)

If he's got this whole house wired, he's got to be on some kind of a network, right?

RAY

(whispering)

Like WiFi or something?

Michael nods.

Denise looks at the men, suspicion in her eyes.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

I can crack any system. Including his. I just need to get into my bag and get somewhere private...

RAY

(whispering)

That bitch said the bathrooms are private.

Michael nods. He rises to stand and steps away from Ray.

Denise approaches Ray.

DENISE

What were you boys talking about?

RAY

None of you business.

DENISE

Friends don't keep secrets.

RAY

Oh, yeah? Who says we're friends.

Denise smiles seductively.

DENISE

We could be.

Michael glances back, making sure Denise is preoccupied.

He kneels at his duffel bag. He reaches in and grabs his tablet, stuffing it under his shirt, and also grabs a small block device that he puts into his pocket.

Michael glances up at Jennifer, who knowingly watches him; a slight smile on her face.

Michael starts to walk past Denise and Ray. Denise notices, appraising Michael with a scowl.

DENISE (cont'd)

Where are you going?

MICHAEL

I have to take a leak.

Michael leaves the room.

68 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

68

As Michael moves through the foyer, a THUMP cause him to look up.

A chandelier hangs 15 feet above. Just above that, a SMALL BIRD flutters as it THUMPS against the pane of a slightly opened SKYLIGHT.

Michael smiles and moves on.

69 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

69

Michael enters the room, quickly closing the door behind him. He locks it.

He turns the sink faucet on, running at full blast.

Retrieving the tablet from his shirt, he sits on the toilet and unlocks the screen. He begins tapping at it with his finger.

MICHAEL

(to self)

Okay. Devices? Devices? A-ha. Devices found. Network Secure...Not for long.

Michael types furiously on the tablet screen. Waits.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Dammit.

Michael types at the screen again. Smiles.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Yes! Got you, you son of a bitch.

Michael pulls his cellphone from his pocket and holds it next to the tablet. He taps the screen.

ON PHONE SCREEN -

A message appears. "Pairing Complete".

CUT TO:

70 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

70

Jennifer sits curled up on the couch. Denise sits next to her.

Ray stands, looking at his reflection in the mirror, grimacing.

Michael returns. Ray looks towards him, with questioning eyes. Michael nods.

Ray walks towards Michael.

RAY

(whispering)

Okay. What's the plan?

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
I know the way out? We go UP.

Ray frowns, confused.

RAY  
(whispering)  
Up?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
That's right. Up and out.

RAY  
(whispering)  
I don't get it.

AN EAR-PIECING, ELECTRONIC SCREECH sounds out from the speakers. Michael and Ray cringe, covering their ears with their hands.

The large TV flashes to life, revealing Hammerick's face.

HAMMERICK  
What exactly are you boys up to? It's  
not nice to keep sec-

MICHAEL  
Fuck you.

Michael raises his pistol and fires at the TV screen. It EXPLODES. He turns his attention back to Ray.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
That felt good.

RAY  
What do you mean, up and out?

MICHAEL  
In the foyer. There's a skylight.

RAY  
Show me.

Michael leads Ray out of the room. Behind them, Jennifer rises from the couch. She kneels and picks up Richard's dropped knife from earlier. She folds it into her nightgown.

71 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

71

Michael and Ray look up to the skylight.

RAY  
(whispering)  
Up there?

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
That's right.

RAY  
(whispering)  
That's at least twenty feet.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Maybe even thirty.

RAY  
(whispering)  
So, how do you expect to get up  
there?

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
I'm not. You are.

RAY  
(whispering)  
Excuse me?!

Michael motions for Ray to follow him out of the foyer.

72 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

72

Michael and Ray move down the hallway, continuing to talk in urgent whispers.

RAY  
(whispering)  
Do I look like a monkey to you? How  
am I gonna do that?

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Use the chandelier chain. I don't  
think it will hold me.

Hammerick's voice BOOMS through speakers in the ceiling.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
Won't you speak a little louder? I  
can't hear you!

MICHAEL  
Good!

Michael aims his pistol upwards at a speaker cover in the ceiling and shoots it.

73 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

73

Michael and Ray cut into the dining room. Conversation continues in low voices.

RAY  
How exactly am I supposed to get to  
the chain?

MICHAEL  
Start on the landing of the stairs.  
Get to the chandelier and shimmy up  
to the skylight.

RAY  
Okay. Then what?

MICHAEL  
Call someone. Anyone.

RAY  
The fucking cops?

MICHAEL  
Just get whoever you can.

RAY  
Right. How am I gonna get to the  
light?

MICHAEL  
Can you jump?

RAY  
What if I miss?! I'll die.

MICHAEL  
If you try to get out, you'll die  
anyway. Just do it. Meanwhile, I'm  
gonna find our gracious host, and  
make sure this his last fucking night  
on earth.

74 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - NIGHT

74

Hammerick watches the monitor screens intently. He presses a button and enlarges the camera view of the main hallway.

ON THE SCREEN -

Michael and Ray emerge from the dining room. Ray walks back towards the living room. Michael moves in the other direction.

BACK TO SCENE -

Hammerick glares at the screen with concern.

HAMMERICK

Just where are you going, Mikey?

75 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

75

Jennifer and Denise sit alone in the room. Jennifer looks at Denise warily.

DENISE

Isn't this exciting? Father defending us like that?

Jennifer grabs Denise by the shoulders.

JENNIFER

He's not defending us! That was murder!

Denise shakes free and pushes Jennifer away. She stands.

DENISE

Those men broke into our house! They deserve what they get.

JENNIFER

This isn't a house. Don't you understand? It's a prison.

Denise frowns.

DENISE

You just don't love Daddy anymore. Maybe you just want to run away with Michael and leave me behind? Is that it?

Jennifer looks at Denise, stunned.

JENNIFER  
I'd never leave you.

CUT TO:

76 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT 76

Ray nervously enters the foyer. He begins to climb the stairs, looking up past the chandelier to the skylight.

RAY  
Oh, boy.

77 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - NIGHT 77

Hammerick watches the monitor screen, focusing on Ray in the foyer.

HAMMERICK  
What exactly are you up to, my friend?

78 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 78

Michael enters the bathroom. He locks the door and pulls out his cellphone.

MICHAEL  
Time to fuck some shit up.

Michael taps the cellphone screen.

79 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 79

Ray reaches the top landing of the staircase. He looks up at the skylight again.

80 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - NIGHT 80

Hammerick watches, leaning close to the monitors.

HAMMERICK  
What's so interesting up - ?

THE MONITORS GO BLANK.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
What?!



The lights around him GO OUT, plunging him into total darkness.

A back-up emergency spotlight comes on, illuminating the room. Hammerick frantically presses buttons, but the monitors remain off.

"WE RUN" by Strange Advance suddenly BLARES through speakers over Hammerick's head.

81 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

81

The lights go out, including the chandelier. An emergency light shines brightly from the foyer below. The song continues playing through speakers.

Ray takes a deep breath.

RAY  
Here goes nothing.

Ray starts to climb up on the landing.

82 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

82

Michael works on his tablet.

ON THE SCREEN -

"DAGGER FILE - TRANSFER COMPLETE"

BACK TO SCENE -

MICHAEL  
Yes!

Michael tucks the tablet back under his shirt and moves out of the bathroom.

83 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

83

Michael moves down the hallway. He pulls out his phone and holds it up so that the camera faces him.

84 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - NIGHT

84

Hammerick works on a laptop, frantically typing as he tries to reboot the system.

One of the security monitors FLASHES ON. Hammerick looks up to see Michael's face staring back at him.

MICHAEL

Still want in on that secret, you  
fucking psycho?

Hammerick's eyes narrow to thin slits.

HAMMERICK

Well, well. Aren't you full of  
surprises?

Hammerick rubs the scar on his forehead.

MICHAEL

How does it feel to know we beat you,  
you pathetic little man?

Hammerick reaches into a desk drawer and pulls out an  
ETHERNET cable. He connects it to the laptop.

The computer screen flashes, then begins displaying a status  
list of the programs controlling the system.

Hammerick types, smiling.

85 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

85

Michael stops walking when the music suddenly stops playing  
from the hidden speakers. He frowns.

A LARGE SCREEN ON THE WALL COMES TO LIFE. Hammerick's face  
appears.

HAMMERICK

Nice try, Mikey.

MICHAEL

What? No!

Michael begins tapping at his phone.

Hammerick smiles on the screen.

HAMMERICK

Honestly. All I had to do was cut the  
WiFi and now you're out of the loop.

MICHAEL

How?

HAMMERICK

Silly boy. I still have hard-wired control over EVERYTHING. And don't worry. I already changed the Wi-Fi access to something you don't have to hack.

Michael glares at the TV screen.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

Don't look so upset, Mikey. It was a solid plan. But as they say, "Man plans, God laughs."

MICHAEL

You're not a God. You're a fucking monster.

Hammerick shrugs.

HAMMERICK

Some might argue that it's the same thing.

Michael pulls the tablet from under his shirt. He taps on the screen.

ON THE SCREEN -

"DAGGER FILE - AUTO EXECUTE - 15 MINUTES"

CUT TO:

86 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

86

Ray shakily starts to stand on the railing, but his foot slips and he falters slightly.

He cries out as he falls back onto the landing.

87 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - NIGHT

87

Hammerick turns his attention to a monitor showing Ray in the upstairs hallway.

ON THE SCREEN -

Ray begins to rise.

HAMMERICK

(to self)

Well, what do we have here?

88 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

88

Michael looks down at the tablet.

ON THE SCREEN -

"DAGGER FILE - AUTO EXECUTE - 10 MINUTES"

BACK TO SCENE -

Michael looks up at the television screen.

MICHAEL

I'm going to kill you, no matter what  
it takes.

HAMMERICK

I'm sure you'll give it your best  
effort. But, until then, you'll have  
to excuse me. I think a little birdie  
is trying to escape.

The TV screen suddenly goes BLANK.

Michael frowns.

MICHAEL

A birdie? (pause) Oh, shit! Ray!

89 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAWN

89

Ray rises, looking up through the skylight as night starts  
to give way to morning. He places trembling hands on the  
stair case railing.

RAY

Come on, Ray. You can do this.

HAMMERICK

I don't think you can.

Ray's eyes widen. He turns around and SCREAMS.

Hammerick stands directly behind him, smiling wickedly.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)

You know, I never thought that  
skylight would pose a problem. Who  
knew? The devil is in the details, I  
suppose.

Ray steps back, his backside pressed firmly against the  
staircase railing.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
What's the matter, Ray? Are you  
frightened of me?

Hammerick reaches behind his back and pulls out the curved  
blade, still covered in Ray's dried blood.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Because you should be.

RAY  
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

Hammerick steps closer, the blade glinting in his hand.

HAMMERICK  
I just feel terrible about that hack  
job on your head. I think I can fix  
it though. Let's just....TAKE IT ALL  
OFF.

Hammerick raises the knife.

Ray cries out, leaning back so far that he teeters over the  
edge of the railing.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Oh, look. The baby bird is trying to  
fly. How marvelous!

Ray screams, his hands frantically trying to grasp air, and  
he plummets over the railing.

90 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - DAWN

90

Michael RUSHES into the foyer just as Ray's body HITS the  
floor.

Ray's body bounces once, then comes to rest in a broken,  
bloody pile.

Hammerick laughs sadistically from the landing above.

MICHAEL  
You bastard!

HAMMERICK  
Hardly! Who do you think taught me to  
kill? My father was the best!

Michael drops to his knees at Ray's side, a puddle of blood  
growing around him.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
Honestly, I give him a 7.5. His  
dismount was sloppy, but I LOVED the  
landing.

Michael pulls his pistol from his pocket and points it up at  
the landing but -

HAMMERICK IS GONE.

91 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

91

Michael somberly carries Ray's body into the room, cradling  
it in his arms. He lowers Ray onto the floor. Tears rolls  
down his cheeks.

He looks around and realizes...Jennifer and Denise are GONE.

MICHAEL  
Jennifer? (beat) Denise?

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
You two seem to have grown close in  
such a short time together.

Michael's eyes turn to the shattered TV screen, where  
Hammerick's voice emanates from the speakers.

HAMMERICK (O.S.) (cont'd)  
First, you break into my home. Then,  
you steal my art, and now my wife.

Michael glares at the broken TV screen.

MICHAEL  
She's not your wife. She's your  
prisoner.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
I never have liked to hang my hat on  
technicalities.

MICHAEL  
Where are they?

Hammerick chuckles.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
If you want them, come find them.

92 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - DAWN 92

Michael's tablet lies on the ground.

ON THE SCREEN -

"DAGGER FILE - AUTO EXECUTE IN 2 MINUTES"

93 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - FOYER - DAWN 93

Glass crunches under Michael's feet as he enters the space.  
A loud THUMP comes from upstairs.

Michael looks up the staircase and takes off running, two steps at a time.

94 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAWN 94

Michael holds his pistol up in front of him, both hands keeping it steady, as he peers around the corner. He looks down the dark hallway.

MICHAEL

Jennifer? (beat) Denise?

No answer.

Ahead, in the darkness, a door SLAMS. Michael tenses, the gun shaking in his hands.

He steps cautiously further into the hallway.

MUFFLED SOUNDS come from behind a closed door at the end of the hallway...Denise's room.

Michael reaches the door and turns the knob slowly. It opens slowly. With a deep breath, he enters.

95 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DENISE'S ROOM - DAWN 95

Michael enters the room to find Denise sitting at her vanity, brushing her hair. He points the gun at Denise.

MICHAEL

Where is she?

DENISE

Where is 'who'?

MICHAEL  
Don't play dumb. Where's Jennifer?  
Where's your mother?

Denise rolls her eyes.

DENISE  
He took her.

MICHAEL  
Where?

Denise points to her walk-in closet, the door half open.  
Michael approaches slowly. He nudges the door the rest of  
the way open with his foot, gun aimed.

THE CLOSET IS EMPTY. No sign of life. Only an OPEN HATCH on  
the floor beneath racks of clothes.

96 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DENISE'S CLOSET - DAWN 96

Michael edges to the hatch and aims his gun down into the  
darkness.

A metal ladder drops down a shaft.

MICHAEL  
Where does this lead?

97 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DENISE'S ROOM - DAWN 97

Denise shrugs.

Michael steps out of the closet.

MICHAEL  
Where did they go?

DENISE  
I don't know. Honestly.

Michael grabs Denise roughly by the arm and pulls her away  
from the vanity and to her feet. Her eyes widen as she spins  
to face him. She smiles, slightly.

MICHAEL  
You're coming with me. It's safer.

DENISE  
Is it, now?

Michael leads Denise out of the room.



98 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - DAWN 98

The tablet on the floor now reads -

"DAGGER FILE - AUTO EXECUTE IN 0 MINUTES, 56 SEC"

99 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MUDROOM - DAWN 99

Michael leads Denise to the back door to the garage.

MICHAEL

Stay here and wait for me. Okay?

Denise smiles coyly.

DENISE

Whatever you say.

Michael walks out of the room.

100 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DINING ROOM - DAWN 100

Michael enters the room, holding the gun in front of him. He freezes, for standing on the other side of the room is -

HAMMERICK. He holds Jennifer firmly against the front of his body, the massive curved blade held at her throat.

HAMMERICK

Well, this doesn't seem fair, now does it? You brought a gun to a knife fight.

MICHAEL

Let her go. This is between you and me.

HAMMERICK

Oh, quite the contrary.

MICHAEL

You won't hurt her. Denise needs her mother.

Hammerick tightens his grip on Jennifer, who winces as the knife presses closer against her throat.

HAMMERICK

Honestly, Denise is at an age that I don't think it matters much, anymore. Besides...

Hammerick traces the knife wound on Jennifer's cheek with his blade...reopening it. Blood oozes down her face.

HAMMERICK (cont'd)  
My perfect beauty has been ruined.  
Marred by another blade. I don't even  
think surgery could preserve her any  
longer.

101 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - MORNING 101

The tablet's screen displays -

"DAGGER FILE - AUTO EXECUTE IN 3 SECONDS"

The time counts down. 3. 2. 1.

A RED FLASHING MESSAGE APPEARS:

"EXECUTING"

102 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - MORNING 102

Hammerick's laptop screen is filled with the same red flashing message:

"EXECUTING"

One-by-one, systems statuses on the screen switch from "ACTIVE" to "FAILURE".

103 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - DINING ROOM - MORNING 103

A KLAXON alarm sounds out. Emergency lights begin to flash.

Hammerick, stunned, looks around. His grip on Jennifer loosens.

A war-cry suddenly erupts from within Jennifer's soul as she reaches up and drags her nails down Hammerick's face, leaving bloody trails across his cheek.

Hammerick cries out, fully releasing Jennifer from his grip.

HAMMERICK  
Bitch!

Michael pushes Jennifer behind him and raises his gun. He FIRES just as Hammerick ducks into the kitchen. Michael fires two more rounds through the wall.

Michael side-steps, peeking around the corner and into the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN IS EMPTY.

Michael lowers the gun and turns to Jennifer. Her nightgown is red with blood.

MICHAEL

Are you alright?

She tears another piece of the already shredded gown and holds it over her cheek.

JENNIFER

I'm fine. Let's go!

104 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MUDROOM - MORNING

104

Michael and Jennifer approach the back door.

DENISE IS GONE.

MICHAEL

SHIT! Where the hell is she?!

JENNIFER

He probably took her. We have to go back.

MICHAEL

Fuck! Come on.

Michael leads Jennifer out of the mudroom.

105 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - HALLWAY - MORNING

105

The blaring alarm continues. Lights flash.

Michael and Jennifer search as they make their way down the hall.

MICHAEL

Denise?

No response.

JENNIFER

Denise!

Denise cries out, down the hallway.

DENISE

Mother!!

Jennifer and Michael's eyes widen. They take off, running.

106 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - BASEMENT LAIR - MORNING

106

As the alarm continues, Hammerick works frantically on the laptop.

In anger, he growls like a beast and HURLS the laptop against the wall. It shatters.

Hammerick closes his eyes and rubs the scar on his forehead, thinking. After a moment, his eyes open and he smiles.

He rises and moves to an open break panel on the wall and snaps several circuits to OFF.

The alarms STOPS. Flashing lights stop, leaving only a single light on.

Hammerick turns to his wall of WEAPONS.

107 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - TROPHY ROOM - MORNING

107

Michael and Jennifer enter the room, illuminated by a single remaining light that leaves most of the space in shadow.

Denise sits in a chair, staring at Michael and Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Are you okay? Did he hurt you?

DENISE

Of course not. I'm fine, Mother.

Michael looks around the room, searching.

MICHAEL

Where is he?

Denise looks up at Michael.

DENISE

I wouldn't tell you even if I knew.

Jennifer pushes past Michael and grabs Denise by the hair. She YANKS her up and to her feet.

JENNIFER

What's wrong with you?! Don't you want to get out of here?! He's trying to help us!

Denise spits in Jennifer's face. Jennifer recoils, letting go of Denise's hair.

DENISE

(hissing)

He's not trying to help us! He's using you for a hot piece off ass... and you want to give it to him!

Jennifer slaps Denise hard across the face, sending her flying back into the chair.

Hammerick's voice sounds out from the shadows of the room.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

Well this is an awkward situation, Mikey. Wouldn't you agree?

Michael pulls Jennifer close to him. They look around, trying to see in the darkness.

MICHAEL

It's over, Hammerick. Just let me take them and leave. You can have your fucking art.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)

I suppose I could do that, Mikey, but then again...As Yogi Berra says, "It's not over till it's Over."

Slight movement in the shadows to the left. Michael raises the gun, and FIRES once.

Stuffing from a stuffed create flies through the air.

HAMMERICK (O.S.) (cont'd)

You missed.

Michael turns, following the voice. He moves away from Jennifer, searching.

HAMMERICK (O.S.) (cont'd)

I must say, planting that computer virus was very nice work. It's funny, to be at such odds with either, we actually have a lot in common.

MICHAEL  
I'm nothing like you.

HAMMERICK (O.S.)  
Oh, I don't know. We're both driven  
individuals with killer instinct. You  
could a learn a lot from me.

Michael FIRES the gun twice, blindly sending bullets into  
the darkness.

HAMMERICK (O.S.) (cont'd)  
You should never sound shoot, Mikey.  
It's a waste of ammunition, and you  
never know what you might hit.

An AX comes slicing through the darkness behind Michael,  
whistling through the air.

Michael ducks. The blade passes over, only inches above.

Jennifer screams.

Michael turns back quickly, firing three quick shots, but  
HAMMERICK IS GONE.

JENNIFER  
Michael, are you okay?

MICHAEL  
Never better. Where'd he go?

JENNIFER  
I don't know.

Michael stands, gun raises. A SCREECHING sound, like metal  
being dragged across tile, cause him to turn.

NO ONE THERE.

Jennifer cries out. Michael turns quickly to find that  
Jennifer is gone.

MICHAEL  
Denise!

Denise remains calmly seated in her chair.

Behind her, Hammerick steps out from behind a mounted bear.  
Michael raises his gun.

Denise stands, right in the line of fire.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
What are you doing? Get down!

In Hammerick's hand is a massive AX.

HAMMERICK  
I know I know it's not a gun, but I  
figured this would even up the score.  
I know that axes aren't always  
popular weapons, but in the right  
hands, it can be very effective.

Hammerick raises the ax so that the blade catches the light,  
glinting.

Michael holds his gun steady.

MICHAEL  
DENISE! MOVE!

Hammerick lifts the ax and gently brushes Denise to the side  
with it.

Michael FIRES just as Hammerick starts to pull Jennifer out  
from behind of the stuffed bear, her hair twisted in his  
free hand.

Hammerick and Jennifer disappear behind the bear.

Denise's eyes widen.

Michael slowly approaches the bear, gun at the ready.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
You've done that trick already.

Another steps. Michael glances down to see a growing puddle  
of BLOOD under the bear.

Jennifer steps out, a victorious look on her face.

Hammerick follows, his face twisted in pain. In his neck,  
Jennifer's concealed KNIFE, buried all the way to the hilt.

Hammerick stays at Jennifer in disbelief, blood gurgling in  
his throat as he tries to speak. He reaches up and pulls the  
knife out. Blood spurts from his wound.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
Where'd you have that thing hiding?

JENNIFER  
I have my secrets, too.

Michael drops his gun and moves to meet Jennifer.

Suddenly, the ax comes whistling through the air and CHOPS DOWN into the back of Jennifer's head.

BLOOD SPATTERS across Denise's face and nightgown and her mother drops to the floor.

Hammerick, drenched in his own blood, stands there holding the handle of the ax tightly in his hands. He raises it again, ready to strike.

Michael DIVES in front of Denise as the blade comes down. It slices into Michael's shoulder, near the neck.

Michael lands on top of Jennifer's body. Hammerick, with ragged breaths, steps forward.

Hammerick raises the ax above his head, ready for another blow. Michael raises his gun and FIRES a single shot into Hammerick's chest.

The ax falls to the ground, as does Michael's gun. Both men stare at each other.

Finally, Hammerick collapses on top of Michael. They lie there in a single, crumpled heap.

HAMMERICK  
(gurgling)  
What a night, eh, Mikey?

Michael groans, weakening as blood spurts from his wound.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - MORNING

108

The center garage door slowly opens.

Denise stumbles out onto the driveway, covered in blood. She looks over to see -

TWO GARDENERS work to blow fallen leaves from the driveway near the road.

Denise walks towards them.

DISSOLVE TO:



109 EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

109

SUPERIMPOSE:

ONE YEAR LATER

The yellow sports car speeds down a winding seaside highway.

110 INT. YELLOW SPORTS CAR - MORNING

110

Denise, one year older, wearing a sun dress and shades, drives as a news report plays on the radio.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

It's been exactly one year since a horrible robbery gone led to the discovery of the true identity of the New England Nightmare, John Hammerick...

Denise smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. HAMMERICK ESTATE - TROPHY ROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

111

Michael, Hammerick, and Jennifer lie in a macabre pile on the floor. Michael groans, trying to push Hammerick off of him.

Denise, covered in gore, kneels down next to them. She gently caresses Michael's face. His eyes look up at her.

DENISE

You could have been mine. But, you chose her. Just like my father.

Michael tries to speak, but only gurgles escape his lips.

Denise as she reaches for the fallen knife on the floor.

DENISE (cont'd)

Shh.

Slowly, Denise runs the knife along Michael's throat. His eyes flutter, and blood bubbles out of the gash in his neck. After a few moments, his eyes close and he dies.

Hammerick's watches with barely open eyes. Blood oozes from his nose and mouth.

HAMMERICK  
 (raspy whisper)  
 That's my girl.

Denise looks at Hammerick and smiles.

DENISE  
 I love you, Daddy.

HAMMERICK  
 I love you too. You're my little  
 angel.

Denise smiles warmly at her father.

Then, without warning, she shoves the knife blade up into Hammerick's chest. His mouth opens in surprise, blood pouring out.

DENISE  
 I can't be your little angel forever.  
 Guess I'm a lot like you, huh?

Hammerick's head falls back. His dead eyes stare up at her.

Denise rises, looking around at the carnage in the room. She smiles and leaves the room, humming softly.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 112

The yellow sports car drives off into the distance, rising up a hill before dropping out of sight.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON 113

Rolling waves crash against the shore as the orange sun hugs the horizon.

A simple, two story beach house overlooks the sea. Above the porch, a wooden sign has been posted:

"Come in and stay awhile."

Next door, at a neighboring beach house, an ELDERLY WOMAN tends to the flowers planted along the porch, spraying them down with a hose.

The yellow sports car pulls up to the two-story house, the engine purring. The car quiets and Denise steps out onto the gravel driveway.

The elderly woman looks over to Denise with a warm smile, and waves with her free hand.

Denise returns the smile and waves back.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Gorgeous day, isn't it?

DENISE

Yes, it certainly is. I couldn't resist going out for a little window shopping.

Denise starts towards her home, mounting the porch steps.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, I meant to ask -

Denise stops, turning to look at her elderly neighbor.

DENISE

Hmm?

ELDERLY WOMAN

How did last night go? Did you have a good time?

DENISE

Yes, it was fun. Your grandson is a perfect gentleman.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, good. I wasn't sure. I hadn't heard from him, today.

DENISE

Oh, well, he's probably still sleeping. It was a pretty late night.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm so glad that I introduced you two. He's had such trouble with the ladies.

DENISE

I can't imagine why. He's so sweet. In fact, I think I'll see him again very soon.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
That's wonderful.

DENISE  
I hate to be rude, but I do need to  
get inside and get started on some  
dinner. I've had something marinating  
all day.

The elderly woman smiles.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Of course. Have a good night, dear.

DENISE  
You too.

Denise walks into the house.

114 INT. BEACH HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

114

The door to the basement opens. Denise stands at the  
landing, looking down into darkness. The door closes behind  
her with a tremendous BANG.

DENISE  
Darling. I'm home.

She descends, the wooden steps groaning beneath her. She  
reaches the bottom and finds a light switch on the wall. She  
flips it.

A single bulb lights up, hanging in the center of the room,  
revealing -

A YOUNG MAN, 18, naked, gagged, and bound to a chair.  
Bruised and bleeding, he stares wide-eyed as Denise  
approaches.

DENISE (cont'd)  
I couldn't wait to get home. I've  
thinking about you all day.

Denise moves to a work bench along the wall, where a variety  
of bladed weapons rest next to a stereo. Denise turns the  
stereo on and a song begins to play - "Can't Find My Way  
Home" by Eric Clapton.

DENISE (cont'd)  
I hope you don't mind. My father  
taught me that there's no better way  
to set the mood than with a little  
music.

She sings along as she picks up a large knife.

DENISE (cont'd)  
(singing)  
"Come down off your throne and leave  
your body alone."

Denise turns back to the bound man.

DENISE (cont'd)  
(singing)  
"Somebody must change. You are the  
reason I've been waiting so long."

Denise approaches.

DENISE (cont'd)  
I told your grandmother that we had a  
really nice time, last night.

The young man struggles against the ropes, trying desperately to free himself. Denise approaches, knife glistening in her hand, smiling sadistically.

DENISE (cont'd)  
And, that wasn't a lie. I really like  
you.

Denise stands directly over the terrified young man. She sits on his lap, straddling his trembling body. Staring directly into his eyes.

DENISE (cont'd)  
Do you like me, too?

Slowly, Denise presses the tip of the blade into the man's side...agonizingly slow. He SCREAMS behind his gag.

Denise smiles.

DENISE (cont'd)  
I thought so.

The man screams again as the song continues and we

CUT TO BLACK.