

THE HOUSE BESIDE

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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A street of middle-class cookie-cutter houses. Wind howls. Leaves blow along the curbs. Trees sway. It's a cool summer night somewhere in Middle America.

A STREETLIGHT flickers.

LAUGHTER crescendos until a screen door bursts open from a HOUSE in the middle of the street.

THREE TEENAGERS pile out.

LYDIA, 14, blonde, innocent and cute with a red backpack follows behind TRAVIS and MARY, 14 and 15 respectively. They're the good kids. They may not be cool but they're happy.

Without hesitation they begin their trek home, letting the screen door SLAM behind them.

TRAVIS

I'm telling ya, the second one sucks. You've got to see the original.

MARY

I thought it was good.

A FATHER yells from inside.

FATHER (O.S.)

Hey! Where are you going Travis, it's eleven on a school night!?

TRAVIS

I'm walking the girls home! I'll be right back!

MARY

Bye Mr. Spann!

MR. SPANN

Oh sorry. Bye girls! Tell your parents I lost track of time.

TRAVIS

Ignore him.

LYDIA

I don't find gore that scary.

TRAVIS

It's not about what they show,
it's about what they don't show.

MARY

I kinda like it. Makes me feel
dirty.

TRAVIS

Gracious.

They continue down the street walking from shadows to street
light. Not a soul in sight besides them.

We see the name of the street they're on: "ASHLAND".

LYDIA

What makes the other one better?

TRAVIS

Everything.

MARY

I like it when they show tits
right away.

LYDIA

God Mary. Go home.

MARY

Hey, don't act like you don't like
it, Travis.

TRAVIS

I never said I disagree.

(to LYDIA)

I'm kidding.

LYDIA smiles and Travis nudges her.

MARY

If you make a movie Travis, I'll
get naked in it.

TRAVIS

Deal!

MARY

Let's do it! Let's make a movie
this weekend! Something scary. I
wanna SCREAM!

TRAVIS

Ok, just shut up. Jesus Christ!
People are gonna freak out.

MARY

Oh, come on. Nobody cares. Watch.

Mary stops and SCREAMS as loud as she can. It ECHOES throughout
the street.

There's a silent pause. Nothing.

MARY laughs.

MARY

See?

Suddenly, a door OPENS in the distance.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hey!

TRAVIS

Run.

All three of them bolt down the street.

They reach a CORNER HOUSE at an intersection and Mary stops.

MARY

See you guys tomorrow!

Mary disappears into the shadows of a DRIVEWAY.

Travis and LYDIA keep running.

They look at each other while running and laugh. They both slow
down.

TRAVIS

Shit, she's crazy.

LYDIA

I know.

They walk to the end of a cul-de-sac. LYDIA stops and looks at the front door of a NICE HOUSE. It's dark. There's no porch light on.

LYDIA

They didn't leave the light on for me. Probably don't even know I'm gone.

TRAVIS

You know. I get my license in a few weeks. If you want, maybe I can drive you home, or maybe we can see a movie, like... at the theater.

LYDIA backs her way toward the front porch, Travis follows her.

LYDIA

I like going over to your house, and listening to your Dad yell at the computer.

TRAVIS

We could still do that.

Travis leans in close. LYDIA backs into the shadows and turns toward the door, shutting him down. Teasing.

LYDIA

Thanks for walking me home.

She puts her key into the lock and turns.

TRAVIS

I'll see you tomorrow?

LYDIA

Second period.

LYDIA walks inside, she turns and smiles at him as she closes the door. Travis smiles back.

The door closes. Travis looks down at the ground, still smiling. He starts his way back home.

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LYDIA let's her backpack hit the floor. She FLICKS on a light.

LYDIA

I'm home.

There's no response.

LYDIA looks down the dark hallway. She FLICKS on the light.

She steps slowly to the KITCHEN.

She opens the refrigerator. She grabs a JUICE.

She turns around and cracks the cap open. The silence has her worried.

LYDIA

Hello?

She looks up the dark staircase from the bottom.

LYDIA

Mom?

She begins a slow walk upstairs, on edge.

CREEK. CREEK. She hits the top of the steps.

FLICK. The hall light turns on. She looks at a closed door at the end of the hall.

She steps toward the door.

CREEK. The door opens. TWO DARK FIGURES sit leaning against the headboard of the bed.

FLICK. She turns on the light. Her PARENTS sit GAGGED in the bed. Muffled cries come from their mouths.

LYDIA SCREAMS. Her screams crescendo as two MASKED FIGURES creep up behind her.

Just as they reach around her and cover her screaming mouth, we..

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: *THE HOUSE BESIDE*

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Shower water rushes. We see the faintly distorted outline of a woman, BROOKE, early 30's, as she showers behind a patterned plastic curtain.

The water turns off. She pokes her head behind the curtain and calls to the door.

BROOKE

Zack?

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME TIME

ZACK, a 5-year-old boy stares at a PLUSH WOLF sitting on a rock.

Zack picks up a stick and points it at the wolf, like a sword, then makes a swinging motion toward the wolf.

ZACK

Heeee-yah!

The harsh sound of an ELECTRIC SANDER interrupts Zack's play session.

Zack, still holding the stick, looks to the garage of the neighboring house.

He slowly starts walking across the small shared lawn toward the neighboring garage.

The loud vibration of the sander stops, and Zack peeks around the corner of the garage.

Zack, startled, drops his wolf when he suddenly notices a set of DRESS SHOES and DRESS PANTS standing directly in front of him.

Zack looks up in awe at the MAN who stands in front of him.

MAN (O.S.)

Are you out here all alone?

Suddenly, BROOKE calls out from the front door in nothing but a ROBE, in motion toward Zack.

BROOKE

Zack! What did I tell you?

Zack stands staring at the man in front of him without responding.

BROOKE kneels and grabs Zack, pulling him close and petting his head.

BROOKE

You can't keep disappearing,
sweetie.

MAN

Quite the little rascal you've got
there.

Brooke looks up at her neighbor, DAN, 40's, perfectly combed hair, perfect teeth. He wears a clear plastic apron over a white dress shirt and black dress pants.

He smiles.

BROOKE

Hey, Dan. Yeah, you know how he
is.

Brooke stands up, still holding Zack's hand. Zack looks away from Dan and reaches for his plush wolf, which is too far away for him to grab.

DAN

Any trouble since the...incident?

BROOKE

No. Nothing. I really can't thank
you enough for what you did. With
everything...I still can't believe
he did that.

DAN

I don't mean to be rude, but there were a number of red flags.

BROOKE

I know...it's just...he's complicated.

BROOKE pulls Zack away and together they walk toward the front door. Zack still reaches for the wolf.

DAN

He's dangerous and should be treated as such. What's so complicated about that?

ZACK

Mom.

BROOKE

I sure know how to pick them don't I?

DAN

You'll learn to make better wiser choices.

ZACK

Mom!

BROOKE

What honey?

ZACK

Mr. Wolf.

Brooke lets go of Zack and he steps forwards, runs for his wolf.

Just as Zack is about to grab it, Dan picks it up.

Dan sternly scowls at Zack.

DAN

Do you love your mother?

Zack doesn't respond and takes a step backward. Brooke stares, a bit thrown off, but allowing him to continue.

Dan holds the wolf out in front of him.

Zack reaches to grab it and Dan pulls it away, then kneels-down to glare into Zack's eyes.

DAN (CONT'D)

If you ever feel unsafe, ever, and
mommy's not around...you can always
run next door.

Dan smiles and cringingly grabs Zack's hand, and flips it so the palm is facing upward. He then places the wolf into Zack's hand.

Brooke anxiously opens the door.

BROOKE

Come on honey. Mommy's got to get
ready.

DAN

Listen to your mother.

Zack squeezes his wolf and runs to Brooke.

Brooke opens the door and motions Zack to go inside.

DAN

Will you be attending Laura's
fundraiser this evening?

BROOKE

I don't know. I'm not big on
social stuff. I'm most comfortable
here, with Zack.

DAN

And yet you weren't there when he
needed you the most.

Brooke awkwardly smiles and waves as she pulls Zack inside.

Dan stares at her and nods until she's all the way inside.

She closes the door and looks down, relieved to be back inside,
safe with her son.

She hugs Zack.

BROOKE

Zack?

ZACK (O.S.)

Ya?

BROOKE

I love you.

ZACK

Love you, Mommy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Brooke, now fully dressed, is walking down the same street in the same neighborhood from our opening scene, only now it's daylight, and beside her, is Zack.

Zack carries his plush wolf in his hands but pokes at a large WHITE WATCH on his wrist.

BROOKE

What do you do if you see a stranger?

ZACK

Push the button.

BROOKE

And?

ZACK

Run away.

BROOKE

And?

ZACK

Ummm.

BROOKE

You scream bloody murder.

ZACK

AHHHH!

Brooke smiles. Unknowingly to her, she passes a BLACK SEDAN sitting across the street with two SILHOUTTED MEN in the front seats, watching them.

BROOKE

Is Daddy a stranger?

ZACK

No.

Brooke stops, and stands in front of Zack, to make herself clear.

BROOKE

Yes, he is. Ok? Daddy is a stranger. You run when you see him.

Brooke grabs his hand.

She notices the car with the two men; they make her a bit nervous but she ignores them.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Come on. Just a few more blocks.

Brooke turns around to find herself face to face with a YOUNG WOMAN, 20's, hipster, pretty. She's so close it startles Brooke causing her to slightly JUMP.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Laura. You scared me.

LAURA

Someone's on edge this morning. I was just on my way over.

(to Zack)

Hi baby! How are you?

Zack smiles, but doesn't say anything, and hides his face with his plush wolf.

LAURA

Please let me play with him.

BROOKE

Actually, I'm taking Zack to my parents and we're running a little late.

Laura intensely stares at Zack and pushes his wolf away. As soon as she sees his eyes...

LAURA

Boo!

(giggles)

Gosh, he gets cuter every minute.

BROOKE

I can stop by on my way back.

LAURA

No need. I'll just wait at your house.

BROOKE

Why don't you just come with us? My parents love you.

LAURA

That's because I love your parents.

INT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Brooke's mother, BARB, 50's sits on the couch next to Brooke's father, HOMER, 50's, watching TV with Zack in-between them.

Brooke stands with her arms crossed staring at them. Laura walks around the hallway, looking at FAMILY PICTURES on the walls.

BROOKE

It's a new thing Mom. It's called a GPS tracker.

BARB

Why would you need such a thing?

BROOKE

I like to know where he's at! He was kidnapped!

HOMER

He wasn't kidnapped, he was with his father.

Laura stares at a picture of Brooke as a YOUNG GIRL, just around Zack's age now.

BROOKE

Are you kidding me? His father is not a part of his life, you know this.

BARB

Does he know this?

Laura stops at a picture of teenaged Brooke and a MALE TEENAGER, presumably Zack's father.

BROOKE

Yes!

HOMER

You said that last time.

BROOKE

He's out of our lives and if he comes near Zack again, he's going to jail.

BARB

He'll be back in your life.

Laura stands at the edge of the living room, motions with her finger for Zack to come to her. Zack smiles.

BARB

(to Zack)

Want to go play with Miss Laura?

BROOKE

Mom! Pay attention! Dad! I need you to understand. I don't want his father in our lives, he's a junkie. I need you both on my side and to understand this.

Homer continues watching T.V. unmoved by the seriousness of her concern.

Zack runs over to Laura.

BARB
We understand honey.

HOMER
She's right, we do. Really.

LAURA
(to Zack)
Let's go somewhere quiet.

Laura opens the FRONT DOOR, as if she's about to take Zack outside.

BROOKE
(sternly)
Don't let Zack leave the house.

BARB
He's with Laura honey.

BROOKE
I'm talking about later.

HOMER
Why would we let him leave the house?

BROOKE
He likes to be outside! And he's smart, he'll open the door when you're not looking.

Laura closes the door, unsure of what to do.

BARB
Laura, take Brooke away. Go have your fun girls.
(to Zack)
Come here Zack.

Zack grabs his wolf from Laura and runs back to Barb.

BARB (CONT'D)

Zack will be right here next to
Grandma. Right pumpkin?

Zack plays with his plush wolf and giggles as Barb ruffles up his hair.

Brooke agitatedly walks toward the door.

BARB

Brooke?

BROOKE

Yes?

BARB

We love you.

BROOKE

Thanks.

EXT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

Brooke and Laura take a few steps away from the front door. Just as they get to the front sidewalk, Laura looks at a BLACK SEDAN parked across the street, the same one Brooke passed earlier with Zack. You can faintly see the outlines of TWO MEN staring at her.

THUD. Suddenly, Zack presses his hand up against the window, CRYING.

Brooke turns around and waves goodbye to Zack.

Behind Brooke, Laura stares at Zack and almost tearing up, mouths "I love you."

Barb pulls Zack away from the window.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A YOUNG MAN, we don't see his face, dressed in black tactical pants, with a COMBAT KNIFE HANDLE clearly exposed on his outer thigh, walks steadily down the street, confident. A citizen mows their lawn, paying no attention to him. A car drives down the street. Nothing strange to them, just another guy heading somewhere.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Smoke from an incense stick swirls through the air. Brooke sits in a chair at the kitchen table, folding napkins. The kitchen serves as a dining room and connects to a living room.

Laura walks around the kitchen setting up a table full of food as if she's preparing for a dinner party.

Laura sets a plate of vegetables in front of Brooke. Brooke stares at it.

BROOKE

I feel terrible and I don't know why. I can't stop worrying about Zack.

LAURA

Come on, you need to relax.

BROOKE

Exactly.

Laura stands behind Brooke and begins to massage her shoulders.

LAURA

Take a deep breath.

Brooke inhales.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Hold it.

Brooke holds.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Exhale.

Brooke exhales and Laura starts to massage Brooke's neck.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You should stay tonight. I'm serious.

Brooke closes her eyes, fully relaxing.

BROOKE

Please don't talk me into it.
After what happened the last time
we drank together... I just can't do
it.

LAURA

Don't blame yourself for what that
asshole did. Besides, Zack's with
your parents. You're really going
to spend your free night home
alone?

BROOKE

Yes. It's going to be amazing.
Soft music. A long bath. Glass of
wine. 8 hours of sleep.

LAURA

You'll still get your beauty
sleep. Come on, some really nice
guys are coming. Guys who have
their lives together.

BROOKE

They couldn't handle me then.

LAURA

Your neighbors will be there.

BROOKE

Another reason to stay home.

SLAM. A door closes from behind them. Brooke gets startled and
leans forward.

The outline of a MAN enters from the back door in the
background.

LAURA

It's just Greg.

Laura GIGGLES. Brooke relaxes again.

BROOKE

Hey Greg.

GREG, 30's, glasses, dress shirt, serious yet goofy, walks into the kitchen and kisses Laura.

GREG
Do I get a massage too?

LAURA
Maybe later.

Greg opens the refrigerator and grabs a BEER.

GREG
How are you Brooke?

Brooke stands up as if she's getting ready to leave.

BROOKE
Free for a night.

GREG
Ya leavin' already?

LAURA
She's wasting her freedom. I asked her to stay.

GREG
You should. It's not just a party, it's a charity event. All really great people. True givers. All the cash donated goes to the less fortunate, like you.

BROOKE
That's... great.

Greg POPS the top of his beer.

GREG
And your neighbors, they give so much to the community.

LAURA
With everything they've done for you, you should really make an appearance.

BROOKE

I don't think so.

GREG

Well some friends of mine, they'd love to meet Zack.

BROOKE

Zack's staying with my parents.

Brooke walks to the front door, ready to go.

LAURA

Just tell us you *might* come later.

BROOKE

Ok. I *might* see you later.

INT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zack stands at the living room window, staring outside. Barb and Homer still sit watching TV.

Through the window, only a few feet from the house, we see a HOODED YOUNG MAN with a cellphone in front of his face taking a picture.

FLASH CUT TO THE SMART PHONE:

Zack stands at the window holding his wolf; Zack's WATCH is clearly visible.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - ROOMS - CONTINUOUS - LATE AFTERNOON

In her LIVING ROOM, Brooke nervously paces while talking on her smart phone.

BROOKE

Hi...it's Brooke again. I'm not mad at you, I'm not going to turn you in or anything. Just...call me back. I want to know where you're at, and that you're safe. I don't care if you're drunk or high, or whatever. Please...I miss you.

She hangs up and takes a long gulp from the glass, then looks at her SMART PHONE SCREEN.

On the screen: a GPS map displays a RED CIRCLE near the middle of the screen surrounded by white lines and gray boxes representing streets and plots of land.

Brooke lets out a SIGH of relief and sets the phone down on a coffee table.

She walks to the BATHROOM and grabs a HAIR TIE. She puts her hair into a ponytail. As she does, she looks in the mirror, in the mirror we see a WINDOW in the reflection. The window is OPEN. A breeze rushes in, pushing the curtains.

Through Brooke's window, we see into her NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW. Her neighbors are half-naked, getting dressed.

Brooke slides the window curtains closed.

CUT TO:

In the LIVING ROOM, Brooke sprawls out on the couch in nothing but a loose shirt and her underwear.

She closes her eyes to relax. A brief moment of pure quiet.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Brooke's eyes open wide. She leans up, listens, and waits.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

BROOKE

Just a minute!

She jumps off the couch and runs into her BEDROOM.

Seconds later she comes out with a pair of GYM shorts in her hands.

She throws her legs into the shorts as she walks to the FRONT DOOR.

She opens the door just as a YOUNG MAN, 30's, rough but handsome, is getting ready to knock for a third time.

YOUNG MAN

I'm sorry mam, but, this is kind
of embarrassing...

Brooke nervously brushes her hair back as the young man
awkwardly looks around.

BROOKE

What is it?

YOUNG MAN

Do you think I could come inside
to use your phone?

BROOKE

Um...I don't normally let strangers
into my home, but I have a cell
phone...

Brooke pats her shorts and looks over her shoulder, knowing she
doesn't have her phone on her.

YOUNG MAN

This is kind of an emergency.

BROOKE

I don't have it on me, but if
you'll just let me grab it.

YOUNG MAN

That's perfectly fine. I can use
it out here.

BROOKE

It's just over on the table.

Brooke leaves the door open as she walks to the living room. The
young man stands still.

She looks at the coffee table, the phone is GONE.

BROOKE

(Calling to the front door)
Sorry. I seem to have misplaced it
for a second!

She peeks into her bedroom. Nothing on the dresser.

She walks into the BATHROOM. Nothing on the sink.

She walks back out to the LIVING ROOM and looks down at the ground and under the couch cushions.

BROOKE

I can't seem to find it. Maybe you
could try my neigh...

She turns to the FRONT DOOR. The man is GONE.

She steps outside the door and looks around.

BROOKE

Sir?

She looks around to her DRIVEWAY where we see her beat up RED SEDAN.

She tilts her head in bewilderment.

BROOKE

What?

She steps up to the front tire, which has been SLASHED.

BROOKE

No way.

Brooke rushes inside and closes the door behind her.

She stands with her back against the door and ponders for a second about what's happening.

She walks over to her BEDROOM.

After taking one step into her bedroom, she stops and stands still, scared silent. The hair on her neck stands up. A rush of fear hits.

On her bed sits the young man, holding her phone in one hand, and a roll of DUCT TAPE in the other.

YOUNG MAN

I found it.

From behind her, a real BIG GUY suddenly SLAPS a piece of DUCT TAPE over her mouth.

The young man steps toward Brooke as the big guy moves his hands down her torso into a bear hug.

Brooke kicks her legs. The young man grabs them and together the two men throw Brooke face first onto the bed.

The big guy straps ZIP-TIES around her wrists while the young man wraps duct tape around her ankles.

The big guy puts his arms around her neck into a SLEEPER CHOKE hold.

Brooke SCREAMS muffled cries as she's slowly knocked out.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK DREAM - MORNING

Brooke lays asleep on her bed. Sun shines through the windows.

A hand romantically creeps its fingers up her arm and a set of lips kiss her on the cheek.

She smiles and rolls over to look at her husband... but by the time she turns around, we've FADED FORWARD IN TIME TO...

INT. BROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SPLASH. A cup of water gets poured onto Brooke's sleeping head.

Brooke awakens. She's on her couch, still gagged and tied up.

The young man sits in a wooden chair across from Brooke, a few inches from her. The big guy stands a few feet away, watching.

The young man sets the cup he just used onto the coffee table, which has been pushed off to the side.

Brooke MOANS behind the duct tape and her eyes tear up as she looks away from the young man.

He grabs her face and forces her to look at him.

YOUNG MAN

Shhhh. Everything is going to be ok. In a little bit, I'll remove these ties. How does that sound?

Brooke pulls her head out of his grip and looks down.

Young man puts his hand under her chin and lifts her head up.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Now I have a lot to explain and I have to explain it fast. Are you listening?

Brooke blinks.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Breathe through your nose.

Brooke closes her eyes and takes a little breath. The young man breathes in with her, guiding her into relaxation.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now nod if you can hear me.

She gives a quick nervous nod.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

I'm Alex. My friend over there is Eli. We're looking for someone, and we have reason to believe your neighbors know where they are. People tend to disappear in this town. You should know this, but you probably don't, and I don't blame you. You follow me so far?

Brooke nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I know your husband has recently gone missing. I also know your ever-so-heroic neighbors saved your son from your husband's... how should we say... violent drug-induced rampage while you were out getting drunk with friends.

Brooke begins to CRY. Alex kneels-down in front of her and gently touches her shoulders while staring into her eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I want to make you a promise,
Brooke. I promise you...I will get
my vengeance against the evil men
and women of this town.

Alex puts the screen of a SMART PHONE right in front of Brooke's face. Her eyes get wide.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't get scared, he's right where
you left him. I want you to know
that we're serious. You're going
to help us, or we're going to take
your son. If anyone gets in the
way of what we're doing, we'll
kill them.

He leans in close, right in her face.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're going to go over to your
neighbors, and you're going to do
a little recon and a little
distracting. Things will get much
scarier from here on out, but I
can assure you, if you follow our
script, you and your son will not
get hurt. Do you understand me?

Brooke, crying silently, nods.

ALEX

You're with us?

Brooke closes her eyes and SCREAMS a "yes" through her gag.

ALEX

Good. That's great news. If I
remove that gag and your ties, you
promise not to scream, or run, or
do anything stupid?

Brooke leans over, starting to gag.

ALEX
(to ELI)
Grab a trash can.

Eli grabs a trash can and sets it beside Brooke's feet.

Alex rips off her duct tape and Brooke immediately THROWS UP into the can.

ALEX
It's alright. You're ok. You want
a drink to calm down?

Brooke continues GAGGING. Alex cuts Brooke's zip ties.

Brooke runs over to the bathroom and SLAMS the door closed.

Eli steps forward, ready.

Alex motions for Eli to back up and relax.

ALEX
Hey, leave the door open, I
promise I won't look.

Brooke doesn't respond.

Alex grabs the door and tries to open it, it's locked.

ALEX
(to ELI)
Hey, grab her some bread or
something.
(to BROOKE)
You know, you can't escape. It's
just...the wrong thing to do.

Alex grabs the wooden chair from the living room and slowly DRAGS it to outside the bathroom door.

Alex takes a seat in it.

He pulls out his combat knife and sets it on his leg, relaxed but ready.

INT. BROOKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Brooke stares at herself in the mirror. She wipes off her face. She looks at the window, slightly open, a breeze blowing the curtains inward.

She slides open the curtains to look at the neighbor's house. The neighbors are no longer visible as they were before.

She looks down at the yard outside and sees a TOY TRICYCLE. The image of it causes her to tear up, knowing it's Zack's and he may not come home if she fails to help her captors.

INT. BROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Brooke opens the bathroom door, her face still a bit wet from wiping it down.

BROOKE
Tell me what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR DAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

DING. Brooke rings the doorbell of her neighbor's house. She's dressed fully, and her make-up's been redone. She SWALLOWS nervously.

CLICK. Dan unlocks the door and OPENS it. He tilts his head, pleasantly surprised.

DAN
What brings you over?

BROOKE
Hi, Dan. I...need help with my car.

DAN
Are you going somewhere?

BROOKE
I think Trey slashed my tire.

DAN
What makes you say that?

BROOKE

Because my tire is slashed.

DAN

That can't be.

BROOKE

Come take a look.

DAN

(calling inside)

Honey, could you call Laura?

WOMAN (O.S.)

What for?

DAN

Just tell her to hold tight.

BROOKE

I'm not making you late, am I?

DAN

No. Don't worry. Are you not coming?

BROOKE

No.

DAN

Why do you need your car then?

BROOKE

Well, I'll need it tomorrow morning.

DAN

Of course. Let's take a look.

Together they walk to her car.

Dan looks closely at the tire and feels the slit.

DAN

What a mystery.

Brooke looks at her house nervously. No movement.

DAN (CONT'D)

I have a spare.

BROOKE

I have a spare too, I just don't have the stick, or the thing that lifts the car.

DAN

An iron and a jack. I've got one in the garage. Come.

Dan makes a step toward his garage and stops when he notices Brooke staring at her house.

DAN

Something wrong?

BROOKE

Well, I just had my tire slashed.

DAN

Ah.

Dan continues to the garage and Brooke follows.

DAN (CONT'D)

You know, it makes me nervous too. When did this happen?

BROOKE

I don't know, sometime today.

DAN

How do you know that?

BROOKE

Well I used the car yesterday.

DAN

So, it could have happened last night.

BROOKE

I suppose.

DAN

You don't have any other
boyfriends I should know about do
you?

Brooke forcefully GIGGLES. Dan stares at her seriously.

BROOKE

No.

Dan opens the GARAGE DOOR. It's used for both storage and
machine work. It's filled with half-built antique furniture, old
bicycles, boxes, paper bags, and tools which hang from the
walls.

BROOKE

Wow. You've got a lot of stuff.

DAN

It'll all make its way back to the
community.

Dan steps through a small path to a TOOL TABLE, where we see the
JACK sitting in the corner.

Brooke eyes BASKETS of CLOTHES. She walks closer to the clothes.
Something has caught her attention.

She picks up a SWEATSHIRT with a silhouetted logo of a HEADLESS
HORSEMAN.

BROOKE

Where did you get this?

DAN

This stuff could have come from
anywhere.

BROOKE

I've only ever seen Trey wear this
shirt.

DAN

He had a strange sense of fashion,
didn't he? Probably why it's in
that pile.

Brooke drops the shirt back into the basket, her mind is spinning; her face fills with both confusion and epiphany.

Dan stands cringingly close behind her, and DROPS the jack on the table, startling her.

DAN

Would you mind watching this my dear? I believe the iron is in the house.

Dan takes a step toward the house and Brooke makes an awkward quick step toward him.

BROOKE

Do you care if I join you?

Dan stops.

DAN

To the basement?

BROOKE

Well...anywhere, I guess. I don't want to be out here alone.

Dan looks at the jack, then at the garage door.

DAN

Certainly. Just close the garage door, the tire slashing vandals you speak of may not be far.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Brooke follows Dan through the door of his house into the pristine living area.

BROOKE

Thank you, I don't know what I'd do without you.

They make their way through the hall. Dan doesn't respond to her comment.

Dan unlocks, then opens the basement door, which is made with heavy re-enforced wood.

It's pitch black at the bottom of the stairs.

DAN

You know Brooke, you've always been a good liar.

BROOKE

Excuse me?

He motions her to walk first down the steps.

DAN

You lie to yourself, which causes you to lie to others.

Brooke starts her way down the CREAKY wooden steps.

BROOKE

I'm not sure what you mean.

They make it further down the wooden steps.

Dan stops at the bottom of the stairs and reaches behind her, shadow across his face.

CLICK. He flips the light switch at the bottom of the stairs, revealing a creaky old, dirty, damp basement. It's the opposite of his perfectly clean house.

DAN

What do you really want?

They continue further down the basement, his comment has her so flustered, she's forgotten why she's there.

BROOKE

What do you mean? I want to fix my car.

DAN

No. I'm talking about in life. You don't really want your husband back.

BROOKE

Oh. What? I mean. No. I don't want him back, but I do want to know what happened to him.

DAN

I know what happened to him.

Brooke stops and grabs Dan. This agitates him, he doesn't like getting touched.

BROOKE

Tell me. Where is he?

He steps away from her, grabbing the iron from a work bench.

DAN

He's with the other deadbeats, hiding in a house somewhere, injecting death into his veins for a temporary state of false bliss.

Brooke is speechless, mouth slightly agape.

DAN

After you.

They begin walking toward the staircase, she's in front him. He menacingly holds the iron. At any moment he could strike.

The ceiling CREAKS above them, like somebody is walking above them.

They get to the bottom of the staircase and look up to see the silhouette of a FIGURE.

Dan steps in front of Brooke and to see who she's looking at:

His wife, CHARLOTTE, late 40's, mixtures of gray hair with brown, dull sweater. She's sweet, like a young grandmother.

CHARLOTTE

Hon'?

DAN

Just grabbing some tools, dear.

CHARLOTTE

Brooke? What are you doing here?

EXT. BROOKE'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Dan cranks up Brooke's sedan. He inspects the slits on the tire. They're deep, done with a good knife. He knows whoever did this has done it before.

He stands up and looks around, slowly panning the area. He looks at Brooke's house. He looks in the windows. All is quiet and still, but he's suspicious.

INT. DAN'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Brooke and Charlotte stand at the kitchen counter.

BROOKE

I really should be helping him. I was supposed to learn.

CHARLOTTE

Please. Talk to me. We never really got a chance to talk after what happened.

BROOKE

It's ok, really. I'm over it. He's a junkie. Because of that, he left me, and our son.

Charlotte looks at her, frowning with concern. She takes a sip of her tea.

CHARLOTTE

We loved your Trey. He was so promising before the accident.

BROOKE

Could we talk about something else? I've really had a rough day.

Brooke stands up to leave just as Dan walks inside.

CHARLOTTE

Are you not coming to the fundraiser tonight?

Dan smiles, still clutching the iron. He answers Charlotte's question.

DAN

We'll let Brooke be alone tonight.

INT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Zack sit together on a couch, the TV is on LOUD, playing cartoons. Despite this, Homer is already asleep, Zack right beside him, LAUGHING.

Through the window, we can see outside. The window is OPEN, the curtains BLOW in the wind.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A MAN, dressed in all black, watches the house from across the street, leaning against a streetlight.

The streetlight flickers. The man, completely relaxed; even if somebody noticed him creepily staring at the house, he wouldn't care.

He watches Zack through the window. Zack continues to LAUGH at the TV, not knowing he's being watched so closely.

The streetlight does one last flicker, then remains on. It's officially dark.

INT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - SAME TIME

Barb washes dishes in the sink. She listens to TALK RADIO, not a worry in the world.

She puts her last dish onto a dish towel, to dry.

She calls out.

BARB

Zackary? You want a cookie and some warm milk before bed?

She peeks around the doorway, looks into the living room. Zack is not there. The wind blows the curtains. The TV blares.

BARB
Zack? Where'd you go sweetie?

She moves to the TV and CLICKS it off. The RADIO can still be heard from the kitchen.

She waits. She lets out one more.

BARB
Zack?!

INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooke paces, breathing heavy. She anxiously glances at Eli standing at the doorway, sneakily blocking her from exiting.

Alex has a very nice tablet laptop. He's looking closely at pictures of Dan's house.

Alex glances at Brooke.

ALEX
I need you to calm down.

BROOKE
I can't. I want to be with my son.

ALEX
Take some deep breaths.

Brooke sits down on the couch. She's still fidgety.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm serious.

He turns from the laptop and toward her. She takes a DEEP BREATH. She looks at the computer screen.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Are you ready for the next step?

Brooke looks toward ELI.

BROOKE
I want my phone. I want to know he's still there.

ALEX

Brooke. He's good. Right where you left him. I need you focused. We're running out of time.

Brooke stands up and steps toward Eli. She stops when she's in front of it.

Alex nods to Eli. Eli hands her cell phone over.

She unlocks it. The app pops up. The red circle sits where it was earlier. He's still there. She holds the phone close to her chest like she's hugging her son.

Alex stands up and puts his hand over her phone. He becomes sincere.

ALEX

Your son isn't missing Brooke. But others are. I need you to trust me. This will all be over soon. Ok?

Brooke sets the phone down.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(checks the laptop)

How far would you say you stepped from the moment you reached the bottom of the stairs to the point you hit the wall?

BROOKE

I don't know. How long is a normal basement?

ALEX

(looks around)

Longer than this room?

Brooke struggles to concentrate.

BROOKE

I don't know. It was a basement. How long is my basement? It had basement shit.

ALEX
What about upstairs?

BROOKE
I didn't go upstairs.

Brooke realizes something.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You know. They're about to leave.
You could just sneak over there
when they're gone.

ALEX
No. We need them there. Too much
of a risk.

BROOKE
How is it *not* a risk breaking into
their house while they're there?

ALEX
We're not breaking into their
house to steal diamond earrings! I
know it doesn't seem like it, but
these people are savage to say the
least. They're organized and what
Eli and I have planned must be
mean and calculated.

(politely)
You help us with the last step in
the plan, you and your son will be
back to playtime in the morning.

BROOKE
Yeah right! I get that you think
Dan knows something about whoever
you're looking for but I'm not
going to walk over there and play
dumb just so you can fucking...
torture them!

ALEX
I respect that. Your thoughts I
mean, but you'll need to follow
the script. Ok? Where was the wife
whe--

BROOKE

No! I can't do it. I want my son.
Now.

Brooke starts to pace again. She's starting to panic.

ALEX

We're close Brooke. Don't you want
to know what happened to your
husband?

Brooke breathes in.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Do you?

BROOKE

Yes.

ALEX

Good. Because I have a slight
suspicion that once we get through
this, you'll see what was hidden
in plain sight.

BROOKE

Like what?

ALEX

The truth. Everything.

Brooke turns to the front door, startled, seeing something.

BROOKE

Noooo.

Alex, already knowing what's happening, looks to Eli. Alex
suddenly grabs Brooke and pulls her into her room.

KNOCK KNOCK.

DAN (O.S.)

Brooke? You in there?

ALEX

Now's the time.

BROOKE

For what?

ALEX

Convince him to come inside.

Dan KNOCKS again.

DAN

Brooke?

BROOKE

Please. Don't do anything to him.

ALEX

That's the whole reason I'm here.

BROOKE

I can't...

Alex grabs...

ALEX

You can.

DAN

Brooke! I know you're there, I just want to apologize.

BROOKE

You're not going to hurt them. Snoop while we're gone.

Brooke scurries off, grabs her cell phone from the counter and opens the door. Dan stands there waiting, surprised.

BROOKE

I'm so sorry. I was just...

DAN

Is everything alright?

BROOKE

No. Can we... talk at your house. I've decided to go to the fundraiser.

DAN

You're kidding?

Brooke steps outside and closes the door.

Inside, Alex's face darkens. He looks to Eli, poker face.

INT./EXT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A few yards from the front door is an ADULT FEMALE, wearing a plastic children-friendly ANIMAL MASK and tight all-black clothes. Beside her is Zack, happy to be with an animal friend.

Moving inside the house, we see Homer still asleep on the couch, his mouth wide open, SNORING. On the floor beside him we see his wife, Barb, is passed out, lying face first in her own drool.

An ADULT MALE, wearing black tactical pants, steps up to Homer and puts a soaked rag against his mouth.

Homer's eyes open briefly before jittering closed in a forceful fallout as the man fights to hold the rag in place until Homer slips into a heavy sleep.

The man walks to the front door.

He moves off the porch and heads down the **SIDEWALK**, where we see the masked woman holding hands with Zack, looking down at him.

She looks up at the man and we finally reveal our assailant's face, which is covered by an animal mask just like the woman's.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dan and Brooke walk into the kitchen from another room.

DAN

(calling out)

Charlotte my love, Brooke has decided to join us. How about a glass of wine before we go?

Dan casually opens his kitchen cabinet and grabs a bottle with a clear liquid, not wine.

Charlotte walks into the kitchen, not dressed for a dinner party.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
That sounds lovely dear. Would you like some, Brooke?

BROOKE
Oh, no thank you. I'm fine, I'm ready to go whenever you are.

Brooke is nervous, fidgety, she looks at her phone.

Dan covers the phone before she can pull up the app.

DAN
Take a break, Brooke. Relax. We're not in a hurry.

Dan looks her in the eyes. Brooke pulls her phone away and puts it in her pocket.

BROOKE
I kind of am. Just want to get out of the house, meet some new faces. You know. I can't stay cooped up thinking all the time.

Dan turns and grabs a dish rag from the kitchen drawers.

CHARLOTTE
We completely understand. I'm ready when you are, dear.

DAN
I've been ready, you girls are the only ones holding me back.

Brooke sneaks a peak at her phone in her pocket and pulls up the app.

Her eyes get focused, she pulls the phone from her pocket to look more clearly.

THE RED DOT IS MOVING! Her son is on the move!

Brooke's mouth opens, she doesn't know what to do, she's in such a state of shock she starts speaking before thinking.

BROOKE

Wait! Wait. Just wait a minute.
I...there's two guys at my house.
And...somebody's taken my son. He's
moving.

Dan eyes Charlotte then nods toward the telephone, which is mounted to the wall. Charlotte quickly grabs it and dials 911.

Dan pours the clear liquid onto the dish rag.

DAN

(to Brooke)

Who's at your house?

BROOKE

I don't know but they have my son!

CHARLOTTE

(on the phone)

Yes this is an emergency, my name
is Charlotte Davis, there are two
men at my neighboring house.
They've broken in. Armed and
dangerous. Sixteen Cherry.

Brooke stepping toward Charlotte..

BROOKE

Tell them they have my s-

Dan GRABS Brooke in a bear hug, covering her mouth with the chemical-covered dish rag.

She struggles but quickly goes limp. Dan lets her DROP to the ground.

He looks to Charlotte; she raises her eyebrows as if to say, "This was unexpected."

Dan steps over to a window so he can get a good look at Brooke's house.

The house looks empty. The lights are off.

INT. BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

From inside of a box truck, we see the trailer door rise open and a flash-light shine inside.

The mask wearing male lifts himself inside and briefly glances around the trailer.

He lifts the mask to the top of his head, revealing him to be Laura's boyfriend Greg!

Laura steps to the edge of the trailer carrying Zack in her arms, her mask flipped on top of her head.

Greg drops his mask on the ground and reaches out his hand to help Laura.

Laura grabs onto Greg's hand and is lifted into the trailer, still carrying Zack.

From a new perspective, we see what's inside the truck:

Boxes and wooden crates.

Laura, holding Zack's hand, walks to the back of the trailer and they stop in front of a large wooden crate.

LAURA

You ready to see what's inside?

ZACK

Uh huh!

Greg opens the crate and lifts it so Zack can look inside. He shines his flashlight inside to see:

A giant STUFFED WOLF, 3 feet tall, a little shorter than Zack.

Zack runs into the crate and squeezes the wolf.

LAURA

You like it?

ZACK

(laughing)

It's big!

LAURA

Yes, it is! Now if you want to keep him, you'll have to stay in the box with him until we get to Mr. Davis's house.

Zack's face drops a little bit. He's confused.

ZACK

Where's mommy?

LAURA

Mommy's at Mr. Davis's house.

Greg grabs the lid/door to the crate, guiding Zack into the crate.

Zack's not fighting it, but he's not excited to get locked inside the crate either.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Mr. Wolf and I will be right beside you. You'll get to see Mommy real soon.

INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alex stares out the bedroom window at Dan's house. He runs his finger down his knife blade as he stares; it relaxes him.

Eli stands at the door, arms crossed over his waist. Both are calm, waiting.

Alex looks at his watch.

ALEX

Three minutes...

Suddenly, in the distance they hear SIRENS.

Alex, thrown off, steps to the window facing the street.

Blue and red lights flash across his face. He frowns, he knows they're coming to him.

Alex casually turns to Eli.

ALEX

Plan B.

Eli backs into a dark corner, out of sight.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/BROOKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A police car barrels down the block, shutting off the sirens as it pulls into Brooke's driveway, blocking her car in, keeping the lights on.

Two OFFICERS get out of the police car, a male and a female. The male is OFFICER MASON; 30s, mean-looking, beard, white. The female is OFFICER THOMAS; early 30s, tough, black.

Officer Mason smiles as he calmly gets out of the car and stares up at the windows.

Officer Thomas, without hesitation, immediately draws her weapon and runs toward the back door.

Officer Thomas approaches the back door, which mysteriously remains partly open.

Officer Thomas looks behind her, checking her surroundings, something catches her eye over at Dan's house.

Dan stares out his window at her. She blankly stares back. He steps away from the window, out of sight.

She gets her flashlight out and KNOCKS on the door.

OFFICER THOMAS

APD! Slowly come out with your
hands where I can see them!?

The door creaks open from her knocking. She shines the light into the living room, everything looks normal.

She clicks on the living room LIGHT. All is quiet.

OFFICER THOMAS

This is APD! Show yourself!

In the distance, slightly muffled, we hear Alex calling out...

ALEX
Help! I'm in here!

INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Thomas reaches the HALL with the door to the bedroom.

OFFICER THOMAS
We're responding to a robbery!?

ALEX (O.S.)
They're in here!

Officer Thomas springs into action and slowly peers around the corner and peeks into the BEDROOM.

In the bedroom, Alex lays on the ground, holding his side like he's hurt.

Officer Thomas turns to speak into her shoulder radio.

Simultaneously, Eli appears out of the shadows behind her, ready to strike.

OFFICER THOMAS
(into radio)
Mason, I have an injured male in
the bedr--

Eli grabs Officer Thomas's weapon wielding arm and her neck and SLAMS Officer Thomas's head into the wall..

She's stunned. He slams her arm into the wall again. She drops the gun.

Alex quickly grabs the gun while Eli pulls a glass-framed PICTURE off the wall and SLAMS it on Officer Thomas's head.

She drops to the ground. Alex rolls over to look at her. She's out cold. Blood starts to pool around her head.

ALEX
There's more...

CLICK CLICK.

Officer Mason appears behind Eli with his handgun pointed directly at Eli's head.

From both officer's radios, we hear the chatter from DISPATCH.

DISPATCH (via radio)
Unit Ninety-One, are you in need
of assistance?

OFFICER MASON
(into radio)
Negative. Officer Thomas and I
have the situation under control.

Alex, knowing the situation has changed, slides Officer Thomas's handgun away, and rolls over onto his stomach with his hands above his head.

ALEX
Don't shoot! We're compliant.

OFFICER MASON
Now why would I shoot two fine
young men like you?

Suddenly, a second set of SIRENS are heard in the distance. Officer Mason, still standing with his gun pointed at Eli, looks out the window.

Blue and red lights pull up and stop in the middle of the street, blocking the street from having any traffic.

OFFICER MASON
You boys really are dangerous,
aren't you?

Officer Mason keeps his gun pointed at Eli while reaching over and grabbing Officer Thomas's gun off the ground.

Now wielding two weapons, he stands up pointing both guns at each of them.

Suddenly, he aims Officer Thomas's gun at Officer Thomas.

BANG. BANG.

He fires two rounds into Officer Thomas's back, then throws the gun on the ground across the room.

OFFICER MASON

You bad boys.

Alex tightens his face as he stares at the now dead officer. He holds in his anger.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SHORTLY AFTER

A large WHITE BOX TRUCK slowly turns the corner, blocked by the cop car from pulling further down the street.

On the side of the truck reads: *STEVE'S ANTIQUES*

We see the driver of the truck is Greg. He's not nervous at all.

He leans his head out the window and watches as a NEW OFFICER, male, rind up to Brooke's house, ready for anything.

INSIDE THE TRUCK, Greg laughs to himself.

GREG

What kind of bullshit do we have here?

Greg pulls the truck off to the side of the street and puts it in park.

INT. DAN'S BASEMENT - BROOKE'S CELL - NIGHT

Brooke's eyes open.

She rolls over to discover she's laying on a bare mattress and has large chains strapped around her wrists at one end, and welded to a METAL SUPPORT BEAM on the other end.

She pulls them, they're not long, maybe 5 feet. Just enough to let her lay down and stand up without issue, but not long enough to even reach the ends of the small room.

At the corner of the room, we see Dan, sitting in a metal folding chair. The room is covered in sound-proof cloth panels.

Brooke's face implies utter terror. She struggles to breathe, she's so confused.

DAN

You can't buy chains like that at the hardware store. Those are industrial chains. Special order.

She stutters with fear.

BROOKE

Wha--where am I? What i--is this?

DAN

You're in my basement. You wanted to see it didn't you?

BROOKE

Let me go. Please!

Dan smiles and stands up.

DAN

Poor Brooke. Don't worry. Your son is safe.

BROOKE

What?

Dan starts to walk toward the brick wall.

DAN

Zack! He's on his way here. You'll be reunited in no time.

Brooke's face turns from fear to anger.

BROOKE

What are you talking about?! Tell me what you're doing with my son!

DAN

Your little friends didn't mention anything?

BROOKE

What are you going to do to him?!

Dan steps close to her, towering over her as he looks down into her eyes.

DAN

What did the two fine young men next door tell you?

BROOKE

They wanted to torture your ass because of someone you kidnapped, and I should have let them!

DAN

Wrong. I don't do any of the kidnappings. I simply breakdown the property so they're not so feisty and strong when they hit the market.

BROOKE

(verge of tears)

I don't understand.

DAN

You will my dear. What else did your tire-slashing friends tell you?

BROOKE

Did you kill my husband?

Dan looks at her sideways, surprised by the question. He simply smiles after a long moment.

Brooke breaks down, CRYING, begging on her knees.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?! Please, tell me what really happened to Trey.

DAN

I have him here. Right on the other side of this wall.

Dan walks over to the wall where we see a small metal plate attached, but even it has a sound-proof outer layer.

He slides the metal plate over, revealing a small square hole in the wall, much like a mail slot, leading to a neighboring room.

DAN

I have to keep the property broken down without removing the will to live. A long time ago I added this little gizmo so the properties could talk to each other.

BROOKE

He's in there? Alive?

She tries to step forward but gets caught by the CHAINS.

DAN

He's alive alright. Bricked into a little cell like this one. Total isolation makes us weak, ugly, lifeless. Can't have that on the market. Go ahead, call for him.

Brooke struggles with the chains, trying to get closer.

BROOKE

(Screaming)

Treeeey!

Silence.

DAN

He may not remember who you are. Hell, he might not remember who he is. I keep him in a consistent state of *delusion*, you might say.

BROOKE

Take me to him.

DAN

Soon... both you and your son will learn what he has...that you can no longer make commands. You receive them.

Dan stands up and walks toward a metal, sliding door.

BROOKE

Please! Why are you doing this?

DAN

It's simple, Brooke. I like to have nice things and I like to be in control. You're now one of my...*things*.

Brooke breaks down and puts her face into the mattress, CRYING.

DAN (CONT'D)

I never wanted to get you involved first-hand. All you had to do was have a relaxing night like you wanted.

Dan pulls out her cell phone from his pocket.

DAN (CONT'D)

But I underestimated your judgement. Smart move with the GPS.

He slides the phone under her face so she's looking right at it.

DAN (CONT'D)

See? He's right outside.

EXT. BROOKE'S DRIVEWAY/RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Greg watches from his truck as Alex and Eli are both walked out to the squad car in the middle of the street by Officer Mason and OFFICER HARRIS, another white male, 20's, a rookie.

An AMBULANCE is now parked in front of Brooke's house, lights flashing.

Officer Harris is giving them their Miranda warning as they're forced to the squad car.

OFFICER HARRICE

You can decide at this time to exercise these rights and not answer any questions or make any statements.

Eli is shoved in first.

Alex stands outside the car, ready to go in, held by Officer Mason. Officer Mason finishes the warning, smiling.

OFFICER MASON

Do you understand each of the rights just explained to you?

Alex smiles back.

ALEX

Perfectly, sir.

Officer Mason shoves Alex into the car, then looks to Officer Harris.

OFFICER MASON

I've got them from here.

OFFICER HARRIS

You also thought you had them under control inside.

OFFICER MASON

Don't test me, rook.

Greg leans out his window and shouts to Officer Mason.

GREG

Sir? Do you know when I'll be able to move forward? I've gotta unload and I'm already late.

Officer Mason ignores Greg and quickly gets into the driver's seat of the squad car.

Officer Harris walks over to Greg's truck.

GREG

Really gotta block the whole street?

OFFICER HARRIS

We're all working hard here, sir. Just a little longer.

GREG

I'm gonna need to back into the neighboring house. What's going on here, anyway?

OFFICER HARRIS

I'm not at liberty to discuss that sir.

GREG

I get it. I get it. Just a little antsy.

Officer Harris pulls away with Alex and Eli in his squad car.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR, Alex watches as the EMTs pull Officer Thomas out of the house on a stretcher.

At the BOX TRUCK, Officer Harris backs away from the truck and motions Gregg, now that the street is partially cleared.

OFFICER HARRIS

Go ahead and pull forward, sir. Will you need any assistance backing into the neighboring driveway?

GREG

No thanks, Officer.

OFFICER HARRIS

What are you hauling at this time of night anyway?

GREG

I'm not at liberty to discuss that, sir.

Officer Harris, concerned, gives him a serious look.

GREG

I'm just kiddin' officer. It's some big old stuff from down south. This guy here refurbishes antiques, makes them pretty.

OFFICER HARRIS

I see.

Officer Harris looks at the truck, then around at the street.

OFFICER HARRIS

Take care now.

Greg nods and smiles, then puts the truck into gear.

INT. DAN'S BASEMENT - BROOKE'S CELL - NIGHT

Brooke is on her knees on the mattress, staring at the hole in the wall.

A tear runs down her face.

Faintly, the groggy parched voice of TREY, 30's, comes from the neighboring room.

TREY

I could've avoided all this..

BROOKE

Trey?!

TREY

It's me, baby.

BROOKE

Oh my God! Please, tell me you're ok!

TREY

I'm ok.

Brooke wipes her eyes and silently mouths "Thank you God". She sucks in her tears.

BROOKE

We're gonna get out of here, ok? I know we are.

TREY

You're right baby, just stay strong.

BROOKE

What did they do to you?

We finally move through the hole in the wall and see Trey on the other side revealing...

INT. TREY'S CELL - SAME TIME

His room is just like Brooke's. Brick. Chained to a beam and mattress. He's beaten, clearly underweight. Bruised. Bearded. Eyes glazed over. His arm covered in track marks from needles.

He doesn't explain what happened, he just blurts out his emotions, eyes filled with tears.

TREY

I'm so sorry. I was so...I wasn't there for you or for Zack. I was too-

Brooke cuts him off from the other side...

BROOKE

No. Stop. Don't you say that. This is not because of you. Do not blame yourself for these...maniacs.

Trey's mouth is open, he's dazed in thought.

TREY

I didn't have to keep coming for more...

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - FLASHBACK - 6 MONTHS PRIOR

Trey's head is on the pavement. He's groggy, like he's just been knocked out.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

I can't believe you just did that!

DAN

Give him air. Don't get too close to him.

Trey blinks. He rolls over.

From his perspective we can see what he sees: Zack in the distance, sitting in the grass next to Laura. He's crying and Laura is holding him, trying to comfort him.

Trey, still in a daze. Blood drips down his face. He tries to stand up.

We see that he's in the middle of the street. Dan and Charlotte are behind him, standing beside their car as if they just hit him.

DAN

Can you hear me, Trey?

Just as Trey tries to step forward...

TREY

Ahhh!

He drops to the ground in pain. His ankle is broken.

CHARLOTTE

Oh Lord.

Dan reaches for Trey as he falls to the ground and catches him.

DAN

I've got you son. I've got you.
You're gonna be alright.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE - LATER IN FLASH BACK - DAY

Trey sits in a wheelchair, typing. He's on a role.

He opens up a bottle of pills and just chomps on a handful, leaving only a few at the bottom.

Zack comes into the room, holding his stuffed wolf.

ZACK

Daddy?

TREY

I'm working, buddy.

Brooke walks into the room, putting her hands on Zack's shoulders.

BROOKE
Leave Daddy alone. Come play with Mommy.

Trey doesn't even say anything to her, he just continues to type.

She looks at the nearly empty bottle of pills and then reaches for them.

TREY
Don't say it.

BROOKE
I didn't say anything.

TREY
I need them. I need more.

BROOKE
You're taking too many already.

TREY
I told you not to say it.

BROOKE
You're pathetic.

TREY
They help me. I feel like I can actually...see things more clearly. Feel things I couldn't before.

BROOKE
So, what? Your old life was no good? You need your pills to be happy? You like them so much, go drive yourself to the store and get more.

She walks out of the room and SLAMS THE DOOR, leaving Trey with a frown, unable to respond.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BROOKE'S CELL - NIGHT

Brooke's now relaxed, leaning against the wall on her mattress.

BROOKE

You were hurt.

TREY

Lot better than I am now.

He slightly smiles.

BROOKE

I ignored you. I was so focused on Zack, I was so...stupid.

TREY

You're not stupid. You're going to get us out of here, remember?

BROOKE

We're going to be a family again. I promise.

Trey smiles. A glimmer of relief.

INT. DAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan and Charlotte hug Greg like they're old friends.

DAN

Please. Would you like a drink?

GREG

Yes, please. How have you been, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

Splendid, Greg. Is Laura in back with the little one?

GREG

Yeah. Probably ought to move 'em out. Just not in a rush with the Hawaii Five-0 next door.

Dan comes back with an opened bottle of beer.

DAN
 Don't worry about the law
 enforcement. They're just taking
 out some collateral trash.

Greg grabs the beer and takes a few hearty gulps.

GREG
 Fuck 'em. Let's transfer the
 property.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - SMALL TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Alex stares out the window, watching as they drive through suburbia. Eli stares at Officer Mason from his seat, mean mugging.

OFFICER MASON
 I know who you are. Didn't even
 need to look it up. I don't know
 about your friend, but I know you.

Alex doesn't respond.

OFFICER MASON
 You've been a fuck up for a long
 time.

Officer Mason looks at Eli in his rear-view.

OFFICER MASON
 How about you big guy? How long
 you been robbing houses and
 killin' cops with the notorious
 Alex Deloy?

Eli just continues to stare at him and doesn't respond. Officer Mason smiles.

OFFICER MASON (CONT'D)
 Your sister was a good kid, Deloy.

ALEX
 You'll get your turn.

OFFICER MASON

There he is. Thought I lost you there. Can you repeat that? It sounded a bit like a threat.

Alex looks back out the window.

OFFICER MASON

What were you doing at that house by the way? Just curious? Didn't look like you were trying to steal anything.

ALEX

If you don't mind, I'd like to just sit in silence, officer. My friend and I have had a bumpy night.

OFFICER MASON

A bumpy night? Huh. You've been a tough guy your whole life haven't you? Lil bit of a bully. Kinda dark. Gotta be the smartest guy in the room.

ALEX

They pay you extra for that analysis?

OFFICER MASON

I love it. You really are the smartest guy in the room. In this case, the car.

ALEX

I'm not as smart as I think I am.

OFFICER MASON

Ain't that the truth. God I like you, Alex. Always have. That's why I was so happy to see you today. Oh man. I've wanted to catch you in the act forever. Ever since I hear you lit that church dumpster on fire back in the day. You remember that?

Alex doesn't respond.

OFFICER MASON (CONT'D)

I was a lot like you growing up buddy. I was a rebel. I was a little wacky, but now I'm a cop. How about that? I don't see you on this side of the law though. It's just not in your future.

Officer Mason CHUCKLES.

OFFICER MASON

It's amazing, you know. I actually know your future. I can see into the ball. Take a guess.

Alex CRACKS his neck, ignoring him.

OFFICER MASON

Just play along, Buddy. Can you take a guess?

(looking to Eli)

How about you big fella?

Eli remains silent as Alex grows angrier.

ALEX

Prison.

OFFICER MASON

Yes! Well done. Except, there's a twist. This is a very particular private prison. A much darker place than you're expecting. Not far from here. You'll fit in. It's full of scumbags like you and biggens here.

EXT./INT. - DAN'S DRIVE-WAY/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Greg has the crate carrying Zack on a dolly. Dan helps guide Greg down a ramp leading straight to a CELLAR DOOR.

This cellar has been specifically designed for loading and unloading cargo. Instead of a set of steps from the ground level down to the basement, there's a ramp.

DAN

Almost there, Greg.

Dan guides Greg to the very bottom of the steps.

OFFICER HARRIS (O.S.)

You must move a lot of furniture.

Dan steps forward to look up at the officer. Greg continues to push the crate further into the basement.

DAN

Yes, as a matter of fact I do, officer.

OFFICER HARRIS

You're the one who put in the call, right Mr. Davis?

DAN

My wife, actually, Officer...?

OFFICER HARRIS

Harris. I'm one of the rookies. Bare with me since I'm also new to Afton.

There's an awkward silence.

Greg sets the crate down and grabs a crowbar from off a tool table. He wields it like a weapon.

OFFICER HARRIS

You know your neighbor well?

DAN

We've spoken.

OFFICER HARRIS

Yeah? You speak recently? I keep hoping she'll come home soon 'cause I just can't seem to reach her.

DAN

Can't say I have. Charlotte may have her cell number if you'd like to cross reference.

OFFICER HARRIS

She's who we got the number from already, actually.

DAN

I see.

Officer Harris starts to step down the ramp, but Dan starts to step up, keeping him from coming down into the basement.

OFFICER HARRIS

Why don't you just use your garage for your work? It'd save you from having to go through all this trouble.

DAN

My whole home is my office. In fact, if you want to learn a bit more about each other, I have offices all over town. I've had work on sailboats. Can't fit that in the cellar, or the garage.

Officer Harris chuckles.

OFFICER HARRIS

No, I suppose you can't.

Greg stands at the bottom of the ramp, looking up. There's another awkward pause.

DAN

So? Do we need to discuss what just happened next door? Should I grab my wife?

OFFICER HARRIS

Oh no. Just curious. I've never seen someone working like this after calling in a burglary.

DAN

You are the rookie.

Officer Harris tilts his head, slight eye-roll; he's done with this guy.

OFFICER HARRIS

Have a good night, Mr. Davis.

Greg waves goodbye to the officer, still holding the crowbar.

Dan steps down into the basement and looks at Greg. They each give each other menacing smiles like "that was close," before quickly jumping back into action.

Greg grabs the crate; Dan heads deeper into the basement, into darkness.

Greg silently follows Dan further down the dark basement. We hear the CREEKING of the dolly wheels. We pass cement walls. Pipes DRIP from the ceiling.

They get to the end of the hall, where they get to what seems like the back wall, which is covered with shelves covered in old antique junk: dusty china, old neon signs, toys, dolls, rotary phones, etc.

Dan grabs the edge of the shelf and slides it to the right, revealing that the shelf wall is actually a sliding metal door leading to a HIDDEN SECTION of the basement.

INT. HIDDEN BASEMENT - SAME TIME

This hidden section of the basement is just a solid cement room, which acts as a lobby for TWO CELLS, the rooms containing Brooke and Trey. You can't see them because each cell has solid sliding doors, which are closed.

INT. BROOKE'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke's cell door slides open, revealing Dan and Greg on the other side, the crate containing Zack is between them.

BROOKE

Greg?

GREG

In the flesh. How are you Brookie?

BROOKE

You piece of shit, where's Zack?

GREG

He's right here in this box.

BROOKE

(overwhelmed)

Let me see him. I want to know
that he's ok.

GREG

(to Dan)

I know it's not my place, but am I
allowed to take commands from the
property?

DAN

She's in phase one, she's allowed
to have the illusion of power. Go
ahead, bring Zack to her.

GREG

You're the master.

TREY (O.S.)

What phase am I in?

Dan smiles, he motions for Greg to continue. Brooke steps as close to the door as she can before the chains CLINK from reaching their limit.

Greg opens the crate, revealing Zack, asleep cuddling the giant wolf.

Greg flips it over on its side, allowing Zack to roll out on the floor. He's still asleep, almost lifeless he's so knocked out.

Brooke lets out a SHRIEK. She thinks he may be dead.

GREG

Don't worry he's just cranked out.
He'll be up and ready for a juice
box in an hour or two.

BROOKE
You're evil. Scum!

GREG
I just do as I'm told, sweetpea.

Greg lifts Zack up and brings him to Brooke, setting him gently down on the mattress.

GREG (CONT'D)
He's a cool little muffin, he's going to make someone, somewhere very happy.

Brooke spits in his face. Greg acts like that's not the first time. He backs away, like a child just threw up on him. No big deal.

GREG
You're a spitter, I kinda like that.

Greg steps out into the cell lobby.

GREG
(to Dan)
You ready for the switch? I'm getting hungry.

He peeks into TREY'S CELL, but stops when he sees what Dan is doing.

INT. TREY'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Dan closes the hole in the wall allowing him to talk to Brooke.

DAN
You are in phase three, Trey. By phase four you won't have a name.

Dan kneels in front of Trey. Holding a small black case, a pocketbook for syringes.

DAN
In phase three, I give you false hope.

He sets a black syringe pack on the floor in front of Trey.

DAN

It's a magnificent phase... for I
give you a choice.

He opens the case, revealing a syringe filled with heroine.

DAN

It's not a choice between life and
death, it's simpler than that.

Trey tries to be resistant, but he's fiending. He can't stop himself. Dan grabs Trey's arm.

DAN

It's only a choice between pain
and pleasure.

Trey looks away, allowing this to happen. A tear rolls down his face.

Dan starts to inject the heroine.

DAN

A wise choice, boy. We are all
owned by someone, but you my
friend... at least you will feel
good being someone's pet.

Trey starts to nod off.

Gregs steps beside Dan and looks down at Trey who's drooling, out of it.

Dan hands the empty needle to Greg, wanting him to throw it away.

Greg smirks, backs away back into the cell lobby, ready to get a move on as Dan continues to stare at Trey; he gives an evil smile and a ruthless glare.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Officer Mason sits quietly driving. He turns to look at Eli, who's still staring at him with intent to kill.

OFFICER MASON

Did you know there's an adult
market for big fellas like you?

Eli continues to stare. Officer Harris turns his head back
forward to look at the road.

OFFICER MASON (CONT'D)

I had no idea until a few years
ago, but yes, there's a whole
market for guys like you.

Officer Mason turns the wheel, smiling as he pulls into a new
neighborhood. He's getting close to their destination.

OFFICER MASON

Not just sex, you know. I think
some guys use you for some weird
shit. I think they ship you to
China and turn you into chop suey
or something.

He looks into the rearview at Alex.

OFFICER MASON

Little Lydia though, she's getting
fucked six ways from Sunday.

This finally gets a rise out of Alex and Eli. Eli slams his head
into the plexiglass wall between him and Officer Harris.

Alex, with pure blood lust in his eyes and a slight smile stares
into the rearview mirror at Officer Harris.

Alex slides the cuffs out from behind his back, to under his
legs, so they're now in front of him instead of behind his back.

He taps the plexiglass with the cuffs and leans forward.

ALEX

What else are they going to do to
her, officer? Please, tell me
more.

This gets to Officer Mason. He SWALLOWS, quickly trying to shake
away the adrenaline Alex just released.

OFFICER MASON

I knew I could get a rise out of you.

INT. DAN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte and Laura sit sipping tea at the dining table.

CHARLOTTE

She was dreadful. The first one was certainly better than the next.

LAURA

I disagree, it's one of the few examples in which the sequel was of a higher caliber than the original.

CHARLOTTE

Oh please, dear. You've haven't seen enough to judge thoroughly.

We hear footsteps in the distance from the kitchen and the POP of a beer bottle opening.

GREG (O.S.)

You ladies want to shut down the girl talk and get a move on?

Laura and Charlotte stand up. Laura takes the last sip of her tea.

LAURA

He's ready?

Greg steps into the dining room and CHUGS the beer. Charlotte gives him a sneer.

GREG

Yeah, he's already in the truck. Locked and loaded.

CHARLOTTE

Off to the fundraiser?

LAURA

Yes, off to the fundraiser.

Charlotte hugs Laura.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you for the company. It's
always a pleasure, Laura.

LAURA

As with you, Ms. Davis.

INT. BROOKE'S CELL - NIGHT

Brooke holds Zack, rocking him as she sits on her mattress.

Dan steps into the cell, his hands behind his back. Brooke looks up at him.

BROOKE

What are you going to do to us?

DAN

I'm going to break you.

Dan kneels down, so he's face-to-face with Brooke. Brooke pulls him into her chest, not wanting to let go.

BROOKE

Please, he's just a child.

CLICK. It's revealed that Dan has just injected Brooke with something from an INJECTION GUN.

From Brooke's perspective, Dan begins to blur as she starts to fall out.

DAN

Precisely.

EXT. BOX TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT

Laura sits on a stool next to a large crate, presumably holding Trey, in the back of trailer. She's holding a crowbar in one hand and a flashlight in the other. She's ready in case anything was to happen and Trey wakes up. Her mask is at her feet.

GREG

You good, baby?

LAURA

Just peachy, hon'.

Greg shuts the back of the trailer.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Officer Mason's squad car circles around a cul-de-sac and stops in front of a DARK HOUSE, near the end of the street.

A moment of silence as the car IDLES.

A scrawny white guy walks up to the car. This is DUSTY, 20's.

DUSTY

Sup, officer Mason? Whatcha doing here?

OFFICER MASON

I'm here to deliver some property directly to the Chief.

DUSTY

Ooooh. I don't know about that.

OFFICER MASON

How do you mean?

Dusty looks in the back at Alex and Eli.

DUSTY

Yeah, these guys...you gotta go through the proper channels.

OFFICER MASON

You sure you want to piss me off, Dusty? Let me talk to him.

DUSTY

We're not prepped for guys like this. We don't take guys off the streets without being broken in by a pro. I mean, look at that guy?

Officer Mason gets out of the car.

Suddenly, a goon comes up out of the shadows behind Dusty. This is ROCKO. He's tougher than Dusty, mean-looking, with a PISTOL in his hand.

Officer Mason puts his hands in front of him, indicating he's not reaching for his weapon.

OFFICER MASON

I'm not here to step on toes, but
I'm not leaving until these men
are in chains, and out of my
hands...and...I expect to get paid.

DUSTY

You've got the vision officer, I
see it. I'll help you out.

Dusty nods to ROCKO, motioning him to head into the Dark House.

INT. DARK HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside is like a grimy hostel. The house has been modeled so that there are small rooms on both sides of a center hall.

Rocko walks down the center hall until he gets to the last door, the OFFICE.

It's not completely dark, there's blue lights and black lights resembling a club atmosphere.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Rocko opens the door to reveal the supervisor of the dark house, the BOSS. He's sitting at a nice desk, reading a book. He's not doing drugs nor does he look sleazy.

He lifts his head up to reveal his nerdy glasses and nice white polo, and that he's only about 20 years old. He has a scar across his face. He most likely used to be a victim, who's now become a manager.

GOON ONE

Officer Mason wants to talk to the
Chief.

BOSS

Does he now?

ROCKO

Should I tell him to pack it?

BOSS

What's he want?

GOONE ONE

Got some property straight from
the street. Wants to sell 'em.

BOSS

Why didn't he go down the line?

ROCKO

I don't know.

He puts his book down, pushes his glasses closer to his face and starts to stand up.

BOSS

Tell him to pull into the
driveway. Let's see what he's got.

EXT. DARK HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The Boss leans into the window, looking over Officer Harris's shoulder at Alex and Eli.

BOSS

I like 'em. I'll take 'em.

Officer Mason smiles.

OFFICER MASON

You really are the best, you know
that? Wise choice they made moving
you up.

BOSS

Give me a hand with 'em. They
gotta go straight to a tank. I can
tell they're gonna be dicks about
this.

He turns to Rocko.

BOSS
Fetch me the leg irons.

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK DREAM - MORNING

Brooke lays asleep on her bed, much like her dream earlier.

A stuffed wolf rises up behind her like a puppet in a puppet show, and in a playful manner, "pounces" on her neck to wake her up.

Her eyes open, she innocently GIGGLES and rolls over to see:

Trey, happy and healthy, with Zac by his side in their bed. Zack LAUGHS.

She rolls over and closes her eyes to pretend as if she's going back to sleep. The wolf "jumps" on her back again. She smiles and turns to grab the wolf... but by the time she turns around, we've FADED FORWARD IN TIME TO...

INT. BROOKE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK DREAM - NIGHT - MONTHS LATER

She rolls over to see...nothing. Her bed is seemingly empty, but she leans a bit further to see that Trey is passed out on the floor beside her bed in a position only someone fucked up would find comfortable. He's still fully clothed.

She SIGHS, ignoring him and rolls back over, but as she rolls back over we FLASH FORWARD IN TIME TO...

INT. BROOKE'S CELL - NIGHT - PRESENT

Brooke turns to her side with her eye's glazed over.

She's way out of it, feeling good but a weird, forced kind of good. She struggles to speak.

BROOKE
Why...is this hah-pen-?

DAN
Shhhh.

Dan starts to un-button his shirt.

DAN

No need to speak. You're ok. Your son is fine. Still asleep. You should feel pretty good right now. Just enough heroine to keep you, loopy.

He turns, takes off his shirt, revealing that he has some scars of his own on his back. Self-mutilation.

DAN

Relax, dear. I'm not going to hurt you. You're far too lovely to maim. You're going to be worth a lot when I'm done with you.

Dan stands over her.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm not going to violate your precious box either. My wife wouldn't like that.

He takes off his belt and wraps part of it down his wrist.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm a bit different. I told you. I like to be in control. It's a form of meditation.

He stares down at her as she squirms in an altered state of consciousness and begins to WHIP the belt against his back.

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Alex stands facing a large wooden door painted RED with shackles on his legs and cuffs on his wrists in front of him.

The boss is to his right and Officer Mason is to his left.

CREEK. The door is opened, revealing a padded room with a bathtub in the middle of it and a hook attached to the ceiling above the bathtub.

There's blood on the floor. Who knows what the hell this room is used for, but it's not pretty.

Rocko stands outside the door.

The boss steps into the room first, he looks at the tub. There's still some blood in it.

BOSS

God damnit. Who's the housekeeper tonight?

ROCKO

I don't know, Boss.

BOSS

How many times I gotta tell you guys we can't be mixing blood. That's cross contamination. We keep a pure product.

He points to Rocko.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Go find the housekeeper, I'll have 'em bleach this down while we let the new property hang.

ROCKO

On it, boss.

Rocko heads off, back upstairs.

OFFICER MASON

(whispering to Alex)

This graphic enough for ya?

Alex eyes the hook on the ceiling above him.

The boss kneels-down and wipes his finger on the blood in the tub.

He looks at his finger, then licks the blood off. Psycho shit.

Suddenly, Alex HOPS onto the edge of the tub and LEAPS toward the hook.

He loops his cuffs onto the hook above the tub.

BOSS

What the--?

Alex pulls his legs up and wraps his leg irons around the boss's neck, jerking the boss's head forward. This causes the boss to fall forward into the tub and bashing his head on the edge.

Officer Mason reaches for his pistol.

Simultaneously, Alex stands on the boss's back and shoulders, and pulls his cuffs off the hook on the ceiling, allowing him to LEAP forward at Officer Mason.

This stuns Officer Mason, who FIRES, but his arm is kicked down, causing him to shoot the tub.

Alex pulls Officer Harris down to the ground with him, and wraps his cuffs around Officer Mason's neck.

Officer Mason's drops the gun so he grab Alex's hands.

The boss pushes himself out of the tub as Officer Mason fights with Alex.

BOSS

God damnit! This is why we don't
take unbroken property!

Alex pulls his cuffs so tight into Officer Mason's neck he's cutting him.

Officer Mason is unable to lessen Alex's grip, so he reaches for his gun, but it's just barely too far away to reach.

The boss stands up holding his head, groggy. He looks at Alex, who digs his fingernails into officer Mason's neck, and RIPS OPEN his neck!

BOSS

Oooooh shit!

Alex lets go of Officer Mason and stands up.

The boss is scared shitless. He lunges for the gun on the ground, but Alex steps on it and slides it behind him, forcing the boss to try and get past him to grab it.

Alex grins. Blood in his teeth. He's ready for more.

BOSS

We can make a deal here. I wasn't always in this position. I used to be like you.

Alex kicks the door closed behind him.

BOSS (O.S.)

I used to be property! I just take orders from above. Please.

We hear the MURDEROUS GURGLES of whatever Alex does to him as we pan through the closed door.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlotte sips tea while watching an OLD TV Show.

DING. DONG.

She turns her head toward the door. She's not happy. She knows nobody rings her doorbell.

CUT TO:

She opens the front door to reveal Officer Harris.

OFFICER HARRIS

Evening Ms. Davis. If you don't mind, I have a few questions about this evening.

CHARLOTTE

I've already spoken to the others.

OFFICER

I just need to cross a few things off my list.

INT. DAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Officer Harris sits at the kitchen table while Charlotte stands behind him. Rookie move not having the upper ground.

OFFICER HARRIS

So, you called us at 19:31 and reported a burglary next door. What were you doing at that time? Just want to cross some things off my list.

CHARLOTTE

I was right here, cooking dinner. You could stand up and look from where I'm standing and I can show you exactly what I saw.

OFFICER HARRIS

No need. What were you cooking? I'm a bit hungry myself actually.

Charlotte sneakily grabs a kitchen KNIFE from the drawer. It's a little vegetable cutter, nothing crazy.

CHARLOTTE

A pot roast, you're welcome to have some if you like.

OFFICER HARRIS

I was only partially serious. So, you mentioned in your call that they were armed. What kind of weapon did you see?

CHARLOTTE

Why a gun of course.

Officer Harris turns in the chair to face her, now knowing she's lying.

OFFICER HARRIS

That's a bit strange, because the only weapon we found on them was a combat knife. The only firearm used came from our own officer.

CHARLOTTE

That can't be. I saw it with my own eyes. Are you sure you checked the whole house? They could've hid it somewhere after they heard you coming.

OFFICER HARRIS

I'm not sure why they'd go through that trouble. They injured the officer with household items just before they killed her with her own weapon.

Charlotte's face and attitude visibly change into a more annoyed tone.

CHARLOTTE

You seem a bit young to be a detective.

OFFICER HARRIS

I'm not a detective, mam. To be honest, I'm a little shaken up. Trying to cover all the bases here, for my own sake.

CHARLOTTE

I suppose a fresh face on the force is what we need in this town; a new set of eyes.

OFFICER HARRIS

You seem to know Brooke fairly well. I'm curious as to why you didn't call her yourself, let her know what was happening.

CHARLOTTE

I didn't want to upset her again.

OFFICER HARRIS

Again?

He smirks, ready to press a little harder.

CHARLOTTE

We've had a few encounters with Brooke and her family, not all of them have been pleasant. I'm sure you know what her husband did.

OFFICER HARRIS

I didn't want to pry too much into your history together, but since you mention...in the file it said you found him forcing his son into the trunk of their car, until your husband stopped him. Then he just...disappeared into the night.

CHARLOTTE

The good ones fall the furthest. Such a tragedy.

Officer Harris is ready to break her. He stands up.

OFFICER HARRIS

You know what he was addicted to?

Charlotte tries to weasel her way toward the hallway, past him, while keeping her knife-wielding arm hidden from him.

CHARLOTTE

Could have been anything. Kids these days...

OFFICER HARRIS

And I forgot, but...who was driving when you hit Trey with your car?

Charlotte's had enough, her face turns sad, like she's about to cry.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry, officer. I'm afraid I can't talk about this anymore. I really must be getting back to—

Officer Harris isn't buying it. He steps up to her.

OFFICER HARRIS

What aren't you telling me--?

She tries to attack him with the knife, but he blocks her jab and grabs her arm.

He slams her arm against the sink. She drops the knife.

She grabs a POT and swings it at him.

He pulls out his PISTOL and points it at her.

OFFICER HARRIS
Stop! You're und-

She throws the POT at him and runs to the BASEMENT DOOR.

Officer Harris keeps his gun pointed at her and follows her.

She runs down into the basement, out of site.

Officer Harris stares down into the basement, he hesitates. He speaks into his shoulder radio set:

OFFICER HARRIS
Uhhh. Eleven ninety-nine at Davis
residence. I repeat, eleven ninety
nine!

He takes a couple of deep breathes before taking his first step down into the dark abyss.

INT. DARK HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rocko stands outside the door to THE TANK ROOM with a fairly old skinny drug-addicted woman, the HOUSEKEEPER.

ROCKO
Boss? You want me to come in? I
found the housekeeper.

Blood starts to spill out onto the floor under the door.

Rocko and the housekeeper look down. The blood runs into his shoes.

ROCKO
I guess they decided to start
already.

BLAM BLAM.

Two SHOTS go through the door, into the Goon's head and torso.

He falls to the ground.

The housekeeper SCREAMS and starts to run away but—

BLAM. She's shot too. She falls to the ground.

Alex pushes open the door. He's got the gun in his hand and his shackles and cuffs are off.

He steps out of the tank room into the basement. The housekeeper is still alive. She GURGLES.

Without looking down at her, keeping his eyes straight ahead, he fires one last shot into her head.

He drops the gun. He's ready for mayhem.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Greg pulls around the same cul-de-sac that Officer Mason did earlier and stops in front of the same Dark House.

Greg idles and rolls down his window.

Dusty comes walking up to the side of the truck.

DUSTY

Yo Greg! How's it going my man?

GREG

Same old, same old. Hey you got anything to munch on while your boys unload the shipment?

DUSTY

I've got an Italian sandwich with your name on it.

GREG

You really are the best, you know that?

DUSTY

Haha! Hey, go ahead and park it right here. Officer Mason's parked in the driveway. Had some off-the-cuff properties.

GREG

Mason?

DUSTY

Dumbass.

GREG

He really thought he could bring 'em here?

DUSTY

Boss said it was cool.

GREG

But the Chief doesn't know about it, does he?

DUSTY

Naaaww. Ha!

They both LAUGH.

INT. BASEMENT - TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

Eli hangs upside down, shirtless. He's been tortured, seemingly whipped. He's still conscious but covered in blood and cuts.

Alex pulls a lever against the wall and lets him down gently.

Eli stands up and looks at him, still straight faced and unfazed.

Alex smiles. Beside him, a body lies on the ground, Eli's torturer, bleeding from the head.

INT. DAN'S BASEMENT - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Officer Harris gets to the last step of the basement staircase, flashlight shining on the walls looking for a switch. He finds it.

CLICK. Nothing. Of course.

He shines his light straight ahead into the long tunnel-like basement.

He slowly steps forward.

There's MOVEMENT ahead, the flashlight points right to find:

A spiderweb covered flowerpot shaking on a table like it was bumped.

Officer Harris looks to his left:

Nothing. He creeps forward.

He gets almost to the end of the hall. A tiny sliver of light shines between the wall and the shelves like the hidden door wasn't closed all the way.

Officer Harris shines his light through it.

INT. BROOKE'S CELL - NIGHT

The light from Officer Harris's flashlight shines onto the wall of Brooke's cell. Dan left her cell door wide open.

Dan immediately turns his head around to see who's there.

INT. DAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Officer Harris grabs hold of the shelves and starts to shake them. He realizes it's a door. He starts to slide the door open when we see Charlotte right behind him with an AXE!

He sees her reflection in the metal shelves.

She SWINGS! He turns and CATCHES the axe but drops his gun.

The hidden door slides open to reveal Dan!

Dan grabs ahold of Officer Harris's neck in a choke hold with his BELT.

Officer Harris pulls the axe out of Charlotte's hands and kicks Charlotte forward.

The momentum from the kick causes him to back into Dan, sending them into BROOKE'S CELL.

INT. BROOKE'S CELL - SAME TIME

As Dan and Officer Harris fall back into her cell, Dan pulls Officer Harris onto the ground, and is choking him with his belt.

Officer Harris drops the axe and grabs on the belt, trying to pry himself free.

Dan slides backwards on the floor, fighting for leverage. Each pull bringing them closer and closer to Brooke's mattress.

Brooke leans up. She's starting to see clearly. She understands what's going on. She watches the men approaching her and begins to wrap her chains around her fist, balling it up.

Officer Harris can't get his hands around the belt, it's too tight. His face is almost purple. He's almost a goner.

Charlotte picks up the axe and heads into the cell.

Officer Harris and dan slide even closer to the backwall of the cell. Brooke is almost beside them.

Charlotte has the axe raised up and runs toward Officer Harris.

Brooke leans forward over Dan and starts SMASHING the giant chain around her wrist into his head!

Dan spits up blood and loosens up just enough for Officer Harris to get free.

Charlotte SWINGS the axe, but Officer Harris rolls out of the way just in time for Charlotte's swing to STICK right into Dan's chest.

Blood splatters onto Brooke and Dan.

Charlotte is devastated. She falls to her knees, hugging Dan's dying body.

Officer Harris tackles her to the ground and pull her hands behind her back.

Brooke stares into Dan's eyes as he coughs up blood and starts to die.

Officer Harris puts handcuffs on Charlotte. She lays on the ground, her cheek against the cement as she watches Dan die.

Dan's eyes go glossy. He's done. His head turns to the side looking straight into Charlotte's eyes.

Charlotte SCREAMS with distraught.

Brooke stares at Officer Harris. Officer Harris stares back.

Charlotte squirms and SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

POW. Eli slams a GOON's head into a wall. The goon falls to the ground knocked out.

Eli moves down the hall ready for more blood.

Alex, who's behind Eli starts kicking in doors.

BAM. The first room is empty.

BAM. The second room has a YOUNG VICTIM, maybe 15, blonde, wearing a bikini, cowering in the corner. He steps toward her, focused, slowly, thinking she may be his sister.

He grabs her chin to look at her face. She's terrified, drugged out; it's not her.

He moves to the next room, leaving the girl in the room but the door open.

BAM. Alex kicks in the third door. A JOHN straddles a FEMALE VICTIM, he's holding a SWITCHBLADE to her throat.

ALEX

Let her go.

JOHN

Let me go.

Alex, not having time for games, exits the room and continues moving forward down the hall toward Eli. Ignoring them both.

Eli reaches a CORRIDOR and is attacked by an ASSHOLE with a GUN.

The asshole FIRES, hitting ELI's bicep. Eli MOANS.

Alex runs down the hall toward Eli.

Eli's so big, he powers through the pain and grabs the asshole's arm and gun, ripping the gun from his hands.

The asshole puts his hands in front of him as if to surrender.

ASSHOLE

You don't know what the fuck
you're doing man!

Alex PUNCHES the asshole in the face, causing him to fall to the ground. Eli stomps on the asshole's head, killing him.

STAB. The John from the other room stabs Alex in the shoulder, possibly going for his neck but missing.

Alex spins around, swinging his fist into the wall and leaving a crack.

The John tries to jab the knife forward toward Alex's stomach, but Alex grabs the John's hand and wrist in a bar grab, BREAKING the John's wrist, and forcing him to drop the knife and fall to the ground.

Alex picks up the knife as the John tries to slide away on the ground. Alex STOMPS on the John's ankle, breaking it.

Alex looks up to see the female victim at the end of the hall holding the young victim tightly next to her, protecting her.

Alex stands there, breathing heavy for moment before throwing the switchblade down the hall, letting it slide across the wooden floor and stop at the female victim's bare feet.

Alex steps away from the John, leaving it up to the girls as to let him live or not.

Alex turns around back toward Eli, presumably to free more victims.

INT./EXT. TRUCK TRAILER/SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Greg and Dusty sit on the back of the truck, eating sandwiches.

Laura stands, leaning against the trailer walls.

LAURA

You boys ready yet?

GREG

Almost, sweetie.

Suddenly, a half-naked FEMALE goes running down the street.
Laura sees this.

LAURA

Seriously?

DUSTY

What?

The woman continues running. She's not screaming, just jetting out into the darkness like a bat out of hell.

GREG

No shit.

Suddenly two more WOMEN are seen running out into the darkness.

Laura hops off the trailer still holding her crowbar. Dusty and Greg stand at attention.

Laura peeks around the truck, she sees a SEXY VITCIM, run to THE HOUSE BESIDE the Dark House.

INT. THE HOUSE BESIDE - NIGHT

POUND. POUND. POUND.

SEXY VICTIM (O.S.)

Help! Somebody please help!

An OLD MAN comes to the door slowly.

POUND. POUND.

OLD MAN
Hold your horses, ma'am.

He opens the door. The woman plows inside past him.

SEXY VICTIM
Please! Help me.
(crying)
I need water.

OLD MAN
I don't know if you're going to
get any help here.

The victim moves forward into what would normally be the **KITCHEN**, but it's filled with BODY PARTS! They're everywhere. A pile of hands on the counter. A head in a pot. Tongues and fingers sit in mason jars.

The victim's eyes get wide. She breathes heavy.

OLD MAN
I tried to tell you. You're not
going to find any help in this
house.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Laura watches the lights turn on inside the HOUSE BESDIE. She looks to the DARK HOUSE. The lights are on.

The female and young victims exit the dark house, followed by Alex.

The victims bolt into the darkness.

Alex looks over into the street, directly at Laura.

Laura turns to run but---

BAM. Eli grabs her by the throat and lifts her up against the side of the truck.

She tries to beat him with her crowbar, but it does nothing to Eli.

He rips the crowbar out of her hand while still holding her against the truck.

He puts the crowbar into her mouth, then lets go of her neck, holding her against the truck with the pressure of the crowbar in her mouth. With a firm SLAM he RAMS the crowbar down her jaw, breaking it, blood flows. He is killing her.

At the DARK HOUSE, Alex looks to the HOUSE BESIDE, which has its door slightly cracked open.

INT. THE HOUSE BESIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Alex walks into the main entry way of the house, hesitantly. He can sense this isn't a house anyone should ever be in.

He walks past the kitchen, looks inside, sees the body parts. Now he knows for sure where he is.

He grabs a knife from the kitchen.

He moves forward to the hall. He gets to the door leading to the BASEMENT.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Laura falls to the ground. Dead.

BLAM. A gunshot.

We see Dusty behind Eli. Along with Greg. They're both in shock.

Eli GROANS. He turns around. At this point he's been shot in the arm and back, but he's still hardly fazed.

BLAM. Dusty fires again, higher this time, but it only hits Eli's shoulder.

Eli lunges at Dusty.

BLAM. He shoots him in the head!

Eli falls onto Dusty. All his weight traps Dusty under him.

DUSTY

Fu---Greg hel...

Greg tries to push Eli off of Dusty, but it's not doing much good. Eli's too heavy.

Dusty groans. He's losing air.

Greg starts to pull Dusty out from under Eli, then stops and looks up.

THE WOMEN VICTIMS surround him, 15 of them. They're going to tear him apart like zombies. Their eyes are pure fire.

GREG

Now ladies. Don't be like this. I was good to most of you.

INT. HOUSE BESIDE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alex CREAKS down into the basement.

As he gets to the bottom and turns on the light, we see a series of MALE VICTIMS, all tied up and hanging from the ceiling wrapped in plastic like cattle at a SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

He finds the OLD MAN, in the corner, doing something to the FEMALE VICTIM.

Hearing Alex, the old man stops.

OLD MAN

I don't think you want to see what I'm about to do to this-

Alex grabs the Old Man by the top of the head and stabs the knife through his throat. He doesn't give a fuck what the old man has to say.

The old man drops to the ground revealing that the sexy victim is...still alive, virtually unharmed! She's tied to the chair with rope and her clothes have been cut off, but she's fine.

Alex cuts off her rope ties and she falls to her knees. CRYING.

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

Alex and the female victim walk past Greg's dead and bloody body on the sidewalk.

All the other females seem to have scattered.

Alex looks down at Eli, still on top of Dusty, who's also dead.

Alex frowns. A true loss. He would cry, but Alex doesn't cry.

At the edge of the truck, the female victim sees and chugs the bottle of water sitting next to Greg's unfinished sandwich.

Alex climbs into the truck with the crowbar.

INT. BOX TRUCK - SECONDS LATER

CRANK. He lifts off the lid off the crate to reveal TREY.

Alex rips the box apart and Trey slowly wakes up and tries to get up.

ALEX

You're good. Don't try to move.
Just relax. You're with the good
guys now.

He nods back off.

The female victim comes and sits next to Alex.

Alex hands her a picture of his sister, Lydia.

ALEX

Have you seen this girl?

The female victim nods her head, "yes"

ALEX

Where?

FEMALE VITCIM

Not here.

Alex puts the picture into his pocket and sighs. He stands up and looks out at the street into the night. He's not finished yet.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX TRUCK CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Alex, Trey, and the female victim are all sitting in the front seat. Alex is driving out of the cul-de-sac, into the night. He exits into darkness as we...

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Zack, holds his Mom's hand with one hand and his stuffed wolf with the other as they walk a hospital floor.

Together he and his mom push past nurses and guests of a PATIENT FLOOR HALLWAY.

She gets to a patient room and they stop, where we see TREY in the patient bed, her parents, Homer and Barb in the room with him already.

BARB

About time. What took you so long?

BROOKE

I'm so sorry, I had to help Zack pack his bag for his first day of school tomorrow.

ZACK

Mom!

Brooke looks at Zack and smiles.

ZACK

Can I give it to him now?

BROOKE

Go ahead.

(to Trey)

Zack has a gift for you.

Brooke lifts Zack onto the bed and lets him sit next to Trey.

Trey gives him a gift:

His white GPS WATCH.

BROOKE

Now we'll never lose you.

Brooke and Trey kiss. It's a precious moment.

HOMER

Not in front of the kid.

Zack LAUGHS.

The whole family LAUGHS. It's a very happy reunion.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

PARTY MUSIC blares.

A group of YOUNG ADULT MALES dance and LAUGH as they drink in the LIVING ROOM of a SUBURBAN HOUSE.

One of the adult males, JIM, 20's grabs a beer from the fridge of the KITCHEN.

He notices that the back window is open. The curtains blow from the wind.

He leans his head outside. The screen is on the ground.

JIM

Weird.

Jim pulls his head back inside.

He turns around and sees somebody, we don't see who.

JIM

Who the fuck are you?

CUT TO:

The UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Another ADULT MALE walks out of a bathroom, WHISTLING.

The toilet is still flushing and he clearly didn't wash his hands.

The ADULT MALE starts to make his way downstairs.

ADULT MALE

God, this has got to be at the top
of my list for all-time best
nights of...my...life.

He makes it to the bottom of the stairs and realizes all his
friends are on the ground. DEAD. MUSIC still blares.

He looks toward the FRONT DOOR.

He jumps for it...

He OPENS it...

There's nobody there! He steps outside to make a run for it into
the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

He stops in the middle of the street. We see the street sign:
"ASHLAND". We realize he's right where the kids were in the
opening scene. Right where the girl got out and screamed bloody
hell.

The adult male grabs his phone and is preparing to call someone.

Suddenly, the phone is splattered with blood.

We don't see who did it. We just see the adult male drop the
phone and stumble. His throat's been slit.

He stumbles to the ground until he eventually falls in the
middle of the street.

The streetlight flickers.

INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia, from the opening scene is in the corner of a bedroom,
cowering in the corner, scared.

A door CREAKS open, shining light onto her.

She peeks over her knees to see who it is.

She looks up, her face goes from pure fear...to pure happiness.

We see who she sees:

Alex, covered in blood.

She runs up to Alex and hugs him.

He hugs her back. Finally, he found her. He smiles, a slight tear fills his eye but doesn't quite fall. If he were to cry, he would now; but Alex doesn't cry, even from joy.

CUT TO BLACK