

HOME

by Adam Alleca

DARKNESS

TITLE: 30 DAYS

INT. FOREST HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The house is quiet and dark. A simple, homey-looking foyer.

RAIN can be heard falling outside.

FOOTSTEPS and a MUFFLED FEMALE VOICE are heard approaching the door from outside. The door is unlocked and a dark FIGURE walks in and hits the lights.

BRODE is illuminated. She's a mildly overweight woman pushing 40 with fading good looks and a gruff countenance. Ten years and twenty-thousand cigarettes ago she was probably a real looker.

A MAN remains standing cloaked in shadow outside the doorway. Rain can be seen pouring off the roof of the porch behind him.

Brode is in mid-speech as she takes off her wet coat, revealing a police badge on her belt and a pistol holstered at her shoulder.

BRODE

-that we're in the middle of
nowhere; the last house on a dead
end street in the center of the
fucking woods.

Brode slicks back her wet hair and lights a cigarette, not even looking back at the motionless man.

BRODE (CONT'D)

The mailman will come up once a
week, and you can use your account
to order deliveries from the market
down the road. Your phone calls are
monitored, so if you get lonely
come week two and order yourself a
nice little piece of pussy from the
yellow pages, you're done. End of
story. Back to the white walls and
fluorescent lights, you feel me?

Brode turns to the motionless figure for the first time.

BRODE (CONT'D)

You gonna come in or what? And wipe
your feet.

(MORE)

BRODE (CONT'D)

This is your home for the next thirty days and SOMEONE should show it some god-damn respect, because, trust me, I won't.

The man enters into the light with a gym bag over his shoulder, looking down at the doormat as he wipes his feet on it. It reads: "WELCOME HOME." He stares down at it unmoving, his face hidden.

Brode eyes him uneasily.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Yo, Tuesday, look alive. I don't have all night.

The man slowly raises his face to look at her. This is ELLIS. He's a pale, gaunt man of about 30. His wet hair hangs in his face and water drips from his chin. His voice is quiet but firm.

ELLIS

Ellis.

BRODE

What?

ELLIS

You know my name is Ellis.

BRODE

I call my charges whatever I want, Tuesday. You're just another day of the week to me.

Brode blows out smoke and looks Ellis up and down.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Now let's clip those wings.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sleek-looking plastic band with a sensor-device attached to it is clamped around Ellis's leg just above his ankle. A constant little red light flickers on.

Ellis is sitting in the impeccably neat and clean kitchen as Brode kneels, fixing the band to his leg. She finishes and stands.

BRODE

There she is. Armed and dangerous. Sends a constant signal to the phone lines that jumps back to HQ.

(MORE)

BRODE (cont'd)

You step more than one foot outside the walls of this house and the signal stops. And if the signal stops, they drag your ass back to the nut-house. It's as simple as that. Stay inside and take up knitting or some shit, because your pale ass ain't gettin' a tan anytime soon.

Ellis shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about not knowing exactly how far you can go. It'll start beeping and flashing if you get within a foot or two of breaking the signal, a little heads-up to make you reconsider before you go and do something stupid. Don't mess with it either. You take it off and the signal stops. And what happens if the signal stops?

Brode stares at Ellis expectantly. There is a long pause as he looks back at her deadpan.

ELLIS

... They drag my ass back to the nut-house.

BRODE

Very good, Tuesday, I can see I'll have to pick up the pace to challenge that wicked learning curve of yours. Now direct your attention to the marvel of modern technology sitting to your left.

Ellis looks over at the table to see THE UNIT. It's a laptop-sized metal block with a fixed camera mounted on it and a phone attached to the side of it.

BRODE (CONT'D)

It's on a separate line from the rest of the phones in the house. It'll ring at random intervals throughout the next thirty days. Any day of the week, any time. Could be once a week, could be three times a day. There's no pattern.

(MORE)

BRODE (CONT'D)

Just make sure you pick it up before it rings eight times or it's back to padded walls and Jello for dinner. An automated voice will ask you to state your name and you will do so. Then hold still because that camera will take your picture. Try to smile.

Brode lights a fresh cigarette.

BRODE (CONT'D)

That's it. Any questions?

Brode stares at Ellis expectantly. He just stares back at her.

She sighs and pulls out a cell-phone.

BRODE (CONT'D)

But hey, don't take my word for it. Let's take it for a spin.

Brode dials a number and the Unit's PHONE RINGS. Ellis glances at Brode.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Aren't you gonna get it?

Ellis stares at her. He picks up the phone and puts it to his ear.

An AUTOMATED, EERILY-STILTED VOICE.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

State your name.

Ellis glances at Brode.

BRODE

Better do what the man says.

Ellis sighs.

ELLIS

Ellis Walker.

A pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. You may hang up.

Ellis does so and looks to Brode.

BRODE

Say cheese.

Ellis glances back at the camera just as it FLASHES and SNAPS A PICTURE of him.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Tuesday, you're on the road to rehabilitation. There's just one more thing.

Brode sets a small plastic cup with a lid on the table in front of Ellis.

He stares at it.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door sitting partially open behind him, Ellis stands in front of the toilet peeing into the cup.

BRODE is heard talking from outside the room.

BRODE (O.S.)

This place is pretty swank, Tuesday.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brode is looking around in the enormous living room next to the bathroom. Everything looks incredibly expensive. An ace sound system. A giant TV. Wall-mounted speakers.

Brode peers at a BASEBALL BAT mounted on the wall with numerous autographs covering its surface. She looks bothered by all the wealth.

BRODE

So this uncle of yours just up and died of a heart-attack a couple months back, huh? And he left you absolutely fucking EVERYTHING, I see.

Brode picks up an enormous universal-remote from a table to look at.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Helluva guy, I'll tell ya. When my old man died, he left me some TV trays and a black eye.

(MORE)

BRODE (CONT'D)

He sure as hell didn't leave me a
god-damn house with a state-of-the-
art home entertainment system and a
bat autographed by half the Red
Sox.

Brode tosses the remote aside, miffed. She notices a framed
photo on an end-table and picks it up.

It's of a bearded, wild-eyed older man wearing a Hawaiian T-
shirt, Ellis' UNCLE HAROLD, with his arm around the waist of
a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN. Another BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN is on his
other side. The three of them seem to be having a blast.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Looks like your uncle had some fun
before he went, though.

Brode squints at the women. They're just girls really. 18 or
19 tops.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Maybe a little too much fun. These
floozyies look borderline legal.

Brode glances back at the bathroom.

BRODE (CONT'D)

How about it, Tuesday? Your uncle
have a thing for little girls?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellis sighs as he puts a cap on the filled urine cup and zips
up.

ELLIS

I didn't know Uncle Harold very
well. Barely ever saw him.

BRODE (O.S.)

The schmuck was just a simple
veterinarian, right? How'd he swing
all the jail-bait?

Ellis sets the cup down and starts washing his hands in the
sink. He glances in the mirror.

Behind him, the bathroom door rests mostly open. There's a
small area cloaked in shadow behind the back of the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brode slides open a cabinet on the wall, revealing a massive collection of DVDs.

BRODE

Holy Jackpot, Tuesday, you're loaded. This fucker has every movie known to man.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellis finishes washing his hands and starts drying them. He freezes as the DOOR CREAKS behind him. He looks in the mirror.

The darkness behind the back of the door looms ominously.

He stares.

A HAND suddenly slides out of the darkness and grips the door, CREAKING it closed a little.

Ellis whips around in shock and stumbles back into the toilet.

A wild-eyed YOUTH of about 17 emerges from the darkness behind the door wearing a long coat. His hair is long and messy and his eyes are fixed intensely on Ellis.

Ellis stares at him in flustered shock.

The Youth grins and flicks open a SWITCHBLADE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to what's going on, Brode glances at the bathroom door before slipping a DVD into her coat. She continues to peruse the collection.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellis stares at the Youth as he approaches him with the switchblade. He takes Ellis' hand and places the switchblade in it. Ellis looks down at the blade and then at the Youth.

BRODE (O.S.)

What's the hold-up, Tuesday? You know I wanted URINE in that, right?

The Youth grins at Ellis and moves his eyes to look at the partially-open doorway. He looks back at Ellis expectantly.

Ellis swallows and looks down at the knife. He looks back at the Youth, who stares at him with mischievous eyes.

Ellis walks past him towards the door with the switchblade.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brode still has her back turned to the bathroom as she checks out the DVD collection.

BRODE

Let's shake a leg. I have two TV dinners and a hot shower waiting for me.

Ellis walks silently out of the bathroom behind her. He walks towards her back purposefully, getting closer and closer.

BRODE (CONT'D)

I'm an impatient woman on a FULL stomach, Tuesday, so just run some water if you need to and squeeze it out, would ya?

Ellis reaches Brode and stands right behind her just as she starts to turn.

BRODE (CONT'D)

What's the-

Brode flinches and jerks back into the wall upon seeing Ellis right behind her.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Jesus!

She calms a bit and straightens, miffed.

BRODE (CONT'D)

You should talk more. It reminds people that you exist.

Brode looks down at Ellis' hand.

BRODE (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Oh, is that for me?

Ellis' brow furrows in confusion. He looks down and sees that in his hand he holds not a switchblade but the full urine container.

Brode snatches it from him.

BRODE (CONT'D)

About time. I have to piss like a
hammered racehorse.

Brode pockets the urine as she walks past Ellis and into the
bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brode enters.

There's no one there. The Youth has vanished into thin air.

Brode closes the door and heads for the toilet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still confused, Ellis turns and looks at the bathroom. He
senses something and looks to the door.

Standing in the doorway of the living room is the Youth,
staring at him.

Ellis freezes and stares at the Youth nervously.

The Youth smiles.

Ellis raises one finger to his temple and taps on it very
deliberately a few times.

ELLIS

You. Are. Not. Real.

Ellis squeezes his eyes shut for a long moment, then opens
them.

The Youth is gone. The doorway is empty.

Ellis breathes out a little in relief.

The TOILET is heard FLUSHING.

Ellis turns back to the bathroom as the door opens and Brode
walks out.

BRODE

Who were you talking to, Tuesday?
One of your little friends?

ELLIS

Friends?

BRODE

I know all about you, so save it.
You and your buddy really raised
some hell back in the day. It's
only natural that some of it would
still be following you around.
Paranoid and delusional is what the
file says. Me, I'll stick with good
old-fashioned "crazy."

Ellis trembles a little.

ELLIS

I didn't do anything.

Brode snorts.

BRODE

Yeah, right. I guess that's why
you're here and he's still locked
in a closet upstate, huh? Save your
breath, Tuesday, I'm beyond caring.

Brode gestures at Ellis to come closer to her.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Now come here a minute, and I'll
tell you a secret.

Ellis stares at Brode, hesitant.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Come on, sweetie, don't be shy. You
and me are gonna be friends.

Ellis slowly walks closer to Brode.

BRODE (CONT'D)

That's it. Good boy.

Brode puts her arm around Ellis' shoulder and leans in close
to his face.

BRODE (CONT'D)

You're probably wondering why they
stuck a fragile psyche like yours
out here all alone, aren't ya?

Ellis clears his throat nervously, not knowing where this is
going.

ELLIS

The thought had crossed my mind.

BRODE

Well, I'll let you in on the Grand Guignol.

Brode glances over her shoulder in mock paranoia and leans in even closer to Ellis.

BRODE (CONT'D)

The administration WANTS you to fail.

Ellis eyes widen with interest.

BRODE (CONT'D)

They know there's no fixing that head full of bad wiring you've got. They know your grip on reality is dangling by a thread, and they're reaching for the scissors. They want you to go batty out here all by your lonesome and do something stupid, something they can use against you.

ELLIS

I don't understand-

BRODE (CONT'D)

(grinning)

If a tree falls in the forest and the only one there to hear it is a paranoid delusional prone to surreal hallucinations, does it make a sound?

Ellis stares at Brode, confused.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Don't you get it, Tuesday? The only reason you're even here right now is that they want an excuse to lock you up for the rest of your natural life without pesky things like lawyers and human rights acts getting in the way. You screw up now and they've got that excuse.

Ellis swallows, looking a little sick.

BRODE (CONT'D)

If you make even the slightest mistake, Tuesday, you are royally fucked, you hear me?

(MORE)

BRODE (CONT'D)

They'll lock you in a cupboard
upstate and throw away the key,
just like they did with your little
friend.

Brode grins from ear to ear.

BRODE (CONT'D)

And guess who their only source of
information is?

Ellis stares at Brode, going pale.

BRODE (CONT'D)

You guessed it, Tuesday. So just
keep that in mind when you open
your mouth in my direction.
Wouldn't want me to pass along a
sour word to the men with your
future in their back-pockets.

Brode slaps the flabbergasted Ellis on the back heartily.

BRODE (CONT'D)

And hey, who knows? If you manage
to follow the rules for the next
thirty days without utterly losing
your mind, maybe you'll get a swing
at re-entering the general populace
with the rest of us apes after all.

Brode turns and walks towards the door.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Happy trails. Keep the place clean.
(as an afterthought)
And don't forget to feed Hannibal.

ELLIS

What?

Brode pauses in the doorway and turns, gesturing across the
room.

BRODE

Make sure you feed Hannibal.

Confused, Ellis looks across the room and sees a small cage
in a darkened corner sitting on top of a little table.

There's movement inside it.

Ellis squints at the cage and walks up to it.

HANNIBAL, an adorable little white gerbil, is inside. He's standing on his hind-legs and pressing against the bars to look out at Ellis, his nose twitching.

Ellis stares at the tiny rodent as if its an alien creature.

ELLIS

What the hell is that?

Brode chuckles and comes up behind Ellis to slap him on the back.

BRODE

It's a fucking gerbil, Tuesday.
Relax, it's not as dangerous as it looks.

ELLIS

Harold left it?

BRODE

Yep. I came through last week to check the place out and found the tiny bastard knee deep in his own shit. Cleaned the cage out for him and everything.

ELLIS

It's been months. Why didn't he starve to death?

BRODE

He wasn't alone in that cage, Tuesday. Why do you think I named him Hannibal?

Realization spreads across Ellis' face as he stares the innocent-looking rodent. He turns to Brode, disgusted.

ELLIS

He didn't.

Brode grins.

BRODE

He did.

She extends a finger through the bars to stroke the top of Hannibal's head.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Resourceful little fucker, isn't he? Just keeps on trucking.

Hannibal nips at Brode's finger.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Ow!

Brode jerks her finger away from the cage, chuckling.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Watch yourself, though, he's got a
taste for meat now.

Ellis looks at Brode in disbelief, then stares back down at Hannibal.

Brode turns and heads for the door.

BRODE (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a week.

She pauses in the doorway to look Ellis in the eye.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Be good.

Brode disappears out the door and a few seconds later, the
FRONT DOOR is heard OPENING and then SLAMMING SHUT.

Ellis stares at the empty doorway, letting everything sink
in.

Dead silence.

Ellis slowly turns and looks at Hannibal's cage again.

The adorable creature stares up at him from behind the bars,
its tiny nose twitching.

Ellis shivers.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellis clicks on the lights and enters the large, well-
furnished bedroom carrying his gym bag. He takes a few steps
inside, looking around, and goes to the bed. Sits and sets
his bag down.

On the nightstand rests a half-eaten sandwich sitting on a
plate with a half-empty glass of milk next to it. The
sandwich is covered with fuzzy green mold and the milk looks
as thick as a milkshake.

Ellis stares at the disgusting food. Shivers.

His gaze drifts across the nightstand past a thick, hardcover copy of "The Merck Veterinary Manual" and stops on a framed photo.

It depicts a wild-eyed Uncle Harold lounging in a restaurant with his arm around a YOUNG MAN who looks like he's barely out of high school.

Ellis stares at his uncle's jovial face in disbelief. He senses something and looks up.

He's staring at his own reflection in an enormous mirror mounted on the ceiling above the bed.

The mirror has a large crack in it. It goes right across Ellis' reflection, fracturing his face.

Ellis looks back down and shivers, unnerved. He quickly gets up and walks from the room, taking his bag with him.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The weak light flicks on to illuminate a fairly spacious basement. It's impeccably neat and tidy, with piled boxes, cabinets, and a tool-table.

Ellis walks down the stairs and into the room. He glances around for a few seconds and turns to leave.

A FAINT SCRATCHING NOISE is heard.

Ellis freezes.

Silence.

Again, a FAINT SCRATCHING NOISE coming from the ground.

Ellis stares at the floor of the basement, which is covered by a large mat.

The SCRATCHING NOISE continues.

Ellis glances back at the staircase nervously and slowly lowers his ear to the mat.

Nothing. Silence.

Ellis swallows.

ELLIS
(whispering)
You're not real.

Ellis stands and quickly walks back up the stairs. He goes out the door and slams it shut behind him-

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 29 DAYS

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning sunlight shines through the windows onto Ellis, who sleeps on the couch in the quiet room.

Hannibal runs on his exercise wheel in his cage, the RUSTY METAL SQUEAKING LIGHTLY.

Ellis shifts in his sleep with a murmur, peaceful and comfortable.

The shrill, piercing RING OF THE TELEPHONE is heard from the endtable next to the couch.

Ellis jerks his head up, awake immediately. He stares at the RINGING PHONE for a long moment. Answers it.

ELLIS

Hello?

Silence.

AN OLD WOMAN'S THROATY, VENOMOUS VOICE suddenly speaks up.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

You watched him die.

Ellis freezes, his eyes going wide.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now I'm watching YOU.

CLICK. The phone goes dead and the DIAL TONE drones.

Ellis stays frozen with the WHINING PHONE to his ear, staring in disbelief. He slowly reaches out to hang the phone up.

RING!

Ellis flinches, almost dropping the phone.

RING!

Ellis stares at the phone in disbelief. It seems to be ringing again, but it's off the hook.

RING!

Ellis narrows his eyes and looks to the doorway.

RING!

Ellis suddenly realizes something.

ELLIS

Oh shit!

He fumbles to get up and runs out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

THE UNIT'S PHONE IS RINGING.

Ellis hurries inside and picks it up.

There's silence on the line.

Ellis waits anxiously.

The AUTOMATED VOICE suddenly speaks up.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

State your name.

Ellis breathes out in relief.

ELLIS

Ellis Walker.

A pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. You may hang up.

Ellis hangs up and stares at the camera on the Unit.

It flashes and snaps a picture of his breathless expression.

Ellis snorts in amusement at his near screw-up and calms down.

He glances across the room and freezes.

Through the kitchen window, he can see the dense, dark WOODS outside. The trees sway in the wind.

Ellis stares at the woods. Shivers.

He quickly moves to the window and pulls the blinds down, blocking off the view.

He crosses the room to the refrigerator and opens it, revealing barely anything inside.

Ellis shuts the refrigerator and goes to the house-phone mounted on the wall. He fumbles to pull out a number and dials.

The LINE RINGS and an OLDER MAN picks up.

OLDER MAN (O.S.)
Red Pepper Market.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sitting on the couch, Ellis clicks on the TV with the remote.

ORGASMIC MOANS and SCREECHES immediately emanate from the TV. The picture fades in to reveal an intense S&M porn film in full swing.

Black leather. Silver zippers. Paddles. Whips. High-heels. Red lips part in delight as an ass is smacked. Fingers pull on a nipple ring. A hand pulls a woman's head back by the hair.

Ellis stares at the screen with wide eyes. He quickly fumbles to click the TV off with the remote.

He stares at the black screen.

Silence.

Ellis raises the remote and clicks the TV back on. The MOANS and SCREECHES immediately resume.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The sounds of an intense PORNO still emanate from the TV.

Ellis slides open a wall cabinet to reveal ROW UPON ROW OF PORNO DVDS. He stares at them in disbelief. Pulls out a DVD. "Mocha Backdoor Bondage Sluts." He pulls out another. "Beaver Hunt #3."

Ellis looks over his shoulder at the framed photo of Uncle Harold with the young women. He stares at Harold's wrinkled, grinning face as the SEX NOISES continue.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ellis vacuums the floor meticulously.

He stops as he goes to dump the rotten food on the nightstand into the trash, plate and glass included. He continues vacuuming.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ellis diligently mops the tiled floor.

He pauses as the Unit, sitting on the kitchen table next to him, catches his eye.

Its camera is pointed right at him.

Ellis stares at it uneasily.

He reaches out and pushes the Unit so that the camera is facing away from him. Goes back to mopping.

Ellis grabs a bottle of soap to squeeze into his water bucket but realizes that it's empty. He ducks down to look in the cabinet beneath the sink. His searching hands push aside numerous bottles and jars.

Ellis suddenly stops searching and stares at something. He reaches forward and pulls out a large jar. He stands and holds it in the light to look at it.

In the jar is what appears to be an entire HUMAN TONGUE floating in liquid, perfectly preserved.

Ellis rotates the jar in his hand to stare at the tongue in disgust.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Ellis jumps in surprise and drops the jar. It hits the floor and smashes, the fluid running over Ellis' shoes and the tongue flapping limply on the ground.

ELLIS

Shit!

THREE MORE KNOCKS emanate from the front door and Ellis looks over his shoulder. He glances back at the fallen tongue and exits the kitchen.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis strides to the front door and opens it.

He immediately sees two paper bags of groceries sitting on the porch about five feet from the door. He looks past them and sees the back of a WOMAN walking away from the house towards an old, beat-up car.

Ellis glances at the groceries.

ELLIS

Hey!

The Woman stops. She slowly turns.

This is LYNN. Early 20s. Pretty in a pale, delicate way. Dyed black hair. Too much eye-liner and dark clothes. She looks like the shy, quiet, "alternative" type.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You have to bring them closer. I can't leave the house.

Lynn just stares at him. She looks nervous.

Ellis sighs and rolls up the bottom of his pant leg to expose the sensor.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

If I take one step outside, this thing will call the police. Could you just slide them a little closer? I'll close the door if you want. Please?

Silence.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Ellis starts to shut the door.

LYNN

That's okay.

Ellis stops shutting the door. He watches Lynn as she warily approaches the porch. She cautiously bends and gives the groceries a shove, sliding them towards Ellis.

ELLIS

Thank you.

Lynn just stares at him from the other side of the porch.

Ellis breaks eye contact nervously and grabs the bags, turning back into the house.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

See ya.

LYNN

Wait.

Ellis stops and looks back at Lynn with the groceries in his arms.

She swallows, looking both nervous and interested.

LYNN (CONT'D)

So you're like... You're under house arrest?

Ellis stares at her.

She waits for his answer with genuine interest.

He sighs uncomfortably.

ELLIS

Look, maybe they should send someone else from now on. I don't think your parents would want you up here.

LYNN

I don't have parents.

Ellis shifts the bags in his arms awkwardly.

ELLIS

Okay.

LYNN

They're dead.

Lynn watches Ellis' face carefully.

ELLIS

Oh.

She seems disappointed.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Aren't you gonna say "I'm sorry"?

ELLIS

I didn't do anything.

Lynn snorts with laughter, staring at Ellis intently. Uncomfortable, he turns to go again.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Okay, bye.

LYNN

They're not dead.

Ellis looks at her.

LYNN (CONT'D)

My parents. They're not dead. I was lying.

ELLIS

Good for you.

LYNN

They said you were Mr. Walker's nephew down at the store. Said you've been in jail for fourteen years. Is that true?

Ellis couldn't possibly be more uncomfortable now.

ELLIS

Look, I don't think I'm supposed to have visitors.

LYNN

Who says I want to visit you?

ELLIS

No one. See ya later.

Ellis starts to close the door.

LYNN

Wait!

Ellis pauses, gritting his teeth.

LYNN (CONT'D)

What did you do?

Ellis stares at her, the frustration suddenly leaving his face.

ELLIS

... I didn't do anything.

Lynn grins.

LYNN

You're a liar too, huh?

This triggers something in Ellis, and he suddenly slams the door shut.

He turns and leans against it with his bags of groceries, looking uneasy.

After a few moments, Lynn's CAR is heard SPUTTERING WEAKLY TO LIFE AND DRIVING OFF from outside.

Ellis lets out a sigh of relief and walks down the hall with his groceries.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The tongue lays on the floor in a pool of fluid, surrounded by shards of broken glass.

A pair of salad tongs lowers down and picks it up.

Ellis raises the tongue to look at it. He walks to the trash. Pauses. Stares at the tongue again.

Finally, Ellis takes the tongue away from the trash and exits the room with it.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ellis walks down the stairs, still holding the tongue with the salad tongs. He walks to the tool-table and finds an empty jar. He plops the tongue inside and screws it shut. He places the jar on the edge of the table and turns to go.

A SCRATCHING SOUND comes from the floor.

Ellis stops. Swallows. Continues on.

More SCRATCHING.

Ellis stops again and stares at the floor-mat.

Silence.

He suddenly moves forward and lifts the mat up, throwing it aside to reveal a CLOSED METAL HATCH.

Ellis stares at the hatch in surprise. It's about 3x4 and is locked by a simple yet sturdy-looking latch.

THE SCRATCHING SOUND emanates from beneath it.

Ellis licks his lips and slowly reaches for the latch. He unlocks the hatch and steps back, as if expecting something to happen.

Nothing. No scratching. No movement. Dead silence.

Ellis swallows and reaches for the hatch. He grabs it and throws it open with a METALLIC CLANG.

Ellis immediately jerks back with a grunt, as if slapped in the face by some unseen force. He crinkles his nose in disgust and grimaces. Something smells absolutely repugnant.

Pinching his nose shut with one hand, Ellis approaches the open hatch to look. His eyes widen at what he sees:

A circular earthen tunnel stretches straight down into pure darkness. A metal ladder is attached to the wall leading down into black oblivion. It's impossible to tell how deep it is.

His mouth agape, Ellis lowers to his knees and leans forward, staring down into the darkness with interest.

The faintest of EARTHEN MOVEMENTS can be heard from below.

Intrigued, Ellis turns around and sets one foot down on the first rung of the ladder.

BEEP, BEEP!

Ellis flinches in surprise and looks down at his leg.

The SENSOR BAND around his ankle has started making an urgent-sounding BEEPING NOISE and the red light on it is flashing.

ELLIS

Shit.

Ellis brings his foot off the ladder and up out of the hole.

The band immediately stops beeping and the light stops flashing.

Ellis sighs in frustration.

Distant EARTHEN MOVEMENTS are heard from the darkness.

Ellis stares into the blackness. Still pinching his nose with one hand, he grabs the hatch and slams it shut, plunging the tunnel into total darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 27 DAYS

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The door opens and ELLIS' BARE FEET walk to the edge of the doorway.

His cupped hands lower into view and gently put Hannibal down on the porch.

Ellis stands and watches the confused gerbil cock its head to and fro, listening to the SOUNDS OF THE WILDERNESS.

Hannibal scurries to the edge of the porch and pauses, staring into the forest.

Ellis watches the tiny creature intently.

Hannibal jumps to the ground and takes off towards the forest like a shot.

Ellis watches him go, looking more than a little jealous.

The gerbil disappears from view amidst the long grass and bushes.

Ellis sighs and stares at the forest for a moment longer before turning and going back inside.

He closes the door heavily behind him.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - DAY

Ellis cleans himself under the flow of SCREECHING WATER.

Soaking wet, the plastic sensor around his ankle is unaffected, its red light shining on.

A DISTANT RINGING is heard, barely audible.

Ellis cocks his head, listening to the vague sound. He reaches out and turns off the water.

RING!

Ellis' eyes go wide.

ELLIS

SHIT!

Ellis stumbles to get out of the shower.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

THE UNIT'S PHONE IS RINGING.

Ellis charges into the room naked and wet. He snatches up the phone and puts it to his ear.

A nervous pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

State your name.

Ellis sighs in relief.

ELLIS

Ellis Walker.

A pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. You may hang up.

Ellis hangs up, relieved.

The Unit's camera flashes.

Ellis yelps in surprise and belatedly tries to cover his naked body.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ellis lays sleeping on the couch. His face is peaceful.

Silence.

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND LOWERS TO ELLIS' FACE.

It gently curls a loose strand of hair behind Ellis' ear. He senses the touch and shifts in his sleep.

The hand moves away from Ellis' face.

Ellis' eyes snap open and he bolts upright on the couch, wide-awake.

Nothing. There's no one in the room.

Ellis calms, staring at the empty room.

A loud CREAK suddenly emanates from somewhere in the house.

Ellis freezes.

Another CREAK. It sounds as if someone is inside and moving around.

His eyes wide, Ellis slowly gets up from the couch and creeps towards the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ellis creeps down the hallway.

A CREAK emanates from behind a door.

Ellis freezes. He swallows and reaches for the doorknob.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ellis slowly opens the door and flicks on the light. He looks down the stairs and slowly starts down them. He reaches the basement floor and looks around the empty room, shivering.

He stares at the closed hatch.

He moves to it and starts closing the latch to lock it. He stops himself, gritting his teeth with effort.

ELLIS
(tapping his forehead)
You. Are. Not. Real.

Ellis removes his hand from the latch, leaving the hatch unlocked. He rises nervously and heads for the stairs. Suddenly freezes.

The glass jar sits where he left it on the edge of the tool-table.

But IT'S EMPTY. THE TONGUE IS NO LONGER INSIDE. It's gone.

Ellis stares at the empty jar. His hand works its way to his temple and begins tapping on it as he stares.

He turns, stumbling, and quickly heads for the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis strides into the bathroom, heading for the sink, and immediately jerks back in horror.

THE YOUTH is kneeling in front of the tub with his back facing Ellis, only his long coat and wild hair visible.

The ARMS AND LEGS OF A LITTLE BOY are thrashing from the water of the full tub as the Youth holds him under the surface.

The Youth looks over his shoulder at Ellis as he drowns the boy, his eyes wild and his face intense.

YOUTH
Watch me, Ellis! Watch me!

Ellis stumbles back into the doorway, his eyes wide.

This angers the Youth.

YOUTH (CONT'D)
WATCH ME DO IT! WATCH ME!

Ellis stumbles out the door and SLAMS IT SHUT behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

There are no sounds coming from within the bathroom. It's over.

His face covered with sweat, Ellis slides his back down the door and sits on the floor. He leans his head back against the door and lets out a deep breath.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 23 DAYS

INT. FOYER - DAY

The foyer sits peacefully. The mail slot on the door flaps open and a few letters fall inside. The sound of HURRYING FEET approach the door.

Ellis jogs up to the door and hurriedly pulls it open.

The MAILMAN, an old, fat, grizzled-looking fella of about 70, has barely made it to the other side of the porch. His car is parked out front.

He flinches in surprise and turns to look at Ellis.

ELLIS
Hi.

MAILMAN
(warily)
Hi.

ELLIS
They tell you about me?

MAILMAN
They told me enough.

ELLIS
Right, you mind if I talk to you
for a minute?

No response.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Don't worry, it's just that you
look like you've probably lived
here for a while and I have some
questions about the house. About
the town, I mean.

Still nothing.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Just a few minutes of your time.
I'll be fast.

The Mailman sighs and wipes the sweat from his brow.

MAILMAN
You got something to drink?

ELLIS
Yeah, yeah, hold on.

Ellis disappears from the foyer as the Mailman waits.

He reappears a few seconds later with a bottle of water and
tosses it to the Mailman, who catches it.

The Mailman stares at the water and sighs.

MAILMAN
I asked for a DRINK, son, not a
refreshment.

The Mailman tosses the water back to Ellis and he catches it
awkwardly.

ELLIS
Oh... uh... I don't really have-

MAILMAN

Just make it quick.

ELLIS

Okay, this used to be a mining town, right? I've got a tunnel in my basement and I think it might lead down to some of the old catacombs.

MAILMAN

Wouldn't be surprised. This is a real old house. Probably used to be a bunkhouse or a mess hall or something. Bet it stinks to high heaven.

ELLIS

It does. How did you know?

MAILMAN

It's all the natural gases bottled up down there. My father worked the pits when I was little and every night he came home stinking like a god-damn mule.

ELLIS

Right...

(thinking)

This will sound weird: but are there animals down in the catacombs? Like wolves or something maybe?

MAILMAN

Wolves? No, it's all blocked off down there now. Big cave-in. Claimed a lot of men. Shut this town down cold. Ain't nothin' down there but spiders and bones these days.

ELLIS

Just spiders and bones, huh? You sure about that?

MAILMAN

Sure as an old man can be about anything 'cept taxes. Course they...

The Mailman snorts in amusement and trails off.

ELLIS

What?

The Mailman clears his throat and glances at the road. He lowers his voice and leans in a little.

MAILMAN

There's always talk.

ELLIS

What talk?

MAILMAN

About how those men died.

The Mailman shrugs and wipes sweat from his brow.

MAILMAN (CONT'D)

Whispers and superstitions, I say.

He turns and starts to walk away from the porch.

ELLIS

Hey, hang on. That's it?

The Mailman continues towards his car without turning.

MAILMAN

That's it, kid. Bring me a real drink next time and maybe I'll spit in your direction some more.

Unnerved, Ellis watches the Mailman get into his car and drive away.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ellis sits on the edge of the tunnel staring down into the darkness with a clothespin fastened to his nose. He seems transfixed by its seemingly endless depth.

The faintest of FAINT MOANS echoes from below.

Ellis leans in closer to the darkness with wide eyes.

Silence.

The sudden, venomous voice of the OLD WOMAN emanates FAINTLY from the blackness.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

Ellis!

Ellis flinches, going pale. He grabs the hatch and slams it shut.

He swallows and stares at the closed hatch.

ELLIS
You're not real.

Ellis rises and starts to leave. He stops, seeing something.

From behind a bookcase sitting against the wall, what looks to be the edge of a door-frame is sticking out.

Ellis' eyes narrow as he stares at it. He slowly walks to the bookcase. He reaches out and pokes it forcefully.

The bookcase slides smoothly along the wall a little, exposing another few inches of the door-frame behind it.

Ellis ducks and tilts his head to the ground to look under the bookcase.

The entire unit is on wheels set in grooves on the floor.

Ellis' eyes widen and he quickly rises. He licks his lips and gives the bookcase a shove.

It slides easily to the side, exposing a closed door on the wall behind it.

Ellis stares at the door. He reaches out and turns the knob slowly, entering.

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis stares in dumb shock. He's standing on the threshold of one of the kinkiest little bondage rooms ever seen.

Massive latex dildos litter dresser-tops. Dirty chains and shackles hang limply from the wall. Whips and paddles are scattered about.

A huge bed made of filthy old wood is bolted to the floor beneath a mirror on the ceiling. A pair of handcuffs hangs from the bedpost.

Completely blown away, Ellis wanders into the room, looking to and fro in shock. He lifts up one of the metal shackles hanging from the wall and lets it drop with wide eyes.

Ellis sees a small MINI-CASSETTE RECORDER and a large scholastic BINDER sitting on a little table next to the bed. He picks up the binder and opens it.

The first page displays a photo of a YOUNG WOMAN posing provocatively in her underwear, grinning for the camera. She's lying on the bed in the bondage chamber, right next to where Ellis is now standing.

Ellis stares at the picture in shock. He turns the page.

The next page displays another photo of a DIFFERENT YOUNG WOMAN, posed alluringly as well.

Ellis swallows and turns the page again.

This page displays a photo of a scantily-clad YOUNG MAN.

Ellis snorts in disbelief, flipping through the binder. Every page displays a new YOUNG GUY or GIRL.

He drops the binder to the floor, shocked. It falls closed.

ELLIS
(muttering)
Jesus, Harold.

The mini-cassette recorder catches Ellis' attention from the little table next to the bed.

He picks it up. Stares at it. Presses play.

Low-quality HISSY, MUFFLED AUDIO begins to play.

MOANS. SLAPS. GRUNTS. SEX.

Ellis listens uneasily.

An odd-sounding MUFFLED MOAN is heard, as if someone is sobbing behind a gag. It's eerie-sounding, somehow off. Almost as if something more than sex is going on...

Definitely SOMEONE CRYING now. The MOANS AND GRUNTS become louder, more intense.

Ellis stops the cassette and puts the player back where it was, wiping his hand on his pants as if it was dirty.

A SCRATCHING NOISE.

Ellis shivers and turns to look across the room.

A closet door sits partially open. Only pure darkness can be seen within.

Ellis stares at the closet.

Another SCRATCHING NOISE.

Ellis hardens himself and walks to the closet. He reaches out with a trembling hand for the knob.

He pulls the door open quickly.

A BLACK, HOLLOW FACE STARES AT HIM FROM WITHIN.

Ellis flinches and jumps back with a yelp.

A full-body BLACK BONDAGE SUIT, a mass of leather and zippers, hangs in the closet, its empty eye-holes staring blankly out from the darkness.

It has zippers for the eye slots and the mouth hole, but otherwise would cover every inch of skin on its wearer.

Ellis calms and stares at the sinister-looking outfit drenched in the darkness of the closet.

The empty eye-holes stare back at him.

Fascinated, Ellis slowly reaches a hand out to touch the face. His fingers lightly press against the leather.

A HAND SLAPS DOWN ONTO HIS SHOULDER FROM BEHIND.

Ellis cries out and whirls around, stumbling away from the intruder.

It's Brode.

She erupts into laughter as Ellis stares at her with wide eyes, looking traumatized.

BRODE

(laughing)

Oh, Tuesday, that was fucking brilliant! Picked my whole day up and just dusted it right off!

Ellis stares at her with wide eyes as she cracks up.

She gestures to his face.

BRODE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

I see you've made yourself right at home already.

Ellis realizes that the clothespin is still attached to his nose. He pulls it off quickly.

Brode begins to get her laughter under control, gesturing to the room around them.

BRODE (CONT'D)

But seriously, what the hell is all this? This guy was the dirtiest fucking uncle in the history of dirty uncles.

ELLIS

Marta Koff called me.

Brode stops laughing on a dime, her expression turning grim.

BRODE

What?

ELLIS

Marta Koff called-

BRODE

I heard what you said, Tuesday, I was just giving you a chance to clean the crazy out of your mouth before you spoke again. Marta Koff didn't call you, okay? She has no idea where you are.

ELLIS

She does and she called me.

Brode sighs and looks away, lighting up a cigarette.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Brode.

Brode looks back at Ellis.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

(firmly)

She called me.

Brode doesn't respond, unreadable.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

She hasn't gotten over her son. She's watching me... I think she wants to hurt me.

Brode sizes Ellis up in silence for a long moment.

BRODE

Let me get this straight: You're telling me that the mother of one of your buddy's victims tracked you down fourteen years after the fact so that she could call to make a vague and undefined threat?

ELLIS

Yes.

Brode eyes Ellis, blowing out smoke.

BRODE

You're fucking nuts, Tuesday, you know that?

Ellis sighs in defeat and sits in a chair wearily.

Brode takes her coat off and rests on the edge of the bed as she speaks.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Lucky for you I'm as lenient as they come. You play the game and you'll be skipping down the street free and clear wearing some guy's head as a hat in no time.

Brode takes off her gun-holster and badge as she talks.

BRODE (CONT'D)

You scratch my ass and I'll scratch yours, you feel me?

Brode sits on the edge of the bed and starts taking off her shoes.

Ellis looks up from the chair and notices what she's doing for the first time.

ELLIS

What are you doing?

Brode continues taking her shoes off as she talks.

BRODE

You're gonna fuck me, Tuesday.

Ellis stares at her in surprise.

ELLIS

What?

Brode finishes getting her shoes off. She stands and starts unbuttoning her shirt.

BRODE
You heard me.

ELLIS
I don't understand.

BRODE
What's to understand? I'm horny and I own you. I say the word and you get dragged back to Wonderland. So you're gonna fuck me.

ELLIS
You're blackmailing me?

Brode finishes unbuttoning her shirt and grins at Ellis.

BRODE
Hey, you don't like it? Call a cop.

Ellis just stares at her in shock.

She bends to grind her cigarette out on the nightstand.

BRODE (CONT'D)
Oh, and if you're gonna pee first-
Brode turns to him and tosses him something.
He catches the object and looks at it: an empty plastic cup.

BRODE (CONT'D)
Do it in the cup.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY - LATER

The bondage room doorway rests open just a crack. Obscured movement can be seen through the slight opening. BRODE AND ELLIS can be heard HAVING SEX.

BRODE MOANS LOUDLY.

The closed metal hatch sits on the ground ominously in the foreground. Faint SCRATCHES emanate from beneath it.

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - DAY - LATER

Ellis rests against the headboard staring straight up into his own reflection in the mirror above the bed. He wears only pants.

Brode, a lit cigarette already in her mouth, is getting dressed.

BRODE

Not bad, Tuesday. You're no Sunday,
but you'll do.

Ellis sighs and looks away from the mirror.

Brode eyes him. Her confidence seems to waver for the first time. She sits on the edge of the bed and leans toward him.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Look, I know I ain't as skinny or
as pretty as I used to be, but most
guys in your position jump at the
chance to shake my bones on a
weekly basis. What's your deal,
Tuesday?

Brode smiles playfully.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Miss your old buddy?

Ellis turns his head to look at Brode coldly.

ELLIS

It wasn't like that.

BRODE

No?

ELLIS

No.

Brode smiles.

BRODE

Then I'll see you next week.

Brode leans in and kisses Ellis with mock passion.

He doesn't react. Just stays perfectly still.

Brode parts with him and rises. She grabs the full urine container from a table and walks to the doorway. She pauses as she spots a MASSIVE DILDO sitting on top of a dresser. She grabs it and holds it up.

BRODE (CONT'D)

I'm confiscating this.

Ellis waves her off, uncaring.

Brode chuckles and walks out.

Ellis sighs and stares ahead as BRODE can be heard CLOMPING UP THE BASEMENT STAIRS. He senses something and looks back up at the mirror on the ceiling.

HIS UNCLE'S HALF-NAKED, GRINNING REFLECTION STARES BACK AT HIM INSTEAD OF HIS OWN.

Ellis' eyes widen in horror. He scrambles off the bed and stumbles away from it.

He stands rigidly, breathing hard.

He slowly inches back to the side of the bed. Carefully eases his head under the mirror on the ceiling to look up into it.

His own reflection stares back at him.

Ellis sighs with relief, breathing hard. He taps the side of his forehead.

ELLIS
You're not real.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 22 DAYS

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ellis throws the hatch open, exposing the endless tunnel below.

A clothespin is on his nose again, and he clutches a small garden trowel in his hand. He holds it over the tunnel for a moment.

He drops it.

The trowel sails straight down into the darkness and is heard STRIKING THE GROUND almost immediately.

Ellis breathes out, surprised at how short the tunnel actually is.

The black maw stretches down beneath him, silent and cold.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ellis sleeps on the couch.

RING!

Ellis flinches awake with a start.

The PHONE is RINGING from the end-table next to the couch.

He stares at it. Picks it up.

Silence.

ELLIS
... Mrs. Koff?

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
They're coming for you. They're
coming up from the dark.

Ellis' eyes widen as the PHONE GOES DEAD. He sets it down and slowly turns to stare at the doorway.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The lights come on and Ellis inches slowly down the stairs. He hears the bottom and freezes in surprise.

THE HATCH IS RESTING OPEN.

Ellis tenses up, his knuckles turning white as he balls his hands into tense fists. He stares at the hatch.

ELLIS
It's okay. You left it open. You
did... Go close it. Just go close
it and go back to bed.

Ellis stares at the hatch for a long moment. He suddenly moves and strides towards it.

Ellis reaches the hatch and slams it shut. He immediately slides the metal latch into place, locking the hatch with a CLANG.

Ellis breathes out in relief, shaking. He sits on the hatch and buries his head in his hands.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 19 DAYS

INT. FOYER - DAY

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Ellis walks up to the door cautiously.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

ELLIS
(calling out)
You can just leave them right by
the door. Thanks.

LYNN'S MUFFLED VOICE is heard from behind the door.

LYNN (O.S.)
I won't give them to you until you
come and talk to me.

Ellis tenses up, looking helpless.

LYNN (O.S.)
... I wanna know what you did...
Please.

Ellis swallows.

A long pause.

Finally, he grabs the doorknob and pulls open the door.

Lynn stands a few feet away with his grocery bags in her
hands. As soon as she sees his face, she looks eager.

ELLIS
How do you know I won't skin you
alive or something?

LYNN
I'm not worth going back to jail
over.

ELLIS
(annoyed)
Don't sell yourself short, you're
getting there. If I tell you what I
did, will you leave me alone?

LYNN
I promise.

ELLIS
A promise from a liar. That's
reassuring.

LYNN
You wanna eat? Take it or leave it.

Ellis sizes Lynn up coldly.

She swallows nervously and immediately looks like she regrets what she said.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Look, I don't even know what your name is, okay?

ELLIS

Ellis.

LYNN

Hi Ellis. I'm Lynn.

Lynn takes a step forward and reaches out her hand for a shake.

Ellis stares at her hand and then looks at her.

Lynn swallows, her outstretched arm trembling, waiting.

Finally, Ellis smiles and shakes her hand.

ELLIS

You're very brave, Lynn.

LYNN

No one's ever called me brave before.

ELLIS

Congratulations.

An awkward silence.

LYNN

I'm really sorry about Harold. Your uncle, I mean.

Ellis is surprised.

ELLIS

Did you know him?

LYNN

(awkwardly)

Uh, kinda. It's a small town. No offense, but he was a little weird.

Ellis glances behind him inside the house.

ELLIS

Trust me, you have no idea. Weird
is a very charitable way to put it.

Lynn looks interested.

LYNN

What do you mean?

ELLIS

Nothing. Let's just say he had an
eccentricity or three.

Lynn takes a step forward eagerly.

LYNN

All the best people do. What did
you find?

Ellis backs away a little.

ELLIS

Uh, I'd better leave it at that. I
wouldn't want to offend you.

LYNN

Why? Do you like me?

Ellis snorts, half in amusement, half in embarrassment.

LYNN (CONT'D)

That means yes.

ELLIS

That doesn't mean yes.

Lynn smiles and Ellis coughs awkwardly, trying to change the
subject.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

What are you doing out here in the
boonies anyway? You don't strike me
as the type who appreciates fresh
air and pine cones.

LYNN

I'm kinda between things right now.
My dad owns the market and I make
solid money helping him out. It's
just temporary.

Ellis smirks.

ELLIS

Gotcha.

LYNN

So what's wrong with you?

Ellis snorts in surprise.

ELLIS

You're extorting information from a convicted felon for kicks. What's wrong with YOU?

LYNN

I asked first.

Ellis sighs. He breaks eye contact.

ELLIS

My file says I'm acutely paranoid and prone to hallucinatory delusions.

LYNN

What's that mean?

ELLIS

Basically that I'm awake for my nightmares. I see and hear things that aren't real.

LYNN

What, like monsters and stuff?

ELLIS

Kinda.

LYNN

So how do you know I'M not a hallucination?

ELLIS

I don't.

LYNN

But I shook your hand.

ELLIS

Hallucinations know how to shake hands.

Lynn grins.

Ellis gives the hint of a smile as well.

LYNN

Are you fucking with me?

ELLIS

I don't know. Are you fucking with me?

Lynn stifles another smile.

LYNN

So how do you know what's real and what's not?

ELLIS

I rationalize things out. If I see a hallucination, I just tell myself it isn't real. Simple as that.

LYNN

You talk to yourself to keep from going crazy? Sounds healthy.

ELLIS

Never thought about it like that before.

Lynn glances back at her car.

LYNN (CONT'D)

So are you gonna tell me what you did or what? Your ice cream is melting.

The smile leaves Ellis' face.

ELLIS

Okay.

Ellis glances at the road again. He pulls out his wallet and takes out a folded polaroid from inside it.

Lynn watches him intently.

Ellis unfolds the polaroid and hands it to her. It's of a YOUNG ELLIS posing with the Youth in the middle of a party. Both look about 16 or 17 and grin like drunken idiots. The Youth is giving the camera the finger.

The crease from where the polaroid was folded runs straight down the image between Ellis and the Youth, separating them.

Lynn peers at the picture with interest.

ELLIS

You know that one friend you had when you were in high school? The one you grew up with and did everything with? The one you would've died for?

Lynn slowly nods, looking up from the picture.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Well mine killed people... And I watched.

Lynn goes pale.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I wasn't lying when I said that I didn't do anything. I wasn't in prison, I was in an asylum.

Lynn stares at him, speechless.

Ellis looks uncomfortable.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You were hoping that I got caught stealing a TV or something, huh?

Silence.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Can I have my groceries now?

LYNN

What's his name?

Ellis just stares at her.

Lynn gestures to the polaroid.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Your friend. What's his name?

ELLIS

Alex.

LYNN

Where is he?

ELLIS
Strapped to a table somewhere
upstate. He'll never get out. Can I
have my food, please?

Lynn finally steps forward and offers Ellis his groceries. He
takes them from her with both hands as she steps back.

LYNN
You watched him?

Ellis swallows.

ELLIS
He forced me.

LYNN
How?

Ellis licks his lips awkwardly.

ELLIS
He-

Ellis stops, unable to continue.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
I can't talk about this anymore.

Lynn nods silently.

LYNN
Okay.

She hands him the polaroid.

Ellis nods awkwardly at her, his voice trembling.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Well, nice knowing ya.

He turns to go inside.

LYNN
Ellis.

He stops.

LYNN (CONT'D)
I know I promised, but can I talk
to you again sometime?

Ellis stares at her over the top of his groceries for a long moment.

ELLIS

Sure.

Ellis walks into the house looking uncomfortable and closes the door.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 18 DAYS

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RAIN POUNDS DOWN from outside.

Ellis sleeps on the couch.

CREAKS AND MOVEMENT SOUNDS emanate from within the house.

Ellis' eyes open. He stares at the dark doorway to the room as the SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT continue.

He gets up and walks warily to the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ellis quietly walks inside and freezes.

Across the dark kitchen, the refrigerator is open and THE BACK OF THE YOUTH, with long, messy hair and wearing a long coat, can be seen rummaging through it.

A small jar hits the ground and shatters at his feet as the Youth continues searching for something. The liquid from the ruined jar blends with the puddles of rain-water pooling around the Youth's boots.

Ellis flinches, scared. He reaches a finger to the side of his temple and begins to tap.

ELLIS

You are not real.

The Youth hears this and jerks his head up from the fridge to look at Ellis. His face is cloaked in shadow, his long hair hanging messily in front of it. He stares at Ellis, who swallows, going paler.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You are not real. You are not real.

The Youth strides across the dark kitchen towards Ellis, hidden in shadow, his WET SHOES SQUISHING ON THE GROUND.

Ellis stares at him in terror, his voice becoming desperate, his temple-tapping becoming manic.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You are not real! You are not real!

The Youth reaches Ellis and, lightening fast, PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

Ellis instinctively tries to raise his hands to defend himself but is too slow. He hits the ground on his back, holding one hand to his bloody nose in shock.

The Youth leans in over him, his face passing out of shadow and into the light for the first time.

It isn't the Youth. At least, not how we last saw him. This is ALEX, wild-eyed and scruffy, the spitting image of what the Youth would look like if he were about 30. He's dripping wet and his soaked hair hangs messily in his face.

Ellis stares at Alex in shock.

Alex grins and extends one finger to Ellis' temple. He taps on it a few times.

ALEX

I'm real.

Alex flicks the lights on, illuminating the dark room. He strides back to the refrigerator and continues to look through it.

Frozen, Ellis watches him.

Alex talks like an attention-deficit motor-mouth.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sorry, El, but those quacks drilled a load of nonsense into your head. Hope I knocked some of it out. Hey, you got any summer sausage?

Alex looks up at Ellis.

Still on the floor, Ellis stares back at him in speechless shock.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Well, aren't ya gonna get up?

Ellis continues to stare, flabbergasted.

ELLIS

... There are some hotdogs in the meat drawer.

ALEX

Close enough.

Alex finds the hotdogs and begins tearing them open.

Ellis slowly gets to his feet, watching Alex with a combination of horror and fascination, his bleeding nose forgotten.

Alex gets a hotdog out and bites into the cold weiner, chewing with satisfaction.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Man, that's fucking divine.

Alex quickly chows down the hotdog and pulls out another one, talking with a full mouth.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I haven't had a hotdog in fourteen god-damn years. Remember when me and you would lift a pack from the convenience store next to school and eat 'em cold? Fucking disgusting, but I miss it, man. Hey, you mind if I stay here for a little while?

Ellis doesn't know how to respond.

ELLIS

... What?

ALEX

I said do you mind if I stay here? I just busted out last week, man. Need a place to crash.

Ellis is stunned.

ELLIS

How did you find me?

ALEX

When I was on the inside and heard that you got out, I asked if I could write you letters and the dumb fucks actually gave me your address! Can you believe that shit?!

Alex looks around the room, excited.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Man, I remember this place from when we were fucking twelve! Your uncle was the coolest fucker on the planet. Too bad he's rotting in a cheap suit now. He was always giving us free shit behind your parents' backs. Remember the time he gave us that porno? Our first fucking porno?!

Ellis looks horrified.

ELLIS

No, this ends here. You're not real. This isn't happening!

Alex's smile drops in a split-second.

ALEX

Don't make me hit you again, El.

ELLIS

(desperate)

You can't be here, Alex!

Alex lightens again.

ALEX

I know, it's fucking unbelievable, right? It'll be great, though, trust me. Like the old days, the good ones. Alex and Ellis, together again! Hey, you ever think about going back to the old neighborhood and seeing who's who and what's what? I sure as fuck do. I was thinking that maybe after it stops raining I could-

ELLIS

Stop! Just stop, okay?

Alex stares at Ellis, his smile fading.

Ellis swallows and walks to Alex.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Listen: They fixed me, okay? I'm not like that anymore.

ALEX

Not like what? You never did a fucking thing but sit there and watch with those big old doe eyes of yours. And I bet you ten to one you'll watch again. And like it.

ELLIS

(firmly)

No, Alex, I won't. Just get out of here. Now.

Alex stares at Ellis. Cold. Unreadable.

Ellis matches his gaze.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

No? Then I'm calling the cops.

Ellis turns and starts for the phone.

Alex immediately grabs him by the hair and jerks him back. He launches Ellis towards the table with a grunt and Ellis plows into it, spilling its contents, including the Unit, onto the ground.

Before he can rise, Alex reaches over Ellis' head with one hand and latches onto his brow, pulling his head back by it, with one finger keeping Ellis' eyelid pinned open roughly.

Alex flicks open a switchblade and holds it an inch from Ellis' forced-open eye.

Ellis grunts in fear and tries to shy away from it, but Alex holds his head firmly in place.

The switchblade already has dried blood on it.

ALEX

Now. Let's reconsider our options.

ELLIS

Alex, don't.

ALEX

Don't what, buddy? We're just talking like two adults here... Can you believe that? Me and you, fucking grown men. Blows your mind, doesn't it? We should go buy ties together sometime.

ELLIS

What do you want me to do?

ALEX

What you always do: nothing. I want you to just sit in this house and keep your mouth shut. No reason we can't both take advantage of Unkie Harold's generosity, right? Am I right?

Alex gives Ellis a shake, the blade coming dangerously close to nicking his eye.

ELLIS

Right.

RING!

Ellis flinches, his eye almost touching the blade.

From the floor, THE UNIT'S PHONE IS RINGING.

Ellis looks in its direction in fear, still pinned in Alex's grip.

Alex ignores it as it continues to RING.

ALEX

And if you ever tell on me, El, I'll see that you never watch another god-damn thing again. Understand?

RING!

ELLIS

Alex, I need to answer the phone! If I don't-

Alex brings the blade agonizingly close to Ellis' eye.

Ellis stops talking in terror.

RING!

ALEX
Understand?

ELLIS
I understand, Alex.

ALEX
Good deal.

Alex takes the blade away and releases Ellis.

Ellis dives to the Unit and picks up the phone in mid-RING.

An anxious pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
State your name.

Ellis breathes out in relief.

ELLIS
Ellis Walker.

Alex grins.

ALEX
(loudly)
Plus guest.

Ellis covers the receiver and shies away from Alex fearfully.

Alex chuckles as Ellis tensely waits with the phone to his ear.

An agonizing pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
Thank you. You may hang up.

Ellis groans in relief and quickly hangs up the phone. He grabs the Unit and holds it in front of his face away from Alex.

It flashes and snaps his picture.

Ellis lets out a huge breath and puts the Unit back on the table.

ALEX
Damn, they really keep you on a short leash.

Alex leans in and stares at the sensor on Ellis' leg.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's the thingy, huh? Cool. Can I try it on?

Alex reaches for the sensor and Ellis backs away from him hurriedly.

ELLIS

NO!

Alex looks at Ellis questioningly, still brandishing his switchblade.

Ellis calms a little.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I mean, you can't. If it comes off, it calls the cops.

Alex stares at Ellis coldly.

Ellis stares back, nervous as hell.

Alex suddenly brightens and shrugs.

ALEX

Tough break. They really got you by the balls.

Ellis breathes out hard in relief as Alex puts the switchblade away and returns to the hotdogs.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But so do I, buddy. Watch yourself, because if I get caught, you're going back inside too.

Ellis' brow furrows. He looks at Alex wearily, still breathing hard.

ELLIS

What?

Alex takes a bite out of a hotdog.

ALEX

You're a potentially dangerous sociopath who's been locked up for the last fourteen years for fear of the harm you might perpetrate on the outside world.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

The men upstairs give you a trial period to dip your feet back into the outer fringes of genteel society, and what do you do? You immediately have your old partner-in-crime over for a slumber party. Not too responsible, El.

ELLIS

It's not my fault. They wouldn't-

ALEX

They wouldn't care, El. You're crazy, remember? Why should they believe you? And it's not as if you'd have anyone to back up your story, least of all me. As far as I'm concerned, this was all your idea. You wanted to get the band back together and paint the town red and there was nothing I could do to stop you.

Ellis stares at the grinning Alex in shock.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You blow this field-trip of mine and I'll drag you kicking and screaming down with me. So it's in your best interest, our best interest, for you to be the very embodiment of a gracious, discreet host.

Ellis snorts in anger.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What? You think I'm wrong?

ELLIS

I think you're an asshole.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And I think I'm in the mood for a real hotdog now. Let's see if I can work the fucking microwave. How long do you think I should put it in for? El?

Ellis doesn't reply. Just stares at Alex in disbelief.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'll try thirty seconds and see how hot it is.

Alex puts the hotdog in the microwave and starts it up.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Now I gotta watch it or it'll
fucking explode on me. I'm terrible
with these things. Hey, and don't
worry, I parked my bike out back.
Leaned it against the house right
under a window. You can't see it
from the road.

ELLIS

Bike?

ALEX

Yeah, a bike. Like a motorcycle.
Like a Harley. You know:

Alex positions his hands like he's riding a motorcycle and
pretends to rev the engine, making the VROOM VROOM noises.

ALEX (CONT'D)

-a bike.

Alex enthusiastically waits for a response.

Ellis just stares at Alex, numb.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 17 DAYS

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ellis sleeps on the couch.

He wakes up groggily. His eyes suddenly open wide, as if he
remembers something. He sits bolt upright and looks around
the large room.

Nothing. No one. Silence.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis walks cautiously inside to find the room empty. He goes
to the refrigerator and opens it. He suddenly freezes,
staring at something.

Alex's long coat is draped over a chair.

Ellis' expression darkens.

As if on cue, ALEX yells up from the basement.

ALEX (O.S.)
Holy fucking shit! I call THIS
room!

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis walks in to find Alex enthusiastically exploring the
kinky room.

ALEX
Oh yeah! This is perfect! This is
too fucking perfect!

Alex walks to Ellis excitedly and he takes a step back.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Your uncle was a great man. It's a
fucking shame! We should have hung
out together!

Alex spots the Gimp suit hanging in the closet.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Oh fuck!

Alex rushes to the suit to examine it.

Ellis sighs and leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ellis and Alex both sit at the table next to the Unit
silently eating lunch. Alex eats a hotdog.

Ellis stops eating for a moment to look at Alex.

Alex smiles at him and keeps shoveling food down.

Ellis stares at him long and hard, watching him eat.

Alex finally notices and puts his food down. He smiles as he
chews, staring back at Ellis.

ALEX
What's the capital of Switzerland?

ELLIS
What?

ALEX
Humor me. What's the capital of
Switzerland?

Ellis snorts in amused bewilderment.

ELLIS
I have no idea.

ALEX
No? You sure?

ELLIS
Yeah, I'm sure, Alex.

ALEX
It's Bern.

ELLIS
Okay... Thanks.

ALEX
If I'm just a figment of your
imagination, how did I know that?

ELLIS
What?

ALEX
If I'm just a part of you, then how
did I know something you didn't?

Ellis stares at Alex, thinking.

Alex smiles and takes another bite of his hotdog.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You don't believe me about Bern?
Look it up.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK from the front door.

Ellis looks up and stares in surprise.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Alex seems perfectly calm.

ALEX
You gonna get it?

Ellis nervously gets up.

ELLIS
Stay here.

INT. FOYER - DAY - LATER

Ellis walks into the hallway and approaches the door nervously. He glances back down the hallway to make sure Alex isn't visible.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Ellis takes a deep breath and opens the door a crack.

The Mailman stands right outside with a fistful of letters.

ELLIS

Yes?

MAILMAN

I need to use your bathroom.

ELLIS

Uh-

Ellis hears MOVEMENT behind him and glances back to see Alex leaning in the kitchen doorway down the hall, smiling.

Ellis goes pale.

Alex raises a finger to his smiling lips. Shhh.

MAILMAN

(suspiciously)

Someone there?

ELLIS

No. I mean, yeah. My parole officer's here. I can't let anyone inside. It's a big violation.

MAILMAN

You sure? I'm dying out here.

ELLIS

Yeah, I'm sorry.

Ellis quickly closes the door. He breathes out in relief and glances down the hallway.

Alex is gone. The hallway's empty.

Ellis stares at where Alex was just standing.

CLINK.

Ellis looks down to see the letters the Mailman was holding falling through the mail slot to land at his feet. He stares at them.

The Mailman's CAR is heard DRIVING AWAY outside.

Ellis suddenly realizes something and hits the door with his fist.

ELLIS

Shit!

ALEX (O.S.)

What?

Ellis looks up to see that Alex has reemerged from the kitchen doorway, now with a hotdog in hand.

ELLIS

(annoyed)

There's no car. How could my parole officer be here without a car?

ALEX

He's a fucking mailman. What does he care? Besides, he probably didn't even think about the car thing.

ELLIS

He's gonna report me, they'll find you, and I'm gonna go back inside!

ALEX

It was nothing. Stop being so fucking paranoid.

This bothers Ellis.

ELLIS

I'm not paranoid.

Alex smiles and turns to leave.

ALEX

You're right, El. My mistake.

Alex disappears back into the kitchen.

Ellis stares after him, unmoving.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ellis and Alex both sit on the couch watching TV with blank expressions, the light from the screen dancing on their faces. Neither moves. Just watches.

A CREAKING SOUND comes from somewhere within the house, as if someone's moving around.

Ellis tenses and stares at the doorway, listening.

Alex doesn't react. Just stares at the TV.

ELLIS
You hear that?

ALEX
(staring at the TV)
Hear what?

Ellis looks back to the doorway again nervously.

There are no further sounds.

ELLIS
... Nothing.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 16 DAYS

INT. FOYER - DAY

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK at the front door.

Ellis nervously looks out from a doorway down the hall with Alex behind him.

ELLIS
(whispering)
That's her. Okay, just like we
planned. Go hide.

ALEX
Roger, roger.

Alex starts to move past Ellis to another doorway across the hall.

Ellis grabs his arm.

ELLIS
(whispering)
And Alex.

Alex looks back him.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Don't make a sound. Please.

Alex just smiles and disappears through a doorway.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

BRODE (O.S.)
Come on, Tuesday, let's get this
show on the road.

Ellis strides to the door and quickly opens it.

Brode immediately tosses him an empty urine container and he fumbles to catch it. She blows out smoke and ditches her cigarette on the porch, grinding it out.

BRODE (CONT'D)
You're on the clock. Let's go.

Brode shoves her way inside past Ellis.

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - DAY

Ellis lies in bed naked staring at himself in the mirror on the ceiling.

Brode sleeps under the covers next to him, also naked.

CREAK.

Ellis looks to the door with wide eyes.

ALEX IS QUIETLY CREEPING INSIDE.

He meets Ellis' gaze and grins.

Ellis glances at Brode warily and shakes his head desperately at Alex, mouthing "no."

Alex keeps coming.

Ellis' gestures become more frantic.

Alex raises a finger to his lips silently. Shhh.

Ellis glances at Brode and starts to get out of bed.

Alex flicks out his switchblade.

Ellis freezes.

Alex gestures at the bed, grinning.

ALEX
(whispering)
Just watch.

Ellis slowly eases back into the bed, watching Alex with wide eyes.

Alex walks to the side of the bed right next to Brode. He extends the switchblade to her face.

Ellis grips the sheets in his hands, horrified.

Alex glances at Ellis and wiggles his eyebrows up and down John Belushi-style. Isn't this fun?

He traces the blade down Brode's face, just millimeters from her skin. It brushes past her bottom lip a little as it passes.

She doesn't stir.

Alex brings the blade down her body and uses it to pull the sheets down a few inches, exposing one of her nipples.

Ellis watches, terrified.

Alex traces the point of the blade lightly around her nipple.

Brode's lips part and she lets out a soft MOAN.

Alex looks at Ellis with glee and covers his mouth in mock shock.

Ellis is livid.

Alex licks the end of the blade. Puts it away. He turns and silently heads for the door.

Ellis watches him the whole time.

Alex disappears and Ellis sighs in relief. He leans his head back against the headboard, looking up at the ceiling-mirror.

HIS UNCLE'S GRINNING FACE STARES BACK AT HIM.

Ellis cries out and sits up.

Brode immediately awakens, looking over at him in surprise.

BRODE
What? What is it?

ELLIS
I-

Ellis glances at the door and then up at the mirror.

Just his own reflection.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
I, uh... A dream. Bad one.

Brode grumbles and rolls over to go back to sleep.

BRODE
They're called nightmares. Learn to
roll with the punches.

Brode goes back to sleep as Ellis breathes hard, recovering from the incident.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Brode opens the front door to leave with Ellis in the hall behind her.

BRODE
Figure we'll try something
different next week. You know
anything about car batteries?

Ellis just stares at Brode blankly, his face pale and drained.

She pulls out a book of matches and uses one to light her cigarette. She squints at him and snaps her fingers in front of his face.

BRODE (CONT'D)
Hey, you alright, Tuesday?

Ellis snaps out of his daze.

ELLIS
Yeah... Fine.

BRODE
Jesus, kid. Here-

Brode shoves the pack of cigarettes and the matchbook into Ellis' hand.

BRODE (CONT'D)

You need these more than I do. Try
to fucking relax.

Ellis stares at the cigarettes and matches. He looks back up to see that Brode is already halfway across the porch, heading for her car.

BRODE (CONT'D)

(without turning)

Until next week, lover.

Ellis watches her as she reaches her car and gets inside. She starts it up, PEELS OUT, and speeds away.

PORNO NOISES are suddenly heard from the living room.

Ellis jerks his head to look down the hall, his lips curling back in anger.

He slams the door shut and walks down the hallway, shoving the cigarettes and matches into his pocket.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex sits on the couch, fully transfixed by the porno he's watching.

Ellis appears in the doorway and stares at him angrily.

Alex doesn't acknowledge his presence.

This angers Ellis even further.

ELLIS

You crazy asshole.

No response.

Ellis stares at Alex, burning holes into him with his eyes.

Alex watches the porno.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK at the front door.

Ellis jerks his head towards the door in surprise.

Alex doesn't even acknowledge it.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Alex doesn't turn away from the porno.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You gonna get that?

Ellis looks at him. Swallows.

ELLIS
Turn it off and hide.

ALEX
Fuck that. Find out who it is
first. If it's Officer Cunt again,
I'll split. If not, just get rid of
them.

Ellis stares at Alex, still furious.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

He hurries out.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis approaches the door.

ELLIS
Who is it?

LYNN (O.S.)
It's me. Lynn. You didn't make your
order this week, but you always
want the same thing, so I brought
it up.

ELLIS
Oh... Thanks. Just leave it right
outside the door please.

LYNN (O.S.)
... You said we could talk again.

ELLIS
We will. Just not this week. This
is a bad time, Lynn.

A long pause.

Ellis waits anxiously.

LYNN (O.S.)
I'm not leaving unless you talk to
me for a second.

Ellis grits his teeth in frustration. He glances back in the direction of the living room. Opens the door a few inches.

Lynn stares back at him over the top of his groceries through the slim opening.

The distant sounds of the INTENSE PORNO can be heard from within the house.

LYNN

Hey.

ELLIS

(nervous)

Hey, hi, look, like I said, this is a bad time, okay? Let's talk next week.

Lynn leans forward, listening to the distant PORNO NOISES. Ellis instinctively pulls the door shut another inch.

LYNN

What is that?

ELLIS

Uh...

Lynn stares at him.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Porn.

LYNN

You're watching porn?

ELLIS

Uh-huh, yeah. Lots of it.

Lynn nods, unreadable. She smiles.

LYNN

... Cool.

Ellis sighs, defeated. He glances back into the house nervously.

ELLIS

Yeah, cool. Look, we had a deal. You're supposed to leave me alone.

LYNN

But you said we-

ELLIS

(suddenly angering)

I know what I said, but I changed my mind, okay? I don't want some freak asking me weird questions every week! Just leave me alone, you twisted little bitch!

Lynn retracts from the doorway, her eyes wide with hurt. Her lower lip trembles.

LYNN

Fuck you, you asshole!

Lynn drops the groceries on the porch and walks hurriedly back towards her car, trembling.

Ellis watches her get in and speed away. He sighs, looking miserable. He slowly bends down to drag the groceries inside, revealing Alex standing in the hallway behind him.

ALEX

She's cute.

Ellis flinches, dropping the jar he just picked up.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You don't really have a way with the ladies, though, do you?

Ellis turns to look at Alex angrily.

ELLIS

I was making sure she stayed away from you, you fucking psycho.

Alex grins.

ALEX

Easy there, El, you're hurting my feelings. I might have to hurt you back.

Ellis clenches his jaw. He silently turns back to gathering the groceries.

Alex turns and walks back towards the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex sits on the couch watching PORN.

Ellis appears in the doorway to stare at him coldly.

After a moment, Alex looks up at Ellis. He smiles and pats the cushion next to him invitingly.

Ellis just stares at him.

RING!

Ellis flinches and looks to the phone. He glances back at Alex, who's still looking at him, his gaze unbroken.

RING!

Ellis shivers. He moves to the phone and answers it.

ELLIS

Hello?

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

... Like fish in a barrel. Both of you... Won't be long now.

THE PHONE GOES DEAD.

Ellis slams it down on the receiver.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: 9 DAYS

The sound of a PHONE RINGING.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ellis' hand picks up the RINGING PHONE ON THE UNIT. He brings it to his ear, revealing an unshaven face with a week's worth of stubble. His hair's messy and unwashed. He looks absolutely miserable.

A lit cigarette dangles from his mouth.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

State your name.

ELLIS' VOICE is raw.

ELLIS

Ellis Walker.

A pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. You may hang up.

Ellis hangs up and stares at the camera on the Unit, taking a drag of his cigarette.

It flashes and snaps a picture of his morbid expression.

Ellis exhales smoke and grinds out his cigarette in an ashtray that's already filled to the brim with butts.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A SLAPSTICK CARTOON plays on the TV.

ALEX sits on the couch watching it, LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY. Too hysterically. Disturbingly so.

The room is littered with discarded food containers and crumpled napkins. It's a pigsty.

Ellis appears in the doorway and stares at Alex with barely restrained hatred.

Alex doesn't acknowledge him, just continues to laugh at the cartoon.

ELLIS
When are you leaving?

Alex just continues to laugh.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Alex!

ALEX
(laughing)
What, man?

ELLIS
When are you leaving?

Alex's laughter dies down a little, and he tears his gaze away from the TV to look at Ellis, grinning.

ALEX
What do you mean, El? I'm not really here, remember? I'm just a latent construct of your twisted psychosis.

ELLIS
Don't do that, Alex.

ALEX

What? That's what you think, isn't it?

ELLIS

God-damn it, just leave!

ALEX

Why? Am I shattering your perfect existence of fucking your parole officer on Tuesdays and pining after the grocery girl on Sundays?

Ellis' eyes burn into Alex.

Alex chuckles and looks back at the cartoon.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, El, I'll move on soon enough. Place is getting stagnant anyway.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Ellis' head darts to look in the direction of the front door.

Alex doesn't look away from his cartoon.

ALEX

It's your girlfriend.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis opens the door to reveal several bags of groceries resting outside. He looks up to see Lynn's car peeling out and speeding away down the road.

He watches it disappear into the distance. Sighs. Bends down to pick up the groceries.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Ellis sits with his head resting on the kitchen table, sleeping.

A lit cigarette rests smoking and abandoned in the ashtray next to him.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

Ellis sits bolt upright, wide awake. He glances around the room, getting his bearings.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

He rises and hurries out.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis approaches the front door. He glances back down the empty hallway nervously.

KNOCK, KNO-

Ellis opens the door.

It's Brode, standing there expectantly with a cigarette in her mouth.

Ellis looks mildly surprised but uncaring in his misery.

ELLIS
What are you doing here?

BRODE
It's Tuesday.

Ellis' brow furrows.

ELLIS
Is it?
(thinks)
I guess it is.

BRODE
Uh-huh. Drop your pants.

CUT TO BLACK.

The sound of a PHONE RINGING.

TITLE: 2 DAYS

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ellis' hand picks up THE RINGING PHONE ON THE UNIT. He brings it to his ear, revealing a haggard face, now with a short beard. His hair is even messier and more unkempt.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
State your name.

ELLIS' VOICE is pure nicotine gravel now.

ELLIS
Ellis Walker.

A pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
Thank you. They're watching you,
Ellis.

Ellis' eyes go wide. He jerks the phone away from his face, staring at it.

He slams it down.

The Unit's camera flashes and snaps a picture of him, catching his wide-eyed, bewildered expression.

Ellis stares at the unit, shocked.

A NOISE makes him turn his head.

Alex is rummaging around in the refrigerator. He comes out with a soda and innocently notices Ellis' stare.

ALEX
What?

Ellis slowly looks back at the Unit, scared.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ellis sleeps on the couch.

He slowly wakes up. Stares at the ceiling, miserable.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ellis eats a sandwich slowly. Sips from a glass of milk.

Pure ritual. Dead silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ellis sits on the couch smoking, blankly watching INTENSE BONDAGE PORN. A naked woman is strung up in chains with a ball-gag in her mouth, being whipped by a man in a Gimp suit.

He clicks it off with the remote.

Silence.

Ellis cocks his head, narrowing his eyes. Too quiet.

ELLIS
(calling out)
Alex? ... Alex, are you here?

Dead silence.

Ellis becomes nervous. He grinds out his cigarette in an ashtray.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

ALE-

RING!

Ellis flinches and looks at the phone.

RING!

He swallows and picks up.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

... They took him. They took him
into the dark.

Ellis slams the phone down and leaps up, running out of the room.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis charges down the stairs and stops dead in his tracks.

THE METAL HATCH RESTS WIDE OPEN.

The mini-cassette player sits on the ground next to the gaping hole.

Ellis stares in shock. He slowly walks towards the hatch. He reaches it and slams it closed, immediately sliding the latch shut to lock it.

He snatches the mini-cassette player from the ground and backs away from the closed hatch warily. He glances around the room to make sure that no one's around.

He licks his lips and slowly raises the player to his ear. Presses play.

HISSY, DISTORTED AUDIO plays. SEX. MOANS. GRUNTS. SLAPPING.

Ellis listens intently.

SCREAMS begin. So muffled they can't be identified.

The SCREAMS continue, sounding more and more like pain, like someone is being horribly tortured.

Ellis jams the player against his ear, his eyes wide.

SCREAMS. SLAPS. PAIN. A heavily distorted, tormented VOICE that sounds like it might be ALEX.

ALEX (O.S.)

Ellis!

Ellis whips the player away from his ear in shock. It hits the floor and the tape pops out onto the ground, stopping the audio.

Ellis immediately turns and charges up the stairs.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis rushes to the front door and throws it open. He stares at the wilderness, hesitating.

He steps forward outside.

The second his foot steps onto the porch, the SENSOR around his ankle begins BEEPING urgently and the red light flashes off and on rapidly.

Ellis freezes with one foot out the door and looks down at the beeping sensor. He stares at it, conflicted. Looks back at the wilderness hungrily. Swallows.

Ellis extends his arms to lean against either side of the door-frame and hangs his head, unable to decide. He glances back at the inside of the house behind him.

Finally, Ellis sighs and steps back into the house.

The sensor immediately stops beeping and the red light stops flashing.

Ellis slams the door shut angrily.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis picks up the phone and quickly dials.

It's heard RINGING on the other end.

Ellis waits nervously. He glances at the door.

It picks up.

OLDER MAN (O.S.)

Red Pepper Market.

ELLIS

Hello, is Lynn there?

OLDER MAN (O.S.)
Who's calling?

ELLIS
I'm her friend. It's important.

The OLDER MAN SIGHS.

OLDER MAN (O.S.)
Hang on.

Ellis glances at the door again, his eyes wide.

Lynn comes on.

LYNN (O.S.)
Hello?

ELLIS
Lynn, it's Ellis.

LYNN (O.S.)
(surprised)
Ellis?

Ellis motor-mouths nervously.

ELLIS
I need your help. Can you come up here? Bring me my usual stuff or something, just hurry. I'll pay you whatever you want. I know I hurt you, I'm sorry. I didn't want to, I'll explain everything. Please just come up and see me.

Silence.

Ellis swallows.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
... Lynn, please.

A long pause.

LYNN
... I'll come right up.

The PHONE GOES DEAD, and Ellis breathes out in relief. He hangs up and looks around the large room nervously.

INT. FOYER - DUSK

The light is fading in the sky and it's becoming dim out.

Ellis leans against the open door-frame looking out into the wilderness. He glances back inside the house nervously and looks ready to bolt outside at the slightest threat.

Lynn's car pulls up, and Ellis' face floods with relief.

Lynn gets out carrying a single bag of groceries and stops as she sees him waiting for her. She stares at him from afar.

LYNN

I took the night off... What's going on?

ELLIS

I need your help. Can I talk to you?

Lynn looks hesitant. She eyes the sensor around his leg and walks slowly to the house. Stops across the porch from him.

LYNN

You're making me nervous.

ELLIS

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I don't mean to be. I know I must seem weird, but I'm harmless, I swear.

LYNN

What do you need me for?

ELLIS

Can you walk around behind the house and see if there's a motorcycle back there somewhere?

LYNN

A motorcycle?

ELLIS

Yeah, a motorcycle. I tried to check from the windows but there are a lot of spots that I can't see from inside.

Lynn stares at Ellis.

LYNN

Are you fucking with me?

ELLIS

(flustered)

No! No, Lynn, this is not a game or a joke or something. This is serious, okay?! I need you to walk around the back of the house and tell me if you see a motorcycle!

Ellis fumbles to pull out some bills.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I'll pay you! Anything you want. Just-

LYNN

I don't want money.

Ellis stops and stares at her.

LYNN (CONT'D)

... I'll do it.

Lynn puts down the grocery bag. She glances at Ellis and cautiously walks off around the side of the house.

Ellis watches her go and then glances back inside the house nervously. He leans against the door-frame to wait.

A CREAK from inside.

Ellis looks back, then glances outside at the side of the house. No sign of Lynn.

He swallows and keeps waiting.

RING!

Ellis flinches and looks back inside the house again.

The PHONE RINGS from the living room.

He glances outside at the side of the house. Still no Lynn.

He hurries into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellis picks up the ringing phone, putting it to his ear.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

She's ours now.

The PHONE GOES DEAD as Ellis' eyes widen. He drops the phone and rushes out.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis runs to the front door and sticks his head out, glancing at either side of the house. Lynn is nowhere to be seen.

ELLIS
(calling out)
Lynn! ... LYNN!

Silence.

Ellis stares at the side of the house, panicking.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Lynn, don't fuck around, come on!

LYNN (O.S.)
What's the matter?

Ellis turns to see Lynn emerging from behind the opposite side of the house. He sighs in relief.

She steps up onto the porch.

ELLIS
Nothing, I just... Did you see the bike?

Weirded out, Lynn silently shakes her head.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

LYNN
There's nothing back there.

Ellis leans against the door, his brow furrowing, thinking.

Lynn stares at him, confused.

LYNN (CONT'D)
... Is that good or bad?

ELLIS
... I'm not sure... I need you to listen to something. Can you come in for a minute?

Lynn stares back at him nervously, unsure.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

A handcuff snaps closed around the rung of a radiator.

Ellis, sitting in a chair, has just handcuffed himself to the radiator.

ELLIS
(calling out)
You can come in now.

Lynn appears in the doorway and stands across the room from Ellis, cautiously watching him.

Ellis pulls the handcuffs against the radiator a few times with METALLIC CLANGS to show her that he's unable to move.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Okay?

Ellis holds up the cuff-key for her to see and tosses it her.

She fumbles the catch and quickly stoops to pick it up, looking embarrassed.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
There. You feel comfortable about this now?

Lynn nods silently. She walks inside the room and gingerly sits down on the couch ten feet from Ellis.

Ellis points to the mini-cassette player, which is sitting on the couch next to her.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
That's it.

Lynn looks at the player and then at Ellis. She picks it up and presses play.

The HISSY AUDIO begins. SEX. MOANS. SLAPPING. DISTORTED SCREAMS.

Lynn listens, unreadable.

Ellis watches anxiously.

She listens for a long moment.

ELLIS
So? Do you hear it?

LYNN

What?

ELLIS

The screams. Doesn't it sound like someone's being hurt?

Lynn slowly shakes her head.

LYNN

I don't think it's that kind of scream.

ELLIS

No, it is. Just listen.

Lynn listens for another long moment. It's genuinely hard to tell through the thick, distorted audio whether or not the screams are of pain or pleasure.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

(anxious)

See?

Lynn swallows, suddenly looking affected by the audio for the first time.

LYNN

(firmly)

I don't hear it.

She clicks the cassette player off and tosses it to Ellis.

He catches it, surprised by her sudden reaction. He stuffs it in his pocket as he speaks.

ELLIS

Lynn, I know it's unpleasant, but I need-

A LOUD CREAK OF MOVEMENT emanates from somewhere else in the house.

Ellis stops talking to jerk his head in the direction of the door, listening.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You hear that?

Lynn glances at the door nervously.

LYNN

What?

Ellis looks back at her, searching her face.

ELLIS
You didn't hear that?

Lynn looks away.

LYNN
I don't hear anything, Ellis.

Ellis buries his head in his hands, stressed out, losing it.

Lynn stares at him, looking genuinely sympathetic.

LYNN (CONT'D)
What's wrong? ... You can tell
me... Please.

Ellis takes his head out of his hands and looks up at Lynn, a
tortured expression on his face.

ELLIS
I don't know what's real.

This seems to trigger something in Lynn. She stares at Ellis,
deep emotions stirring beneath her blank face.

Ellis stares back at her, trembling, alone, on the verge of
tears.

Slowly, Lynn rises.

Ellis watches her in surprise as she walks over to him.

She takes his hand and holds it in her own.

LYNN
I'm real.

Ellis breathes out, tears running down his face. He hugs Lynn
tightly around the waist with his free arm, pressing his face
against her body.

Lynn looks at a loss for a few seconds but soon settles her
hands on Ellis.

ELLIS
You're very brave.

Lynn looks down at him clamped around her waist, satisfied.

LYNN
... I know.

ELLIS

Will you stay with me? ... Just for
a little while.

LYNN

I'll stay with you, Ellis.

Ellis remains silently clamped around Lynn's waist as she looks down at him fondly. She looks up and notices the framed photo of Uncle Harold with the young women.

She stares at Harold's grinning face.

From below, Ellis sniffs.

ELLIS

Sometimes I think this house is
hell... and I'm burning in it.

Ellis looks up at Lynn, tears staining his face.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I just wanna leave, Lynn. God, I
need to leave this house.

Lynn reaches her arm out to the radiator and sticks the cuff key into the lock. She turns it and uncuffs the handcuff that's attached to the radiator, freeing Ellis but leaving one cuff still locked on his wrist with the empty one dangling from him.

Ellis looks up at her questioningly.

She runs her fingers through his hair.

LYNN

You need to sleep, Ellis. Where's
the bedroom?

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lynn enters the room holding Ellis' hand.

Ellis catches sight of Harold's bed with the mirror on the ceiling above it and stays in the doorway, hesitant.

Lynn turns back to him.

LYNN

It's okay.

Ellis stares at her.

She rubs his hand with her fingers reassuringly.

LYNN (CONT'D)

... It's okay.

Ellis nods and lets her lead him to the bed. He lies down and looks up at his reflection in the mirror uneasily.

Lynn sits on the bed next to him. She gazes down at him silently.

He stares back.

ELLIS

... Look, Lynn-

She interrupts him by leaning in and kissing him.

Ellis is surprised but doesn't resist. Slowly, he joins in, reciprocating.

They begin to make-out passionately.

Lynn takes Ellis' hand and moves it to her breast. He feels her body as they continue to kiss.

Things become more heated. Ellis rips Lynn's blouse open and then pulls it off entirely, leaving her in just a bra.

Lynn reaches one hand down to the handcuffs hanging from Ellis' wrist. She clamps the empty cuff shut around her own wrist, handcuffing them together.

Ellis stops kissing her, startled. He looks down and sees what she's done.

ELLIS

What are you doing?

Lynn breathes hard, her eyes wild.

LYNN

Hit me.

Ellis is taken aback.

ELLIS

What?

LYNN

HIT ME!

Lynn ravenously jumps on top of Ellis and begins fiercely kissing him.

ELLIS

Wait a second!

Ellis tries to push Lynn off of him but is unsuccessful. He manages to push her head aside, and she begins kissing his neck as he looks straight up in the mirror on the ceiling.

UNCLE HAROLD'S HAIRY, GRINNING REFLECTION stares back at him.

Ellis flinches and his eyes widen in alarm, making a connection. He begins to desperately search through Lynn's pockets as she kisses him.

ELLIS

Where's the key?! ... WHERE'S THE
KEY?!

Ellis finally pulls the cuff key out of her pocket and fumbles to unlock himself from her wrist. He throws her off of him roughly on the bed and stumbles to his feet.

Lynn breathes hard and looks up at him with wild eyes, her hair a mess, her exposed bosom heaving.

LYNN

No! Don't do this! You understand
me!

Lynn calms down a little, tears welling in her eyes. She looks at the photo of Harold with the young man on the nightstand.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Just like he did.

Ellis' eyes widen and he looks at the photo. He looks back at Lynn in shock, speechless.

This angers her.

LYNN

What the fuck are you looking at?!
He loved me best!

Ellis can't believe what he's hearing.

ELLIS

Oh God.

Ellis turns and runs out of the room.

Lynn screams after him.

LYNN

There's no where you can go, Ellis!

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis practically falls over himself charging down the stairs. He sprints across the room and into the bondage chamber.

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis rushes to the photo-binder and tears it open. He flips through the pages like a man possessed.

Sure enough, halfway through the pages, he reaches a PHOTO OF LYNN, scantily-clad and smiling awkwardly for the camera.

Ellis stares at it in horror. He begins to chuckle in bitter disbelief, unable to accept it.

A SCRATCHING NOISE is heard from the basement room.

Ellis looks and sees the closed metal hatch through the open bondage chamber doorway. Stares at it.

The SCRATCHING NOISES continue.

Ellis suddenly angers and jumps up with the binder, striding towards the basement room.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ellis hurries to the hatch and unlocks it, throwing it open. He breathes hard, staring down into the black maw beneath him.

He suddenly lets out a cry of anger and throws the binder down into the pit.

It disappears into the darkness and is heard hitting the ground with a DULL THUD a moment later.

A FAINT MOAN is heard from the blackness.

Ellis seethes with anger.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Come on!

Silence. No movement from the darkness below.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

COME ON!

Nothing.

Ellis stands heaving, regaining his calm.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

... I'm not scared of you.

The FRONT DOOR OPENING is heard from above.

Ellis looks up in surprise.

ALEX'S VOICE.

ALEX (O.S.)

Honey, I'm home!

Ellis is surprised.

ELLIS

Alex?!

Ellis turns and rushes up the stairs, leaving the hatch sitting open.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ellis hurries out of the basement and stops dead in his tracks.

The front door sits open, blowing idly in the wind.

LYNN SCREAMS FROM UPSTAIRS.

Ellis panics.

ELLIS

Lynn!

He charges up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis sprints inside and stumbles to a stop, shocked at what he sees:

Lynn lies on the floor unconscious.

Alex stands over her looking amused. He looks up at Ellis and smiles.

ALEX

Hey, buddy, what's shaking?

Ellis stares at Lynn, horrified.

ELLIS

What did you do?!

Alex shrugs, grinning.

ALEX

She told me to hit her, so I did...
Or did you? I just can't seem to
keep the two of us straight
anymore, El.

This infuriates Ellis.

ELLIS

Shut up, Alex! Just shut up!

ALEX

Calm down, El. She's fine. Just
gonna have a monster headache when
she wakes up... IF she wakes up,
that is.

ELLIS

Where the hell were you?

ALEX

What's with the third degree?
Listening to you screw Officer Cunt
through the floorboards was more
sexual frustration than I could
handle, okay? I took a little trip
into town to play doctor with some
moderately affordable women. I
thought you'd be happy to have the
place to yourself for a change.
Excuse me for doing you a favor.

Ellis takes a step towards Lynn with concern.

ELLIS

Lynn, Jesus.

Lightening fast, Alex snaps out his switchblade.

Ellis freezes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Not so fast, Romeo. She saw me.
She'll tell the fuzz and then we're
both fucked. She's gotta go.

Alex takes a step towards Lynn, hefting the blade.

Ellis panics.

ELLIS

NO!

Alex pauses. He cocks his head at Alex curiously.

Ellis swallows. Tries to think.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You can't kill her yet... I'm not
finished with her.

Alex stares at Ellis, unreadable.

Ellis shivers, trying to match his gaze.

ELLIS

Please, Alex.

Alex remains stoic.

Ellis swallows.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

You dog, you.

Alex glances at Lynn.

ALEX (CONT'D)

... Go ahead, rock her world.

Ellis breathes out in relief as Alex strides past him,
slapping him on the back.

Alex pauses in the doorway, grinning.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Can I watch?

Ellis stares at him.

ELLIS

... No. No, you can't watch, Alex.

Alex is unreadable.

Ellis waits anxiously.

Alex nods.

ALEX

Break her in for me, then it's my turn.

Alex turns and walks out.

Ellis listens as Alex is heard CLOMPING DOWN THE STAIRS.

He immediately walks to the closet and throws it open. He shuffles through it manically, searching. Pulls out a set of golf clubs and takes one out. Swings the club in the air a few times to test its heft.

Lynn moans and shifts in her sleep.

Ellis glances at the door nervously and hurries to her side. He picks up her limp body and sets her down on the bed. He lightly pats the side of her face, trying to wake her up.

ELLIS

(whispering)

Lynn? ... Lynn!

She moans in her sleep but doesn't wake.

BRODE'S FIRM VOICE is suddenly heard.

BRODE (O.S.)

Drop the club and get away from her.

Ellis whirls around to see Brode standing in the doorway with her pistol pointed at him. He's flabbergasted.

Brode pulls the hammer back.

BRODE (CONT'D)

Now.

Ellis drops the golf club and takes a few quick steps away from the bed.

ELLIS

Jesus, Brode, this isn't what it looks like!

BRODE

You've got a half-naked girl unconscious on the bed. What's it supposed to look like? That bitch is lucky it's Tuesday.

ELLIS

No, I can explain-

BRODE

Shit, I knew you were cracked when you started ranting about phantom phone calls, but I never thought you'd pull something like this, you sick fuck.

ELLIS

Those are real! Marta Koff's been calling me!

Brode angers.

BRODE

No, she hasn't, you god-damn head-case! You know why? Because she's been dead for over a month!

Ellis is shocked.

ELLIS

What?!

BRODE

Yeah, that's right, fucko. Your high-school sweetheart Alex Flynn busted out of his playpen and tracked her down. Slit her from ear to ear.

Ellis reels from the information, his jaw agape in disbelief.

ELLIS

He's real?

BRODE

The brass didn't want me to tell you, but I figure since you're about to go away for the rest of your life anyway, you may as well know how truly fucking depraved you really are.

Ellis is still stunned, barely looking aware of what's going on around him.

ELLIS

He's real.

RING!

THE UNIT'S PHONE RINGS from downstairs.

This snaps Ellis out of his daze. His face lights up with panicked realization. He looks up at Brode, fear in his eyes.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

He's real!

CRACK!

Brode falls to her hands and knees with a grunt of pain, her pistol dropping to the ground in front of her.

Alex stands behind her hefting the autographed baseball bat from downstairs. He grins and looks at Ellis with wild eyes.

ALEX

Who loves ya, baby?!

Ellis stares at him in disbelief.

RING!

Brode weakly reaches for her pistol.

Alex lets out a cry of anger and slams her in the back of the head.

Her body crumples to the floor, limp and unconscious.

RING!

Alex chuckles and bends to pick up Brode's pistol.

Ellis stares at Brode's unmoving form in shock.

ALEX

El, get the phone before it calls
the cavalry.

Ellis doesn't even hear him. Just stares, stunned.

Alex raises the pistol and points it at Ellis.

ALEX
GET THE FUCKING PHONE, EL!

Ellis snaps out of it and runs out of the room past Alex.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis charges inside and picks up the Unit's PHONE in mid-RING. Waits anxiously with it to his ear.

A pause.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
State your name.

Ellis breathes out in relief.

ELLIS
Ellis Walker.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
Thank you. You may hang up.

Ellis hangs up as the camera flashes and snaps a picture of his haggard, panicked face.

He hurries out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ellis enters the hallway to find Alex just reaching the bottom of the stairs. He carries Lynn over his shoulder and has the pistol clutched in his free hand.

He grins when he sees Ellis.

ALEX
Just like old times, huh, buddy?
Almost brings a tear to your eye,
doesn't it?

Ellis eyes the gun in Alex's hand.

ELLIS
What are you doing?

ALEX
We're gonna have a little fun
downstairs in Unkie Harold's
playhouse. You go and get Officer
Cunt. Careful though, she looks
heavy.

Alex walks past Ellis and heads for the basement.

Ellis stays by the stairs, staring at the unconscious Lynn.

Alex notices and stops.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, partner, I won't start
without you.

He grins.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If I did, you wouldn't be able to
watch.

Alex chuckles and heads for the basement.

Ellis stares after Lynn nervously, then dashes upstairs.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Ellis grunts with effort as he carries Brode's unconscious
body down the stairs. He heaves her past the open hatch and
across the room to the bondage chamber.

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis enters and stops.

Lynn's unconscious body lies on the floor next to the bed.

Sitting on the bed, Alex is just finishing pulling her pants
off, leaving her in just a bra and panties. He looks at Ellis
and smiles, throwing the pants aside.

ALEX

Perfect timing.

Ellis eyes the pistol still in Alex's hand.

Alex gestures to the shackles on the wall.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Chain her to the wall. Wouldn't
want her to wake up while we're
courting your girlfriend here and
try to go all supercop on us.

Ellis nods nervously and carries Brode to the shackles. He
sets her down with a grunt, his back facing Alex.

Brode's jacket falls aside as she's set down to reveal a CAN OF MACE attached to her belt.

Ellis sees it and his eyes widen.

Alex leaves the bed to step behind Ellis, the pistol hanging at his side.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Need a hand?

Ellis grabs the mace and whirls around with it, SPRAYING ALEX IN THE FACE.

Alex screams in pain and raises the pistol blindly, stumbling back.

Ellis drops the mace and grabs Alex's arm to stop him from pointing the pistol at him.

Alex fires wildly and the bullet ricochets against the wall.

Ellis tackles Alex with an angry grunt and the two of them fall to the floor with Ellis on top.

The pistol goes sliding off across the floor, coming to a stop under the bed a few feet from Lynn's unconscious face.

Ellis cries out in rage and begins punching Alex in the face.

Alex kicks Ellis off of him.

He stumbles to his feet and flicks out his switchblade as Ellis rises to face him.

Alex, his nose bleeding and his watering eyes bloodshot, grins and hefts the blade.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You've pissed on our friendship for
the last time, El. I'm gonna cut
your eyes out and feed em to ya!

Alex slices at Ellis and he jumps back to avoid it. Alex slices again and Ellis instinctively raises his arm for protection, the blade slashing open his forearm

Ellis screams in pain and grabs onto Alex's knife-wrist to keep him from cutting him again.

The two of them struggle for control of the knife.

Alex grunts with effort and shoves against Ellis, sending them both stumbling through the open doorway and into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The two of them fall down and grapple on the floor, rolling over one another in a fight for dominance.

They come to a stop next to the open hatch.

Alex is on top with Ellis holding his knife-wrist and fighting him for control of the blade.

Alex grits his teeth and forces the blade closer and closer to Ellis' eye as he resists him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I think we'll start with the left one! Whadda you think?!

The blade comes agonizingly close to Ellis' eye.

Ellis cries out in rage, resisting for all he's worth but losing the battle. His eyes dart over and fix on the open tunnel next to them.

With a grunt of effort, Ellis heaves them both towards the pit, making them roll into it.

Alex cries out in surprise as they fall into open air.

The two of them sail down into the darkness, bouncing and scraping along the tight tunnel walls roughly as they go.

They disappear into blackness, followed by loud THUDS OF IMPACT.

INT. CATACOMB - NIGHT

DARKNESS.

The HISSY, DISTORTED SEX AUDIO from the mini-cassette player is heard along with a constant, irritating BEEP.

Nothing but the sounds echoing in the darkness.

Suddenly, a lightbulb flashes on, revealing:

The tunnel leads into a large earthen chamber.

Ellis and Alex lay on the dirt floor next to the ladder in a tangled heap, with Ellis on top. Both are unconscious.

The mini-cassette player rests on the ground next to them where it tumbled from Ellis' pocket, playing its DISTURBING BONDAGE SOUNDS.

The constant BEEPING is from the sensor around Ellis' leg. The red light is flashing off and on rapidly, urgently.

Ellis moans and rolls off of Alex, slowly coming to. He shakes his head and holds a hand to it. He sniffs the air and gags, covering his mouth.

Groaning, he slowly looks up at the dank catacomb around him. He freezes in horror at what looms in the darkness:

THE ROTTING CORPSES OF A DOZEN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN LINE THE WALLS, SHACKLED THERE WITH CHAINS.

Ellis gags, unable to comprehend what he's seeing. He looks to the corpses' feet.

Various METAL DOG BOWLS are scattered around the floor. All are empty, stained with the dry remnants of long-ago consumed food.

The lone, weak lightbulb hanging from the roof casts eerie shadows on the decomposed faces of the corpses as the mini-cassette player continues to play its DISTORTED SEX NOISES and Ellis' sensor continues to BEEP CONSTANTLY.

Ellis spots Harold's binder that he threw into the pit earlier. It lies open on the earthen floor, where it broke apart on impact. The photos are scattered in the dirt.

Ellis stares at the photos of the young victims in shock and then looks up at their rotting corpses hanging on the walls. Going deathly pale, he stumbles to his feet and falls against the wall with a stiff, wounded leg.

He bends over and vomits.

The sound of MOVEMENT from across the chamber.

Coughing, Ellis looks up.

Cloaked in shadow, THE SURVIVOR EMERGES FROM BEHIND SOME ROCKS LIKE A FERAL ANIMAL.

It looks as if it once could have been considered a woman. It wears a black leather Gimp outfit like the one from upstairs. Chains drag behind it, shackled to its wrists but severed from their connection to the wall.

Ellis stares at it in pure shock, his jaw agape.

ELLIS

Oh God ...

THE SURVIVOR opens its mouth wide in the mouth-hole of its mask and lets out a long, horrible RASPING NOISE. Many of its teeth are missing, and it doesn't look to have a tongue anymore.

It holds a BUTCHER KNIFE. The SEVERED TONGUE that disappeared from upstairs earlier is fastened to its waist by a chain.

Ellis shakes uncontrollably. He stares at the Survivor in dumb shock as the SEX NOISES continue from the player.

The Survivor grunts aggressively and takes a step towards him.

Ellis practically falls over himself in his hurry to get to the ladder. He reaches it and looks up.

BRODE STARES DOWN AT HIM from the top of the ladder in the basement, a hand held to her head. She looks furious.

BRODE'S POV: All she can see from the top of the tunnel is Ellis at the bottom of the ladder and a small circular area of the floor around him. Nothing more.

BRODE

You twisted fucks!

She grabs the hatch, about to close it.

Ellis panics.

ELLIS

NO! Brode, wait! You don't understand!

BRODE

Fuck you, Tuesday! I'm gonna get my back-up piece from the car and reform your ass once and for all!

Brode slams the hatch shut.

ELLIS

(screaming)

NO!

The LATCH is heard LOCKING from the other side of the hatch.

Ellis looks back to the Survivor in terror.

It's staring at him curiously from the shadows with its head cocked to the side.

Ellis swallows, shaking uncontrollably.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

P-please ... I had nothing to do
with this. We need to get you help.
I can-

The Survivor raises a finger to its lips.

Ellis immediately stops talking, terrified.

The Survivor grins crookedly with its finger to its lips. It hefts the knife and reaches up for the lightbulb, grabbing the chain.

Ellis realizes what it's doing.

ELLIS

NO!

The Survivor pulls the chain.

The room goes PITCH BLACK.

DARKNESS.

Nothing but the sound of the DISTORTED SEX AUDIO from the mini-cassette player, the CONSTANT BEEPING from the sensor, and ELLIS' HEAVY BREATHING.

Suddenly, a small, circular area around Ellis is weakly illuminated as he strikes a match and holds it up.

Nothing is visible beyond a few feet in front of him. Just a pure sea of darkness.

He starts to move forward.

The match goes out.

Pure darkness.

Ellis lights another match. Stumbling, he tries to move on.

The match goes out.

Pure darkness. DISTORTED SEX AUDIO and the sound of ELLIS' BEEPING SENSOR continue.

Ellis lights a third match, illuminating another small area around himself. Reaching out, he finds the chain for the light.

He pulls it.

The light flashes on, illuminating the entire room to expose THE SURVIVOR STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

THE SURVIVOR SCREECHES and slashes Ellis' back with its knife.

Ellis screams in pain and stumbles away from the Survivor, quickly whirling around to face it.

The Survivor grunts aggressively and closes in on him again.

LYNN'S MUFFLED VOICE is suddenly heard from above the closed hatch.

LYNN (O.S.)

Ellis?

The Survivor freezes, cocking its head warily.

LYNN (O.S.)

Ellis, are you down there?!

The Survivor grunts and looks up at the hatch.

Ellis charges past it to the bottom of the ladder.

ELLIS

(screaming)

Lynn! Open the hatch!

Ellis scrambles to climb up the ladder as fast as he can.

The Survivor reaches the ladder and starts climbing up after him.

Ellis reaches the closed hatch and pounds against it. He looks down at the fast-approaching Survivor. It brandishes its knife and screeches at him.

Ellis panics.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

OPEN THE FUCKING HATCH, LYNN!

The Survivor is within feet of reaching Ellis.

The HATCH is suddenly heard UNLOCKING and is thrown open.

Ellis practically launches himself up through it.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ellis heaves himself out of the tunnel past a surprised Lynn, who's still in her underwear.

His sensor immediately stops beeping.

ELLIS
CLOSE IT! CLOSE IT!

THE SURVIVOR RISES SCREECHING FROM THE TUNNEL, its knife held high.

Lynn screams and raises BRODE'S PISTOL.

She FIRES shot after shot like a madwoman.

The Survivor is struck several times bloodily and falls back down the tunnel with a wretched scream.

The PISTOL CLICKS EMPTY in Lynn's hands, but she keeps squeezing the trigger, staring at the tunnel in shock.

Breathing hard, Ellis pulls himself to the open hatch and looks down into the depths.

ELLIS' POV: The Survivor's bloody body lies sprawled on the ground in an awkward position at the bottom of the ladder.

INT. CATACOMB - CONTINUOUS

The Survivor's eyes are shut and it doesn't move a muscle.

The mini-cassette player rests on the ground near its head. The DISTORTED SEX AUDIO suddenly cuts off as the tape runs out and stops playing with a CLICK.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ellis stares down into the tunnel's murky depths.

ELLIS
Did you see it?

Lynn is near-hysterical.

LYNN
I fucking shot it, didn't I?! Of course I saw it!

A smile creeps onto Ellis' face as he stares at the body.

ELLIS

... Good.

Ellis picks himself up with a weary groan as Lynn stares at him in horrified bewilderment.

LYNN

Jesus, Ellis, what the fuck is going on?! What was that thing?!

Ellis stares at the tunnel haggardly.

ELLIS

It was almost you. Harold kept his playmates chained up in the catacombs. When he died, they starved to death.

Trembling, Lynn lowers the empty gun, her eyes wide with shock.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

That one got free...

Lynn is shaking uncontrollably now.

Ellis turns to her.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I don't think she was even human anymo-

Ellis stops talking as he locks eyes with Lynn.

Tears roll down her cheeks as she stares at him, trembling.

Ellis shivers. Swallows.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Did you know about this?

Lynn doesn't respond. Just shakes.

Ellis angers.

ELLIS

DID YOU KNOW?!

A SHOTGUN is heard PUMPING.

Ellis and Lynn both look across the room in surprise to see Brode standing halfway down the stairs with a shotgun leveled at them. She sneers angrily.

BRODE
(to Lynn)
Drop the gun!

Lynn looks down at the gun in her hand in surprise, as if she'd forgotten about it. She immediately drops it and puts her hands up in fear.

LYNN
It's empty! It's empty! I'm sorry!
I didn't mean-

BRODE
Shut up and move back into the
other room. Both of you!

ELLIS
Brode, I know how this looks, but
you've gotta-

Brode moves a few feet from the stairs to level the shotgun directly at Ellis' head.

BRODE
MOVE!

Ellis swallows. He and Lynn quickly move back into the bondage chamber as Brode follows them at a distance, keeping the shotgun on them warily.

INT. BONDAGE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis and Lynn nervously back against the wall across the room from the door as Brode enters to stand in the doorway.

BRODE
Cuff yourself to the bedpost. Don't
make me ask twice.

Ellis stretches one hand out as if to calm her.

ELLIS
Okay, okay. I'm doing it.

A pair of handcuffs still hangs from the grimy old bedpost.

Ellis quickly puts the empty cuff around his wrist and snaps it shut, cuffing himself to the bed.

Brode wipes sweat from her face as she shakes nervously.

BRODE

(to Lynn)

Now you, sweetheart.

(to Ellis)

And where's your buddy? Huh?!

Just as she finishes speaking, ALEX RISES INTO VIEW over her shoulder in the doorway behind her, raising his switchblade.

Ellis' eyes widen in horror. He jerks forward, stopped by the handcuffs.

ELLIS

NO!

Fast as lightening, Alex grabs Brode's chin and pulls her head back.

Brode lets out a horrible GURGLING SCREAM as he drags his blade across her throat, slitting her open from ear to ear, blood spraying from her neck.

Blood droplets spurt onto Alex's face as he SCREAMS with her, his eyes wild.

Twitching and spasming, Brode FIRES THE SHOTGUN into the ceiling.

THE CEILING MIRROR SHATTERS SPECTACULARLY as Ellis and Lynn instinctively duck.

LARGE SHARDS OF GLASS rain down onto the bed and the floor around it.

Snarling, Alex drops Brode's limp corpse to the ground like a sack of potatoes. He grins at Ellis and Lynn and sticks his tongue out to lick some of the blood off his lips.

ALEX

Mmmm, that hit the spot.

Furious, Ellis strains against his cuffed hand. The old wood of the bedpost creaks under the pressure. The legs of the bed groan against their bolts in the floor.

Alex bends and picks up the shotgun from amidst the broken glass.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Now, let's pick up where we left off, shall we, El?

(to Lynn)

Come here, cutey.

Lynn swallows.

ELLIS

No! Lynn, don't go near him!

(to Alex)

Don't do this, Alex!

Alex pumps the shotgun angrily and points it at Lynn.

She flinches, terrified.

ALEX

I SAID COME HERE, GOD-DAMN IT!

ELLIS

No! Alex, don't!

Trembling, Lynn slowly walks towards Alex.

Ellis watches her go in horror. He strains against the bedpost for all he's worth, making the old wood creak excessively.

Lynn reaches Alex and stands shaking before him.

He stares at her with wild, bloodshot eyes, grinning.

ALEX

Good girl.

Keeping the shotgun pointed at Lynn's stomach with one hand, Alex raises his switchblade. He looks at Ellis and smiles.

Lynn shakes uncontrollably as Alex slowly moves the switchblade towards her face.

Horrified, Ellis turns away, unable to watch.

Alex notices, his smile immediately dropping.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Watch me, El.

Ellis doesn't look at him.

Alex angers, shoving the barrel of the shotgun in Lynn's face.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Watch me or I'll blow her god-damn teeth out the back of her head!

Ellis looks back at Alex, furious. The bedpost groans as he strains against the handcuffs.

Alex grins.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You don't want me to kill her?

Ellis just stares at Alex hatefully, ready to explode.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Then you do it.

Alex grabs Lynn by the shoulder and shoves her roughly towards Ellis. She stumbles forward onto her knees amidst the broken glass in front of him with a cry.

Alex tosses his switchblade to Ellis.

Ellis catches it and looks at Alex in surprise, completely thrown off-guard.

Alex smiles and cocks his head mischievously.

ELLIS
Kill her and I'll let you go.

Lynn whimpers in fear.

Ellis goes pale.

ALEX
I know, I know: I'm a pushover, right? You mace me and I give you a second chance. What can I say? Generosity's in my nature.

Ellis looks down at Lynn.

She looks back at him in terror.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm a lot of things, El, but I'm no liar. The sooner you do her, the sooner we can saddle up and chase the sun.

Ellis slowly looks up at Alex in shock.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What? You wanna just sit here and wait for the cops?
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Didn't you hear your little anklet
beeping? They're on their way, El.

Ellis glances down at the sensor on his leg, remembering.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But if we leave now, we can be over
the river, through the woods, and
all the way to Grandma's house
eating fucking cookies before they
get here.

Ellis stares at Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You can't go back inside, El, you
know that. They'll strap you to a
table for the next forty years and
cut your head open every other
weekend. It'll be a living hell.

Alex becomes surprisingly earnest.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Come on, El. It's not too late for
it to be like it was. Alex and
Ellis against the world.

Ellis looks down at the trembling Lynn, sweating profusely.

The blade shakes in his hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)

All you have to do is slit her soft
little throat. Like cutting through
warm butter. She's the only one
you'll ever have to do, I promise.
Then you can just watch. I know you
miss it. I know you miss watching
me.

Ellis looks up at Alex.

Alex looks genuinely invested in Ellis' decision.

They share a long moment.

Finally, Ellis hardens.

ELLIS

Find a new audience, you son of a
bitch!

Ellis throws the switchblade aside in disgust.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I'm not watching another god-damn
thing you have to show me!

Lynn sighs in relief.

Alex's face distorts into sinister anger.

ALEX

Oh yeah?

Alex raises the shotgun to point at Lynn's back.

Ellis' eyes go wide.

ALEX

Watch this.

ELLIS

NO!

Alex fires and hits Lynn square in the back.

She jerks bold upright with a gasp. Stares up at Ellis in
shock.

He stares back, his mouth agape in horror.

LYNN

... Ellis.

Lynn falls to the ground, her eyes wide and dead.

Ellis stares at her fallen body, the reality of what just
happened sinking in.

He looks up at the grinning Alex in shock, fury bubbling
behind his eyes.

ELLIS SCREAMS IN RAGE and shoots forward, straining against
the cuffs with all his might, making the old bedpost creak
loudly.

ELLIS

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL FUCKING KILL
YOU!

Alex lowers the shotgun and starts LAUGHING as if the
situation is hilarious, amused by Ellis' struggle.

ALEX

That's it, El, come and get me!

This only angers Ellis further and he strains against the bedpost even harder, his face crimson red. The bedpost creaks and starts to give a little.

Oblivious, Alex continues to laugh.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's it, buddy, you can still save her!

The bedpost finally snaps in half and Ellis goes charging towards Alex like a rodeo bull released from its pen.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh shit-

Alex tries to raise the shotgun but it's too late: Ellis plows into him.

Alex fires the shotgun wildly into the air as Ellis tackles him to the ground.

Screaming in rage, Ellis begins punching Alex repeatedly in the face.

Alex fumblingly tries to resist but is soon knocked too senseless to fight back.

Still crying out, Ellis continues slamming his face, pounding his features into hamburger.

Finally, heaving and crying, Ellis stops to get his breath, calming a little.

Alex is a mess. Blood flows freely from both his mouth and his destroyed nose. He's missing a few teeth and one eye is swollen shut. He groans weakly and rolls his head back and forth, semi-conscious.

Sniffing, Ellis shakes off his bloody, bruised hand. He looks up and sees the hatch sitting open in the basement through the open bondage chamber doorway.

He wipes tears from his eyes and hardens. He gets to his feet with a grunt and grabs Alex by the arm, dragging him out the door.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ellis drags Alex towards the pit, leaving a trail of blood across the floor.

Alex regains enough consciousness to realize what's happening. He speaks weakly from his mangled mouth.

ALEX

... Come on, El... Come on... Don't
be like that... I did it for you...

Ellis reaches the hatch and grabs Alex by the lapels,
hoisting him over the tunnel, ready to drop him.

Wheezing through his broken teeth, Alex peers at the pit
beneath him and then looks back at Ellis.

He smiles a bloody, gap-toothed grin.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting for you.

Ellis releases Alex with a grunt of anger.

He sails down the tunnel.

INT. CATACOMB / INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alex lands on the ground next to the motionless Survivor with
a THUD, rolling to the side.

Grunting, he weakly pulls himself up to sit against the wall.

He looks up the tunnel to see Ellis standing at the top of it
looking down at him.

ALEX

Ellis!

Ellis stares down at Alex coldly. He looks at the sensor band
around his leg. Bends down and rips it off.

Ellis holds the sensor band up in front of him, staring at
it. He watches as its red light slowly fades and dies.

Ellis tosses the band down the tunnel.

It sails down through the air and lands on the ground in
front of Alex.

Alex stares at the fallen band and looks up at Ellis
questioningly.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ellis?!

ALEX'S POV: Ellis slams the hatch shut.

INT. CATACOMB - CONTINUOUS

It can be heard LOCKING.

ALEX

Ellis!

The lightbulb begins to flicker.

Alex turns to look at it.

The lightbulb goes out, plunging the catacomb into total darkness.

DARKNESS.

ALEX (O.S.)

(screaming)

ELLIS!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

ALEX'S MUFFLED SCREAMS can still be heard from below as Ellis pulls the rug back over the hatch, hiding it. He finishes and looks at his handiwork.

Satisfied, Ellis limps weakly up the stairs and out of the room as ALEX CONTINUES TO SCREAM from below.

INT. FOYER - MINUTES LATER

Cleaned up and in different clothes, Ellis walks up to the front door with his gym bag over his shoulder. He finishes wrapping a bandage around his lacerated forearm and looks up at the door.

He stares at it.

He takes a deep breath and opens it, revealing the dark wilderness outside.

AN EXTREMELY FAINT POLICE SIREN is heard approaching.

Ellis notices a large, nice-looking MOTORCYCLE parked near the house.

RING!

THE UNIT'S PHONE RINGS from the kitchen.

Ellis cocks his head, listening to it.

After a moment, he turns and walks towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ellis enters stoically. He stares at THE UNIT'S RINGING PHONE for a long moment.

He finally picks it up and slowly brings it to his ear.

A pause.

Instead of the Automated Voice, the OLD WOMAN speaks up.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
There's nowhere you can hide.

Ellis is as cold as ice.

ELLIS
... I know.

Ellis hangs up the phone and quickly walks out.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ellis reaches the door again.

RING!

THE UNIT'S PHONE RINGS from the kitchen again.

Ellis freezes, listening.

No movement. Just the ringing phone.

Ellis looks down and sees the doormat at his feet reading:
"WELCOME HOME."

He looks back out at the wilderness. Stares at it, the PHONE still RINGING.

Ellis walks outside, pulling the door shut behind him.

It SLAMS SHUT just as the sound of the RINGING PHONE CUTS OUT-

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CATACOMB - NIGHT

DARKNESS.

The sound of ALEX'S HEAVY BREATHING is all that's heard.

Alex lights a match, illuminating a small area around himself in the enormous sea of darkness.

He peers forward through the blackness, his mangled face looking nervous.

The sound of MOVEMENT behind him.

Alex turns with the match.

THE SURVIVOR, injured and bloody but not dead, stands right in front of him.

It's even more freakish-looking than before in the flickering match-light.

It snarls at him angrily.

Alex stares at it with wide eyes, paralyzed in fear, his mouth agape.

The Survivor leans forward and blows out the match.

DARKNESS.

Silence.

Suddenly, ALEX'S SCREAMS OF PAIN AND THE SURVIVOR'S VICIOUS SCREECHES are heard.

THEY FADE AWAY IN THE DARKNESS.

ROLL CREDITS.

