

THE COLLECTION

by
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8-22-10

OVER DARKNESS:

The stillness is interrupted by LABORED BREATHING. And then a familiar voice...

ARKIN (V.O.)
I saw his face...

The voice dies out as we're bombarded by a SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- the side of an ambulance is RAMMED -- **ARKIN** and the **PARAMEDIC** are tossed around like laundry in a dryer --

-- upside down and strapped to a gurney, Arkin begs for help -- The **KILLER** opens the back door of the ambulance --

-- Arkin hits the cold mud -- he's beaten -- dragged -- tossed into a RED TRUNK in the back of a van --

-- Arkin begs for mercy -- but the Killer hisses and slams down the lid --

BLACKNESS overtakes the screen again as Arkin SCREAMS, taking us to--

FADE INTO:

INT. WHITE VAN - RED TRUNK - NIGHT

A sliver of light enters the cramped space of the trunk. Arkin's bloodied, dirt-covered face glares from the hole.

ARKIN
(quietly and slowly)
One, two, three, four...

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: The passing streetlights highlight the interior of the front cab, allowing Arkin a glimpse of the Collector's profile.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
...Five, six, seven...

The van takes a RIGHT TURN. Arkin looks down, gripping the uncut RED RUBY. With a sharp edge, he makes a SLASH on his LEFT FOREARM.

CLOSE ON: Arkin already has SEVERAL SLASHES.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four...

With a left turn, Arkin makes another SLASH.

INT. WHITE VAN - RED TRUNK - LATER

The van jerks to a stop. The front cab door slams shut. Moments later, the rear doors are opened, and the red trunk is JERKED OUT of the back of the van--

INT. THE LAIR - LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! Arkin jolts as the trunk hits the floor. His breathing rises. Adrenaline flowing. His LEFT ARM is filled with SLASHES.

The lip of a dolly is jammed underneath the trunk, hoisting it up. Arkin braces himself as the dolly moves down a--

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--hallway. Passing overhead lights shoot through the hole offering Arkin a slight look at the damp, decaying ceiling of the lair.

The dolly turns and enters--

INT. THE LAIR - CLEANING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--a large room. It's sparsely lit, offering Arkin little to see. The dolly stops, setting down the trunk.

Arkin's heart THUMPS in his chest, waiting for something to happen. FOOTSTEPS move around him on the concrete floor.

Through the hole, the Collector is seen. Mask covering his face. Two black, shimmering eyeballs staring in at his latest piece of prey. He licks his lips.

Arkin doesn't make a move. He just stares, waiting for the box to open. But it doesn't.

The Collector moves away. And after a beat, a HOSE is stuffed in through the hole and a DENSE WHITE GAS fills the trunk, causing Arkin to CHOKE and GAG.

ARKIN

Lemme out, you motherfucker!!!

Arkin holds his breath, KICKING and PUNCHING at the sides of the trunk, trying to find a breach.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna fuckin'
kill you! I'm gonna fuckin' *kill*
you!

Arkin sputters his last words, having to take in a breath of air. The gas burns his lungs. Sends his head spinning.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

You motherfucker...

Arkin's words trail out as he COLLAPSES within the trunk.

After a moment, the gas stops and the hose is pulled out. The lid is opened and--

THUD! Arkin falls out of the trunk, hitting the hard floor. The Collector stands over Arkin, looking down with titled head.

Arkin is then pulled out of frame as we rise and--

PULL OUT to reveal a DOZEN OTHER TRUNKS. All on their sides. Lids open. **PEOPLE** inside. Crouched on their knees. Chains bolted to their feet. They're perfectly clean. Their heads obediently lowered.

Arkin is dragged to the middle of the room and dropped down like a side of beef. The Collector backs up, looking to the people. But none of them meet his gaze.

He then grabs a hose, turning a faucet. Water spews out, and the Collector begins to spray down the unconscious Arkin.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

THE COLLECTION

BEGIN OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE:

-- Arkin HOWLS from within the trunk -- CHAINS hold him in place -- his feet BOLTED to chains --

-- Arkin re-cuts his left forearm, keeping it from scabbing over -- he SCREAMS and FIGHTS to get out --

-- WHISPERS from the people around Arkin tell him to "be quiet" and to "shut up" -- Arkin screams LOUDER --

-- FOOD is dropped through a slot in the trunk -- Arkin stuffs it back out, YELLING at the Collector -- his energy drops --

-- The cleaning ritual -- water sprays the people down -- they all keep their heads bowed -- Arkin is drained, dementia creeping in -- but he gathers his strength, grabbing the Collector -- a heavy fist SMASHES into Arkin's face--THUD!

-- Darkness overtakes the trunk. Arkin lies on his side. He mumbles to himself. Delirious. Then, from the blackness, a VOICE creeps in. It's calm. Gentle.

CALM VOICE (O.S.)

If you want to live...you have to
obey him -- if you fight, he'll take
you away...he'll use you to catch
more people...he'll make you...*the*
bait.

Arkin's eyes flutter open. The persons's words echo through
his brain. His head then rises, and he lets out a SCREAM
FROM THE BOTTOM OF HIS SOUL--

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

OVER DARKNESS:

Arkin's screams begin to FADE as a somber, sturdy voice of
an older man named **MR. PETERS** interrupts...

MR. PETERS (V.O.)

Your mom loved you very much, and
even though she's not here anymore,
she'll always love you.

(beat)

You know that, right, darling?

There's a pause, and then the sweet, gentle voice of the
young girl ELENA is heard.

ELENA (V.O.)

Yes, daddy.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - SUNSET (REMEMBERED)

The nine year-old Elena sits in the back of a moving black
sedan. She's dressed formally in black. Next to her, her
father, Mr. Peters, sits in a black suit.

MR. PETERS

I'll always be here...and I'll never
let anything happen to you.

Mr. Peters looks over to his little girl. She tries to smile,
but a sadness within her inhibits the emotion. He leans
over, kissing the side of her head.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

Promise.

Elena holds a second, her eyes then rising to her father's.
He gives her a smile, and she returns to display of affection.

But then her eyes look past him as TWO HEADLIGHTS fill the
passenger side window and a HORN BLARES--

WHAM!!! A truck SMASHES into the side of the car, filling the cab with shattered glass and debris. The force is TREMENDOUS, but the SOUND instantly DROPS OUT AS--

INT. THE PETERS MANSION - ELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Two eyes pop open.

Elena's head quickly rises. That adorable nine year-old has grown into a strikingly beautiful eighteen year-old. She sits at her desk, her head having been napping on an opened calculus book.

Her handwritten homework page is halfway finished.

CLOSE ON: A digital clock reads, "10:32 PM."

Elena sighs, her eyes drifting to a pinned up photo of her with a gorgeous looking bad boy named **BRIAN** (20).

Elena then shuts her book and rises to her feet. The walls are filled with TROPHIES and PHOTOS OF ELENA in various sports: soccer, judo, swimming, gymnastics, etc. Her father, more slender than before and leaning on a cane, is next to her in every photo wearing a proud smile.

Elena looks at herself in the mirror a second and then turns, grabbing a tiny HEARING AID from her desk.

She slides it into her ear, the fiber optic wires hidden in her hairline. The NORMAL SOUND SUDDENLY RETURNS.

Elena examines herself, making sure the hearing aid is totally unseen. Happy, Elena puts on a smile when--

RING-RING-RING! Her cell phone chimes and the photo of a cute blonde with short hair, **MISSY** (18), sticking out her tongue is seen on the phone. Elena smirks and answers--

ELENA
(into phone)
Hey.

MISSY (V.O.)
(from phone)
What are you doing?

As Missy speaks, POPPY MUSIC can be heard in the background.

ELENA
Studying, waiting for Brian to come over.

Elena's eyes shift to the photo of Brian.

INT. MISSY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Missy sits in the driver seat of a piece-of-shit two-door compact. She does her mascara as the shaggy-haired slacker next to her, **JOSH** (18), blows rings from a HUGE JOINT.

MISSY
 (into phone)
 It's almost eleven, he's not coming,
 sweetheart.

INTERCUT

ELENA
 He still might.

MISSY
 Whatever. Get dressed, I'm taking
 you to a party.

ELENA
 It's a school night.

MISSY
 And your point is?

Elena smirks, moving to her cracked door.

ELENA
 Okay, but my dad's still awake. How
 long until you're here?

MISSY
 We already are. Look out your window.

Elena goes to her window, pushing back the curtains and seeing MISSY'S CAR parked outside the front gates to her house.

Missy and Josh WAVE from inside the car. Elena smiles, closing her curtains.

INT. THE PETERS MANSION - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Elena creeps into the immaculate study filled with thousands of books. Her father sits in a plush leather chair with drink in hand and half-empty bottle of *Johnnie Walker Blue Label King George V* sitting next to him.

His moist eyes nearly drift off, lost in a roaring fire.

ELENA
 Dad, I'm going to bed now.

Her father snaps out of his trance, his forehead crisscrossed with SCARS from the accident.

Mr. Peters puts out a hand, beckoning Elena. She moves to him, taking his hand and kissing his head.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Love you.

MR. PETERS

Love you, too, darling.

Elena exits, and her father's gaze stays on her. But the second she is out of his eye sight, an excited smile crosses her face.

INT. MISSY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Missy drives down a nearly abandoned street, bobbing her head to the music. Josh wears a smirk, watching Elena, now dressed in a sexy outfit, taking a hit off the joint.

JOSH

Easy, that shit'll put you on your ass.

Josh grabs the joint, showing her how it's done.

ELENA

Isn't that sorta the point?

JOSH

Not when you see what we have planned.

Josh and Missy laugh, their eyes connecting.

ELENA

(to Missy)
Where is this place anyway?

MISSY

Downtown. Entry by password only.

JOSH

Which is what?

MISSY

(cryptically)
Nevermore.

ELENA

Well, as long as we're out by dawn, I'm good.

Missy smirks, looking to Josh.

ELENA (CONT'D)

We'll be out by dawn...won't we?

The two just laugh.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Downtown; a bustling business hub by day, a graveyard by night. Elena, Josh, and Missy move down a trash-strewn alleyway with rats skittering about towards the back entrance to a long-forgotten hotel.

They walk closely together, maybe a little scared.

ELENA

Could this be any more sketchy?

Missy looks around, now not totally sure if this is the right place. They pass a RUSTED OUT CAR, and before Missy can answer, they see a **HULKING MAN** at the end of the alleyway wearing a HEAVY BLACK ROBE with an AX at his side.

JOSH

Like...that's not fuckin' creepy.

The hulking man's face is hidden in the shadows.

MISSY

I guess he's the doorman.

JOSH

Go tell him the password.

Josh gives her a shove. She turns back like, "what the fuck?"

JOSH (CONT'D)

This is *your* idea.

Missy stands there a second hesitant to move on. But Elena breezes past her, moving to the hulking man.

MISSY

El?!

Elena puts up her hand as if to say, "It's cool, I got this." She moves to the hulking man, his hand tightening on the ax at his side. His head slightly raises.

ELENA

Um...nevermore.

Elena feigns confidence, and the hulking man's face slowly rises. He then steps aside, pushing open a SMALL DOOR and motioning them to enter.

Elena turns to the others, her face lighting up.

INT. OLD HOTEL - BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The trio move down a blackened hallway. TRANCE MUSIC thumps through the walls. They hold onto each other and pushing through heavy steel doors that lead into...

A large, narrow ballroom with high ceilings. Laser lights flash and the music is so loud you can't even hear your own thoughts. Teens dressed in wild costumes dance.

A **FEMALE DJ** spins at a stand against the far wall.

Elena, Missy and Josh all smile to each other, entering the throng of party-goers, letting the room envelop them...

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Laser lights flash -- smoke spews randomly -- Elena, Missy, and Josh dance in the packed ballroom --

-- Josh drinks a bright liquid from a water pistol -- Missy makes out with some random guy -- the female DJ does tricks with her head down --

-- Josh trips to the strobing lights -- Elena saves Missy from her make out mate -- a giant pig balloon hovers above the masses of dancing bodies --

INT. OLD HOTEL - BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Elena pushes through the people, finding a pocket of air along the wall. Sweat beads on her brow.

ELENA

Missy!

Elena tries to yell to her two friends, but they're TOO FAR AWAY to hear anything over the loud music. However, she waves her arm, getting Missy's attention.

Instead of yelling again, Elena "signs" that she's taking a break using SIGN LANGUAGE.

ELENA (CONT'D)

(in sign language)

I'm taking a break.

Missy nods, and signs back.

MISSY

(in sign language)

Okay, see you in a minute.

Elena turns, moving along the wall to a hallway when something catches her eye.

A gorgeous guy plucked from a Tommy Hilfiger print ad has a sexy blonde pinned up against the wall.

It's BRIAN.

Elena gasps as if punched in the gut. She tries to look away, but she can't. After a moment, Brian looks over, shrugging as if to say, "Sorry, babe."

MISSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Guys like Brian will always be
assholes.

Elena turns, seeing Missy right over her shoulder.

She looks back to Brian. Hurt. She moves away from Missy and straight for Brian...PUNCHING HIM RIGHT IN THE NOSE.

Brian stumbles back, hitting the wall behind him. He checks for blood as Elena ducks down the lone hallway out of the ballroom.

MISSY (CONT'D)
E!

Brian huffs, smirking a bit as his eyes meet with Missy's. She kisses her middle finger, giving him the international sign for "Fuck you" and smiles.

Instead of following Missy as she chases Elena--

WE STAY ON THE SPOT where Brian hit the wall.

CLOSE ON: A thick WIRE anchored to the wall vibrates from the hit. The wire RISES...

PULL OUT as we follow the wire up, up, up to the top of the room. Metal beams zigzag across the ceiling. As the lights below flash, a PERSON can be seen on the beams.

The person is cloaked in black. Gloves over their hands. And the closer we get, the MORE FAMILIAR they become.

It's THE COLLECTOR. Watching like a spider above its prey. His dead black eyes reflecting the light.

INT. OLD HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

RED LIGHTS dominate the tight hallway. People DO DRUGS and HAVE SEX against the walls.

Elena looks behind her, seeing Missy following. But she wants to be alone, dashing up a stairwell.

It's noticed that there are thin slots in the ceiling all up and down the hallway.

INT. OLD HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

At the top of the stairwell, only BLACK LIGHTS and FLORESCENT PAINT offer light. Elena looks down, seeing Missy looking around for her. She then turns moving down the hallway.

CLOSE ON: There's a wire across the floor. Elena's boot almost touches it but--

She turns and ducks into a side room.

However, we keep tracking down the hallway to the LONE WINDOW at the end. It's halfway open, but upon close inspection, there is a GUILLOTINE-TYPE DEVICE waiting to slam shut.

INT. OLD HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! Elena pushes closed the door, her head leaning into it. She's visually shaken. Her eyes moist. A tear sliding down the bridge of her nose.

But she turns, cursing to herself and wiping away the tears. Elena lets out a deep breath of air as she finally sees the room she entered.

It's a small, barren room with lone dangling light bulb on a cord. In the middle of the room sits a LARGE RED TRUNK.

Elena is still.

She tilts her head at the seemingly out of place trunk when it SHAKES just a bit. Elena jerks, now a little scared.

But her curiosity has the best of her.

She takes a couple of steps forward, leaning close and listening to the trunk to hear if anything is inside.

Very carefully, Elena unlocks the clamps on the side of the trunk. The lid CREAKS, and Elena doesn't notice a WIRE TIGHTENING as the lid opens.

Elena's eyes widen and she gasps, seeing A MAN INSIDE.

The man is covered in blood and dirt, but he's totally lucid. Elena has no clue who he is, but we recognize him as ARKIN.

ARKIN

Duck!

ELENA

What...?!

Elena takes a step back, hitting the light bulb on a cord - the light revealing the rest of the room and--

CLOSE ON: The now tight wire attached to the lid snakes across the floor, rising to the wall with a large HARPOON GUN aimed right at Elena. The trigger is PULLED TIGHT AND--

TH-WOOF! The harpoon meant for whaling FIRES OUT with a rope attached to its tail end--

ARKIN

DUCK!!!

Arkin lunges out from the trunk, pulling Elena down by the arm as the harpoon JUST MISSES HER HEAD and slams into the wall behind her--WHACK!

Elena gasps, looking to the harpoon stuck into the wall.

Elena's eyes connect with Arkin's as we RUSH IN ON the rope attached to the harpoon, FOLLOWING IT INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE ROOM AND--

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Follow the rope into the wall -- past a webbing of electrical wiring -- into a vent --

-- Down the vent to the first floor -- through the hallway of red lights and people fucking -- into the main room --

-- Past the dancing teens below -- up to the ceiling -- through the metal beams -- and to a RELEASE VALVE that PULLS A PIN--

INT. OLD HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Collector's head whips over as the PULLED PIN sets a MOTOR into HIGH GEAR. A TURBINE like from a tractor harvesting wheat begins to SPIN. It's as wide as the room.

The Collector tilts his head in anticipation as--

VROOM!!! The turbine madly spins and drops down a bit, revealing that it's ON A TRACK that will lead it down to the BALLROOM AND TEENS DANCING.

BELOW

Josh dances, but his attention is taken to the heavy steel doors leading into the main room that SLAM SHUT.

He looks up to the SPINNING TURBINE above the room. He's totally tripping, so he's not sure what he's seeing.

Then, the turbine MOVES.

It begins to ROLL DOWN THE TRACKS leading to the teens below.

JOSH
Hey...hey...look out!

But everyone is oblivious. The turbine DROPS. The blades MADLY SPINS. The teens have NO CLUE what is coming.

But Josh does. He tries to back away. The dance floor is so full he can't make progress.

The turbine KEEPS COMING, now feet from smashing down into the teens.

Josh pushes past Brian who dances with the blonde.

BRIAN
Watch it, bro!

But Josh keeps going, trying to get to the DOORWAY THAT LEADS TO THE RED-LIT HALLWAY.

Brian turns around right as the turbine gets to the bottom of the track and--BUZZ!!! The turbine HITS him mid-chest, turning him into MULCH.

The turbine keeps moving along track that is parallel to the floor. Teens SCREAM and YELL as the turbine CUTS THEM DOWN TO PIECES without warning.

Bodies drop like flies. Arms, legs, and heads are torn free. Blood spews.

The music CONTINUES as the DJ mixes with her HEAD DOWN.

Josh runs for dear life as the turbine is RIGHT BEHIND HIM. He runs for the hallway. The doorway is steps away. But right as he reaches forward--

HE TRIPS. Blood rains onto him as the turbine buzzes right over his head--MISSING HIM.

Josh gasps, blood and body parts falling down. He fights to his feet, seeing the turbine slam into the female DJ who looks up right as--BUZZ!!! She's pulp.

The turbine slams into the wall, momentarily stopping.

JOSH
Thank you, Lord...

But it STARTS UP AGAIN - coming BACK ALONG THE TRACK IT JUST TRAVELED--

Josh instantly reacts and--BUZZ!!! The blades of the turbine just miss the top of his head, but SMASH INTO THE GIRL BEHIND HIM--tearing her to mulch. Josh springs into--

INT. OLD HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blood from the ballroom spews into the red-lit hallway. The teens having sex SCREAM in shock, the blood shimmering off their half-naked bodies.

Missy backs away, trying to run in the cramped space. Josh BOLTS PAST HER like a fox running from a fire.

JOSH
Run, Missy!!!

But Missy is shocked stiff when--

THWACK! A machete on a spring swings down from the slots in the ceiling, just missing Missy - but smashing into the BOY next to her--SPLAT!!!

MISSY
Josh!?

Missy screams for help, but Josh is LONG GONE, pushing through the scrambling masses.

Behind Josh, the machete traps spring one after another-- THWACK-THWACK-THWACK!!! Blood sprays. Panic hits a CRESCENDO. Josh lunges for the stairwell up.

INT. OLD HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SCREAMS ECHO from outside the room. Elena stares to Arkin with huge eyes.

ARKIN
Get me out of here!

Arkin's filthy, blood-stained hand grasps Elena's arms. She slaps it away, moving back to the door out. Arkin tries to follow, but his feet are still BOUND TO THE TRUNK.

He sees a HAIRPIN that fell during the exchange with Elena. Arkin grabs it, quickly going to work on his FEET LOCKS.

INT. OLD HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Elena stumbles out of the side room as Josh runs up the stairwell WILD-EYED and COVERED IN BLOOD.

JOSH
El! Run! Run!

ELENA

Josh...?

With Elena's hesitation, Josh keeps going, running to the OPEN WINDOW at the end of the hallway.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?!

JOSH

The fuck out of here!!!

CLOSE ON: The wire on the floor is SNAGGED when--

A steel bar of knives SWINGS DOWN from the ceiling and slams into the path of Josh--SPLAT!!!

Blood spews, hitting Elena in the face. Elena gasps in horror. She holds her hands to her face and stays low, seeing the STREAM OF TEENS coming up from the stairwell.

INT. OLD HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The PUSH OF THE TEENS away from the ballroom is HUGE. Missy gains her nerve, struggling to keep her balance. It's every person for themselves at this point.

Missy trips, falling onto a YOUNG MALE. The young male's eyes are wide, his body having been TRAMPLED TO DEATH.

Missy gets to her feet. Hugs the wall. She looks back towards the main room when--

CH-CHUNK! A STEEL DOOR like on a castle drops down. The few people still left in the main room, SCREAM and YELL at the steel door, begging for help.

But before Missy can react, the CEILING above her JERKS. It slowly begins to DROP DOWN.

Missy makes a dash for the doorway that leads to the stairs and the second floor--

But a STEEL DOOR begins to drop down, blocking her path. She fights through the fallen bodies and the people scared stiff. Missy lunges but--

CH-CHUNK! The steel door SLAMS SHUT.

MISSY

Help me!!!

INT. OLD HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Elena turns at the sound of Missy's SCREAM. She backtracks to the stairwell, seeing a few people climbing upwards. Missy is behind the steel door, reaching through.

MISSY

E!!!!

Elena descends the stairs, coming face to face with her friend. The two girls try to pull up the steel door, but it's immense, and it WON'T BUDGE.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! The ceiling drops LOWER and LOWER. It's a matter of seconds before Missy is CRUSHED.

ELENA

It won't open!!!

MISSY

Don't stop!!!

Missy is hysterical. But it's a losing battle. Elena knows it. She holds her friends hands as--

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! The ceiling gets LOWER and LOWER. The two girls try to pull the door with all their might but--

Missy's body starts to get CRUNCHED. Elena holds her hands as Missy's bones SNAP--

Blood SPITS out of her mouth, splattering Elena in the face.

Elena falls back, screaming out in shock and horror. But her friend's breath is completely gone. Her eyes wide. The ceiling and floor COMING TOGETHER COMPLETELY.

ELENA

NO!!!

Elena lets out one last scream as Missy's body is CRUSHED, her noodle-limp arm the only thing remaining.

Elena's head sways. In the fall, her hearing aid hangs out of her ear. She can still hear, but the SOUND IS MUTED like when a pillow is placed over a speaker.

Elena's hands tremble. Blood covers her body.

Her head jerks up to the stairwell, realizing that there are no more screams. No more yelling. Just the MONOTONE BUZZ of her impaired hearing.

In a daze, Elena rises, climbing the stairs.

As she crests the top step to the second floor hallway, her mouth goes agape. The hallway is LITTERED WITH DEAD BODIES. Some pinned to the wall. Others on the floor.

The people are dead or dying - quivering like gutted fish on a hot slab of cement.

Arkin stands at the end of the hallway pulling a SEVERED BODY from the GUILLOTINE DEVICE. Then, Arkin yanks off the boards, creating a breach.

Elena tries to move, but the dead bodies block her path. She's shocked still, merely raising a hand.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Help me...

Arkin looks back, seeing Elena. Their eyes connect. She hold out her hand for him to help.

But Arkin doesn't move.

He just points, his eyes widening. Arkin starts to yell, but Elena can't hear his words until--

FROM ARKIN'S P.O.V.: Elena stands with hand out as THE COLLECTOR MOVES IN BEHIND HER. The Collector has his gleaming blade in hand, moving in to grab Elena.

ARKIN

Turn around!!! He's right behind you!!!

But Elena is OBLIVIOUS. She just stands there.

Arkin takes a step towards her, but his eyes drift back to the breached window. THIS IS HIS ONLY OUT.

He looks back to Elena. The Collector is feet away from her.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Arkin hoists up a female corpse, holding the body tightly to his chest. He turns as A SERIES OF SHOTS UNFOLDS:

-- Elena's screams as Arkin runs from her -- the Collector stows his blade, raising his arms to grab Elena --

-- Arkin sprints for the window -- Elena moves to follow -- but the Collector GRABS HER --

-- As Elena screams -- taken in by the Collector -- Arkin dives for the window and--CRASH!!!

EXT. OLD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

GLASS BLOWS OUT as Arkin flies out the window and DROPS TWO STORIES to the dark alleyway below--SMASH!!!

The glass windows on the rusted out car BLOW OUT as Arkin lands on the roof - the female corpse having broken his fall.

He bounces off, falling into the cement with a--THUD!

Arkin lies on his back, his right forearm TWISTED in a sickening direction. Pain shoots through Arkin's body as his eyes rise to the building--

THE COLLECTOR PEERS OUT. Elena's unconscious body is under his arm. He tilts his head at Arkin as if amused, a smile almost appearing behind his mask.

The Collector holds the GLEAMING BLADE about to throw when--

HULKING MAN (O.S.)

You okay?

Arkin's fluttering eyes drift to the hulking man who was working the door. He pulls back his robe, standing over him with concerned face.

HULKING MAN (CONT'D)

What happened in there--

SPLAT! The blade sinks into the hulking man's back. He gasps and flops down onto Arkin. But Arkin fights out from under him, climbing to his feet and limping down the alley.

From the broken window, the Collector stares. His eyes burn. Arkin continues down the alley...the one that got away.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Arkin, on his back, is wheeled into the hospital -- the sick white lights pass over his head -- medical mask-covered faces fall in and out of his peripheral --

-- A UNIFORMED OFFICER leans in asking him questions, "Who are you? How'd you survive? Who did this?" -

-- Arkin's broken forearm is SNAPPED back into place -- his bruises and cuts are scrubbed -- a needle with thread closes his wounds --

-- A DOCTOR leans in, pulling down his mask, "You're going to be okay, Arkin!" -- the doctor smiles and pats his chest --

-- Arkin's eyes open and close -- he lies in a hospital bed with his head wrapped -- his wife, **LISA**, and his daughter, **CINDY**, are at his side -- Arkin tries to speak to them, to touch them, but he's too weak --

-- Lisa leans into Arkin, lowering her voice, "It's going to be okay...everything's going to be okay, I love you" -- Lisa kisses him on the lips and then Arkin's eyes shut --

INT. HOSPITAL - ARKIN'S ROOM - DAY

Arkin's eyes FLASH OPEN. The room is gleaming white. The windows are open and the curtains flutter. A woman, presumably Lisa, sits sideways in a chair as if sleeping.

ARKIN

Lisa...? Baby?

Lisa doesn't respond. Arkin tries to lift his good arm, but it's handcuffed to the bed.

Arkin's eye rise as Lisa falls out of her chair, her face hitting the floor with a--THUD! But upon closer look, it isn't Lisa...it's ELENA.

Her throat is slit. Blood pools from her neck. Her wide, glossy eyes stare into Arkin's.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

What...?

But before Arkin can make sense of it, the door into the room slowly closes, revealing THE COLLECTOR STANDING THERE.

Arkin's pulse quickens. His mouth goes dry. He tries to move, but, of course, HE'S HANDCUFFED TO THE BED.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

No...no...no...

The Collector RAISES a gleaming blade, showing it to Arkin and then rushing towards him. Arkin puts up his cast-covered right forearm as the blade SLAMS DOWN--

INT. HOSPITAL - ARKIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Arkin SHOOTs UP out of breath. His arms are free and he's alone. The room is nearly pitch dark besides a table lamp. Rain pelts the windows as thunder rolls. This is real.

Arkin lets out a deep sigh. He rubs his badly bruised face and winces from his broken forearm.

LUCELLO (O.S.)
Having nightmares, Arkin?

Arkin's eyes shoot across the room as a well-dressed, mild-mannered gentleman dressed in dapper black suit steps out from the shadows. This is **LUCELLO** (late 30s).

ARKIN
Who are you?

LUCELLO
My name is Lucello.

ARKIN
Where's my wife and daughter?

LUCELLO
You'll have a chance to see them soon.

ARKIN
You a cop?

LUCELLO
I have a few questions.

ARKIN
I want to see my wife.

LUCELLO
You will, but questions first.

ARKIN
I know what you want...

Arkin nods as Lucello steps closer.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I saw his face...the guy who did this. Get me a sketch artist and I'll tell him everything I know.

Lucello sort of tilts his head, perplexed.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
(re: forearm slashes)
These cuts on my arm...when he took me from that ambulance, I did this so I'd know how to find wherever it was he was taking me...I know where he has the others...
(beginning to break)
We can find this guy...and the others are still alive...dozens of them...worse off than me...

Arkin shivers, the HORRIFIC MEMORIES of his ordeal rushing through his body like a jolt of electricity.

LUCELLO

The building with the party, did you see anyone still alive inside?

ARKIN

I know where this guy lives...aren't you listening to me? I saw his face! I can take you there!

LUCELLO

We'll get to that soon enough, Arkin.
(sternly)
But first, I need to know about the party. Did you see anyone still alive inside?

Arkin's head sways, pain surging through his body.

ARKIN

Yes...yes, I saw a girl. Couldn't have been more than eighteen years old...I think he took her.

Lucello holds a second and then pulls out a PHOTO OF ELENA.

LUCELLO

Is this the girl?

ARKIN

Yes.

LUCELLO

And you're sure he took her?

ARKIN

Yeah...he always takes one.

Lucello tucks the photo into his pocket and steps forward, PLUNGING A SYRINGE into Arkin's IV input.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Where's my wife and daughter?!

Lucello looks to the door when **FIVE PEOPLE** dressed as MEDICAL STAFF and PARAMEDICS enter with a gurney and EMPTY BODY BAG.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?!

But before Arkin can make too much noise, his mind warbles and a BLACK SACK is placed over his head--

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

OVER DARKNESS:

The sound of Elena HUFFING and BREATHING HARD as she MOVES AROUND a cramped space. She SCRATCHES and CLAWS with little luck of bettering her predicament.

Then, a nearby SCREAM causes her to stop.

ELENA

Hello? Who's there? Who's out there?

No response. And a after a beat--

FADE INTO:

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - NIGHT

A blue light ILLUMINATES the interior of the trunk. Elena's face is seen. She's in the tight space, holding her hearing aid - it doubling as a tiny FLASHLIGHT.

Elena runs her fingers along the edges of the trunk. She might have found a BREACH. A tiny, tiny breach.

She begins the tedious task of PICKING AWAY AT IT.

INT. THE PETERS MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

The fire in the study is little more than a few popping embers. Arkin's head jerks upwards, his eyes flicking open. His arms and legs are tied to a chair.

MR. PETERS (O.S.)

I'm sorry if you were harmed.

Arkin turns as Mr. Peters limps into the room using his cane. The left side of his body seems slightly paralyzed, his movement awkward and pained.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

I'm Edgar Peters, and you are the last person to see my daughter alive.

Mr. Peters moves closer to Arkin, sitting in a chair opposite him. He crosses his legs, leaning so he won't fall over.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

We both know of this monster that has taken her, but you've done what no one else has...you've survived.

ARKIN

Let me talk to the police...they can find your daughter, she's probably still alive.

MR. PETERS

You know that from experience, don't you?

Arkin sees that Mr. Peters has already made his mind up. There will be no police. Anxiety rises within him.

ARKIN

I just...I just wanna see my family.

MR. PETERS

Despite what you may think, I'm doing what any father would do to get his daughter back safely.

ARKIN

By taking me away from mine?

Mr. Peters stares into Arkin.

MR. PETERS

A paradox, indeed, but one I wouldn't expect you to fully understand.

Mr. Peters rises, moving to the dying fire. He stokes it, allowing Arkin to look around. In the shadows, Lucello lurks.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

I live in constant pain, Arkin. My daughter is the only thing that brings me joy.

(a beat)

Her name is Elena. It means "the bright one."

Mr. Peters seems to slightly light up, but it's a passing feeling. He continues his duties on the fire.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

Shortly after her mother's death, Elena and I sustained a terrible car accident, inflicting me as I am today and nearly taking Elena's hearing.

(beat)

This event only compounded the sorrow she felt from losing her mother. And as a result, Elena withdrew into her mind, making no effort to communicate with me or any other for that matter.

After stoking the fire, a flame finally rises.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
All she did was read. Almost this
entire library.

Mr. Peters points to the thousands of books surrounding them.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
The doctors assured me that her
actions were merely an escape, a
means of coping, but after two years
of nary a word, I took away her books
and forbid her from reading until
she spoke.

Mr. Peters stands before Arkin, looking down to him.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
After a week of silence and refusing
to leave her room, she finally did.
(beat)
Would you like to know what she said?

Arkin nods his head, not really having a choice.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
This little girl, this little twelve
year-old girl who hadn't uttered a
word for more than two years looked
up at me, staring me dead in my eyes,
and without the slightest hint of
emotion or inflection, she said, "A
person doesn't die when they
should...but when they can."

Arkin's eyes widen, not sure how to respond.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
It's Gabriel Garcia Marquez, and I
thought I understood what it meant,
but now...now I see what it truly
means.

Mr. Peters leans down into Arkin, staring into his eyes.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
You, young man, *should* be dead...but
you're not. You're here. For me.

A ray of hope crosses Mr. Peters' face as Arkin's face begins
to radiate horror.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

So if it's your family you'd like to see again, lead my security team to where my daughter is being held.

Mr. Peters gestures for Arkin to look behind him. Lucello stands with **THREE MEN** and **TWO WOMEN**.

ARKIN

Let me get this straight, you just want me to show them where she is, right? Nothing more?

MR. PETERS

Take them to where she's being held and then you will be released.

ARKIN

How can I trust you won't kill me?

Mr. Peters strains a bit, not sure how to respond when--

LUCELLO (O.S.)

Because one's word is a central rule to the thief's code, Arkin.

Arkin's eyes shift to Lucello as he moves forward a bit, the light hitting his face.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

You of all people should know that.

Arkin seethes as Lucello seems to smirk.

MR. PETERS

Godspeed, gentlemen.

Mr. Peters nods and Lucello steps forward, placing the **BLACK SACK OVER ARKIN'S HEAD**.

INT. THE PETERS MANSION - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Peters sits down in his chair. He takes a deep breath, sipping his drink, his hand shaking.

His eyes connect with a **PHOTO OF HIM AND HIS DAUGHTER**. His head then drops down...and he begins to weep.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A large black van moves down the rural road, heading up a hill and through the woods.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT (MOVING)

Arkin is chained to a seat, the black sack yanked off his head. He looks around, seeing the three black-clad mercenaries sitting opposite him.

This is **DRE**, **WALLY** and **VADIN** (30s). They're a ragtag group. Looking more like glory hunters than experienced military.

Kevlar vest adorn their chests with Beretta 92 series semi-automatic pistols on their hips and Heckler & Koch Mp5 submachine guns in their hands.

DRE

The fuck you lookin' at?

The biggest of the group, Dre, gives him a dirty look as the other two chuckle.

Arkin's eyes shift to the front of the van where an older woman in plain clothes, **LYNN** (40s) is behind the wheel.

The final mercenary, **PAZ** (30s), kneels and loads a MEDICAL BAG. Paz is a brunette with ponytail, muscular arms, and a Beretta on her hip.

PAZ

(re: Beretta)

Don't get any ideas.

Arkin's eyes connect with her. She's hard as stone.

Lucello sits down next to Arkin, wearing a similar outfit. He displays a LARGE MAP dotted with RED CIRCLES.

LUCELLO

(re: map)

These are the locations of the known killings; typically homes with construction going on. No one ever survived the traps, but one person was always taken...never to be seen or heard from again.

ARKIN

I saw his truck, I told the police where he worked.

Lucello leans back, nodding his head.

LUCELLO

Yes, Master Trap Extermination. A dummy corporation. And since then, the killer's methods have changed.

(MORE)

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

(pointing to map)

He now sets traps at contained locations, allowing his victims to come to him...and to then find themselves trapped like flies in a web.

Arkin stares at the map where Lucello points.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Because of this change, it made me wonder. What about *before* the home invasions? Had he killed before? Had he taken people?

(beat)

Of the hundreds of people gone missing from this town alone each year, how many were a result of this man as he honed his skills?

Arkin shakes his head, not sure how to reply to the obvious line of rhetorical questions.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

His methods are purposefully disorganized, which has made predicting his next move nearly impossible.

(nodding to Arkin)

That is, until you escaped.

The van slides to a STOP.

ARKIN

Where are you taking me?

LUCELLO

To the beginning.

Lucello leans forward, unchaining Arkin's arms and legs.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

Arkin steps out of the van, wincing as he rubs his sore wrists. They're surrounded by dense forest, the two-lane road swerving down a mountainous road.

Lucello stands at the side of the road, pointing to a ditch.

LUCELLO

This is where the ambulance you were pulled out of was found.

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - NIGHT

Elena continues picking at the hole in the trunk. She's made some progress, and she's able to reach her hand out just a bit.

With a few more pulls, a nice hole is made and Elena is able to stick her hand and arm out of the trunk.

She fiddles with the top lock, unlatching it.

From the inside of the trunk, Elena is then able to push open the lid with her arms and pop open the second latch.

She crawls out of the box, but her feet are still bound.

Elena eyes the room, gasping at what she sees.

It's a medical room - dedicated to the gutting, curing and altering of human bodies. Like taxidermy, but for humans. TOOLS and KNIVES line the perfectly maintained steel countertops.

A naked, freshly scrubbed FEMALE BODY with the innards taken out and two limbs missing lies on the slab. A MALE BODY, further along in the process, stands. It has been sewn back together with strange, misplaced black thread covering the body like Frankenstein.

Additionally, there are SEVERED ARMS and LEGS on tables.

Elena needs to free her feet from the CHAINS in the trunk. She claws her way across the floor, DRAGGING the heavy trunk behind her like a snail dragging its shell.

At a table filled with TOOLS, Elena reaches up, grabbing a CROWBAR. She then turns, going to work on popping the locks binding her feet.

Strain across Elena's face as she digs deep to find the strength. But after a beat, she FREES HERSELF.

Elena flops onto her back and let's out a deep breath. Hearing a SCREAM far off in the building pushes Elena to climb to her feet.

She limps, trying the lone door out of the room. But it's LOCKED TIGHT, a key needed to open it.

Elena turns, looking back at the room.

There are SIX TRUNKS in addition to Elena's, making a total of SEVEN. With a push, she can tell that there are people inside the trunks. But none of them make a peep.

ELENA

Hello?

Elena pushes one of the trunks onto its side. She unlatches the lock and looks inside, seeing a DEAD TEEN BOY.

Elena gasps, covering her mouth when--

A NOISE takes her attention. FOOTFALLS can be heard OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY COMING TOWARDS HER.

Elena desperately looks around for SOMEWHERE TO HIDE.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The Collector's BLACK BOOTS make their way down the concrete floor leading to the mounting room.

CLOSE ON: A key is produced and slid into the lock.

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door into the room SWINGS OPEN. The hallway lighting spills into the room.

The Collector enters. He's NOT wearing his mask, but his face remains HIDDEN in shadows.

After a few steps, the Collector stops right in front of Elena's opened trunk. The Collector backtracks and closes the door, LOCKING IT.

He pulls out his gleaming silver blade, holding it at his side. He moves around the room, looking behind every cabinet and underneath every table.

The Collector then turns, noticing that one of the trunks is out of place with its latch unlocked. He steps closer to it. Grips his blade tightly and--

OPENS THE TRUNK, expecting to find Elena hiding--

But it's only the dead teen boy inside.

The Collector steps back as--

WE DRIFT AWAY FROM HIM - across the room to a bank of cabinets.

Lodged into one of the floor cabinets is Elena. She holds her breath, able to see the Collector's boots across the room.

The Collector moves to a cabinet near the door out. He opens it, pulling out TWO LARGE JARS filled with LIVE SPIDERS.

The Collector unscrews the lids, sprinkling the spiders all over the floor. There are HUNDREDS. They scatter out, crawling to every dark corner of the room.

CLOSE ON: Elena's eyes widen, seeing the spiders skittering across the floor - some heading her way.

The Collector backs up, standing by the door and waiting for Elena to scream out and give up her hiding spot.

FROM ELENA'S P.O.V.: A group of spiders move in her direction. But Elena doesn't dare move and give up where she is.

ONE SPIDER in particular moves close to her face. Elena tries to crane her neck, but the spider keeps MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER.

Elena lifts up her head, not allowing the spider to touch her. But it simply moves to her hair, climbing up her hair and moving to her face.

Elena closes her eyes, holding her breath to suppress her urge to scream.

The spiders seem to SWARM HER. They move across her torso and arms. They cross her face.

It becomes TOO MUCH. Elena is about to BURST WHEN--

WONK-WONK-WONK! A loud ALARM rings out.

The Collector instantly reacts, backing out of the room and locking the door behind him.

Elena sees him go, GASPING and SWATTING away the spiders. She whimpers, crawling out of the cabinet and jumping to her feet, shaking herself free of spiders.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Collector bounds into a room with a BANK OF SMALL MONITORS. The surrounding outside area is seen on monitors (streets, alleys, doors and entryways).

The Collector hits a button, turning off the alarm. He's about to press another button...but he doesn't.

Instead, he focuses on one of the monitors, seeing the black van, Lucello, and the four black-clad henchmen.

The Collector's fingers touch the screen, almost caressing it.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: A compact torch burns a circle in the steel door around a thick lock.

Vadin hoists a sledgehammer and HITS THE LOCK, knocking it off the door. As a result, the door swings open.

Arkin watches, hidden behind the van from the camera.

ARKIN

You really think you're just gonna walk in there with those vests and guns and pull out that girl?

All eyes shift to Arkin.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

You might've read the police reports, but you have no clue what you're going up against.

The group sort of smirks dismissively, not scared with weapons and numbers. Lucello steps to Arkin.

LUCELLO

You're right. We don't. But you do.

(beat)

Which is precisely why you're leading us inside.

Arkin gasps, looking between the faces staring to him.

ARKIN

No...no that's not the fuckin' deal!

LUCELLO

Deals change, Arkin.

WHACK! Dre SHOVES Arkin from behind. Arkin glares, rage running through his body.

ARKIN

You motherfucker!

LUCELLO

After we save her, you'll see your family. But right now, you best start moving.

Lucello raises his pistol to Arkin's head.

ARKIN

These glory hunters you assembled
out of the back of *Guns & Ammo*
Magazine ain't gonna get the job
done. Don't say I didn't warn you.

LUCELLO

Duly noted. Now move your ass.

Arkin hesitates, but Dre gives him a SHOVE again.

ARKIN

Don't you fuckin' touch me!

Dre is about to do something, but Lucello keeps him at bay.

LUCELLO

(to Dre)

Save it!

Arkin begrudgingly moves. With Lucello's nod, the other
four henchmen follow.

Lucello then taps a jawbone earpiece, nodding to Lynn sitting
in the driver's seat of the van.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

(into earpiece)

You got me, Lynn?

Lynn issues a thumbs up from the van.

LYNN (V.O.)

(through earpiece)

Loud and clear.

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Elena still brushes herself free of the spiders, even though
none are still on her. She quickly tries the door, but, of
course, it's locked again.

ELENA

Damn it!

Elena looks around, noticing that some spiders are crawling
down into grating that runs along the floor.

CLOSE ON: Beneath the grating is a DEEP DRAIN TUNNEL that
vanishes into the wall.

Elena grabs the crowbar and jams it into the crease, pulling
up the steel grating. She leans down, looking into the
drain...

FROM ELENA'S P.O.V.: The drain is the size of a crawl space. It catches the runoff from the room. A thin layer of BLOOD-STAINED WATER mixed with SMALL CHUNKS OF HUMAN REMAINS is all that inhibits her escape.

Elena lifts her head from the drain, gagging at the smell. She looks around, knowing that crawling out via the drain is her only option.

Elena sighs, accepting the gruesome challenge.

She moves away from the drain and finds a FLASHLIGHT and a SCALPEL for a weapon.

Elena then steps back to the drain. She gains her nerve, holds her breath, and drops down into the drain.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME

The Collector bounds across the room, opening a cabinet to find his MASK displayed on a human skull. He grabs it, leaning forward to SLIDE IT OVER HIS HEAD.

The Collector leans up, TIGHTENING THE LACES IN THE BACK. He then turns, the light REFLECTING off of his BLACK EYES.

INT. THE LAIR - ENTRYWAY - SAME TIME

Flashlights cut through the dark entryway. Lucello stays behind the group, looking to the corners.

Arkin eases forward, his pulse quickening. He keeps his eyes on the floor and walls, looking for traps.

LUCELLO

Where to?

ARKIN

I was in a trunk the entire time,
how do I know?

Something in Lucello's radio headset takes his attention deeper into the entryway. Before a narrow, darkly lit hallway there are FOUR RED TRUNKS. All open. All empty.

And before the hallway is a sign that reads, "ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE."

LUCELLO

How appropriate.

Arkin stares at the floor, kneeling and seeing what looks like a THIN RUG that nearly goes from WALL TO WALL.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: The Collector's gloved hands FLIPS A SWITCH and then DEPRESS A BUTTON.

INT. THE LAIR - ENTRYWAY - SAME TIME

Lucello reacts to a NOISE in his radio headset. Each of the four henchmen look back to him, pointing to their headsets and shaking their heads as if they DON'T WORK.

 LUCELLO
 (into headset)
 Lynn?

Nothing.

INT. BLACK VAN - SAME TIME

Lynn's bank of audio monitors go to STATIC. She jerks her headset from her ears in pain.

 LYNN
 Shit!

Lynn immediately reaches for her CELL PHONE.

INT. THE LAIR - ENTRYWAY - SAME TIME

Lucello has his cell, seeing that he has NO COVERAGE.

 LUCELLO
 (re: cell phone)
 We're getting jammed.

 ARKIN
 He knows we're here.

INT. BLACK VAN - SAME TIME

Lynn drops sets her phone down and begins to turn a few dials to increase the signal strength.

 LYNN
 Damn it...

SSSSSSS!!! The van begins to slope as the sound of DEFLATING TIRES takes over.

Lynn removes her headset looking over her shoulder when--

WHAM! A fist PUNCHES the back of the van. She jerks about and pulls her pistol.

SSSSSSS!!! The van tilts fully to the right as the air leaves a tire on the opposite side.

Lynn aims at the window above the front right tire.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Show me your head...

SSSSSSS!!! The back left rear tire begins to GO FLAT.

Lynn, aiming at the rear windows, backs to the driver's seat.

SSSSSSS!!! The back right rear tire begins to go.

Lynn eases into the driver's seat and turns the keys when--

SMASH!!! The driver's side window EXPLODES as two black gloved hands GRAB Lynn's head and JERK HER OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW!

INT. THE LAIR - ENTRYWAY - SAME TIME

Arkin backtracks a bit, coming to the corner of the thin rug where a thick wire is connected. He looks at the room. The thin rug on the floor when--

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! A HEAVY STEEL DOOR twice as thick as the one they cut through, drops down and CUTS OFF their access to the alleyway door--SLAM!!!

Arkin's head whips back to the thin rug realizing--

ARKIN
Hug the walls!

The other stare to Arkin in confusion when he lunges at them, pushing them all back against the wall.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Hug the fuckin' walls!!!

Everyone complies when--

ZIP-ZIP-ZIP! The four corners of the rug are YANKED UP like a FISHING NET. The rug is pulled straight up into the ceiling where SHARP SPEARS are placed to IMPALE ANYONE WITHIN.

As the dust settles, Lucello and the others look up to the trap and then back to Arkin.

Anxiety RISES tenfold.

LUCELLO

(to Arkin)

See...you already proved my decision
right to bring you along.

Lucello eyes the room for more traps.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Careful everyone.

The four henchmen move down the hallway, more spooked than
ever. Arkin hangs back with Lucello.

ARKIN

You gotta at least give me something
to protect myself with.

LUCELLO

I'm your protection, understand?
Help me find the girl and you'll be
safe.

ARKIN

Is she anything more to you than
just money?

LUCELLO

Don't try to understand my motives,
friend.

(hardening)

All you need to know is that if you
impede upon my objective, you won't
be leaving this building.

ARKIN

Sounds like I'm fucked either way.

Before Lucello can reply--

Paz WHISTLE to gain their attention. They look over and Paz
motions for Lucello to come see something further down the
hallway.

Lucello gives Arkin a hard stare and then moves, stepping
past Paz and turning a corner to see...

A young man named **BASIL**. He sits in a chair and has no shirt
on and SCARS zigzagging his rail thin body. His veins bulge.
His longish hair is frazzled. His pale face is gaunt.

BASIL

I didn't make it...

Lucello's eyes turn to Arkin. But Arkin shakes his head,
not knowing the guy.

LUCELLO
What didn't you make?

Basil just shakes his head, his eyes fluttering around like a tweaked out meth addict on a two week bender.

BASIL
I didn't make it...I wasn't strong
enough...

Basil's words cut short, his head swaying in pain. His hands are NAILED to the chair, his feet BOLTED to the floor.

Lucello steps forward, looking to the ceiling and corners of the hallway leading to Basil.

LUCELLO
I can help you.

Basil's head wipes up, tears almost in his eyes from the great pain he's enduring.

BASIL
(shaking head)
I wasn't strong enough...

Lucello stops, looking back to the others.

LUCELLO
Hear that?

Silence overtakes the room. They all listen. And after a beat, the slightest of beeping is heard.

Lucello looks around, trying to find the source of the sound. It seems to be coming from Basil.

MOVE AROUND to reveal Basil has a SQUARE METAL DEVICE bolted to the back of his head. There's a RED LIGHT on it that blinks and emits a low BEEPING SOUND.

Lucello CAN'T see the device yet.

He looks back to Paz, but she points to Basil, as if to say, "The beeping is coming from him."

Lucello moves closer to the tense man, but the closer he gets, the LOUDER and FASTER the beeping becomes.

BASIL
I didn't make it...

LUCELLO
Tell me what you didn't make.

The beeping gets LOUDER and LOUDER, it's intensity GROWING.

BASIL
The *collection*...

Basil cries, tilting his head forward. Lucello is now able to SEE THE DEVICE ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

Lucello eyes widen as he takes a step forward--

CLOSE ON: His boot passes a LASER ACROSS THE FLOOR.

The beeping becomes a STEADY TONE as Basil looks up.

BASIL (CONT'D)
And neither will you!

ARKIN
Get back!!!

Lucello spins and ducks right as--

BLAM!!! The device EXPLODES, destroying Basil's head like a stick of dynamite stuck inside a watermelon.

Blood, brain, and bone blow out, showering Lucello. The four henchmen jump back in horror.

Basil's headless body quivers and then settles, blood still squirting from his neck.

Arkin and Dre's eyes meet, Dre obviously affected by the bloody sight.

Lucello turns, dusting the brain matter from his clothes. He grits his teeth and looks to Arkin.

LUCELLO
Care to tell me about "the collection"?

Arkin's eyes shift...he doesn't have a clue.

INT. THE LAIR - DRAIN TUNNEL - SAME TIME

Elena is on her hands and knees CRAWLING through the HUMAN REMAINS RUNOFF. She gags, holding the flashlight in her mouth as she moves.

She moves her leg and--WINCES IN PAIN.

Elena looks back, seeing her leg SLICED by some JAGGED METAL in the tunnel. A SHRED OF HER JEANS remains on the metal.

She grits her teeth and keeps moving, the drain tunnel passing under a wall. The light from a NEW ROOM is seen above.

Elena keeps crawling, and after a few more feet, she stops and aims her flashlight up through the grating.

FROM ELENA'S P.O.V.: The light exposes a CAGED-IN PEN. She inches closer to the grating when--

WOOF-WOOF-WOOF!!! The sharp jaws of **FOUR GERMAN SHEPHERDS** snap at her from above, furious claws trying to dig through the grating to take a bite out of Elena.

She flinches, ducking down. But the dogs keep on BARKING and SCRATCHING at the grating.

Elena moves on, the dogs tracking her until the drain tunnel passes under another wall. After a few more feet, Elena enters a new room and peers up again through the grated floor.

FROM ELENA'S P.O.V.: She sees a small, empty room with clean metallic walls. All appears safe.

ELENA

Here, doggy, doggy.

No dogs come. She still holds, listening for any movement. But when nothing is heard, she carefully pushes up on the grating with her shoulder--

INT. THE LAIR - SMALL HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--The grating is pushed aside, and Elena steps up out of the drain. The room is practically empty besides a RED TRUNK lying on its side.

Elena moves to the cracked door when--

A SOUND takes her ear. It's a WHIMPERING sound coming from inside the red trunk. Having been tricked into opening a red trunk before, she wisely moves on.

But an angelic FEMALE VOICE causes her to hesitate...

FEMALE VOICE

(from trunk)

Who's out there?! I can hear you!

Elena turns, looking to the trunk.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

(from trunk)

Who's there?!

Elena looks out the cracked door to a hallway, but she moves back to the trunk. She pauses just a second.

ELENA

My name is Elena. I can get you out, but you have to be quiet, okay?

FEMALE VOICE

(from trunk)

Okay.

Elena unlocks the latches, opening the trunk to reveal a freshly scrubbed young female with hair chopped short and giant blue eyes. This is **ABBY** (20s).

ABBY

What...what are you doing out?

Elena helps Abby out of the trunk. Abby is barefoot with healed up scars covering her feet, but she's NOT bound.

ELENA

I got out of my trunk.

Elena moves to the door, looking around. But Abby's eyes stay on her. She's petrified, like a prisoner of war unsure of what to do when saved.

ELENA (CONT'D)

What's your name?

ABBY

Abby.

Abby looks on with trepidation.

ABBY (CONT'D)

We shouldn't leave this room...we can't just go.

ELENA

Well, I'm not waiting around here.

Elena opens the door, motioning. Abby hesitates a second and then nods, following Elena.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The four henchmen carefully step around a corner. Lucello and Arkin are behind them, Lucello paying close attention to the many CLOSED DOORS lining the walls.

They speak in hushed tones.

LUCELLO

You were held here for some time,
what is it that you remember?

Arkin shakes his head, the disturbing memories flooding in.

ARKIN

A big room. There were others inside
trunks...they were alive. I remember
their faces.

(beat)

I think the room was some kind of
holding cell.

Lucello eases up a bit, looking to Arkin.

LUCELLO

Those memories don't go away. You'll
always see those faces.

(beat)

Simply surviving is never enough.
Trust me.

ARKIN

Bodyguard *and* a psychoanalyst?

LUCELLO

One doesn't effectively protect others
from demons if they don't possess
a few of their own.

ARKIN

Oh yeah, I'd like to know about your
demons.

LUCELLO

All you need to know is that this
man will haunt your memories until
you face him...and you put him down.

Arkin's jaw tightens as Lucello turns away. Lucello then
crouches, glancing under a door and REACHING TO OPEN IT--

ARKIN

Careful, everything's rigged!

But Lucello puts up a hand, telling him to relax. He opens
it to reveal a BRICK WALL on the other side.

Arkin's brow furrows, and then Lucello points to the door
across the hallway. He crouches, pointing to a visible TRIP
WIRE across the threshold.

LUCELLO

The survivors from the homes were all brought here for a reason, but their abduction was just the beginning.

(motioning)

Those empty trunks back there are a starting point. This is a test of ones strength and will.

ARKIN

For what?

Lucello searches for an answer when his attention is taken by the four henchmen staring back at him. Paz and Dre stand before an entranceway to a large, pitch dark room.

LUCELLO

What is it?

PAZ

(re: dark room)

We heard something moving in there... and then we saw this.

Paz highlights a SIGN above the entryway with her flashlight. It reads, "AULA DE DEBELLO."

LUCELLO

"Aula De Debello."

Lucello peers into the room, a flashlight reflecting off steel cages that go from the floor to the THIRTY FOOT HIGH ceiling. But there doesn't appear to be anything inside.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

It's Latin, it means "Hall of the *vanquished*."

DRE

This is getting too weird.

For the first time, Lucello's team is talking back to him, and they're visibly apprehensive. Lucello doesn't like it, especially in front of Arkin.

DRE (CONT'D)

(re: Arkin)

Make him go in first.

VADIN

Yeah, make him go first.

Arkin looks to Dre and Vadin like, "What the fuck?!" But they don't give a shit. All the others look to Arkin.

ARKIN

No, no, no, this is your fuckin' parade, you'd have to kill me before I went in there first.

LUCELLO

If that's your decision.

Lucello cocks his pistol, pointing it at Arkin.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Is that your decision?

Arkin stares into Lucello's eyes. He doesn't have a shred of hesitation. He will kill him. Arkin knows it.

ARKIN

Fuck...

Arkin moves past the group, stopping at the threshold.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Can I at least have a flashlight?

Paz produces a small penlight, handing it to Arkin. He nods, gaining his nerve to enter the room.

PAZ

(hushed)

I'll watch your back.

Arkin nods, not feeling all that reassured. He takes a step forward and--

INT. THE LAIR - SPIDER PEN - CONTINUOUS

--Crosses the threshold into the room. Moisture from the ceiling drops down filling small puddles. Arkin's penlight hits the piping above, a bit of steam emits.

As Arkin moves, his flashlight cases the cages that line the walls. Trash and debris fill the pens. But no sign of life.

FROM ABOVE - Arkin is seen moving through the room.

Arkin takes a few more steps and then stops cold.

He looks back to the others, their eyes intently following him. FEAR rushes across Arkin's face.

He turns, trying to keep cool as he kneels and highlights a PILE OF BONES with his flashlight.

Arkin grabs a bone, holding it up for the others to see.

FROM ABOVE - Whoever is watching Arkin, moves closer.

Arkin tosses the bone to the side, using his flashlight to see deeper into the room where he sees the doorway leading out of the room. It's WIDE OPEN.

Arkin turns back to the group, almost relieved.

ARKIN

Hey, there's a way out.

WHAM!!! A bloody body DROPS from above right before Arkin.

Arkin jumps back.

As the flashlights hit the body in unison...it becomes clear who it is.

PAZ

It's Lynn!

Arkin leans over LYNN'S BODY - half of her face is missing.

ARKIN

She's been...bitten.

FROM ABOVE - The person watching Arkin DROPS DOWN--

Hearing something, Arkin LOOKS UP RIGHT AS--

A **SICK MAN** with one arm severed at the elbow and black soot covering his starved and severely scarred body LANDS RIGHT ON TOP OF ARKIN--WHAM!!!

Arkin crashes to the floor, and the sick man SCRATCHES at Arkin's face and BITES at his neck.

He has a METAL CORD that reaches up to the ceiling LOCKED AROUND HIS WAIST.

Arkin bucks and fights, the penlight causing the craved man to QUELL HIS ATTACK just a bit. Arkin then JAMS the penlight INTO THE sick man's MOUTH, causing the man to GAG.

Arkin pushes the sick man up when--

BLAM! A single bullet PIERCES the sick man's skull. Blood SHOOTS OUT hitting Arkin's face.

He gasps, pushing the sick man off his body. Arkin crawls to his feet, looking to the others.

Paz holds a SMOKING PISTOL, having saved Arkin.

The four henchmen move to the shocked Arkin, pointing their flashlights to the DEAD sick man.

VADIN
What the fuck was that?!

ARKIN
I...I don't know.

Paz kicks over the sick man, seeing his gaunt eyes and soot-coated skin and scars. She grabs her penlight, looking into his eyes.

DRE
She was fed to him.

CLOSE ON: The sick man's agape mouth displays his tongue cut off into a stub.

PAZ
His tongue has been chewed off and his pupils are completely blown out.
(looking up)
He's been reduced to an animal.

LUCELLO
The vanquished, no doubt.

Lucello's eyes rise, looking to the dark ceiling.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
But is he the only one?

Arkin looks up when--

ARKIN
LOOK OUT!!!

FROM ABOVE - ANOTHER SICK MAN AND TWO SICK WOMEN in the same STATE OF RAGE drop down into the intruders. They too are covered with severe scars and missing limbs--

Lucello is the first to turn his weapon--BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!!

His pistol coughs thunder, tearing through the naked flesh of **SICK WOMAN #1**. She hits the ground with a--THUD!!!

But **SICK MAN #2** and **SICK WOMAN #2** both land on Vadin, TEARING into the soft flesh of his neck.

TAT-TAT-TAT!!! Dre lets loose a WILD BURST from his submachine gun, but the sick people move fast, the bullets HITTING VADIN and putting him down in a heap.

The metal cords around the waists of the sick people act like anchors from above, allowing them to SWING AROUND the room and JUMP FROM THE CAGES that line the walls.

Clearly, the cages aren't for holding, they're for allowing the people to crawl around like wild animals.

Paz kneels by Vadin's CONVULSING BODY, blood gushing from the chunk of flesh bitten out by the two sick people.

PAZ

We're losing him!

LUCELLO

Head's up!!!

The two sick people SWING AROUND THE ROOM, bounding off the cages and looking for an opening to attack.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!! Gunfire fills the air, but because of their speed and the lack of light, it's hard to hit the attackers.

Arkin makes a dash for the doorway at the opposite end of the room.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

(re: Arkin)

Don't let him get away!

Lucello, Paz, Dre and Wally follow Arkin, aiming their flashlights and weapons in the air, FIRING RANDOMLY as the sick people make INDISTINCT, TONGUE-LESS SOUNDS.

Arkin makes it to the exit, looking back right as--

The two sick people LAND ON DRE - knocking him down. They're about to tear him to shreds when--

TAT-TAT-TAT!!! Paz lights them up, filling Sick Man #2 with bullets. Sick Woman #2 tries to leap away and climb a cage, but a bullet hits her metal cord--PING!

Sick Woman #2 falls to the ground--CRASH! She skitters to her feet and then DASHES OUT THE DOOR the group entered through.

The sound of TONGUE-LESS SHRIEKS dissipating is all that is heard before calm returns to the room.

Lucello, Paz, Dre and Wally look to each other like, "That was fucking insane." Their eyes then shift to Vadin, who is face-down in his own blood. DEAD.

Dre turns, rushing to Arkin and pushing him hard.

DRE
What the fuck is this?!!!

ARKIN
How am I supposed to know?!

Lucello steps between them, shoving back Dre.

LUCELLO
Fucking relax! RELAX!!!

Lucello blowing his cool causes Dre to back off. He screams to his team, his blood boiling.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
Nobody loses their fucking cool!!!
You hear me?!!
(off their expressions)
We have this under control.

Everyone settles, but no one is comfortable. Eyes bounce around from face to face.

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - SAME TIME

The door into the operation room swings open, and the black boots of the Collector step in. He comes to a stop at the grate covering the drain, seeing that IT'S OPEN.

The Collector kneels, looking down into the drain, knowing that Elena is now on the loose.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Elena carefully moves down a thin hallway with Abby staying close behind. They check every door, but all are locked. Until they find one unlocked.

The door swings open, making a creaking sound. It appears to be empty, but in the middle is a spotlight highlighting a CELL PHONE precariously sitting on the middle of a table.

Elena makes a move forward when--

ABBY
(in a hushed tone)
You don't want to do that.

Abby points to the bottom of the doorframe.

CLOSE ON: There's a TRIP WIRE.

Elena crouches, seeing the wire. She sticks her head into the room just a bit, looking up to see a MACHETE BLADE mounted at shoulder-height and ready to swing forward.

ELENA

Thanks.

Abby lowers her shirt, revealing a LONG SCAR across her upper torso. It's healed over, but Elena still gasps.

ABBY

And that cell phone...

Abby raises a HAND she has been favoring, revealing that it's MISSING THREE FINGERS. Elena's eyes widen in disgust.

ABBY (CONT'D)

...it doesn't even work.

Elena gasps, putting her hands to her mouth and looking towards the cell phone and table.

CLOSE ON: Indeed, there's a wire attached to the cell phone, and a MACHETE mounded under the desk, ready to spring if the cell phone is pulled.

ABBY (CONT'D)

We should keep moving.

Elena nods, completely shaken. She turns and moves down the hallway, but Abby keeps a curious eye on her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

He likes me, you know.

ELENA

Who?

ABBY

The Collector.

Elena stops, staring to the innocent-looking girl. She almost expects Abby to laugh, but she doesn't. She's dead serious.

ELENA

What do you mean?

Before Elena can get a response, high-pitched feedback SQUEALS from her HEARING AID. She winces, popping it out and adjusting it like she's done a million times before.

Abby intently stares, her eyes widening at the sight of the hearing aid.

ABBY

You'll never win...you're not strong enough...you're disadvantaged...

Abby backs away, her ANXIETY SKYROCKETING.

ELENA

What?

Abby keeps backing up, her volume RISING.

ABBY

There's no way you can win!

ELENA

Stop, stop screaming...

But Abby keeps moving back, her voice rising.

ABBY

You weren't supposed to get out!
This is a test! He's testing me
again!

(full of panic)

She's here! She's with me! I found
her!!! I found her!!!

ELENA

Shut up! What are you doing?!

Elena looks around, Abby continuing to scream and scream.

ABBY

Come get her!!! Here she is!!!

Elena is about to smack Abby when--

The door at the end of the hallway SLAMS OPEN and the
COLLECTOR STANDS THERE, mask on, head titled, gleaming blade
in hand.

Elena turns and RUNS!

The Collector GIVES CHASE, passing Abby as she drops to her
knees and crouches up in a ball whimpering. The Collector
runs right past her, hot on Elena's tail--

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Elena takes corner after corner, looking back over her
shoulder. The Collector is close.

Elena takes a final corner leading to the END OF THE HALL.
There are two open doors. Elena progresses as her foot snags
a trip wire along the floor.

Having just seen a similar trap, Elena knows what is coming
next and she INSTINCTIVELY DUCKS--

WHOOSH! A machete SWINGS OUT from the wall at shoulder
height, just missing the top of her head--WHACK!

The blade SLAMS into the wall.

Elena stumbles forward, her foot DEPRESSES A LEVER on the floor and--

WHOOSH! A machete SWINGS OUT from the wall at ankle height - Elena quickly leaps forward, doing a FORWARD FLIP AND--

THUD! Landing hard on her hands and knees. Her momentum TAKES HER FORWARD--but she's able to STOP HERSELF before her face is IMPALED ON A WALL OF SPEARS at the end of the hall.

The top of one spear GRAZES HER CHEEK, but Elena pulls back, putting her hand to her face. BLOOD is left on her hand, but the face wound is only a cut.

Elena spins, seeing that the Collector hasn't yet turned the corner yet. She looks to the TWO DOORS. One leads to another room. The other down stairs to the basement.

Elena looks back down the hallway for the Collector when--

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Collector takes the corner...but Elena is NOT THERE.

He steps forward, seeing the two sprung machete traps. He stops at the two doors looking into both.

The Collector then focuses on something, leaning forward and looking closely at ONE OF THE SPEARS.

CLOSE ON: There's just a BIT OF BLOOD on the spear tip that caused Elena's face wound.

The Collector rubs some off with the tips of his finger, looking closely at it. As he stares...

RISE UP to reveal ELENA HOLDING INTO THE PIPES ABOVE. Her strong legs are split, keeping her in place.

A single DROPLET OF BLOOD from her cut face begins to RUN DOWN ELENA'S CHEEK.

The Collector stands still below her.

Elena begins to rotate her head as the blood drip begins to slide down her jaw line.

The Collector slowly looks left to right.

Elena can't rotate her head anymore and the bloodline begins to form a tear.

The Collector steps forward, about to look straight up.

Elena rocks her head back as the potential blood drip pools into a fat drop.

The Collector's black boot SLIDES in a wet pool of blood on the floor. His head whips down to see...

CLOSE ON: A trail of blood drops on the floor. The trail lead down the stairs to the basement.

The blood droplet slides down Elena's neck and into her cleavage. Her tired arms quiver. She can't hold much longer.

The Collector stares at the trail of blood a moment as Elena STRAINS above him.

After a beat, the Collector makes a quick move and darts down the stairs to the basement.

Elena holds a minute, making sure he's gone. She then drops down from the ceiling and darts back the way she came.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Dre, holding Vadin's weapons in addition to his own, leads the group to the end of the hallway and a GRAND STAIRWAY going up to the second floor.

Paz settles up behind him, seeing a sign that reads, "THE WAY TO HEAVEN IS ASCENDING."

PAZ

(reading)

"The way to Heaven is ascending."

Lucello, Arkin, Dre and Wally move up behind them. There are other passageways and hallways, but none of them have the invitation like the stairs.

LUCELLO

Up is the way.

Lucello starts to move, but no one follows.

DRE

Nah, this guy's just fucking with us now.

LUCELLO

"We must be content to travel uphill, though it be hard and tiresome, and contrary to the natural bias of our flesh."

DRE

What the fuck is that?

LUCELLO

The second half of Jonathan Edward's quote.

PAZ

It means we're supposed go up the stairs even though it seems like a bad idea.

WALLY

This is fuckin' bullshit!

LUCELLO

It's what you signed up for--

WALLY

(pointing)

Lynn and Vadin are dead back there! I didn't sign up for this!

PAZ

Take it easy.

WALLY

I'm gettin' the fuck out of here!

DRE

And how are you going to do that?! Our one way out is blocked by two inches of steel!

WALLY

Well I'm not followin' the path we've been takin'! It's a fuckin' death trap!

PAZ

And you think leaving the path is smart?

WALLY

I'm willin' to fuckin' try!

ARKIN

I think we have to get through these obstacles in order to access the rest of the building.

WALLY

And how the fuck do you know that?! You said yourself you were in a trunk the whole time!

Wally yells, getting in Arkin's face. But Lucello puts up a hand, pushing Wally away.

Arkin backs up as the friction between the group grows.

LUCELLO

He's right. This is a test of our perseverance. We need to stay together, stay focused, and move forward.

PAZ

Listen to him.

Wally doesn't like hearing that.

WALLY

No! His authority died back there with the others! I could give two shits about this Elena girl, and I say we get the fuck out of here while we still can!

LUCELLO

When I find her and collect that bounty, don't come whining to me about your share!

WALLY

You can shove that twenty-five G up your ass! I'm fuckin' outta here!

DRE

Twenty-five grand?! I'm getting fuckin' fifteen?!

Dre stares at Lucello, now pissed.

LUCELLO

You're each paid based on experience--

DRE

No, no, no! Fuck that! You said all equal! I asked you what Wally was getting, and you told me "all equal" plus ten percent of the reward for the girl!

LUCELLO

Well, none of us is getting anything unless we find the girl, isn't that right?

DRE

No, fuck that shit!!! How about I find the damn girl myself and you can go fuck yourself?!!!

Before Dre can get the final words out of his mouth Lucello RAISES HIS PISTOL to Dre's head and FIRES--BLAM!!!

Dre's brains BLOW OUT the back of his head and his body drops like a sack of rocks.

The fighting stops in an instant.

LUCELLO
(pistol pointed)
Any other dissenters?!

No one makes a peep.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
We stay together as a group. That's the *only* way we're going to survive. And when we walk out of here with the girl, we'll be splitting a million dollar bounty three ways.
(as if a threat)
Either one of you have a problem with that?

Paz and Wally both shake their heads.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
Good.
(looking around)
Now where the fuck is Arkin?

They all look around, seeing that ARKIN IS GONE. In the tense standoff, Arkin slipped away.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Arkin rounds a corner and kneels, leaning against a wall. He's out of breath.

Behind him, the SOUNDS of Lucello and the others can be heard. Arkin's eyes look left to right.

There is a WEBBING OF TRIP WIRE blocking him from going any further. He tries a door, but's locked. Arkin frantically looks around...his eyes settling on a GARBAGE SHOOT.

Arkin opens it, looking into the shoot that drops down into a DARK VOID.

He turns back as--

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Wally moves forward with his submachine gun pointed. He turns the corner where Arkin is stuck--

But he's not there.

Wally checks the doors and sees the webbing of trip wire. He begins to step away when he notices the garbage shoot door AJAR.

He reaches forward opening it quickly but--

Arkin is not there either.

INT. THE LAIR - GARBAGE SHOOT - SAME TIME

A few feet below the opening, Arkin holds himself up in the garbage shoot.

Arkin doesn't dare breathe, but when a FAT BUG CRAWLS OVER HIS HAND--he FLINCHES ever so slightly.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Wally turns, having heard something. He raises his submachine gun, moving back to the garbage shoot.

He opens it and sticks in his head--

INT. THE LAIR - GARBAGE SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

--Seeing Arkin down a few feet.

WALLY

Sneaky rat.

But before Wally can stick his submachine gun into the garbage shoot, Arkin lets go and DROPS OUT OF SIGHT--

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - GARBAGE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Arkin can be heard SLAMMING against the sides of the garbage shoot and then--THUD!

He falls out of the shoot and lands in a pit of "something" SOFT and WET.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Lucello and Paz move up behind Wally as he withdraws his head from the garbage shoot.

PAZ

We going down after him?

LUCELLO

No need.

Lucello turns and the others follow.

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - GARBAGE PIT - SAME TIME

Arkin struggles to move, realizing that he's SWIMMING IN A PIT OF DECAYING CORPSES. He gags, trying to find his footing to step over to the stairs leading out of the pit, but he SLIPS and falls FACE-FIRST UNDERWATER.

Arkin emerges dripping in blood and human remains. He gags and crawls, dry-heaving and lunging for the stairs.

He pulls himself up, looking around and seeing a door leading to a hallway. He's quick to move--

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--Into the hallway. It's narrow with low ceilings and moisture covering the floors. A string of bulbs like in a coal mine offer the only light.

Arkin regains his bearings, wiping his face and body free of the lingering mess from the dead bodies.

After a few moments, Arkin eases down the hallway. The hallway has a gradual grade leading UPWARDS.

It eventually opens up, revealing something GRAND and ELEGANT. The floor is carpeted. The ceiling well lit. Custom-built wood cabinets line the walls filled with GLASS JARS.

Inside are BUGS and ANIMALS preserved in formaldehyde.

Arkin stares. BUGS and ANIMALS are also ENCASED IN GLASS. These encasements are dry, meaning that the bugs and animals have been drained of their bodily fluids.

As Arkin moves further down the hallway, the bugs and animals get LARGER. They progress from RATS and BEES to DOGS and TARANTULAS.

At the end of the hallway, LIGHT RADIATES from a large room.

Arkin approaches with apprehension. A sign reads, "WEEP NOT FOR THE VANQUISHED, FOR IN THIS HOUSE SURVIVAL IS EARNED."

As he gets closer, his apprehension turns to SHOCK--

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Spotlights shoot down from the ceiling, highlighting various GLASS ENCASEMENTS along the walls of the room.

However, instead of animals and bugs...these are filled with HUMAN BEINGS.

Arkin is in wonder, staring at the bizarre, demented sight. Like pins keeping the animals in place, spears keep these people in place.

Many are in poses, almost dramatically placed.

Throughout the middle of the room, with colored lights highlighting them, Arkin sees EIGHT GLASS TANKS.

HUMANS BEINGS are inside, preserved with formaldehyde. Their faces are bright, their eyes open, their mouths agape...but something more sinister has been done to them...

THE BODIES HAVE EXTRA LIMBS SEWN ONTO THEM...they have four arms...four legs...just like large, pale INSECTS.

Arkin stares at one face in particular, a chill running down his spine. But something catches his eye, and Arkin moves to a glass encasing on the wall that is NOT covered in glass.

It's open. And a young man with his eyes closed has spears through various points of his cleaned, well-defined body. This is **ZACK** (20s).

Arkin reaches forward, touching Zack's body, almost making sure he's real - he is. Arkin then turns, moving away--

BUT WE STAY ON ZACK as his eyes OPEN - his head craning and following Arkin.

Arkin crosses the room, stopping at a SQUARE OF GRATED FLOOR. He kneels, seeing into a SMALL TUNNEL below. It's booby-trapped with trip wire, but Arkin can tell that the tunnel leads to the far wall.

He rises and moves to the wall. It's a welded-up METAL SLAB that used to be a HUGE CAR DOOR like for an AUTO SHOP. Arkin puts his hand to the metal slab.

He then steps back, looking at the metal slab. If he could break it down, he'd be able to get out.

Arkin rubs his head when--

ZACK (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Arkin spins, nearly jumping out of his skin. But he doesn't see who's talking with him.

And after a beat--

ZACK (CONT'D)
You're not supposed to be here.

Arkin's eyes connect with the man mounted on the wall. Zack stares back with a pained emotion on his face.

ARKIN
What happened to you?

Zack looks to Arkin as if surprised at his ignorance.

ZACK
I...I won.

Arkin's head sways, he looks around to all the mounted people and people held in glass tanks. They're TROPHIES - immortalized in their moments of suffering.

ARKIN
This is...the collection?

ZACK
"Weep not for the vanquished, for in this house survival is earned."

ARKIN
This is the prize for survival? To be pinned to the wall like a bug?

ZACK
No...to be cherished...and to be immortalized as something *beautiful*.
(wavering)
Only the strongest can join the collection.

Zack gags, his strength dropping by the second as he nods to the GLASS TANKS. Arkin cringes at the multi-limbed human atrocities.

ARKIN
You're his trophies...and this is some kind of fucked up museum?

Zack weakly nods, and Arkin shakes his head in astonishment. He moves to help free Zack.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'll get you down--

ZACK
Don't...it'll kill me.

Arkin looks to the spears in each of his joints. Metal wiring loops between them all and connected to a NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK. If one is pulled out, he will be KILLED INSTANTLY.

ARKIN

I'll find something...I'll get you loose.

ZACK

Why are you here?

ARKIN

I'm trying to find a girl, she was abducted a few days ago.

ZACK

What's her name?

ARKIN

Elena.

Zack's eyes widen in recognition.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Where is she?

ZACK

The operation room...first floor... it's where the new ones are held. If they survive there...they're eventually released to play.

ARKIN

To end up here?

ZACK

If they have the will.

Arkin flinches, HEARING SOMETHING behind him as we--

WHIP PAN to the entrance of the room where SICK WOMAN #2 stumbles into the room. She's frantic. Looking around for food or a way out.

Sick Woman #2 shambles past the doorway Arkin just emerge out of when--

THWAP! A BLADE flies through the air and SLAMS into Sick Woman #2's head, putting her down in an instant.

A second later, THE COLLECTOR steps out of the doorway.

FROM THE COLLECTOR'S P.O.V.: He looks at the downed woman. Zack in the encasement. But NO Arkin.

The Collector moves deeper into to the room, stopping at Zack's encasement. He moves close to Zack, staring into his eye.

But Zack doesn't flinch. He simply closing his eyes as if being obedient.

The Collector looks around and then moves, grabbing Sick Woman #2 by the leg and DRAGGING her back to the PIT OF BODIES.

From behind one of the glass tanks, Arkin crawls out. He makes eye contact with Zack.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Go.

Arkin looks over his should for the Collector and then bolts out of the room.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

Elena carefully climbs a NARROW STAIRWELL to the SECOND FLOOR. Before taking her next step, she crouches.

CLOSE ON: There's a LOOP OF METAL WIRE at the top of the stairwell, and above it, a LOOP OF WIRE on the handrail.

Elena wisely avoids both traps, stepping over them and moving down a hallway. She comes to a point where the hallway sections off into two different directions.

There are doors on either sides of the hallway. But before she can make a decision--

CREEEEEAK! One of the doors opens. Abby steps out shivering. She has her head down, and when she looks up--

Elena is gone.

Abby looks around a moment, but then keeps moving down the hallway.

From a doorway, Elena peeks out. But instead of reentering the hallway--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Elena retracts into a side room, gently closing the door. It's small with a rusted bed frame and a yellowed mattress with blood stains in the middle.

Elena has her eyes on something else. While the windows are boarded over, she sees a VENT at the top of the room. It spins, and she can see the outside light.

Stepping on the bedframe, Elena carefully and quietly stands. She pulls her face to the vent and--

FROM ELENA'S P.O.V.: She can see down an alleyway to a city street. **TWO OLDER MEN** stand at the alleyway entrance smoking and drinking.

Elena tries to make noise.

ELENA

Hey! Up here! Help!

Between the city noise and the distance, she has no shot of yelling loud enough for them to hear her.

Elena steps down from the bedframe and moves to the door, peering out. She knows she can't scream for help without giving up her spot.

Elena grits her teeth and starts looking around the room. But there's nothing useful there.

She looks back to the vent. She has to find something to alert those people. THAT VENT IS HER WAY OUT.

Elena tiptoes into the hallway, beginning her quest to find something to help her escape.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Arkin climbs some stairs leading up to the first floor. He looks down a hallway, seeing a DEAD END.

He takes a turn, going the other way and entering--

INT. THE LAIR - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

--A corridor where several halls come together. Arkin can see up to the top of the FOUR-STORY STRUCTURE. He makes a move for another hallway when--WHACK!

The butt of Wally's submachine gun hits him right in the face. Arkin drops like a rock, rolling over and seeing Wally with a stupid grin standing over him.

WALLY

Not so sneaky after all.

Before Arkin can react, Lucello and Paz come up behind Wally and Lucello puts a knee on Arkin's chest.

Paz, holding the discarded weapons of Vadin and Dre, kneels and puts HANDCUFFS onto Arkin's wrists.

LUCELLO

Naughty dogs should not be let off their leash.

Lucello holds a beeping TRACKING DEVICE in his palm, lifting Arkin's shirt to show him the BUG.

ARKIN

The killer's close by--

WHACK! Lucello's hard BACKHAND shuts him up quick.

LUCELLO

You want the manacles as well?

Arkin's head warbles from the two hits. He looks up, his eyes focusing on the corridor above. To his surprise, "something" slowly drops down.

It's a METAL WIRE NOOSE.

No one sees it but Arkin. He tries to warn the others to turn around, but he's still too punch drunk.

ARKIN

(pointing)

Up...there...

Lucello laughs, can't believing that Arkin is still trying to talk after being pummeled.

LUCELLO

Look at this kid. If anything, he's got a fire in his belly.

Paz smirks, but Wally gives off a HARDY LAUGH.

Arkin looks up into the darkness as the MASKED COLLECTOR SHOWS HIS FACE. He's one story above Arkin, his black eyes staring down. The Collector LICKS HIS LIPS in anticipation.

ARKIN

No...

The noose drops over Wally's head, and before Wally can react--

HE'S YANKED UP four-stories to the top of the corridor. Wally drops his submachine gun and GRABS at the suffocating noose AROUND HIS NECK.

Paz and Lucello turn, seeing Wally flailing like a tuna caught on a line. But before they can react--WHAM!

The Collector jumps down from the second floor, hitting the ground like a cat.

He's face-to-face with Lucello and--

SLASH! CUTS Lucello across the cheek. Lucello bends over, cupping his face as BLOOD SPEWS.

Paz raises her weapon to fire--BLAM! But the Collector is fast, hitting the gun barrel away.

The Collector punches Paz in the throat and then picks up a HIDDEN TRIP WIRE from the ground, WRAPPING IT around her upper torso and giving it a HARD TUG--

ZIP-ZIP-ZIP!!! The trip wire TIGHTENS and Paz is YANKED onto her butt and DRAGGED DOWN THE HALLWAY SCREAMING.

PAZ

Help me!!!

The Collector looks to Arkin, but Arkin has already backed up to the wall. The Collector takes a step towards him with knife raised but--

Lucello spins, blood dripping from his sliced cheek and his pistol dead aimed at the Collector.

But the Collector rolls, diving across the floor, grabbing Wally's dropped submachine gun, and vanishing through an open door--SLAMMING IT SHUT.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Lucello lets off three quick shots, but he MISSES each time. He grabs the door the Collector shut...but it's LOCKED TIGHT.

PAZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lucello!!!

Lucello spins, running to Paz's screams down the hallway.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lucello runs, turning into the doorway where Paz was dragged. It leads to a--

INT. THE LAIR - DEAD END STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

--Spiral staircase leading down. Lucello bounds down the stairs taking two at a time. He makes the final turn that would seem to be the basement but--

It's a DEAD END.

Lucello slams his hands into an IRON DOOR with NO HANDLE and NO LOCK.

LUCELLO

NO!!!

Lucello burns and then looks back, seeing Arkin behind him. Their eyes connect a second - a DEEP RAGE rising within Lucello, something we've never seen before.

INT. THE LAIR - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lucello leads Arkin into the corridor, looking up to Wally above. DEAD.

LUCELLO
(wiping away blood)
The gauntlet has been dropped.

ARKIN
I know where Elena's being held.

Their eyes connect, and Arkin nods to his HANDCUFFED WRISTS. Lucello huffs and grabs them, pressing the barrel of his pistol to the chains in the middle and--BLAM!

Arkin's wrists are apart, but he's still stuck with the cuffs.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
I'd conserve those bullets, they're
all we have left.

LUCELLO
That's my worry, friend.

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SIX TRUNKS lie on the floor open with SIX DEAD BODIES inside. The seventh, Elena's trunk, is, of course, EMPTY. Lucello stands over the trunks, looking closely.

LUCELLO
(re: dead bodies)
When in a pinch, a deceased human
body can become quite useful.

Arkin uses a medical tool to pick the lock on his handcuffs.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
Hair is a wick, fat is flammable,
and the methane build up in the
intestines is an accelerant.

Arkin slides off the cuffs, rubbing his wrists.

ARKIN
Great, but that doesn't explain if
he already took her.

LUCELLO
He didn't.

Lucello motions to the BROKEN FEET CLAMPS in the trunk and the displaced covering for the runoff drain. The sound of the German Shepherds BARKING is heard via the drain.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
She got out and then crawled from
the room through this drain.

ARKIN
He could've still gotten her.

LUCELLO
True.

Lucello reaches into the drain, pulling out the SHRED OF JEANS Elena tore off on the jagged metal when crawling.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
(re: barking dogs)
But there's a way to quickly find
out for sure.

INT. THE LAIR - DOG PEN - MOMENTS LATER

Arkin and Lucello stand before a DOG PEN. The four German Shepherds madly bark, furiously trying to get a bite of the two men.

ARKIN
He has them trained.

LUCELLO
I'm counting on it.

Lucello makes a move to enter the pen, but Arkin puts a hand in front of him.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
Dogs aren't instinctively bad, they
just need to know who's in charge
before they'll show respect.

Lucello pushes away Arkin's hand. He pulls a DOG WHISTLE from his jacket, standing tall before the barking dogs.

He BLOWS the whistle, and the dogs instantly recoil, backing away. Lucello moves closer, and any time the dogs show the slightest bit of aggression, he blows the whistle.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
Heel! Back away! Back!

Before long, the dogs back away without the whistle.

They all whimper and pace the pen, but one keeps an aggressive front, eyeing Lucello. This is the **ALPHA DOG**.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Oh, so you're the Alpha, are you?

Lucello opens the pen, stepping in. The Alpha dog SNAPS at him, but Lucello gives the whistle a SHARP BLOW.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Heel!

The Alpha dog whimpers and backs away. And, in fact, all the dogs stay back at this point. They trot around the pen still barking, but their tails are lowered, showing a sign of submission.

A smirk crosses Lucello's face as he pulls DRIED BACON from his vest pocket, offering it to the Alpha dog. It hesitates, but eventually comes forward, taking it from his hand.

The dog eats it up, and Lucello rubs the dog on its head.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Good boy.

ARKIN

You have a dog whistle...and bacon?

LUCELLO

A dead dog was found at the Chase residence, but there was no record of them ever owning a dog.

(off his astonishment)

So, someone else had to have brought it there.

Lucello snags a LEASH from the wall and attaches it to the Alpha dog's collar. He then leads the dog out of the pen, Arkin instinctively taking a nervous step back.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Why stumble around blindly in the dark when we can use a heat-seeking missile?

Lucello kneels next to the dog, pulling Elena's SHRED OF JEANS and putting it to the dog's NOSE.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Go! Go!

Lucello motions for the dog to go, and it starts to move, LEADING Lucello and Arkin down the hallway.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The dog FURIOUSLY PULLS Lucello and Arkin down the hallway. They come to an intersection when--

PAZ (O.S.)
Help me! Please!

A WOMAN SCREAMING is heard. It's Paz, and she's screaming for dear life. She's also CLOSE BY.

PAZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Lucello!

Paz gasps in pain, causing the two men to look around.

ARKIN
It's coming from that way.

Arkin points in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION as to where the dog is trying to take them. Lucello makes a quick decision, pulling his pistol and yanking the dog towards Paz's screams.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM - SAME TIME

Elena stands on the bedframe holding the long leg of a wood chair, trying to make noise on the vent to draw attention.

But when she hears SCREAMING from down the hallway, she turns.

PAZ (O.S.)
Help!!! Anyone!!!

Elena tiptoes to the hallway door, opening it and peering out. The screams seem to be CLOSE. She knows she shouldn't, but the screams are primal. Real. Induced by pain.

She thinks a second and then exits to investigate.

INT. THE LAIR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Paz's screams ring out, leading Lucello and Arkin down a hallway that ends at the grand staircase with the sign that reads, "THE WAY TO HEAVEN IS ASCENDING."

Her screams are now CLEARER and LOUDER.

PAZ (O.S.)
Hurry!!!

The two men and their dog traverse the steps, all paying close attention to traps on the staircase.

As Arkin and Lucello get to the top, their eyes widen.

Before them is a large room with MIRRORED WALLS and low ceilings. The only light are STROBE LIGHTS. But the oddest detail is that it's filled with HUNDREDS OF MANNEQUINS.

The mannequins have MASKS and HATS on them, and others have their heads replaced with real HUMAN HEADS. With the strobe lights, the mannequins appear to MOVE.

PAZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please!!! Please!!!

Paz's screams come from the MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, but it's impossible to say where with mannequins hiding her and the acoustics causing her voice to BOUNCE all over.

Lucello turns quickly, leading the dog down the stairs.

ARKIN
Where are you going?

LUCELLO
It's a trap, he's trying to lure us away from Elena.

ARKIN
So then you're just gonna let your partner die?

Lucello turns, stepping closer to Arkin.

LUCELLO
She knew the risks going in, my objective is the girl.

ARKIN
Fuck your objective!
(pointing to room)
She saved my ass when she didn't have to! Don't act like you don't care about her!

LUCELLO
You have no clue what I care about.

ARKIN
No, I don't! But you're just gonna leave her for dead when she's crying out your name?! Is *that* the kind of memory that goes away?!

Lucello boils, looking back. His eyes stare to the room with Paz's screams echoing from within.

He then turns to Arkin.

LUCELLO
Okay, what do you propose?

ARKIN
First, give me a weapon.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Elena tiptoes down the hallway, constantly looking over her shoulder. Paz's screams rise as she walks.

Elena gets to a HEAVY DOOR, fear rushing through her body.

INT. THE LAIR - MANNEQUIN MAZE - SAME TIME

The dog's leash is tied around a door handle at the entrance to the room. Lucello holds his pistol, moving around the edge of the mannequins on display. He looks across the way to Arkin, who holds a KNIFE with BRASS KNUCKLES attached.

The two men nod, easing into the densely placed mannequins.

The strobe lights flash, giving Arkin's movement a jittery quality. He stays low, looking at the floor to not step on a TRIP WIRE.

Paz's screams come from the MIDDLE of the room.

Lucello also stays low, using his pistol to lead the way through the mannequins.

As Lucello moves, he passes one mannequin in particular. While he doesn't notice it, we do. It's THE COLLECTOR.

When Lucello moves, the Collector's head TURNS.

AT THE ENTRANCE

The dog jerks, SMELLING A SCENT. It TUGS and TUGS on the leash. The handle on the door starts to COME LOOSE.

WITH THE MANNEQUINS

Arkin moves around, but he turns, hearing the dog BARKING. His eyes drift across the walls where the dog seems to be pointing. But it's nothing more than MIRRORED WALL.

AT ANOTHER POINT

Lucello gets closer and closer to the middle of the room and Paz's screaming. He stops a second. Leans down, inspecting a TRIP WIRE on the floor.

Behind Lucello, THE COLLECTOR STANDS with blade in hand.

Lucello crouches, following the trip wire from the floor running up the leg of one of the mannequins. But he senses someone behind him. He turns...but the Collector is GONE.

AT THE ENTRANCE

The dog starts going WILD, tugging and tugging on the lease. With a violent tug, the handle BREAKS, allowing the dog to bound across the room.

In the middle of a wall of mirrors, the dog barks and scratches at the BASE OF THE WALL.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Arkin notices. He backs out of the mannequins, moving to the dog. As Arkin gets close to the mirrors, the dog gives way, but keeps on barking.

Arkin stares at the mirrors, seeing a CREASE in the mirror as if a SECRET DOOR.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Elena gains her nerve, holding the chair leg like a weapon and opening the door--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Elena's jaw drops. Paz is attached to a device known as "THE JERKING." She's blindfolded with her hands tied behind her back. A rope is wrapped around her waist and hands and is then attached to a wench, hoisting her off the floor.

Paz is REVERSE HANGING, an ADDED WEIGHT tied around her ankles.

PAZ

Help me...please...

INT. THE LAIR - MANNEQUIN MAZE - SAME TIME

Arkin stands by the mirror, now noticing something...

CLOSE ON: A WIRE comes out from the bottom of the mirror, snaking along the floor to the MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

ON LUCELLO

As he moves through the mannequins, he almost comes to the spot where Paz is crying from.

BACK ON ARKIN

As he follows the wire into the mannequins. His eyes look back to the mirror and he MAKES THE CONNECTION.

ARKIN
Lucello, stop!!!

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HANGING ROOM - SAME TIME

Elena pulls out the SCALPEL she took from the operation room, SLASHING into the rope attached to the wench and--

Paz falls to the ground--THUD!

PAZ
No! No!

Elena rushes to her aid, holding her head.

ELENA
I got you, you're going to be okay!

INT. THE LAIR - MANNEQUIN MAZE - SAME TIME

Lucello freezes as Paz's screams are replaced by ELENA'S SOOTHING VOICE.

ELENA (O.S.)
You're going to be okay!

Lucello reaches forward, pushing past the last mannequin and seeing a SPEAKER ON THE FLOOR.

LUCELLO
Shit...

CLOSE ON: Trip wires loop around mannequins hiding the speaker. If Lucello would have breached it, the trap would have been set off.

WITH ARKIN

He looks into the mannequins for Lucello.

ARKIN
Get out of there!!!

BACK WITH LUCELLO

He turns, heading out of the mannequin maze when--

THE COLLECTOR STANDS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!

Before Lucello can react, the Collector SWATS the pistol from his hand. It slides across the floor.

The Collector tries to swing back and slash Lucello, but Lucello jumps back, the blade just missing his midsection.

Lucello pulls a SWITCHBLADE.

WITH ARKIN

As he steps forward, he sees the TWO MEN SQUARING OFF. His eyes then drop, seeing the pistol.

LUCELLO

Swings around his blade, ready to fight. The two men ATTACK like skilled assassins, STRIKING with their blades and BLOCKING with their free hands.

The Collector draws blood, SLICING Lucello's forearm. But Lucello strikes back, CUTTING the Collector across the chest.

The Collector stumbles back, touching his RIPPED SHIRT and BLOOD trickling from the wound.

He pulls out a SECOND BLADE. No more fucking around. The Collector ATTACKS Lucello with an INTENT TO KILL.

He swings around his blades, slicing Lucello's hand and causing him to drop his switchblade. He then slices Lucello across the both shoulders.

A BOOT TO THE STOMACH sends Lucello tumbling back.

The Collector moves in for the kill, but his eyes drift to a mirror - SEEING ARKIN WITH PISTOL AIMED--BLAM!!!

The Collector ducks, the bullet MISSING. He tosses a blade at Arkin--PING! It misses, sticking into a mannequin's face.

The Collector then jumps between two mannequins, PULLING A TRIP WIRE and diving down into a TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR - the trap door snapping closed behind him.

Lucello looks up when--

From the pulled trip wire, the HEADS OF THE MANNEQUINS start to EXPLODE LIKE BOMBS--BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!!!

They explode ONE-BY-ONE, from the middle of the room moving OUTWARDS.

Lucello scrambles to his feet, scooping up his switchblade and SPRINTING TOWARD ARKIN.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!!! The mannequin heads are filled with NAILS and GLASS, sending out a DEADLY SPRAY OF SHRAPNEL.

Arkin uses the blade with BRASS KNUCKLES to PUNCH THE MIRROR--
CRASH!!! The shards of mirror rain down, revealing a SECRET
HALLWAY.

Arkin enters, pulling the leashed dog with him. He turns to
see about Lucello as--

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!!! The heads explode, catching up with the
running Lucello. He is almost overtaken by the explosions
when he DIVES FORWARD AND--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - SECRET HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--Crashes to the floor as the FINAL BLAST of nails and glass
just miss him. Lucello's back and legs are filled with
shrapnel, but his vital organs were protected by the KEVLAR
VEST.

He looks up, his eyes connecting with Arkin, knowing that
Arkin saved his ass.

But before any thanks can be offered, the dog madly barks
and TAKES OFF down the secret hallway--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The dog rounds a corner, running down the hallway and coming
to the HANGING ROOM. It BARKS and BARKS.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elena covers up the still-bound Paz, expecting the worse
from the ferocious dog.

But the dog never attacks. It just barks until--

Arkin turns the corner and his eyes connect with Elena.

ELENA

You...?

ARKIN

Elena!

ELENA

How...how'd you know my name?

LUCELLO (O.S.)

Heel!

Lucello waves off the dog, his pistol in his hand. Elena
looks to him, her eyes BRIGHTENING.

ELENA

Lucello!

She runs to him, grabbing him around the waist and hugging him tightly.

ELENA (CONT'D)
I knew you'd come!

LUCELLO
Are you hurt?

She shakes her head, but then sees that Lucello is CUT UP WITH SHRAPNEL. But Lucello is too tough to act hurt.

ELENA
I'm okay...but what happened to you?

LUCELLO
I'll be fine as soon as I get you
back to your father.
(to Arkin re: Paz)
Free her chains.

Arkin nods and kneels close to Paz, scooping up the scalpel Elena used to cut her down. He goes to work on Paz's shackles and handcuffs, but his eyes drift back to Lucello as he gives Elena a reassuring kiss on the head.

Lucello then kneels, looking Arkin off.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)
(to Paz)
You alright?

PAZ
Yeah, just shaken up.

Lucello pats Paz's leg. It's subtle, but it's another obvious gesture of emotion. Paz sees blood dripping down his arm.

PAZ (CONT'D)
You?

Lucello shakes her off, but he notices that Arkin has been watching him, seeing his pain.

LUCELLO
Stay focused.

Before Arkin can respond--

ELENA
I think I know a way out.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Paz, holding the dog's leash, looks on as Elena points to the vent. Arkin stands on the bedframe looking out, and Lucello stands on the floor next to him.

ARKIN

This could work.

LUCELLO

No, we're going out the way we came in.

Lucello turns, moving towards the exit.

ARKIN

We won't make it.

LUCELLO

Need I remind you what happened to the last person who questioned my authority?

ARKIN

You have two shots left in that gun of yours. You'll have to waste one on me and then you still think you can get out of here alive?

Lucello stares, his eyes drifting to Paz as she holds her pained wrists and shoulders.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

You're both hurt, and God knows what this guy will do to keep any of us from getting away.

(off Lucello's gaze)

Die being proud, not stubborn.

LUCELLO

Then what?

ARKIN

Gimme your gun.

Arkin puts out his hand, but Lucello has a chuckle.

LUCELLO

I'm hurt, friend, not stupid.

ARKIN

If I was gonna shoot you, I would have done it before.

The smirk falls from Lucello's face. Paz gives him a nod and a look, as does Elena.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Lucello hands it over and Arkin aims it through the vent.

LUCELLO

What's your plan? Fire off a couple of rounds and stir up the beehive?

ARKIN

A gunshot makes a noise for a split second...

Arkin cocks the hammer

ARKIN (CONT'D)

We need something that sounds off a little longer...

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

TWO OLDER MEN stand on the corner drinking and smoking. They're minding their own business when--

BLAM! A shot rings out and one of them gets HIT IN THE LEG, collapsing and SCREAMING OUT IN PAIN.

OLDER MAN

Motherfucker shot me!!!

INT. THE LAIR - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arkin retracts the smoking pistol from the vent, watching for the reaction on the street.

ELENA

Wait...did you just shoot someone?

ARKIN

Shots fired attracts attention, a man down attracts cops.

Lucello smirks, starting to really like Arkin.

LUCELLO

Well played, indeed.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Collector retracts to the monitor room, looking to the blood spilling from his SLICED CHEST. His anger rises.

He moves to a case filled with HUNTING WEAPONS of all sorts (shotguns, knives, rifles, crossbows, handguns, etc.). He's about to grab more knives when--

The faint sound of SIRENS take his attention to the monitors on the wall.

CLOSE ON: TWO POLICE CARS are already parked at the end of the alleyway with their rollers on.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

In the background, the Older Man is on the ground, a **PARAMEDIC** at his side. He frantically points down the alleyway towards the building.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS walk down the alleyway with their pistols out of their holsters.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME

The Collector keeps his gloved hand on the screen, intently watching what the cops are up to.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM - SAME TIME

Arkin aims the pistol out the vent again.

ARKIN

Now to let 'em know exactly where we are...

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

BLAM! Another shot rings out, the bullet **RICOCHETING** off the brick wall. The two police officers duck for cover.

Neither are hit, but they know it came from the building. They hustle out of the alleyway.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME

The Collector sees everything, his eyes rising to the second floor.

He slams his fist against the wall and moves to a table, grabbing **TWO SUBMACHINE GUNS** taken from the henchmen.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

COP CARS swarm at the end of the alleyway. **OFFICERS** line up a blockade.

A **POLICE HELICOPTER** buzzes overhead, a huge floodlight hitting the building.

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME

The helicopter can be heard overhead, and Arkin steps down from the bedframe. He looks to the others.

ARKIN

We just need to hole up and not bring any attention to ourselves until they raid the building.

LUCELLO

Sounds simple enough.

They all nod, looking around. None of them are so confident it'll go down so smoothly.

There's a silence as Elena stands with her back to the door when--

ABBY (O.S.)

I see them!!! Here they are!!! I see them!!!

The group spins, seeing ABBY near the doorway, backing up deeper into the hallway--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The group spills out into the hallway, following Abby as she backtracks and continues to YELL. The dog wildly BARKS.

ELENA

Abby...!

ABBY

They're here!!! Come get them!!!
Come get them!!!

LUCELLO

Shut her up!

Lucello grabs for a knife, but Abby bolts for the stairs leading down - the same TRAP-RIGGED STAIRS Elena noticed earlier.

CLOSE ON: There's a LOOPED METAL WIRE on the top of the banister and on the top step.

ABBY

You're all going to die!!!

Lucello is about to throw a knife when--

ELENA

No, Abby--

Abby's hand hits the banister and her foot hits the top step--

WHOOSH-WHOOSH!!! The two looped wires TIGHTEN around her wrist and ankle, pulling her straight up to the ceiling. She's stretched in opposite directions, slamming up into OPEN METAL JAWS hidden in the ceiling--

SNAP!!! She's trapped like a seal in a shark's mouth.

ABBY

Help!!!

BZZZZZ!!!! The SPINNING BLADES of a circular saw drops through a slot in the ceiling SLICE DOWN the middle of the jaws - CUTTING ABBY'S BODY IN HALF.

The jaws then pop open, and the UPPER and LOWER HALVES of Abby's body SWINGING in either direction, dangling like slabs of meat in a butcher's front window.

Elena gasps, looking away.

LUCELLO

So much for not drawing attention to ourselves.

But before Lucello can complete his sentence--

The lights cut -- THE POWER SHUT OFF.

The group is cast in DARKNESS, virtually NO LIGHT in the building allowing them to see.

ARKIN

Grab onto each other, stay together!

LUCELLO

We need to move, chief!

ELENA

I think I can lead us out!

The dog FURIOUSLY BARKS, pulling at the leash.

Elena starts leading them down the hallway. She can't see that well but there is just enough light for her to move.

FROM ELENA'S P.O.V.: She sees an OPEN DOOR at the end of the long hallway. But there's a GLIMMER in front of her.

Three SETS OF EYES GLEAM in the darkness ahead. There's a GROWL and...

ELENA (CONT'D)

Wait!

She squints, seeing the SHAPE OF THE COLLECTOR holding the the leashes on the THREE REMAINING DOGS in one hand and a SUBMACHINE GUN in the other.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Get down!

The Collector WHISTLES and the three dogs CHARGE as he RAISES the submachine gun.

Elena yanks down Arkin, but before Lucello and Paz can drop--

TAT-TAT-TAT!!! The hallway is LIT UP WITH GUNFIRE from the submachine gun.

TIME SLOWS TO A 350 FPS AS ONLY GUNFIRE LIGHTS THE ROOM:

The trio of dogs leap into the fray.

As bullets strike all around them, Arkin throws up his cast just in time to DEFLECT the first dog's BITE.

The second dog leaps upon a diving Paz as she releases the leash of the Alpha Dog.

Lucello aims at the second dog attacking Paz, but the third dog jumps on him.

TAT-TAT-TAT! Lucello and and the third dog are HIT SEVERAL TIMES, both of them falling back.

Paz SCREAMS for help.

Arkin raises the first dog into the stream of gunfire and-- SPLAT! The dog YELPS and DROPS.

The Alpha Dog dashes away, heading down the stairs.

TAT-TAT-TAT!!! A stray bullet hits a window, allowing a BEAM OF LIGHT to enter the hallway.

Lucello winces in pain, rolling and punching the dog attacking Paz. Paz then KICKS the dog so hard it FLIES INTO THE OPPOSING WALL--SLAM!

END SLOW-MOTION SEQUENCE

ELENA (CONT'D)

Lucello!

Elena tries to move to Lucello, but the Collector is already on the move, wrapping a wire around ELENA'S UPPER TORSO and then giving the line a TUG--

ZIP-ZIP-ZIP!!! Elena is violently YANKED DOWN THE HALLWAY and through the open door at the end.

ELENA (CONT'D)

NOOOO!!!

TAT-TAT-TAT!!! The Collector lets off another SPRAY OF BULLETS, vanishing through the heavy door and slamming it shut.

Arkin rolls, able to slightly see from the beam of light through the broken window.

ARKIN

Lucello?!

Paz kneels over Lucello, a BULLET lodged in his neck.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Jesus, man...

LUCELLO

(gargling blood)

Go...go...

ARKIN

I'm not leaving you like this!

Lucello grips his arm, raising up his face to Arkin's.

LUCELLO

Face him, Arkin! Put him down!

Lucello's eyes burn into Arkin's, his life slipping away by the second. Arkin's knows it.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

Get Elena...get her to her father...
save your family.

Arkin nods, turning as Paz stays with Lucello. His body begins to QUIVER. Blood slides from his mouth.

LUCELLO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Lucello puts a hand to Paz's face, but it's only momentary, his life FADING AWAY.

His head falls back and his hand drops...DEAD. Paz bites her lower lip, lowering her head.

FURTHER DOWN THE HALLWAY

Arkin comes to the heavy door. It's LOCKED TIGHT. He SLAMS on the door, but it WON'T OPEN.

ARKIN

Fuck!!!

Arkin turns, heading to find another way when--

CLICK! The door UNLOCKS and opens a crack. Arkin spins. Expecting the Collector to jump out...

BUT HE DOESN'T.

Paz creeps up behind Arkin.

PAZ

That fucker pays.

ARKIN

Agreed.

Arkin moves forward and pushes open the door. It makes a loud CREAKING noise, revealing--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HIDDEN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--A hidden hallway. It curves, not allowing Arkin and Paz to see around the corner.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

The streets are now FILLED with POLICE VEHICLES. Officers run about, joined by SWAT and other TACTICAL OFFICERS.

The block is shut down and the building is SURROUNDED at every entry point.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Arkin and Paz carefully move down the hallway, very little light allowing them to see. The thin corridor snakes around at very odd angles.

The ceiling lowers in parts, forcing them to crouch.

But it soon opens up, revealing a huge room--

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - FIRE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--That falls off into darkness at the edges. The ceiling is covered in shadow, giving no hint of its height.

A lone spotlight hits the middle of the room, highlighting Elena lying in a GUILLOTINE. She tries to yell to Arkin, but she's GAGGED and her screams are indiscernible.

ARKIN

No...

Arkin quickly enters the room, the BRASS KNUCKLE KNIFE his only weapon. Paz is on his heels, looking one way while Arkin looks the other.

PAZ

Where is he?

ARKIN

I don't know.

The two step closer and closer to Elena. She tries to scream through her gag. Arkin makes a quick move.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

I got you.

Arkin rips open the clamp keeping her head and hands in place. But the second he frees her--

PING! A TRIP WIRE running up the guillotine and into the DARKNESS OF THE CEILING is pulled and--

A HUGE CAGE with steel meshing DROPS DOWN FROM THE CEILING-- CRASH!!!

Arkin, Paz and Elena are now TRAPPED IN A CAGE.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck...?

Elena is able to rise and rip off her gag.

ELENA

(breathless)

That's what I was trying to tell you...it's a trap.

Before Arkin or Paz can respond--

CLOSE ON: SSSSNICK! A MATCH HEAD is run along the concrete floor, the flame crackling to life.

Arkin, Elena and Paz look to the entrance of the room, seeing THE COLLECTOR holding a MATCH. He tosses it and--

WHOOSH!!! The match hits the ground, touching a FLAMMABLE LIQUID and the floor GOES UP IN FLAMES, making a circle around the cage.

The flames continue to the walls, climbing the walls and ENCASING THE THREE IN FLAMES.

The Collector glares into Arkin.

ARKIN
Fuck you, you motherfucker!!!

Arkin starts to yell, grabbing the bars like a caged beast.

But the Collector isn't taking the bait this time. He just shakes his head. Arkin is NOT getting out.

The Collector WAVES GOODBYE, turning and exiting the room.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Fuck...

ELENA
What do we do?!

Arkin desperately looks around.

There's a doorway in the cage, but there is only a SLIDING BOLT on the OUTSIDE.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

SMOKE from the GROWING FIRE can be seen bellowing out the top of the building.

Some policemen notice, pointing.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - FIRE ROOM - SAME TIME

Arkin tries to stick his arm through the side of the cage to slide open the bolt, but the steel meshing is so tightly woven he can only fit half his forearm though.

He pulls back, trying to reach down with his wrist bent, but his hand isn't close enough to slide the bolt.

ARKIN
(to Elena)
You try! Slide open the bolt!

The flames grow, the heat rising by the second.

Elena puts her arm through, but she can't get past her forearm to bend at her elbow to slide the bolt with her hand.

ELENA
I can't get my whole arm through!

PAZ
Use the knife!

Arkin tries it with the knife, but he can't get a good angle to slide the bolt. He tries to twist his hand but--

The knife SLIPS OUT OF HIS HAND and hits the floor.

ARKIN

Fuck!

INT. THE LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Collector enters the room, the police scrambling around on the monitors.

CLOSE ON: He flips open a compartment on a control panel, flipping a HEAVY RED SWITCH.

A blinking red ALARM LIGHT begins to BLARE and--

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- The SPRINKLER SYSTEM in the building fires up -- liquid RAINS DOWN from sprinkler heads -- every room -- every hallway -- liquid coats the floors and walls --

-- Then, the raining liquid stops -- a moment of calm -- IGNITION SWITCHES along the baseboards of every room SPARK --

-- The liquid instantly IGNITES -- flames run up every wall and flash across every floor -- the once dark interior of the building now AWASH IN ORANGE AND YELLOW --

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Black smoke fills the air. FIRE ENGINES and WATER TRUCKS with their SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING show up.

FIREMEN jump out, seeing the GROWING INFERNO.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - FIRE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Arkin backs away frustrated.

ELENA

There has to be another way!

Arkin looks to the problem, thinking. His eyes then dropping to the CAST covering his BROKEN FOREARM.

ARKIN

I know.

Arkin crouches and raises up his forearm.

PAZ

What are you doing...?

Arkin grits his teeth and SMASHES DOWN HIS CAST into the ground. HE GRUNTS IN PAIN. But he keeps going. Smashing and smashing and smashing.

The pain is like an ice pick stabbing an exposed nerve.

Arkin gasps, finally making a BREAK IN THE CAST. He rips off the dried plaster wrap, exposing his pasty white, still-broken forearm.

He braces himself - NOW FOR THE WORST PART.

Arkin sets his right hand on the floor palm up. He raises his right elbow, supporting it on his knee. His eyes then rise to Elena.

ARKIN
Step on my forearm.

Elena's eyes widen in horror.

ELENA
What...?

ARKIN
I need to re-break it. Do it.

ELENA
No...

ARKIN
Do it! We don't have time!

Elena's eyes meet with Paz. The flames cause their faces to reflect orange and yellow, sweat beading on their foreheads. SHE HAS TO DO IT.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
Come on!!!

Arkin clenches his jaw, lowering his head. Elena steps up. She RAISES HER FOOT.

ELENA
Ready?

Arkin nods, closing his eyes. Elena takes in a deep breath, grits her teeth and SMASHES DOWN HER FOOT--

SNAP!!! Arkin's right forearm BREAKS in the same spot it broke before.

Arkin lets out a PRIMAL ROAR. Elena and Paz step back, looking to him in shock.

Tears fill Arkin's eyes, the PAIN UNBEARABLE.

But he digs deep. Climbs to his feet and slides his limp arm through the hole.

At mid-forearm, he's able to TWIST HIS ARM so his hand gets lodged between the cage and the handle of the sliding bolt.

Arkin grunts, he's about to PASS OUT FROM THE PAIN. But he twists his arm again, causing the bolt to SLIDE JUST A BIT.

ELENA (CONT'D)

It's working!

Arkin twists his arm again.

PAZ

You got it!

He grunts and TWISTS HIS ARM ONE FINAL TIME AND--

POP! The bolt SLIDES ALL THE WAY BACK and the doorway is OPEN. Elena and Paz grab Arkin, helping him withdraw his arm from the hole.

ARKIN

Re-set it...

Elena looks to Paz who grabs his arm by the wrist and elbow, SNAPPING IT BACK INTO ALIGNMENT.

Arkin GASPS IN PAIN, the blood rushing from his head. He falls forward, Elena holding him.

Paz takes off her shirt, making it into a SLING. She wraps it around Arkin's neck and arm, allowing him to hold his arm closely to his chest.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

I know how he's going to escape.

Arkin's moist, pain-filled eyes meet Paz and Elena's.

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - SAME TIME

The PRIZED GLASS ENCASEMENTS along the wall BURN. Zack, the young man Arkin talked with, has his head slumped. DEAD.

The Collector stares.

His magnificent collection goes up in flames. The fire reflects off his black eyes.

INT. THE LAIR - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

FIRE and SMOKE fill the hallway. Arkin and Paz try to stay low as Elena crawls feet-first into the GARBAGE SHOOT.

ARKIN
We're right behind you.

Elena nods and then DROPS--

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - GARBAGE PIT - CONTINUOUS

The sound of Elena dropping down the shoot echoes through the small room and then--SPLAT!

She hits the pit of decomposing human bodies.

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - SAME TIME

The Collector pulls back the grated floor leading to the SMALL TUNNEL. He is about to pull a lever that causes the trip wires and booby-trapped blades to retract when--

SOMETHING catches his ear. His head JERKS UP.

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Arkin, Paz and Elena storm up the hallway leading to the trophy room. Blood covers them from the pit.

ARKIN
(pointing)
There!

ROARING FLAMES fill the room. At the tunnel entrance, Arkin kneels down, looking in.

ARKIN (CONT'D)
He's still here...

But before Arkin can finish his sentence--

The Collector DROPS DOWN from the ceiling, landing on Paz and SLAMMING TWO KNIVES INTO HER NECK. She gargles and grabs at the knives, collapsing to the floor.

Elena tries to react, but the Collector already puts a BOOT IN HER CHEST--sending her flying BACKWARDS INTO THE WALL--

WHAM! She crumbles to the floor, her head having hit first.

The Collector then turns on Arkin. But Arkin already has the brass knuckle knife Lucello gave him, ready to strike. But the Collector BLOCKS IT, punching Arkin in his BROKEN FOREARM.

Arkin WAILS, dropping the knife and the Collector puts a BOOT IN HIS STOMACH, sending him flailing backwards onto his ass.

Elena's head perks up, looking to Arkin. BLOOD streams down her face from a HEAD WOUND. Her HEARING AID dangles out of her ear.

The Collector leans over Paz's dead body, PULLING OUT A KNIFE.

Arkin tries to crawl across the floor to his dropped knife. His body is beat to a pulp. His energy gone.

The Collector steps in his path. He has the blade out, wagging it at Arkin like THIS IS THE END.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Kill me, you fuck...

The Collector seems to smile behind his mask. He raises the knife to slam down into Arkin's face when--

Arkin's eyes shift as "SOMETHING" lunges across the room and RAMS RIGHT INTO THE COLLECTOR--WHACK!!!

It's LUCELLO. Alive.

The Collector stumbles back having cut across the neck. He sees blood on his gloved hands.

Lucello moves forward with switchblade out. He's covered in blood and operating off pure adrenaline.

LUCELLO

Up for round two, friend?

The two men both toss their blades from hand to hand and then they instantly CLASH.

Elena looks over, seeing Lucello fighting the valiant fight. But he's too weak. The Collector has the upper hand, SLASHING Lucello repeatedly across the arms and chest.

Arkin crawls across the floor, reaching the brass knuckle knife. Lucello sees this, purposefully letting down his defense for a split second.

The Collector lunges and JAMS HIS BLADE INTO LUCELLO'S GUT.

ELENA

NO!!!

Lucello gasps, grabbing the Collector's arm with both hands.

LUCELLO
 (to Arkin)
 PUT HIM DOWN!!!

The Collector looks over to Arkin right as--

SPLAT! Arkin SLAMS the brass knuckle knife INTO THE COLLECTOR'S THIGH. The Collector yelps and--

Arkin hits him with a HEAVY FIST across the face. The Collector crumbles to the floor.

Lucello collapses back, the blade still stuck in his gut.

Arkin pins down the Collector, his knees on the Collector's shoulders. He brings down his fist AGAIN and AGAIN - BEATING THE COLLECTOR'S FACE INTO A PULP.

The Collector pulls the knife from his thigh and swings wildly up--sinking the blade THROUGH ARKIN'S CHEEK AND OUT HIS MOUTH.

Arkin HOWLS. Jerks and PULLS his face OFF OF THE BLADE. He then viciously HEADBUTTS the Collector's--THUD!

Elena stares to Lucello's motionless body and fumbles with her hearing aid. She tries to rise from the floor when a hand TOUCHES THE WALL, noticing that it's a METAL SLAB, previously a large door for a garage entrance.

Elena keeps her hearing aid OUT, FEELING SOMETHING on the other side of the wall.

THE SOUND DROPS OUT as Elena closes her eyes and puts her face to the metal slab, feeling a DISTINCT VIBRATION...

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

...A FIRE ENGINE is parked right next to the metal slab. Its engine RUMBLES. A POUNDING SOUND on the other side of the slab starts to ECHO...

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Elena eyes BULGE. She slides her hearing aid back into her ear and SLAMS HER HAND against the metal slab, the SOUND COMING THUNDERING BACK.

 ELENA
 Help us!!! There are people in
 here!!!!

Elena's energy is renews as she pounds away...

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

...Elena's fists ECHO, drawing the attention of a **FIREMAN** working the engine. He moves closer, hearing her cries.

FIREMAN
(to others)
We got people in there!!!

The fireman grabs an ax from the engine, WHACKING IT against the metal slab...

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...the hits ECHO, causing Elena to look over to Arkin.

ELENA
They're coming!

Arkin huffs for air, ceasing his pounding of the Collector. BLOOD and KNOCKED-OUT TEETH spill from the mask. The Collector squirms a bit, but he's BEATEN SENSELESS.

Arkin manages the slightest of nods, looking to Lucello. HE'S DEAD. Arkin grunts and grabs the Collector by the arm, DRAGGING HIM across the room.

Tears fill Elena's eyes at the sight of Lucello, but she stays near the metal slab.

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The Collector's head flops limply on his neck. Arkin nearly runs as he DRAGS THE COLLECTOR down the hallway TOWARDS THE GARBAGE PIT where the fire has yet to reach.

The encased bugs and animals flash past as Arkin and the Collector eventually move into--

INT. THE LAIR - BASEMENT - GARBAGE PIT - CONTINUOUS

--The garbage pit. Arkin pulls the Collector to the stairs, kicking him down INTO THE CORPSES.

The Collector tries to move, but he's TOO WEAK.

CLOSE ON: Arkin knees, scratching a MATCH HEAD across the floor.

SSSSNICK! The flame comes to life. Arkin stands, holding up a match taken from the Collector.

ARKIN

When in a pinch, a deceased human body can become quite useful. Hair is a wick, fat is flammable, and the methane build up in the intestines is an accelerant.

The Collector squirms, knowing that he's lying amongst dozens of deceased human bodies.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Burn, motherfucker.

Arkin tosses the match into the pit--

WHOOSH!!! The pit goes up like charcoal doused with five gallons of lighter fluid.

Arkin recoils, backing out of the room. The Collector screams, his DEATH CRY echoing through the small room.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

FLASH!!! A WELDING TORCH is struck, the blue flame BURNING.

PULL OUT to reveal the engine backed up, and the fireman standing before the metal slab with SEVERAL OTHER FIREMAN and POLICE. The fireman waves over the torch.

FIREMAN

Hit the corners, bring it down!

ANOTHER FIREMAN with welders mask presses the torch against a corner of the metal slab.

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - SAME TIME

The blue flames slice into the metal, cutting one of the lower hinges.

Elena tries to stay low, the flames hovering above the room like storm clouds.

But something catches her eye--

Underneath the glass encasements are WIDE DRAWERS with narrow glass windows allowing her to see inside. And to her astonishment, LIVING PEOPLE LOOK OUT.

ELENA

Oh god...

Elena crawls over to the drawers, trying to pull them...but they're LOCKED.

ELENA (CONT'D)

No...

Elena's head spins as Arkin moves up towards her, coughing on the smoke.

ARKIN

Let's go!

ELENA

(pointing)

There are people in there!

Arkin looks, seeing the faces of the people he saw during his short stint at the building. They all have their gaunt, pain-induced faces up against the narrow glass windows.

Arkin's eyes shift to the metal slab. The firemen are making progress. But the room is OVERWHELMED WITH FIRE AND SMOKE.

ELENA (CONT'D)

They're locked in!

ARKIN

We don't have time!

ELENA

We can't leave them here! They'll die!

Arkin huffs and moves, plucking one of the PINS holding Zack in place. He leans down, quickly going to work PICKING THE FIRST DRAWER LOCK.

ARKIN

Come on!

The lock POPS, and Arkin pulls open the drawer. The PERSON inside is pale white, shocked and dehydrated.

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The fireman have cut both hinges on one side of the metal slab. They work on the other side.

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

THREE SURVIVORS are pulled out of the drawers. Arkin frantically works the next lock, his ONE GOOD HAND doing the work.

Elena puts the survivors by the door, keeping them low.

Arkin is about to get the fourth drawer open when--

CRASH!!! A BURNING BEAM from above falls down, smashing a table and almost hitting Arkin.

ARKIN
I can't get 'em all! We're gonna
BURN!!!

Arkin turns to Elena, despair in his eyes.

ELENA
DON'T STOP!!!

Elena rips a TABLE LEG free from the crushed table. She moves to one of the GLASS TANKS, winding up and SWINGS--

CRASH!!! THE GLASS TANK SMASHES--

The liquid inside POURING OUT and covering the floor, DOUSING THE FLAMES SURROUNDING ARKIN.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- SMASH-SMASH-SMASH! Elena SWINGS the table leg like Babe Ruth, smashing the EIGHT GLASS TANKS --

-- Liquid covers the floor -- low lying flames are PUT OUT -- Arkin pops lock after lock -- the survivors PILE UP --

-- With the last drawer lock opened, Arkin grabs the person out, leading them across the floor --

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

The final hinge of the metal slab is CUT.

FIREMAN
Pull it down!!!

Fireman on either side of the door stick crowbars into the metal slab and YANK--

INT. THE LAIR - TROPHY ROOM - SAME TIME

Elena grabs the arm of the final survivor, and Arkin and her CARRYING THE PERSON THROUGH THE FLAMES when--

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK!!! The metal slab starts to GIVE WAY, falling outwards like a tree in the forest.

A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT from the hovering helicopter BLASTS INTO THE BUILDING.

ARKIN
Go! Go! Go!

With the FLAMES and SMOKE OVERTAKING the once proud trophy room, Arkin, Elena and the survivors CHARGE OUT of the breached created by the firemen.

The white light OVERTAKES THE ENTIRE SCREEN, taking us to--

FADE TO WHITE:

OVER WHITE:

The sounds of emergency radios SQUAWKING cuts through the intense whiteness. Orders are BARKED. Sirens BLARE.

A moment of tranquility settles in and--

FADE INTO:

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - LATER

The building burns. Firemen run about. Police and medical staff try to wrangle the madness.

Arkin sits on his butt out of breath. He's exhausted. Unable to speak any longer.

Elena is nearby, still helping with the survivors.

When the PARAMEDICS take over, Elena is left alone. She stares at the people. Her emotions overflowing.

Arkin watches, and their eyes meet. They stare into each other for what seems like an hour when--

Arkin's eyes shift--

Further down the alleyway, MR. PETERS steps out of the back seat of a SILVER MAYBACH 62.

Elena turns, seeing her father.

True relief and joy crosses Elena's face as she runs to him, jumping into her father's outstretched arms like she hasn't seen him for a thousand years.

Mr. Peters holds his daughter tightly, tears streaming down his face. She mouths, "Lucello is dead." Mr. Peters closes his eyes, holding Elena tightly.

After a beat, his eyes rise to Arkin.

Mr. Peters nods ever so slightly, and his hand motions to his car.

LISA and CINDY step out. They're in perfect condition, their heads turning down the alleyway to Arkin.

Their radiant smiles cause Arkin's expression to fall.

Cindy runs to her father, grabbing him around the neck. Lisa is right behind her, taking her husband in her arms and kissing him deeply.

Arkin can't speak. Tears just fill his eyes. He's at a complete loss. All energy drained from his body.

Arkin holds Lisa and Cindy tightly, never wanting to let go until--

FIREMAN (O.S.)
We found more people in trunks! But
they're already dead!

A passing fireman screams, motioning down the alleyway.

Arkin doesn't mind him at first, but then something catches his ear that doesn't sound right.

FIREMAN (CONT'D)
There are seven of 'em.

Arkin looks down the alleyway past some fire engines.

ARKIN
(to fireman)
Where...where are the trunks?

FIREMAN
Back side of the building.

The fireman points, but Arkin can't see past the many fire engines and people scrambling about.

As if in a daze, Arkin moves away from Lisa and Cindy.

LISA
Arkin, what is it?

Arkin just holds up a finger, moving down the alleyway. He pushes through the throngs of people, passing the fire engines and coming to SEVEN TRUNKS in the middle of the alleyway.

They're opened, some on their side and others just with their lids open. No one is watching them.

Arkin's eyes widen as--

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. THE LAIR - OPERATION ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Arkin stands with Lucello. Before them, SIX TRUNKS lie on the floor open with SIX DEAD BODIES inside.

The SEVENTH, Elena's trunk, is, EMPTY.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE LAIR - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Arkin frantically moves from trunk to trunk, finding SIX BODIES in SIX TRUNKS. But when he comes to the SEVENTH TRUNK, there is NO BODY.

ARKIN

Seven...the fireman said there were seven?!

Arkin looks for a PARAMEDIC.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Hey! Where's the seventh body?!

The paramedic looks to him shrugging, completely overwhelmed with his other duties.

Arkin freezes.

He reaches down into the trunk and pulls out the charred and partially melted COLLECTOR'S MASK.

The air is sucked from Arkin's lungs. His panicked eyes shift down the alleyway. To all the people. All the vehicles. All the chaos.

His mind begins to spin.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

No...no...NO!!!

Arkin searches and searches, but the Collector is gone...like a ghost in the night.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

OVER DARKNESS:

SQUEAKY BRAKES are heard as a van creeps to a stop on gravel. The van is shifted into park.

There's a moment of silence and then the driver's side door is opened--

FADE INTO:

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The familiar black boots of the Collector hit the gravel and make their way away from the van.

The Collector walks with a limp (from Arkin stabbing him). His face is not seen, but he's all cleaned up and dressed normally.

He twirls his keys on his finger as he heads to a small home.

INT. SMALL HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The front door closes as the Collector grabs mail from the floor and starts to thumb through it.

As he moves, the modest house is revealed. It appears like any other, but there is a prominent THEME OF BUGS. And along the wall, a row of DEGREES and AWARDS are found in the field of ENTOMOLOGY (the study of bugs).

CLOSE ON: The degrees bear the name **DR. ARTHUR CISCO**.

The Collector drops the mail onto an end table and picks up a remote, clicking on the TV. But we stay on the end table, discovering a pile of BOOKS and MAGAZINES.

CLOSE ON: Most are medical journals displaying GROTESQUE HUMAN ABNORMALITIES and MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE. But the top book is H.G. Wells' *The Island of Doctor Moreau*.

The Collector turns and we follow him, leading into--

INT. SMALL HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

--The bedroom. But the Collector stops dead in his tracks. Because before him. In the middle of the room. Is an open RED TRUNK.

The Collector freezes in shock when--

ARKIN (O.S.)

Them burns are hurting, I bet.

The Collector spins to see ARKIN standing behind him in all-black clothing, skull cap, and gloves. A PISTOL in hand.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Must of been hell climbing up out of that garbage shoot.

The Collector shifts uncomfortably.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

Someone told me once that your murders
didn't have a pattern.

(a beat)

But that's not true, is it?

Arkin tosses something to the floor.

CLOSE ON: It's the MAP Lucello showed Arkin in the beginning. It has RED POINTS where the murders took place. Unlike before, though, the points have been CONNECTED TO RESEMBLE A SPIDER'S WEB with a BIG CIRCLE in the MIDDLE.

ARKIN (CONT'D)

The home invasions, the building
traps, the abductions, the missing
people...they all revolve around the
middle. This home.

The Collector shifts lowering one of his hands just a bit. On his waistline, he has a POCKET KNIFE.

THE COLLECTOR

Are you here to kill me?

Arkin tilts his head, hearing the Collector's voice clearly for the first time.

ARKIN

No. That'd be much too nice.

The Collector tries to grab for his knife, but Arkin LUNGES FORWARD and--WHACK! HITS HIM over the head with the butt of his pistol. The Collector FALLS to the floor.

He tries to FIGHT, but Arkin hits him AGAIN and AGAIN. The Collector squirms on the floor, his head warbling.

Arkin grabs his arm, dragging him to the red trunk.

THE COLLECTOR

No...

WHACK! A heavy fist to the face causes the Collector to go SLACK. Arkin hoists him up, dropping him INTO THE RED TRUNK.

Arkin looks down at the trapped man. And for the first time, the FACE OF THE COLLECTOR IS SEEN. He's bald with dark complexion. But he's completely normal.

THE COLLECTOR (CONT'D)

What are you going to do to me?

ARKIN

First, I'm gonna make you feel
everything I felt...and *then* I'm
gonna kill you.

The Collector gasps, trying to spring up, but Arkin BRINGS
DOWN the lid of the trunk with such force he's KNOCKED BACK.

THE COLLECTOR

No...no...NO!!!

Arkin SMASHES DOWN the lid OVER and OVER, finally slamming
it shut. Darkness overtakes the Collector's world. He lets
out ONE LAST SCREAM from the bottom of his soul and--

FADE OUT: