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INT. DARKENED ROOM - POOL OF LIGHT

Waylon Jennings "I've Always Been Crazy" fills the air.

ABSTRACT PIECES OF FRENETIC HANDHELD FOOTAGE -

White knuckles gripping the stainless steel edge of a gurney.

Bloodied latex gloves operating a pair of forceps.

A foot writhing beneath the leather straps of operating stirrups.

A backlit figure working frantically beneath an overhead medical lamp.

A woman's sweat-soaked face contorted with pain.

WOMAN
(completely exhausted)
I can't...I can't do it anymore.
Please...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Shhh. It's okay. It's alright.

The bloodied forceps are placed on an instrument tray.

A hand turns up the volume on a portable CD player. The country music gets louder.

The hand reaches for a gleaming scalpel.

The woman lets out a PRIMEVAL SCREAM, her head thrust back, the veins massive across her forehead.

The gurney shakes with monstrous exertion.

Blood trickles down the shuddering stainless steel leg of the gurney.

The gurney rocks with her final violent outburst.

The woman's head falls heavily back onto the gurney.

Blood now *streams* down the leg of the gurney, pooling around the wheels.

The Man's bare feet standing within the quickly expanding pool of blood.

The woman is SILENT.

A pair of gleaming scissors opens its blade, catching the light, then -

OPENING TITLES

The unmistakable sound of SCISSORS SNIPPING.

In the foreground, magazines are stacked upon each other - House and Garden, US Weekly, Family Circle, Sears catalogues etc.

A TV news broadcast drones on in the background.

BROADCASTER (O.S.)

*Further arrests this afternoon
outside the Buffalo Family
Planning clinic where pro-life
protesters have been camped all
week.*

Flipping through the magazines, a hand deftly wields a pair of scissors, cutting out pictures of smiling families and Johnson and Johnson ads of mothers with new born babies.

PROTESTER (O.S.)

*What people don't understand is
that the very fabric of American
society is coming apart. They
talk about pro-choice? We've got
historically low fertility rates,
a massive spike in abortion and
record numbers of kids in foster
homes. The family as we know it
is under siege - what choice do
we have?*

The scissors fly around the outlines of pregnant celebrities and their impossibly cute offspring.

BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

*And now with a look at the
weather, and it seems like
Winter's with us a little early
this Thanksgiving weekend, with
heavy snowfalls expected around
the Buffalo metropolitan area and
surrounding plains.*

The pile of clippings continues to grow as the sound of the CUTTING INTENSIFIES, slowly drowning out the TV broadcast -

BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

*Which should make things
interesting for the big game,
with our own Buffalo Bills
playing host to the Carolina
Panthers. We'll see how them
Panthers like the cold...*

- until all we hear is the sound of SCISSORS CUTTING, and all we see is a mass of happy families spread across the floor.

END TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. STREETS OF BUFFALO. LATE AFTERNOON. SNOWING

The pre-game football coverage can be heard faintly on a car stereo. A DARK SEDAN is stopped at a set of traffic lights, left indicator blinking. No traffic - the heavy snow and holiday weekend have left the streets deserted.

The light turns green. The car doesn't move.

Then suddenly the sound of WAYLON JENNINGS replaces the radio broadcast as the right indicator comes on. The car pulls off in the direction of downtown.

INT. CAR. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

Driving through the darkened streets of Buffalo's Red-Light District as the snow falls. The DRIVER HUMS along quietly to the music.

EXT. CAR. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. CONTINUOUS

A lone HOOKER is huddled in the doorway of an electronics shop. The football coverage is playing on the television sets in the shop-front window.

As the dark sedan passes slowly, she pulls down her top a little and gestures for the driver to pull over.

The car keeps on driving.

She stubs out her cigarette and enters the corner deli next door where -

INT. CORNER DELI. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. CONTINUOUS

- A burly man in his early 40s is standing in front of a wine display while talking on his cell. This is MIKE.

MIKE

(into the phone)

Honey I understand, but I still have work I gotta tidy up here...I know it's Thanksgiving but I honestly can't see myself making dinner...yeah, I'm sorry too...Love you.

Mike hangs up as he takes a bottle of red from the shelf.

He approaches the counter, grabbing a bunch of flowers from a bucket as he goes.

The Hooker is paying for her steaming cup of coffee and new pack of cigarettes. She looks at Mike, clocking the flowers and wine.

Mike looks back at her. Maybe a little longer than he should.

EXT. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. EARLY EVENING. SNOWING

A woman emerges from the darkened doorway of a strip club, "GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS". She's a tall, attractive black prostitute in her early 20s. This is DIVINE.

She heads towards the bank ATM a few doors down.

DIVINE

(into the phone)

So how much all up?...Shit...I'm getting the cash out as we speak...

As Divine works the ATM, the dark sedan can be seen pulling up to the curb in the background.

DIVINE

Hell no - snow's kept everyone away. And Thanksgiving means that all the Daddy's are at home playing happy families anyway...

The machine spits out the cash. Divine takes it and looks at her receipt. Dwindling coffers.

DIVINE
(to herself)
Fuck.

She turns around and notices the dark sedan. The passenger window glides down a couple of inches.

DIVINE
(into the phone)
I'll be home soon...Alright, love
you too.

She hangs up, glancing cautiously at the waiting car.

She looks once again at her ATM receipt.

She pauses briefly before screwing it up and approaching the car, leaning into the window.

DIVINE
Hello handsome.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Snow falls on a small apartment block.

INT. APARTMENT

An attractive woman, KELSEY WALKER (30) is standing in the doorway of her small apartment, holding some take-away. She hands over a twenty to the DELIVERY GUY.

KELSEY
That's fine.

The Delivery Guy pockets the change, smiling.

DELIVERY GUY
Happy Thanksgiving.

KELSEY
You too.

Kelsey closes the door and moves back into her apartment.

We now see the living room floor is filled with the cut-out magazine images.

She takes them and places them carefully in a shoe box, then changes the TV station. The football's about to begin.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Divine has taken off her coat and is warming her crotch against the fireplace.

The football game is on TV.

On the mantle-piece above the fireplace is a collection of MEDICAL BOOKS, mainly on pediatrics and obstetrics.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I really appreciate you coming over. I don't know too many people round here and since I love to cook, it's nice to be able to share a Thanksgiving meal with someone.

DIVINE

Whatever blows your hair back, honey. You're paying...

There is also a photo of a WHITE GUY and an obese BLACK MAN, either side of a YOUNG WOMAN in a wheel chair.

Divine clocks a Buffalo Hospital ID and security swipe card that hangs on a nail in the wall.

DIVINE

What are you - some kind of doctor?

The MALE VOICE belongs to GARY GEMEAUX (30ish) who enters carrying two drinks. His glasses and soft spoken manner make him immediately disarming.

GARY

I work at the hospital.

DIVINE

(provocatively)
Well maybe we can play doctors and nurses when I get back from the little girl's room?..

Gary blushes.

GARY
Oh, sure. It's just down the end
of the hall.

Divine makes her way down the hall as Gary leans in and stokes the smoldering embers in the fire place.

He leaves the poker resting in the coals as he walks down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

The bathroom door at the end of the hall is slightly ajar. The sound of Divine HUMMING a tune can be heard above the sound of PISSING.

Gary moves closer. Through the crack in the door he can see the mirror.

In its reflection he sees Divine is PISSING STANDING UP.

Gary retreats to the living room as he hears the toilet flush.

DIVINE (O.S.)
You ready for me baby?

INT. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

The bathroom door opens and Divine walks down the hall.

DIVINE
Don't be shy now...

As she enters the living room a hand swings around the door-jam burying the now red-hot fire poker into her rib cage. The room is filled with a sickening combination of SPLINTERING bone, SNAPPING sinew and SIZZLING flesh.

Divine lets out a strange HISSING sound that quickly becomes GURGLING. She stares at Gary for a moment as if unable to process what has just happened. Gary stares back with a mixture of sadness and disgust.

Suddenly Divine lurches towards him, trying to claw at his face with her faux diamond-encrusted nails.

Gary grabs the poker, still embedded in her chest, and starts to smash Divine back and forth between the door frame. She screams in agony as she buckles to her knees.

Gary steps back and with all his might kicks the handle of the poker, causing the tip to emerge from between her shoulder blades. Divine SCREAMS in unfathomable pain.

Gary looks caught somewhere between white-hot rage and acute embarrassment.

GARY

This is so disappointing, you know that? I mean, when were you going to tell me you had a...a...

Gary winds up and kicks Divine in the balls.

GARY (CONT'D)

A committed relationship is between a *man* and a *woman*. How did you think this was gonna work?

He jams his heel down on the poker. Ribs give way.

He then picks up Divine, one hand in her hair, the other on the poker. With all his strength he rams her into the wall. The poker tip thrusts into the plaster-board, pinning her to the wall like an insect.

GARY (CONT'D)

I mean, I take you off the street and offer you a way out of the *perversion* and this is what I get in return?

Gary runs his hands through his hair, trying to slick it back down.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but there's no place for someone like you in our family.

Gary takes the industrial vacuum cleaner that's leaning against the wall and pulls off the end attachment, leaving only the hose.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm doing you a favor. I'm doing *everyone* a favor.

He then jams the hose into Divine's blood-soaked mouth and pushes it down her throat.

Taking hold of both her arms, he kicks the vacuum cleaner into action with his foot.

At first all we notice are Divine's eyes widening. Then she panics. She tries to scream but the vacuum cleaner sucks the air from her lungs.

Her camisole has come loose. Her stomach begins to implode.

CLOSE UP ON THE VACUUM CLEANER - the engine is now whining a HIGH PITCHED sound as it tries to clear a blockage. Suddenly it clears - the see-through lint catcher EXPLODES WITH RED as blood covers the inside walls.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
 (on the television)
*Touchdown Panthers! Well Bob,
 that could really suck the life
 out of the Bills -*

Gary looks to the football game on TV. He is instantly distracted and smiles broadly.

MIKE (O.S.)
 Goddamnit!

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. EVENING. CONTINUOUS

Mike has walked in just as the Panthers touchdown, carrying the bottle of wine and bunch of flowers. He instantly perches on the arm of the sofa in front of the television.

ABBY (O.S.)
 But Mom - Tad's whole family
 invited me over -

SHELLY, late 30s, attractive in a homely way, enters the dining room holding a turkey. Trailing her is ABBY (17), cute, wearing a little too much make-up.

Shelly places the turkey on the table and turns around, surprised to see Mike on the edge of the sofa, smiling.

SHELLY
 What the?...You're such an ass.

He crosses and kisses her on the cheek, offering up the flowers and the wine.

MIKE
 Smells good.

Shelly smiles broadly, kissing him back.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
 (to Abby)
 Go fetch your brother -

ABBY
 But *Mom!* -

SHELLY
 Abby, Thanksgiving is a night to
 celebrate being with your *own*
 family. I'm sure Tad's will
 understand.

Shelly picks up the electric carver.

ABBY
 Ohmygod, you're such a *cliche*.
 Hey Dad - come on - help me out
 here...

MIKE
 (trying to watch the
 next play)
 Don't look at me sweetheart. I
 know better than to mess with
 your Mom when she's armed.

Shelly FIRES UP the electric carver and mock threatens
 Abby.

ABBY
 You guys are so weird.

SHELLY
 Go get Jed before it gets cold.

Abby sighs and STOMPS out of the room.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
 Did you remember to ask Kelsey?

MIKE
 Yeah - she said she had plans.

Shelly shakes her head.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 What more can I do?

Shelly starts to carve the meat.

SHELLY

I can't help it; I just think it's sad. Thanksgiving, she's got no family here, no kids. How long's it been since she even went on a date?

MIKE

Honey, can we not talk about Kelsey *again*. Her personal life is none of our business.

Mike desperately tries to concentrate on the football.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Besides, before you know it she'll meet Mr Right and she'll be walking down the aisle.

SHELLY

Oh right - you understand women so well. Tell me, what guy wants to get into a relationship with a thirty year old woman who can't have kids?

MIKE

Not everyone needs kids to be happy, honey. Anyway, it doesn't seem to bother Steve...

Shelly continues to dish up food.

SHELLY

Then let's have them both over for dinner -

MIKE

Jesus, enough already -

Mike jumps off the couch pursuing Shelly around the table, who holds him at bay with a ladle of mashed potatoes.

SHELLY

(laughing now)

Steve's cute. He's had a crush on her ever since she got here -

Mike advances on her.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

- We'll ply them with wine, do a little match-making -

Mike finally catches her, silencing her with a deep kiss.

MIKE

Sweetheart - Kelsey's a big girl.
She'll be fine.

Abby and her little brother JED (6) return to the room to discover their parents in an intimate embrace.

ABBY

You guys are gross.

Mike releases Shelly with a playful slap on the ass, as she returns to the kitchen. He pours two glasses of wine. Abby holds out her glass. Mike sneaks a look at Shelly who's busy in the kitchen.

MIKE

Don't tell your mother.

Mike pours a half glass of wine for Abby.

Shelly returns with a steaming bowl of vegetables. Placing them on the table, she picks up the electric carver.

Mike comes around behind Shelly, suddenly seizing her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Drop the weapon ma'am. Step away
from the bird.

Mike nuzzles into Shelly's neck as he takes the carver out of her hand.

Abby rolls her eyes and slugs the entire glass of wine.

Mike starts to carve the turkey. The sound of the ELECTRIC CARVER becomes -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. DARKENED BASEMENT

- the sound of a DROP SAW. Gary's busy at a workbench, wearing a miner's lamp on his head as a large ROTTWEILER fights to get its nose into the bloodied lint catcher from the vacuum cleaner.

Hunks of flesh hang on the bloodied blade.

A severed hand with faux diamond-encrusted nails drops to the ground. Gary reaches down and casually retrieves it before the dog gets to it.

He looks up and smiles into the darkness.

GARY

He wouldn't have fit in.

Stacked neatly on the workbench are zip-locked bags, filled with severed body parts.

He loads the bags into a large freezer chest inside of which we see the severed head of the woman from the opening scene. Below it are four other severed heads and a collection of flesh-filled zip-lock bags.

Having loaded them all in, he holds the final bag up to the light - Divine's severed genitals. Disgusted, he opens the bag and drops the contents onto the floor. The Rottweiler goes ape-shit.

Gary SLAMS the freezer door, the sound becomes-

INT. TRUCK-STOP / ROADSIDE DINER. **FLASHBACK**

- the sound of an old door SLAMMING causing a door bell to TINKLE.

A TRUCKER wanders into a small diner. The greasy truck-stop MECHANIC looks up from his well thumbed *Hustler* magazine.

The Trucker takes out his wallet and lays 2 twenty dollar bills on the counter and looks into the corner where a WOMAN in her early twenties is sitting in a booth. Alongside her are two small children, a BOY and a GIRL, maybe 9 years old.

The Woman stands, adjusts her skirt, and silently follows the Trucker outside. The LITTLE KIDS follow her out and watch her get into the truck.

The Mechanic stands in the doorway, and when he's sure the Woman and the Trucker are leaving, he roughly takes the Girl back inside, flipping the OPEN sign to CLOSED, leaving the Boy on the stoop outside.

As the Woman and the Trucker drive away, she turns and looks back at the Boy, alone now on the stoop.

The Boy watches as the truck fades into the distance. Inside, the JUKEBOX cranks up - Waylon Jennings "I've Always Been Crazy".

The wind changes direction, blowing snow back on the Boy.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
*Touchdown Bills! And Buffalo
 scrapes through in the snow!*

INT. KELSEY'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. **PRESENT DAY**

Kelsey awakes with a start, lying on the sofa with the TV on, the remnants of her take-out spilt all over her lap.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
 (on the television)
*Well Jack, this really was one of
 the best come-backs of recent
 years.*

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

COMMENTATOR
 (on the television)
*Couldn't agree more - people are
 gonna be talking about this for
 years to come...*

The TELEVISION plays in the corner. Gary is wearing a "Kiss the Cook" apron. He pours a jar of pasta sauce into a blender which he CRUNCHES into action. Several bloody, empty zip-locked bags sit on the counter.

He removes hunks of meat from a SIZZLING fry pan, placing them into two dog bowls on a tray.

He pours a thick red/brown sauce over the meat and takes a bottle of cheap champagne from the fridge.

He picks up the tray, opens a door and descends the stairs into the basement.

The CAMERA stays at the top of the stairs, observing as he places the dog bowls and champagne on the basement floor.

He looks down at an empty, soiled mattress, then turns and climbs back up the stairs.

GARY
 (over his shoulder)
 Happy Thanksgiving...

As he closes the door behind him, we hear the unmistakable sound of RATTLING CHAINS.

EXT. GARY'S HOUSE. BACKYARD. THE NEXT DAY. (DAY 2)

Early morning fog hangs over the debris-ridden yard.

A light is on inside the garage. The sound of a POWER DRILL can be faintly heard.

EXT. POLICE STATION. MORNING

Snow banks up in front of a run-down Police Station.

INT. POLICE STATION

Kelsey is walking through the office carrying two Starbucks coffees. A uniform cop, STEVE, is tapping at his computer.

KELSEY
Morning Steve.

STEVE
See the game last night,
Detective?

Steve smiles. Kelsey takes out her purse and lays a \$20 on Steve's desk, then continues walking.

STEVE
(calling after her)
Feel free to raise the stakes
next time. A drink? Dinner? A
drink *then* dinner?

She laughs as she heads into the office.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, BUFFALO POLICE STATION. CONTINUOUS

Mike is sitting opposite a young man - TK - mid 20s. A PHOTO OF DIVINE sits on the desk in front of him. Kelsey enters, handing Mike a coffee.

MIKE
But if she was working at the
club, what was she doing street
walking?

TK
She hasn't worked the street
since this whole thing started.
She's not stupid.

Kelsey looks over Mike's shoulder, reading his notes.

TK (CONT'D)
She was on her break, getting
money out at the ATM to pay for
the drugs.

Kelsey and Mike exchange a glance.

MIKE
The drugs?...

TK
Hormone replacement therapy.

Mike looks confused. Then the penny drops.

MIKE
Divine's a *tranny*?

TK
She's a *pre-op trans-sexual* ; she
takes estrogen every night.
That's why she'd never just not
come home. This is too important
to us.

MIKE
I'm sure it is.

He stands to indicate the interview is over.

MIKE
We'll be in touch as soon as we
have any more information.

Mike leaves the interview room and approaches an EVIDENCE BOARD on the wall near his desk.

It's mounted on a map of the RED-LIGHT DISTRICT, jammed with information, including PHOTOS OF SEVEN OTHER YOUNG WOMEN, alongside dates, addresses and PHOTOS OF OTHER "PERSONS OF INTEREST". It's clearly a long and ongoing investigation.

He takes a moment before pinning the PHOTO OF DIVINE to the board.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR. RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

Kelsey drives while Mike scours a notebook.

KELSEY

I still think you're jumping the gun on this one. I've been here three years now, and we've been working this case almost the entire time - I'm as close to this as you are. But this girl's been missing less than twelve hours -

MIKE

You heard the boyfriend. She comes home *every night* - she's got a *routine*. She's not some crack whore.

KELSEY

The other seven hookers were girls. *Biological girls*. Why would he break his MO now?

MIKE

Maybe he didn't know - you saw her photo; pretty convincing. But I gotta feeling when he pulls down her panties, he's not gonna be that happy with the contents...

KELSEY

So?

MIKE

So, first time in ten months our guy comes out of his cave and this's what he gets? Somehow I don't think he's going into hibernation just yet.

KELSEY

Okay - assuming just for a moment you're right - almost ten months without a peep? Why now?

MIKE

'Cos he can.

The frustration at not nailing this guy has clearly taken its toll on both of them.

Kelsey guides the car into the curb in front of the Club, its flashing neon looking even more seedy in the daylight.

KELSEY

This is it - "Girls, Girls, Girls". Guess Divine had *them* fooled too...

But Mike's not listening. Instead he's staring several stores down from the club. He dials a number.

MIKE

It's Mike. Get me the number for the Greater Buffalo Savings Bank.

INT. GARY'S CAR. HOSPITAL CARPARK

Gary drives through an underground car park. He pulls into a space next to a lone parked car.

The door of the parked car opens, and a huge BLACK MAN pours himself out. We recognize him from the PHOTO at Gary's house. This is TONY. He wears a winter coat over green hospital scrubs.

Tony squeezes himself into Gary's passenger seat.

Gary smiles at him. Tony is sweating bullets despite the cold.

GARY

Morning, Tony. All set then?

TONY

Listen man, I'm telling you - I can't do this any more. They're checking inventories every week now. Obstetrics is like Fort Knox.

GARY

You're a smart guy, Tony. I'm sure you'll figure it out.

TONY

No, *you* can figure it out. I'm done with this shit.

Tony starts to open the door when a STRANGE VOICE fills the car. It is TONY'S OWN VOICE coming from GARY'S CELL PHONE.

Tony looks petrified.

TONY
You promised me you were gonna
get rid of that. That was the
deal.

GARY
I couldn't do that - this stuff
could make you famous...

Gary holds up the phone so Tony can get a better look at the action.

INSERT 100% CELL PHONE SCREEN:

Bad quality image from a video phone. A Christmas party in a hospital ward in full swing. Tony is drinking heavily, oblivious to the camera.

GARY (O.S.)
*What do you want for Christmas,
Tony?*

TONY
You know what I want.

Tony knocks back a shot.

TONY (CONT'D)
Now have a drink you pussy.

BACK TO:

INT. GARY'S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

GARY
Let me just fast-forward through
to the good bit...

INSERT 100% CELL PHONE SCREEN:

The image scrolls through until we are following Tony as he approaches a door and enters a hospital room, unsteady on his legs. A figure is fast asleep in the background - a YOUNG WOMAN in traction.

TONY
 (now clearly drunk)
Shhhh...This is her.

Tony reaches into his pocket and produces a syringe which, after a few drunken attempts, he inserts into the IV drip.

TONY (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas, Lauren.

We now recognize her as the Woman in the wheelchair from the PHOTO at Gary's place.

TONY (CONT'D)
C'mon, man, how often d'you get to tap a hooker for free?

BACK TO:

INT. GARY'S CAR. CONTINUOUS

We hear the sounds of Tony GRUNTING as he rapes the unconscious girl.

GARY
 Didn't hold back, did you?

TONY
 Listen muthafucka -

GARY
 Please don't cuss. Remember I was the one that cleaned up your mess. I saved *both* of you. (beat)
 Now get me what I need.

INT. POLICE STATION

Kelsey and Mike are powering through the building.

STEVE
 They're uploading right now.

Mike goes to his computer and opens the streaming file. Appearing on the screen are a series of GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS taken from the ATM security camera, a new frame every two seconds.

The photos show Divine taking money out while on the phone. In the last few frames a car can be seen pulling up in the background. It's very obscured, but certainly looks like a dark sedan of some description.

MIKE
(to Steve)
Bring in Crystal.

EXT. BUFFALO REGIONAL HOSPITAL

Steam stacks belch their contents into the frigid air.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

The lunch crowd is in full swing. Tony is standing in the crush, next to a DOCTOR.

A GUY on a ladder is starting to remove the Thanksgiving paraphernalia and replace it with Christmas decorations.

DOCTOR
Jesus, silly season already. You coming to the party this year or what?

TONY
I dunno. We'll see.

DOCTOR
Oh c'mon, it's a great time. Just ask Gary - he's there every year, right?

PULL BACK to reveal that Gary is behind the counter in his CHEF'S UNIFORM, serving food.

GARY
The Christmas party? Oh, absolutely. I've got such great memories from the last few.

DOCTOR
Take it from him - he doesn't get out much.

The Doctor and Gary share a laugh.

GARY
Come on Tony - where's your
Christmas spirit?

DOCTOR
See you back on deck, Tone.

The Doctor moves off.

GARY
That's not like you Tony. Lost
your appetite?

Tony's plate is almost empty.

GARY (CONT'D)
We good for tonight then?

TONY
Told you I can't. Night-shift.

GARY
Really? Well I guess I could
always swing back here if that'd
be easier...

Tony looks around nervously as the lunch crowd swirls
around him.

GARY (CONT'D)
Midnight, then? Same place?

Gary smiles and addresses the person behind Tony.

GARY (CONT'D)
What can I do you for?

INT. POLICE STATION

CRYSTAL is dragged through the office. We recognize her as
the HOOKER from the earlier scene in the corner deli.

MIKE
You just can't stay away, can
you?

Crystal glares back as she's shown into the interview room.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Crystal slumps down into a chair. Mike sits alongside Kelsey.

MIKE (CONT'D)
How you doing?

CRYSTAL
It was 8 degrees at midnight last night. How d'you think I'm doing? You have a nice Thanksgiving?

Her voice drips with resentment.

Steve enters with a warm cup of coffee for Crystal.

STEVE
Hey sexy. Learn any new tricks this week?

CRYSTAL
Blow me Steve. Not in the fuckin' mood.

KELSEY
Listen. We need your list of plates from last night.

Crystal removes a piece of paper from her bra.

CRYSTAL
Every sorry son-of-a-bitch that passed me by from six til two in the morning.

We now realise that Crystal is an UNDERCOVER COP.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Heard about Divine. Nice kid.

Crystal stands and makes her way over to the door.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Find this prick, will ya? I don't know how much longer I can do this.

Steve drags Crystal out of the office, back in character.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING

Shelly is preparing dinner as the PHONE RINGS. She picks up.

INT. POLICE STATION. CONTINUOUS

MIKE
(into the phone)
Hey Shel'

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE / POLICE STATION. **INTERCUT**

SHELLY
(into the phone)
Hang on sweetheart. (to JED)
Jed, go tell your sister to come
set the table.

Jed, thankful for the reprieve from his homework, jumps up and runs down the hall.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABBY'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Jed bangs on the door, trying to make himself heard above the MUSIC PLAYING within.

JED
Abby! Mom says you gotta set the
table.

ABBY (O.S.)
I'm on the phone!

JED
Mom says now!

INT. ABBY'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Abby is sitting on her bed, talking on the phone.

Her bedroom is very seventeen-year-old confused - Greenday and Good Charlotte posters on the wall clash with the pink quilt bedspread.

Jed BANGS on the door.

ABBY
 I said I'm coming!
 (into the phone)
 Look I gotta go...But I really
 wanna talk about this... *Fine*.

Abby hangs up. Jed UNLEASHES on the door one last time.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 Fuck! I'm coming!

INT. POLICE STATION / MIKE'S HOUSE. **INTERCUT**

MIKE
 (on the phone)
 ...I know Shel, but we may have
 just caught a break. I can't see
 myself making dinner. I'm not
 kidding this time.

SHELLY
 (into the phone)
 Nor am I. I've got a hormone-
 fueled seventeen-year-old on my
 hands here...

Abby overhears this as she enters the kitchen.

ABBY
 I'm not a baby anymore. Fuck.
 Stop wrapping me in cotton wool!

- and storms out.

SHELLY
 Abby, come back here!

Mike hears this last outburst.

MIKE
 (on the phone)
 Put her on sweetheart.

SHELLY
 Abby! Your father wants a word
 with you...Abby?

No answer. We hear a DOOR SLAM and music BLARING out.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
I gotta go sort this out. I'll
leave your food in the microwave.

She hangs up and calls down the hall.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Abby? You come back here young
lady.

INT. POLICE STATION

Mike hangs up. Kelsey is studying her computer monitor.

KELSEY
Everything alright?

MIKE
Abby's at it again. Jesus that
kid can fight.

KELSEY
I wonder where she gets that
from...

Mike smiles ruefully and goes back to studying the ATM
photos.

Kelsey suddenly looks up from her computer screen, very
excited.

KELSEY
How much do you love me?

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. BATHROOM

Gary is standing naked in front of the mirror. His back is
a mass of old scars. He slicks back his hair with a wet
comb and smiles at his reflection.

INT. POLICE STATION. CHIEF'S OFFICE

KELSEY
So I ran the plates Crystal gave
us through DMV to cross-check
dark sedans - came up with a
couple of dozen matches.

KELSEY(cont'd)

Then just on spec I ran them
through the Sex Offenders
Database.

The CHIEF, late 50s, is sitting behind his desk listening
intently to Kelsey as she reads from a print out.

KELSEY

How's this for a real charmer;
1994 - suspended sentence for
assaulting a stripper. '95
breaches an AVO and attacks his
de facto, sexually assaulting her
for good measure. '97 arrested
holding a prostitute at knife
point. Does two years. 2000
sentenced to 10 years for stat
rape - she was 12. Secures early
parole *three years ago* after
being repeatedly bashed inside.

CHIEF

That's a shame.

KELSEY

Plus Crystal can make his car in
the area last night.

The Chief considers this in silence.

MIKE

It's the most we've had in three
years, Chief...

Kelsey points to the rap sheet.

KELSEY

Gotta admit, this guy's got a
thing for hookers...

The Chief mulls this over.

CHIEF

Shit, I've never really liked the
view from this office anyway.
(beat) I'll make it happen.

INT. HOSPITAL. REGISTRAR'S DESK. NIGHT

Tony and another NURSE are sitting at a nurses' station.

Tony checks his watch nervously - 10.30PM.

EXT. BUFFALO STREET. NIGHT

Mike pulls into the curb and gets out, fastening his Kevlar vest and pulling his Buffalo PD badge around his neck.

MIKE
Let's go say hello.

As they approach the house, we realise that there are cops everywhere, waiting in the shadows for their arrival.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE

Shelly, now dressed in pyjamas, leans against Abby's closed bedroom door.

MUSIC still PLAYS from within.

SHELLY
Abby, Jed's asleep. Can you please turn that down?

No response.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Look, you know the rules; it's a school night - you can see Tad on the weekend...Abby?

Again, no response from inside.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Alright. I'm brushing my teeth, and when I get back, if that music's still playing, you won't be seeing *anyone* this weekend.

Shelly marches off.

The MUSIC STOPS.

EXT. BUFFALO STREET. NIGHT

Mike and Kelsey approach the house. The OTHER COPS fan out down both sides of the house. The falling snow makes it eerily quiet.

Mike and Kelsey take the driveway down to a garage at the rear.

Kelsey takes her flashlight and shines it through the greasy window - bingo - a DARK BLUE LATE MODEL SEDAN is parked within.

They make their way to the back door. A COP picks the lock. Mike and Kelsey lead the team silently inside, guns drawn.

INT. HOUSE. BACK ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Flashlights dance around the darkened back room.

The house is incredibly clean and ordered. The kitchen looks like it's been recently scrubbed.

Mike and Kelsey proceed further into the house until Mike holds his hands up and all movement ceases.

At the end of the hall a door is closed, a light flickering in the gap below.

They pause outside and listen. Suddenly there's a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM from the other side. Mike gives the signal, throwing open the door, bursting into the room beyond to discover -

INT. HOUSE. ROOM. CONTINUOUS

- a MAN seated in front of the television with his back to the door.

The actress on the TV show SCREAMS once again.

MIKE

Don't fuckin' move. Hands in the air!

The Man doesn't shift.

MIKE

Just give me a reason cock-sucker. Put your hands in the air!

Still the man doesn't move.

Kelsey has edged around the couch. Suddenly her expression changes dramatically.

KELSEY

Mike...

Mike joins her then sees what she does; the Man is sitting in an electric wheelchair - his arms hang limply by his side, drool gathering at the corners of his mouth.

It's obvious that the prison bashings have left him a complete vegetable.

INT. HOSPITAL. REGISTRAR'S DESK.

Tony, even more agitated, checks his watch - 11.35pm.

The Nurse stands and stretches.

NURSE

Let's do this.

TONY

I'll catch up. That mac and cheese has backed me right up.

NURSE

Way too much information, Tone.
I'll be in Post-Natal.

The Nurse grabs a clipboard and leaves.

Tony watches her go before grabbing his winter coat and leaving in the opposite direction.

EXT. HOUSE. DRIVEWAY

Mike throws open the garage door. The look on his face says it all.

The dark blue sedan has no licence plates.

Kelsey is on the phone.

KELSEY

(into the phone)
Right.

She hangs up.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

His mother's the primary carer - she's the only one who drives it now. She called the DMV two weeks ago to report the plates as missing.

KELSEY(cont'd)

DMV just haven't got round to putting them into the system yet.

MIKE

Motherfucker's better than we thought.

INT. "JOE'S LATE-NIGHT DINER". NIGHT

Tony sits in a booth sipping a soda. He checks his watch - 12:10PM. He nervously looks out into the dark.

WAITER (O.S.)

Like a refill there?

Tony jumps a little, startled by the WAITER.

TONY

Sure.

WAITER

Was that regular or diet?

Fat Tony looks up at the Waiter.

TONY

What d'you think?

The Waiter retreats behind the counter.

Tony peers back out the window as a car pulls into the vacant lot across the street. He throws some cash on the table, and heads on out.

The Waiter returns to find the booth empty.

He shrugs, then slides around to the next booth where we discover Abby is already sitting.

ABBY

Hey.

We now realize that the Waiter is actually TAD.

TAD

(quietly)

Listen - you can't just turn up like this unannounced.

ABBY

(looking around the near-empty diner)

ABBY(cont'd)

Why Tad, cause you're so run off
your feet?

EXT. VACANT LOT. CONTINUOUS

A lid pops up, revealing Tony and Gary looking into Tony's trunk. He looks around nervously as the snow falls.

GARY
It's all there?

TONY
'Course it's all there.

Gary smiles as he reaches into the trunk.

INT. "JOE'S LATE-NIGHT DINER". CONTINUOUS

ABBY
I still live at home, Tad. What
choice do I have? It's just 'til
I graduate.

TAD
'Til you graduate? That's like
eight months away. I have *needs*.

Abby looks confused.

TAD (CONT'D)
Maybe we should just take a break
and pick it up again next year...

ABBY
Are you serious? -

TAD
Absolutely. Think about it -
you'll be 18, you can move out of
home -

ABBY
(cutting him off)
- You *seriously* made me get all
dressed up, sneak out and tramp
through the snow to tell me that
we should "pick it up again next
year"? What am I - summer school?

ABBY(cont'd)

"You have needs"...Well, I hear
you're *needed* in the kitchen -
why don't you go and clean the
griddle you fucking pussy.

Abby stands and storms out of the diner.

EXT. VACANT LOT. CONTINUOUS

Tony is now in his car. Gary leans against the car door.

TONY

That's it. No more of this. I'm
out.

But Tony sees that Gary isn't listening. Instead he's
concentrating on the pretty young girl with the short
skirt, low-cut top and too much make-up on who has just
left the diner and stormed out onto the curb in the snow.

TONY (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

Tony guns his car off into the night.

From the shadows, Gary continues to watch Abby shivering on
the curb, trying to light her cigarette in the wind.

INT. DINER. CONTINUOUS

In her haste to leave, Abby has left her jacket in the
booth. Tad picks it up, still reeling.

He starts to go after her when one of the REGULARS at the
counter holds up his coffee cup.

REGULAR

How 'bout a refill...(under his
breath)... *you fucking pussy* .

The OTHER REGULAR sitting next to him laughs.

Tad hesitates before moving over to the coffee machine.

EXT. STREET CURB IN FRONT OF DINER. CONTINUOUS

Abby stands shivering, still trying to light her cigarette,
but the wind keeps blowing out her matches.

The street is deserted until a car rolls to a stop in front of her. The window glides down.

GARY

Hey there.

Abby flinches involuntarily. She recovers and turns her back on him.

ABBY

(quietly)

Fuck off ass-hole.

She tries another match.

GARY

Little young to be smoking aren't you?

ABBY

I'm old enough.

With her back to Gary, she is looking into the diner to where Tad is pouring coffee. She realizes he's not going to come out and turns back to Gary angrily.

ABBY

Have you got a lighter I can use?

Gary hits the car lighter.

GARY

You must be freezing...

Gary reaches out and offers his car lighter, the red glow piercing the darkness.

INT. "JOE'S LATE-NITE DINER". NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

A dejected looking Mike and Kelsey enter through a side door.

Mike puts a warming arm around Kelsey's shoulder.

MIKE

Come on, tiger. My shout.

KELSEY

You know, this fuckin' guy's starting to scare me.

KELSEY(cont'd)

He's got access to DMV records?
What else has he got?

They approach the counter and take two stools.

TAD (O.S.)
Mr. Fletcher!

Tad is standing at the coffee machine, visibly daunted to see his new patrons.

MIKE
Jesus, Tad. You look like you've
seen a ghost.

A PHONE RINGS. Tad looks down - Abby's cell is lit up in her jacket pocket.

Trying to look nonchalant, he slides the jacket from sight.

MIKE
Take that if you like.

TAD
It's okay. Not supposed to take
calls at work.

The phone RINGS OUT as Tad pours two coffees.

MIKE
Why don't you cheer us up with
some of that tasty pecan pie you
guys are famous for?

TAD
Sure thing Mr. Fletcher.

Tad throws a nervous glance over Mike's shoulder and backs towards the kitchen.

Through the window behind his two new customers he can see what they can't - Abby, standing on the curb, leaning on what looks like a dark, late model sedan.

KELSEY
He always that nervous?

MIKE
You would be too if you were
dating my daughter.

INT. DINER KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Having smuggled Abby's jacket with him, he starts to slice two pieces of pie as Abby's PHONE RINGS again - "HOME".

He picks up two plates of pie.

INT. DINER. CONTINUOUS

He re-enters the diner. He subtly looks out onto the street and stifles his panic as he notices that both the car and Abby are nowhere to be seen.

Mike begins to chow down on his pie.

MIKE

Best pie in the whole of Buffalo.

Mike's PHONE RINGS. He clocks the i.d.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(Into the phone,
preemptively)

Hey baby, we're just finishing up here...

Mike's face drops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's what?

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

DARKNESS. Noises overhead - the muffled sound of SOMETHING BEING DRAGGED then of KEYS IN A LOCK.

A door opens above. A thin sliver of light illuminates a long, narrow, damp staircase.

Gary descends, dragging Abby behind him, a heavy grain sack over her head, her hands bound together with plastic ties.

Abby is struggling forcefully while trying to scream, but the sounds are muffled beneath the hood.

A few steps from the bottom, Gary shoves her forward. She blindly trips on the remaining steps and crashes hard onto the basement floor.

IN A SERIES OF JUMP-CUTS:

A mechanic's work-lamp clicks on.

A spanner tightening a bolt on a U-shaped clamp around each wrist.

A chain RATCHETS across an overhead heating pipe.

ABBY'S POV: BLACKNESS - her panicked, claustrophobic breathing mixing with the sounds of her being tethered.

In the dim glow of the work-lamp, Abby is finally still, her arms elevated vertically, strung up by the chain around the heating pipe like a puppet. Her little black skirt is riding up around her hips, her ass resting on a soiled mattress.

Gary gently reaches out and pulls her skirt down.

He watches her for a minute, then turns and mounts the stairs.

As he closes the door at the top of the stairs, the basement becomes quiet except for Abby's MUFFLED SOBS.

And the faint RATTLING of a chain.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. ABBY'S BEDROOM

Shelly is sitting on the end of Abby's empty bed, clutching the phone. Her make-up has run.

A light layer of snow covers the bed. Mike is shutting the window, reasserting some calm.

MIKE

Sweetheart - let's try to be rational here. It's only been a few hours.

SHELLY

Will you stop being a goddamn cop for one second and act like her father!

KELSEY

Shelly, listen. You guys had a fight - she probably just went to a girlfriend's house.

SHELLY
 (snapping)
 How would you know - do you have
 a daughter?

Kelsey backs off.

KELSEY
 I'll go put the kettle on.

Kelsey leaves the room.

Mike sits down next to Shelly on the bed, taking her hand.

MIKE
 Who've you called?

Shelly doesn't respond.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Baby, help me out here. I'm sure
 it's just a matter of a few phone
 calls. Have you tried Katie -

SHELLY
 I tried them all. No one's seen
 her since school.

MIKE
 Well, she's not with Tad. He was
 working at the diner tonight.

Shelly starts to softly cry again.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby's shackled figure dangles in the glow of the work
 lamp, desperately trying to shake off the hood.

KELSEY (O.S.)
 ...It's Mike's daughter...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Kelsey is preparing three cups of tea while on her cell.

KELSEY
 (on the phone)
 ...I know...I don't know - I'll
 get back to you.

She hangs up.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. ABBY'S BEDROOM

Kelsey re-enters the room, carrying the tea.

KELSEY

(softly)

I just phoned it through to the precinct, just in case. They'll need to know what she's wearing before they put out the APB.

At the mention of the APB, Shelly's eyes begin to well up. She grabs the phone and starts to dial.

Mike steals a glance at Kelsey - he's unable to disguise the fear etched across his face.

INT. TAD'S CAR. DINER CAR PARK. CONTINUOUS

Tad is sitting in his parked car with Abby's jacket on his lap, holding her RINGING cell phone - "HOME". The call RINGS OUT - the screen changes - "9 Missed Calls".

Tad watches the snow fall, paralysed by fear and indecision.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Gary descends the stairs and approaches the bench. From a drawer he removes a pair of heavy, industrial gloves.

ABBY'S POV. DARKNESS:. The sound of metal SCRAPING on metal. A hammer RINGS OUT sharply. A blow-torch HISSES.

A strange acrid smell causes Abby to gag.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

GARY (O.S.)

This is a token of my commitment to you, 'til death do us part.

Suddenly a terrifying SIZZLING fills the air.

Abby's SCREAMS are muffled through the hood.

A hand tugs off the hood, revealing she is crudely gagged.

Gary is standing over her with a pair of blacksmith's tongs.

GARY (CONT'D)
Welcome to the family.

Abby struggles to adjust to the light of the work-lamp as she cranes her neck to see what is causing the excruciating pain to her finger.

Then she sees it: a WHITE-HOT METAL BAND glows on her wedding finger, searing the skin in front of her eyes.

She BELLOWS through her gag in unimaginable pain.

Gary takes a digital camera from his pocket.

GARY
Say cheese.

He takes a shot of the screaming, gagged Abby, then moves around for a self portrait with her.

The camera FLASH whites out the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK-STOP. **FLASHBACK**

The Boy is standing alone in front of the truck-stop. Snow falls around him.

He walks down the side of the building until he comes to a window. He drags over an old crate, stands on it, and peers inside through a tiny gap in the curtains.

On the other side of the window, the Girl is staring straight out at him. Their eyes lock, so close their breath fogs the glass. Suddenly the window frame is filled with the body of the Mechanic, who angrily shoves her aside and yanks the curtains shut.

The Boy sits down on the crate. After a few beats, a faint banging noise mixes with the country music inside.

A mangy black cat slinks by. The Boy picks it up and starts stroking it obsessively. The cat squirms, causing the Boy to hold it even tighter to his body.

The noise from within becomes more rhythmical. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. The sound becomes -

INT. GARY'S BEDROOM. **PRESENT DAY**

- the RHYTHMIC SOUND of a home printer, back and forth.

Gary is sitting on his bed, thumbing through a well-loved photo album. It's filled with photos of young women (on their own and with Gary) alongside their licences, credit cards etc. Names are crudely scrawled on top of each page, some with a beginning date only, but most with a beginning and an end date.

The printer finishes the job and spits out the photo of Abby and Gary from the basement.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby sits, heaving and sobbing through the gag.

Then from the deep shadows, she hears the sound of METAL SLIDING OVER METAL, edging ever closer.

Terrified, she cowers away as far as her shackles will allow. She strains to see into the dark, WHIMPERING softly. The GRATING metallic sound gets closer until a figure emerges into the dim glow of the work-lamp.

Abby recoils. Tethered before her is a Woman, gaunt and pale beyond belief, her eyes sunken deeply into her skull. A filthy oversized t-shirt swims on her emaciated form.

This is BRITTANY (25).

 BRITTANY
 You gonna shut the fuck up now?

Abby nods, wide-eyed.

Brittany then slides back into the shadows.

 BRITTANY (CONT'D)
 Good. Now let me get some fucking
 sleep.

EXT. GARY'S HOUSE. BACKYARD. FIRST LIGHT (DAY 3)

The serenity of the morning is pierced by the MUFFLED SOUND OF A POWER DRILL.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. GARAGE. CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP on a cordless drill removing 3 inch screws. PULL BACK to reveal Gary removing the front licence plate and replacing it with a brand new one. In a box next to him lie a stack of used licence plates.

INT. POLICE STATION

The Chief is listening closely to Kelsey's update, studying Abby's APB.

KELSEY

We've contacted the school. The hospitals are all on-line and we've requested CCTV footage from all train and bus depots.

CHIEF

Notify Rochester and Detroit just in case. Route everything back through me.

The door opens and in walks Mike - same clothes as last night, looking like he's not slept.

CHIEF

Hey Mike.

MIKE

Chief.

CHIEF

You alright?

Mike nods.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

How's Shelly?

The expression on Mike's face says it all.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Whatever you need, alright?

The Chief pats Mike's shoulder as he takes his leave.

Kelsey leans in gently.

KELSEY
We've got all eyes on this one
Mike. It's only a matter of time
before she turns up.

Steve enters, sensing the atmosphere instantly.

STEVE
Sorry to interrupt. You've got a
visitor, Detective.

Mike looks up expectantly.

Behind Steve walks Tad, carrying something behind his back.

TAD
(nervously)
Hi Mr. Fletcher.

Tad reveals Abby's jacket and cell phone. Mike recognizes them instantly.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(carefully)
Where is she son?

Tad looks like he's about to burst into tears.

KELSEY
Where'd you get these from, Tad?

Tad swallows hard on his fear. Finally -

TAD
Abby came to the diner last
night. She snuck out...To see me.

MIKE
You saw her last night?

TAD
We had a fight.

MIKE
Did you hurt her? If you've
touched her, so help me God I'll -

Tad starts to shake.

TAD
I didn't do anything...We had an
argument and she ran out and left
her jacket and phone. That's all.

Mike takes a step towards him.

Kelsey senses that Mike's about to lose his shit.

KELSEY
What time was this?

TAD
I'm not sure -

MIKE
What fucking time was it?

TAD
(whimpering)
I can't be sure -

Mike reaches over and takes Tad by the shirt front.

MIKE
Before or after we were there?

Tad starts to cry. Mike is about to explode.

KELSEY
Mike -

Mike throws Tad against the wall, crashing into the
evidence board.

TAD
(completely losing it)
She got there just before you
arrived - she was outside on the
street -

MIKE
Doing what?

Tad shrugs fearfully.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Was she with someone?

TAD
No...I mean, I don't know, I
couldn't -

MIKE
Who was she with?

TAD
She was talking to someone in a
car -

MIKE
Who was she talking to?

TAD
I couldn't see. By the time I
came out with your order she was
gone -

MIKE
(exploding)
We were there?

Mike smashes Tad against the evidence board again, this
time without holding back.

TAD
(blubbering mess)
Someone in a dark looking car!
That's all I saw!

The mention of the dark looking car confirms Mike's worst
fears, sending him into a tail spin.

KELSEY
Mike, calm down -

TAD
(desperately)
I'm sorry Mr. Fletcher. She'd
snuck out - I didn't know what to
do -

Mike takes Tad and jams him face-first into the evidence
board.

MIKE
If she doesn't turn up -

KELSEY
Mike -

MIKE
- I swear to fucking god -

KELSEY

Mike - enough!

Kelsey pulls Mike off and stands between the two.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

This is not gonna help!

Then, from the other side of the room, TAD'S VOICE CUTS THROUGH.

TAD

He was there.

Mike and Kelsey turn to face Tad, whose petrified face is still jammed against the evidence board, eye to eye with a PHOTO OF FAT TONY.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby's eyes slowly begin to flicker awake. As they adjust, she realizes Brittany is hovering nearby, holding the cable to the work-lamp. The metal ring on Brittany's left ring finger catches the light.

BRITTANY

(soft and menacing)

So - Sleeping Beauty awakes. You ready for the guided tour?

Brittany twists the cable, shining the light around the room, illuminating what was previously in darkness.

A look of horror creeps across Abby's face. In the light of the work-lamp, the basement resembles a post-apocalyptic maternity ward.

BRITTANY

Welcome to the Factory.

The walls and ceiling are covered with a crude sound-proof insulation.

In one corner is a hospital gurney, complete with stirrups and bloodied patient restraints.

INSERT 2 SECOND FLASH-CUT:

On the gurney, a young woman thrashes wildly as the restraints cut deeply into her flesh. Though her mouth is gagged, she still lets out an unearthly, ANIMAL SCREECH.

CUT BACK TO:

Screwed onto the wall is a glass-fronted cabinet secured by a heavy padlock. Like in a mechanic's workshop, the rusty medical instruments hang in front of their painted image - dilators, speculum, a cranioclast, forceps -

INSERT 2 SECOND FLASH-CUT:

Gary is holding the rusty forceps. Blood and viscous membrane drips from the ends. Two bloodied feet are gaffer taped into the stirrups of the gurney. He pushes the forceps between the legs - the feet writhe wildly against their restraints. An INHUMAN SCREAM follows.

CUT BACK TO:

On a shelf is a stash of medicine - Rohypnol, Viagra, penicillin and formaldehyde alongside boxes of home pregnancy kits.

Taped to the wall is a faded, dog-eared biological poster of the female reproductive system.

At the far end of the shelf is a collection of old cookie jars. As Abby's eyes further adjust, she gags uncontrollably - each of the jars contain a human fetus.

Next to it is a drop-saw and workbench.

A wide pit is dug into the middle of the concrete floor filled with putrid water.

Stretching to the full length of her chains, Brittany pulls Abby's gag roughly from her mouth.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
So you're the replacement. We were wondering when we'd get a new one.

Brittany studies her closely.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Fuck. What are you, like twelve?

ABBY
 (almost inaudibly)
 I'm seventeen.

BRITTANY
 Oh my god, you're a baby. He's
 gonna love you long-time.

Abby struggles to keep it together.

ABBY
 Where are we?

Brittany looks closely at the new fish, then smiles,
 revealing her rotten yellow teeth.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 Talk to me. Please. How long have
 you been here for?

BRITTANY
 (enigmatically)
 A baby and some.

ABBY
 I'm sorry?...

BRITTANY
 Plenty of time to be sorry.

Abby bites down hard against her swelling fear.

SILENCE descends on the basement again. Then from the
 darkness comes ANOTHER VOICE.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Is it really Thanksgiving?

Abby freezes.

ABBY
 What?...Who's that?

VOICE (O.S.)
 Is it?...

ABBY
 (terrified)
 Uh, yeah - a few days ago. Why?

An EERIE GIGGLING begins in the darkness.

BRITTANY
Tst. Means it's coming up on
Lauren's three year anniversary.
She's probably gonna get a
present or something.

The GIGGLING continues from the darkness until suddenly
there's a noise overhead - muted off-screen BARKING.

Brittany quickly pulls Abby's gag back up.

Keys RATTLE in the door overhead. Brittany smiles knowingly
at Abby.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Daddy's home.

INT. POLICE STATION

The PHOTO OF TONY is slammed down on a desk.

MIKE
Tell me one more time.

Tad is seated at the desk. Mike leans over him.

TAD
He was at a booth on his own. I
went to refill his coke and when
I got back he was gone.

MIKE
What else?

TAD
I don't know - he seemed kinda
edgy - kept checking his watch,
looking out the window across the
street.

KELSEY
Where was Abby at this point?

Tad pauses, realizing the significance of his next words.

TAD
In the next booth.

MIKE
Jesus Christ.

KELSEY
(re the photo of Tony)
Are you sure it was this guy?

TAD
Yeah - I mean I'm pretty sure.
He's sorta hard to mistake.

KELSEY
You're pretty sure? Either you're
sure or you're not. Which is it?

Tad can't commit.

MIKE
How long after he left did Abby
leave?

Tad hesitates. Mike leans in closer.

MIKE (CONT'D)
How long?

Tad can't mouth the words.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Gary squats in front of Lauren, gently stroking her very
swollen belly. He places his ear to it, smiling.

GARY
I think I felt it kick.

He pats her matted, lank hair. The Rottweiler prowls.

GARY (CONT'D)
That's my girl.

Lauren beams as Abby looks on in surreal horror.

BRITTANY
Not much longer now, huh daddy?

Gary ignores the question as he moves over to the
workbench, unwrapping a pregnancy test.

He throws it at Brittany who then drags a dirty plastic
bucket back into the shadows.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
She's doin' good, huh daddy?

GARY
Better than you.

Brittany squats over the bucket in the shadows and starts pissing.

BRITTANY
(desperation in her
voice)
I'm trying daddy. You know I'm
committed. Only a matter of time
now.

GARY
So you keep saying...

Gary turns his attention to a wide-eyed, cowering Abby.

GARY (CONT'D)
You settling in okay?

ABBY
What's it matter? I'm not gonna
be here for long. My dad's a cop.

GARY
Oh I know all about your daddy.

ABBY
Yeah? Well he knows all about
you, you sick fuck.

GARY
I don't think so. I think I'm
gonna be just fine. We're all
gonna be just fine.

TONY (O.S.)
You know, this is bordering on
harassment.

INT. HOSPITAL. REGISTRAR'S DESK

MIKE
I haven't even got started yet.

Mike has Tony seated at a desk in a room off the Registrar's desk, a PHOTO OF LAUREN in front of him.

TONY

Look, over the past three years you've come in here and interviewed every single person I work with, embarrassing me in front of everyone. My lawyer's talking about a case for damage to my professional reputation.

MIKE

I'm gonna damage more than your reputation -

KELSEY

(re the photo of Lauren)
You were her rehab nurse for three months.

TONY

This is getting really tired - I was *one* of Lauren's nurses. She went missing while I was in surgery, with a *dozen witnesses*. This whole situation's really sad, but you know what I know. Now if that's all...

Tony goes to leave. Mike pushes him back down in his seat.

MIKE

Where were you last night?

Tony pauses as he looks between Mike and Kelsey.

TONY

I was right here -

MIKE

(overlapping)
- 'Cause we have a witness who makes you at Joe's diner -

TONY

- that's impossible -

MIKE

- where another young woman was abducted -

TONY

- I don't know what you're talking about, *another woman* -

Mike throws down Abby's APB.

MIKE

This other woman motherfucker!
Look at her! Fuckin' look at her!
You think she was a hooker, huh?

TONY

I don't know what the hell you're
talking about - I was working
night-shift right here -

MIKE

BULLSHIT!

KELSEY

Mike!

MIKE

- You were there! I even know
what you drank you fat fuck -

KELSEY

MIKE!

It takes all of Mike's self control to tear his attention off Tony. He looks at Kelsey.

She gestures to a staff roster on the wall of the office showing Tony was indeed rostered on night-shift.

KELSEY

Just take it easy. Lemme go check
with the Registrar.

Kelsey leaves the office - through the window we see her conferring with the REGISTRAR who nods, checking her watch.

Mike glowers at Tony as Kelsey returns.

KELSEY

It checks out. He was here all
night.

Tony tries to recompose himself.

TONY

I'm on the tail end of a double
shift, which means I'm tired and
I have work to do.

TONY(cont'd)

So I'm going to attend to my patients now Detective. You got any further questions, speak to my lawyer.

Tony pushes past Mike and leaves. Kelsey starts to say something but Mike barrels out after Tony and -

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS

- catches up to Tony, pushing him up against the wall.

MIKE

I'm gonna get a warrant, I'm gonna search your house, I'm gonna tear your fucking life apart -

KELSEY

Mike!

A crowd of ONLOOKERS has gathered around. A hospital SECURITY GUARD is fast approaching.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Enough. Seriously, let's go.

Kelsey drags Mike out through the crowd.

Tony is completely rattled.

EXT. HOSPITAL AMBULANCE BAY

Kelsey follows Mike as he charges out of the hospital.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR.

Mike gets into the car. Kelsey climbs in alongside.

He is gripping the steering wheel as if he might pull it off its mountings.

KELSEY

(gently)

Mike...

Mike is boring a hole in the dashboard.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Mike, you've got to ease it back a little.

Silence.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter which way you cut it, he checks out. Tad wasn't even 100% sure it was him. And remember - our guy only targets *hookers*.

Mike is still holding Abby's APB and reads her last known description.

MIKE

Short black skirt, low-cut top, heavy make-up...last seen on the corner of Elm and Thirteenth Street... What does she sound like to you?

Kelsey can't respond.

After a few moments, Mike's PHONE RINGS - "HOME". He takes a deep breath before answering it.

MIKE

(into the phone)

Hey baby...I understand...I'll be home soon...I will.

Mike hangs up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shelly'd like you to come to dinner.

KELSEY

I don't know Mike - maybe it's better that you spend some time with your family right now...

Mike looks at her properly for the first time since getting in the car.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM

Gary's cell phone RINGS on, unanswered.

INT. NURSES' STATION

Tony is hunched over the phone.

GARY (O.S.)
 (voice message)
You've reached Gary. Leave a message.

BEEP.

TONY
 (whispering, panicked)
 The fuck did you do? Those two cops were here again. We have to meet. Call me.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. BASEMENT

Gary's at the workbench, pouring turpentine onto a rag. He takes a silver dog bowl and rubs the name "SARAH" from the side. He then takes a magic marker and writes "ABBY".

GARY
 There are a few rules in our family that you'll get to know.

Gary approaches Abby and leans in, breathing her scent.

GARY
 But for now, just this; you don't touch anything except your mattress and your bowl.

Abby spits right in his face.

Gary slowly wipes it off.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Now why'd you have to go and do that? On our honeymoon an' all...

Gary suddenly wrenches her chains causing Abby's body to flip violently around. Now facing the wall, she struggles to turn back around but the shackles dig deep into her flesh as he pins the chain to the wall.

GARY (CONT'D)
 (growling at Brittany)
 Get over here.

Brittany scuttles closer and holds Abby's chains tightly.

Abby stares wide-eyed at Brittany.

ABBY
(incredulous)
What the fuck are you doing?
Please - you gotta help me!

Brittany hesitates for an instant, then averts her gaze, holding the chain tighter.

GARY
I had a nice romantic evening
planned but you had to go and
spoil things didn't you?

ABBY
(panicking)
You can't do this! Please, I'm
sorry. I'm so sorry. You don't
have to do this!

Gary moves in behind her, stroking her hair.

GARY
Shhhh. You'll understand soon...

He hits play on the portable CD player. Waylon Jennings
BLARES OUT.

TIGHT ON Gary's rabid face -

With one short, savage thrust, he penetrates Abby. She
HOWLS.

The dog starts BARKING WILDLY.

GARY (CONT'D)
(grunting with every
thrust)
Babies...are made...out of love.

Lauren is rocking gently in the corner, stroking her
swollen belly, SOFTLY SINGING the mantra as if it were a
lullaby to her unborn child.

LAUREN
Babies are made out of
love...babies are made out of
love...

TIGHT ON Abby's face - contorted like a wild animal caught in a trap. She looks in pleading horror and disbelief at Brittany.

TIGHT ON Brittany's face - her eyes are jammed shut. Her body shakes viciously with every thrust.

BRITTANY
 (silently mouthing the
 words)
 Babies are made out of love.
 Babies are made out of love.

The room is now a CACOPHONY of metal TEARING at metal, Abby's agonized torture, the dog's BARKING, Lauren's SINGING and Gary's wild, GRUNTED mantra.

As the CAMERA pans off Brittany onto the shelf above the workbench, the fluid contents of the jars of fetuses are almost imperceptibly shaking with the violence of the rape.

Gary's PRIMEVAL ROAR builds to a climax until -

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

SILENCE.

Mike, Shelly, Kelsey and Jed sit somberly at the dinner table. Apart from Jed's, the food has barely been touched.

Finally -

KELSEY
 That was delicious, Shelly. Thank
 you.

Shelly nods silently.

JED
 Can I go watch TV in Abby's room?

MIKE
 'Course you can, son.

Jed leaps from the table and scrambles off.

Shelly stands and begins to clear the plates into the kitchen, from where we hear her start to sob.

Mike sits at the table, exhausted and entirely bereft. His inability to comfort her is overwhelming.

Sensing this, Kelsey picks up the remaining plates and follows Shelly into the kitchen.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Shelly is at the sink holding a plate. Kelsey takes a tea-towel.

A long silence follows as Shelly continues to rinse the same plate over and over again. Eventually, Kelsey gently takes it from her.

SHELLY

Did Mike tell you - we're thinking of taking a few weeks off at the end of school - head down to New York to have a look at some colleges there. You know she got offered a full scholarship at Cornell?

KELSEY

Mike told me. That's great.

SHELLY

'Course she doesn't know if she wants to take it. She keeps talking about going to Buffalo State where Tad is. You know - first love...Guess you've gotta let them get it out of their system, right?

Kelsey nods silently.

SHELLY

Gotta let them make their own mistakes...

KELSEY

Shelly, she's going to be -

SHELLY

Don't.

Shelly grips the edge of the sink as if she may tumble without its support.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

I've been married to a cop for 18 years. Just...don't.

Silence once again.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

I know you're only trying to help, it's just...you can't begin to understand... *this*...unless you have kids of your own.

Kelsey takes Shelly's hand, gives it a little squeeze.

KELSEY

Listen to me Shelly - I'm gonna do whatever it takes to get Abby back, you understand me? Whatever it takes. I promise.

Kelsey kisses her gently on the cheek, then walks out into the dining room where -

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

- Mike is now fast asleep at the table. Kelsey takes her coat, pausing as she passes the sideboard loaded with happy family photos.

She quietly exits.

From somewhere off-screen, the sudden ABRASIVE SOUND of chain-link running over metal pipe.

Mike sits bolt upright.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

TIGHT ON the chain running over the heating pipe.

The chain runs further and a pair of shackled feet rise up.

Gary secures the chains to a bolt in the wall.

Abby is now hanging upside down, suspended by her feet, bordering on unconsciousness.

The dog licks at her face.

GARY

There you go - help make everything flow in the right direction.

Gary places two dog bowls on the ground marked "Lauren" and "Brittany". He pushes one towards Lauren.

GARY (CONT'D)
You left a little yesterday - you
can't be doing that - you're
eating for two after all...

Lauren holds her stomach in obvious discomfort.

LAUREN
Yes Daddy.

Gary then moves over towards Brittany who's cowering in the shadows.

GARY
Give it here.

Brittany shakily holds out the pregnancy test.

GARY (CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
Tst tst tst.

Gary flicks the test back at Brittany.

GARY (CONT'D)
Maybe you're broke.

Gary starts to leave before an afterthought stops him.

GARY (CONT'D)
Next time you're in the hole.

Brittany looks at the water-filled hole with obvious terror.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Now in her dressing gown, Shelly enters the dining room to find Mike still sitting at the table.

SHELLY
Come to bed, honey.

Mike doesn't move.

Finally he stands and takes his jacket.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Please, Mike...

Shelly takes a step towards him, but Mike simply walks out the front door, leaving Shelly alone and crushed.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT.

Abby comes in and out of consciousness.

Gary unhooks the chains, letting Abby slide to the ground, then places Abby's dog bowl in the middle of the floor before leaving.

Lauren drags herself across the floor toward Abby. Pulling herself across the concrete on her scabbed-up elbows, we realize Lauren has no use of her legs - she is paraplegic.

She begins to mop Abby's brow with a filthy rag.

Eventually, Abby coughs herself awake.

LAUREN
Shhh, there you go - you're okay.
Thought we'd lost you there for a
while.

Abby looks completely disoriented. When she tries to move, searing pain shoots up through her loins. Memory comes scorching back, causing her to vomit violently where she sits.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
It's okay, it's okay. Get it all
out.

Abby wretches some more.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
First time's always the hardest.

BRITTANY
(from her dark corner)
Let her fend for herself,
cripple.

Lauren ignores her.

Abby watches on as Lauren shunts Abby's bowl toward her.

LAUREN
(gently)
Gotta eat.

ABBY
(re her legs)
Did he do that to you?

Lauren shakes her head, smiling.

LAUREN
Come on, eat up.

Abby peers in, then smells it, gagging instantly.

ABBY
Jesus Christ - what is it?

LAUREN
It's whatever you want it to be.

BRITTANY
(growling)
Who gives a fuck - it's all
you're gonna get.

LAUREN
Come on. Gotta keep your strength
up.

Abby pushes the bowl away.

BRITTANY
You'll come 'round. One way or
another.

LAUREN
(whispering softly to
Abby)
Don't mind Brittany - she's like
this to all the new girls.

The mention of "all the new girls" rocks Abby.

ABBY
Have you really been here three
years?

Lauren nods.

ABBY (CONT'D)
How...how did you get here?

BRITTANY

Here we go...

Lauren gathers herself for the story.

LAUREN

Well. I was probably around your age. I was up at the lake with this john. He was real nice at first, but then he started asking me to do all this stuff - stuff I didn't do - and when I asked him to stop he got real pissed. Threw me out of the car and started to leave without paying, and when I shouted for him to stop he just...he just backed the car right over me. Crushed the bones in both my legs. And you know what?

BRITTANY

(mimicking Lauren)

"That was the best thing that ever happened to me..."

LAUREN

(reclaiming the story)

Well it was, 'cause that's how I met Daddy. See, I spent the next three months in hospital where my nurse, Tony, was taking real good care of me. And Tony's best friend was Daddy. Anyway, this one day, just before Christmas, one of the doctors comes in with some big news. I'm pregnant! Well, that was impossible. I'd been in a hospital bed for three months, and anyway, I'd always used protection when I worked. Always. Next thing I know I woke up here.

Beat, as the magnitude of the story sinks in for Abby.

ABBY

Okay...you were a prostitute?

Lauren looks strangely confused by the question.

LAUREN

Well sure. We all were.

She continues as if mouthing Gary's doctrine.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Daddy says all whores are disgusting and break up families more than anything. So he takes us off the streets so now we can *build* a family rather than *destroy* them.

ABBY

(almost inaudibly)
I don't believe you.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(proudly patting her belly)
Believe it. Now I'm onto number two. Eli was the first - he's the eldest.

BRITTANY

(jumping in, competitively)
Yeah, but I gave him a girl. Daddy says she's gonna grow up to be so beautiful. She's gonna be his favorite for sure.

Lauren secretly rolls her eyes at Abby.

LAUREN

Don't worry. With any luck you'll have one too.

Abby stares at Lauren like she's misheard.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. (DAY 4)

DARKNESS.

An ALARM goes off. 5.30am.

A bedside light comes on. Shelly, already awake, kills the alarm, looking as if she hasn't slept at all.

Mike's side of the bed hasn't been slept in.

INT. KELSEY'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Kelsey's sitting up in bed.

She watches early morning TV as she knits, black and yellow wool in balls on the bed beside her.

Next door, a couple can be heard ARGUING through the paper-thin walls.

She sighs and turns up the volume.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. DARK ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Gary is standing in the dark. His face is lit by an eerie green glow. A constant, RHYTHMIC BEEPING and HISSING punctuates the silence.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

Abby is hunched up into a ball, as far as her chains will allow her, shivering on her soiled mattress.

INT. MIKE'S CAR. "JOE'S" DINER CARPARK. CONTINUOUS

Mike is sitting in the frigid pre-dawn staring at the deserted diner. He has been crying - it's now beyond that.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. **FLASHBACK**

Mike and Kelsey are sitting at the counter. Tad distractedly takes their order.

MIKE

Why don't you cheer us up with some of that tasty pecan pie you guys are famous for?...

TAD

Sure thing Mr. Fletcher.

Tad throws a nervous glance over Mike's shoulder and backs into the kitchen.

Only this time , Mike clocks the strange look and turns to see what's over his shoulder. On the curb out front he sees Abby, leaning against a dark car. She looks back at him and smiles and waves.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. DINER CAR PARK. CONTINUOUS. **PRESENT DAY**

MIKE
 (under his breath)
 I'm so sorry baby.

Snow falls from the leaden skies.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Lauren is bent over her food, forcing it down. Brittany is licking her bowl clean.

Abby's bowl remains untouched. She seems to have regained a little composure, trying to make sense of the horrific situation.

ABBY
 Okay. Alright. How many other's
 have there been?

LAUREN
 (in sing-song voice)
 Lauren, Lisa, Brittany, Jessica,
 Amanda, Chrissie, Sarah...Abby.

Forcing herself to ask the next question.

ABBY
 What happened to the others?

In one movement, Brittany kicks her dog bowl across the floor, stopping at Abby's feet.

BRITTANY
 (re the bowl)
 Say hello to Sarah.

Brittany begins to LAUGH softly. The penny drops.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 (fighting back her fear)
 Okay, okay...look, my dad's a
 cop. I know he's going to be
 looking for me - for all of us.
 All we have to do is stick
 together and we'll get out of
 this, okay?

Neither Lauren nor Brittany respond.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 Okay?

LAUREN
 (whispering)
 You can't say that.

BRITTANY
 (snapping)
 Too late.

ABBY
 What? What?...

Silence.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 Come on, we're all in this
 together, right?

BRITTANY
 Wrong.

This single word hangs in the air. Abby looks from Lauren to Brittany and back again.

Brittany slides over towards a crude, dirty red button on the wall. She pushes it in.

Overhead, the muted sound of a BUZZER is heard.

Brittany smiles.

Almost instantly, the sound of KEYS in the lock overhead and Gary descends.

GARY
 This better be good.

Brittany points at Abby.

BRITTANY
 She was telling secrets Daddy -
 talking about leaving us and
 stuff.

The childlike simplicity of the accusation stuns Abby.

GARY
 Really?

BRITTANY
 She said she wants us to help
 her, but we don't want to 'cos
 we're family.

GARY
 (to Lauren)
 Is that right?

Lauren nods. Abby cannot process their disloyalty.

GARY
 Thank you, Brittany. Good girl,
 Lauren.

Gary moves towards the tool bench. He moves the PORTABLE CD
 PLAYER onto the ground before unlocking the cabinet.

He removes a cordless drill and a car aerial, which he
 extends to its full length.

Gary uses the drill to release one of Brittany's manacled
 wrists.

GARY (CONT'D)
 (to Abby)
 Now you see how things work
 around here.

He hands the aerial to Brittany, who, with sudden ferocity,
 lunges towards Abby, whipping her chest, drawing blood.

Abby SCREAMS and recoils as far as she can.

Brittany halts the assault and looks back at Gary, awaiting
 his further instruction. He smiles and nods.

Brittany lashes out again, this time across Abby's cowering
 back. Again, she SCREAMS WILDLY.

Lauren sits unfazed, gently massaging her pregnant stomach.

Gary retrieves the aerial from Brittany, patting her head gently.

GARY (CONT'D)
Families don't keep secrets.
Right, Brittany?

BRITTANY
Sharing is caring, Daddy.

GARY
That's right. And what do we share? Food, shelter, love - and this is how you repay us? By wanting to leave? By abandoning your family?

He moves closer to the cowering Abby, grabbing her branded ring finger.

GARY (CONT'D)
This. This is a sign of trust.
And loyalty. And commitment.

He squats down in front of Abby.

GARY (CONT'D)
Without commitment, we're nothing. Look what's going on out there - it's sickening - family breakdown, abortion, mothers giving up their babies - *their own flesh and blood!* People just don't work hard enough to keep the family unit together anymore.

ABBY
(with quiet defiance)
This is not a family, it's a fucking freak show, you sick fuck!

GARY
Don't say that.

Gary suddenly drives the drill bit into the soul of Abby's foot, piercing through the other side. Abby lets out an INHUMAN SCREAM.

GARY (CONT'D)
You're the sick one.

Almost as an afterthought, he drives the drill in one more time.

INT. POLICE STATION

Kelsey is hunched over her computer, scrolling through a real estate website. She clicks on a simple suburban house.

CHIEF (O.S.)
Looking for something bigger?...

Kelsey turns around to see the Chief standing behind her looking at the computer screen.

KELSEY
On my salary? Are you kidding?
But if you wanted to pull some
strings and evict my neighbors, I
wouldn't argue...

She closes the site.

CHIEF
Look, I know things are tough
right now, being as close to Mike
and his family as you are. But
we'll crack this thing. I
guarantee it.

KELSEY
I know, Chief.

The Chief starts to leave.

CHIEF
And when we do, I'll put you in
touch with my brother-in-law.
He's in real estate. He'll take
care of you.

Kelsey nods her thanks as the Chief leaves.

INT. GARY'S KITCHEN / HOSPITAL. **INTERCUT**

Gary is on the phone to Tony as he cleans the drill under the tap. Blood and water swirl down the drain.

GARY
 (into the phone)
 Listen - we have a deal; I call
 you. You don't call me, right?

TONY
 (into the phone)
 Fuck that - things have changed.
 I got those two cops in my face
 at work -

GARY
 Just calm down -

TONY
 - saying they're gonna get a
 warrant to search my place. I'm
 not taking the fall for this, I
 don't care what you've got -

GARY
 Tony, you've got to relax. No
 one's taking a fall for anything,
 alright? Let's meet up and we can
 sort this whole thing out -

TONY
 No more meetings, no more
 nothing. We're finished. Just
 leave me the fuck alone.

Tony hangs up.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS

Tony is hustling down the corridor, clearly freaked out by
 the conversation.

Suddenly there's a BUZZING in his pocket. Then another. And
 another. He looks at his cell phone - "3 Messages". He
 opens the first -

INSERT: Video footage of Tony raping Lauren (the same as
 before), audio and all.

The caption at the bottom of the video file reads:

c u @ work. lets sort this out

NURSE (O.S.)
 You alright, Tone? You don't look
 so good.

Tony's spins to see a Nurse standing behind him. His phone receives three more messages in quick succession, each one sending Tony deeper into panic.

He quickly powers the phone down and barrels towards the exit, leaving the bewildered Nurse in his wake.

INT. HOSPITAL CARPARK.

Tony strides towards his parked car. He unlocks the door, gets in and -

BANG!

Tony almost jumps into the passenger seat in fright. Mike is leering into the driver's side window.

MIKE
 Get out of the car.

Tony cannot move for fear.

Mike wrenches open the door, grabbing Tony by the shirtfront and dragging him out, propelling him into the brick wall.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 You know why I'm here don't you,
 Tony?

Mike takes Tony by the throat and jams him against the wall. Tony's eyes are wide with panic.

TONY
 I told you everything I know
 already -

Mike leans in harder on his throat.

MIKE
 Don't fuckin' lie to me you piece
 of shit -

TONY
 Please, honest -

In one swift movement, Mike takes his gun and buries it deep into the fat below Tony's expansive chin.

MIKE

I know you were at the diner two nights ago. I know you know what happened to Lauren Daniels, I know you know the whereabouts of the seven other girls -

TONY

- I don't know anything about seven other -

MIKE

And I know you know where my daughter is -

TONY

I swear to God I don't know nothing about your -

MIKE

(pulling back the hammer on his revolver)

WHERE THE FUCK IS MY DAUGHTER!

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Freeze! Drop your weapon!

Mike doesn't respond.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I said put down your weapon!

A SECURITY GUARD has his gun pointed directly at Mike.

MIKE

(never taking his eyes off Tony)

I'm a cop.

SECURITY GUARD

I don't care who you are. Put down your weapon and step away. Don't make me ask again.

Beat as Mike pauses, inches from Tony's face.

Then reluctantly, Mike lowers his gun as he releases Tony whose legs give way - he slides down the wall, a quivering mess of flesh.

Mike holsters his weapon, takes out his badge and uses it to push his way past the Security Guard.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Lauren is wrapping Abby's bloody foot in a dirty rag.

Abby looks like an abandoned shell.

LAUREN

It gets better than this, I promise, but you've got to *commit* to him. That's why we're here and the other girls aren't. We only did what we had to do.

Abby doesn't respond. Her eyes are glazed.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You see, good girls get rewards. Like...once a week he invites one of us upstairs for dinner. A *real* dinner. Like a date.

Lauren suddenly cramps over with discomfort, holding her belly. After a moment -

LAUREN (CONT'D)

And if you're 'specially good, he'll even let you spend some time in the trophy room.

BRITTANY

Don't waste your breath - she keeps going like this she won't even last that long. Isn't that right Princess?

Abby sits in silent resignation.

CHIEF (O.S.)

I can't sit by and let you jeopardize this investigation Mike, no matter what the circumstances.

INT. POLICE STATION. CHIEF'S OFFICE

The Chief is sitting across the desk from Mike and Kelsey.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I can only imagine what you're going through right now - God knows you're handling it better than I would - but you've got to be smart about this. Going in like that, off the grid, pulling your gun on an unarmed man in public - there's no upside to that - whatever you get, it's all completely inadmissable.

MIKE

This motherfucker's involved, and with every minute that passes -

CHIEF

And if he is we'll nail him - but after that debacle the other day, it's not that easy to fast-track a warrant. Now I've got a call out personally to the Judge, but in the meantime, I want you to go home.

MIKE

Fuck that John, it's my -

CHIEF

It's not a request, Mike.

SILENCE.

Finally Mike stands.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Go take care of your wife. We're all over this.

Mike turns and heads into -

INT. POLICE BUILDING. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

- The office. Kelsey follows close behind as Mike starts to collect some files from his desk and placing them in a box. Kelsey approaches, gently touching his shoulder.

KELSEY

I'll call you as soon as we hear anything.

Mike picks up his file box.

MIKE
I won't hold my breath.

He turns and exits.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Gary enters the basement carrying a tray with two bowls on it. He squats down and places a bowl in front of Lauren.

GARY
You alright, momma?

In spite of her discomfort she smiles back.

Gary kisses her on the top of the head.

He places Abby's bowl in front of her. He looks closely at her, fishing something out of his pocket. He takes her quivering hand and places four discolored Skittles candies in the palm.

GARY
I forgive you.

Abby can't look at him. He folds her palm shut around the candy. He stands and finally moves towards the stairs.

GARY
Brittany - you're eating with me tonight.

As Gary leaves, Brittany can barely contain her excitement.

ABBY (O.S.)
(softly)
I'm sorry daddy.

Gary stops dead in his tracks. He returns to Abby who now looks up at him, completely broken. All signs of resistance have deserted her.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(child-like, crying softly)
I didn't mean to mess up. I promise I won't do it again.

Gary looks at her deeply for a few moments before he squats down in front of her.

GARY

And I'm sorry too. I hate arguing
like that.

Abby pulls the bowl towards her and starts to eat, her eyes never leaving his. She swallows chunks of scalp and hair without missing a beat.

Gary smiles lovingly at her compliance.

GARY (CONT'D)

'Atta girl.

Gary touches her cheek, gently patting at her tears, then leaves.

Abby continues to eat.

INT. MIKE'S GARAGE. LATE AFTERNOON, DARKENING SKIES

A roller door comes up. Mike's car pulls in. The door closes behind him. Mike kills the headlights and sits alone in the darkness.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM

A light comes on. Tony looks into the mirror at the deep muzzle bruise under his chin.

He tentatively switches his cell phone back on. It BEEPS - "2 Unread Messages". He nervously opens the first -

INSERT 100% CELL PHONE SCREEN:

TONY

*C'mon, man. How often do you get
to tap a hooker for free?*

TONY opens the next message. It is a PHOTO OF A DARK-SKINNED BABY BOY. The caption reads:

I think he has your eyes.

Tony slumps back on the toilet seat and slowly starts to shake, then breaks down completely.

BRITTANY (O.S.)

Didn't take long to break you,
did it new fish?

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Most other girls took at least a week.

Abby has finished eating and is now staring off vacantly.

Lauren is on her mattress, holding her stomach, breathing heavily.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
You're just a little pussy after all, aren't you?

Abby smiles sadly and nods her head slightly.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
A pussy and a cripple - it's fucking pathetic. No wonder it's me he's taking upstairs tonight.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE KITCHEN

Gary places a seasoned chicken in the oven. On the bench is an array of food mid-preparation; corn on the cob, grits, biscuits - a southern smorgasbord.

INT. MIKE'S GARAGE

Mike takes out a set of keys and unlocks a heavy steel door.

A light comes on as the gun cabinet opens, revealing a serious array of weapons.

He takes his service revolver and badge and places them both in the cabinet.

SHELLY (O.S.)
You ever planning on coming inside?

Mike turns to find Shelly standing in the doorway to the house. Wearing a dressing gown and slippers, the signs of exhaustion are visible in her every movement.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Jed wants you to help him with his homework.

MIKE

(without looking at her)
I'll be up in a little while.

Shelly lingers for a few moments, before leaving, closing the door behind her.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Brittany is preening herself in the reflection of the steel blade of the drop-saw, running her fingers through her lank, matted hair.

BRITTANY

You see, while I'm eating fried chicken and drinking wine, I'll probably tell Daddy that you're not really sorry at all.

Abby's staring vacantly at the ground near where the PORTABLE CD PLAYER sits at the base of the workbench.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

And that you told me that you hated him and never want to be part of this family. You'll probably have to be replaced.

Slowly Abby leans over and touches the CD player, toying with the volume knob.

Brittany sees this in the reflection and turns on her.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

(incredulous)
Oh...my...god - you are so fucked. You know you can't touch his things. Oh, he's gonna hear 'bout this.

Abby looks up at Brittany, smiles, then HITS PLAY on the machine.

Loud country music BOOMS out, instantly filling the room with NOISE and PANIC.

Gary plugs the electrical cord into the wall socket then jams the stripped end through a hole into the water below.

Brittany's feet stick out the end of the hole, and convulse violently as the work-lamp flickers overhead.

Brittany lets out an INHUMAN SCREAM as Gary shoves it in one more time.

Out of breath, Gary drops to his knees, staring through the hole in the ply-board.

GARY (CONT'D)

Time's up.

Gary is poised for one final assault when a voice breaks through.

ABBY (O.S.)

Daddy!

Gary spins furiously towards Abby who sits like a rag-doll on her mattress.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(simply)

Forget about her.

She then turns around so that she's facing the wall.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I get it now. I do. I want to.

The cocktail of violence and sexual excitement freezes Gary for a moment. He's panting heavily.

He drops the cord and slowly makes his way over to Abby and starts to unbuckle his belt.

TIGHT ON Abby's face - awash with tears but set with a steely look of determination.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Babies are made out of love.

INT. MIKE'S GARAGE

Mike has a .44 bullet in a vice on his bench. He takes a hammer and chisel and starts to GENTLY TAP the end of the round, cross-scarring the head.

INT. POLICE STATION. EVENING

Kelsey puts on her jacket and scarf, and kills her desk lamp.

She makes her way towards the door when her desk phone BUZZES - in house.

STEVE
(on the intercom)
Kelsey - if you're still here -
there's a Tony Jackson on line
one.

Kelsey returns to her desk and stares at the phone for a beat before picking up.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby is lying in a dishevelled heap on the concrete floor.

GARY (O.S.)
This looks like your size, right?

Gary is adjusting his belt while standing in front of a broken down closet, filled with an assortment of women's clothes. He is holding a white dress up to the light.

Abby looks up from the concrete floor, confused.

Gary looks to the pit where Brittany's legs are still twitching.

GARY (CONT'D)
Brittany's gonna have to take a
rain check. You're eating with me
tonight. You just earned it. I'll
pick you up at 8.

He hangs the dress on her chair and exits.

INT. POLICE STATION

KELSEY
(into the phone)
Okay, okay, slow down...Alright -
where are you right now?...No no,
Tony- you'll be safe there, we'll
be right over.

Kelsey hangs up. She starts to dial a number on her cell as she leaves.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Pick up, damnit.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. EVENING

Shelly stands at a window, staring down at the garage where Mike is still working. The space in between seems unbreachable.

She reaches over and kills a side light. The window goes dark.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby is trying to clean her face with a dirty rag.

Lauren MOANS in the corner - it's now clear she's going into labor.

Abby gingerly pulls the dress down off the hanger. The wire coat hanger dangles on the chain.

INT. MIKE'S GARAGE. EVENING

Mike is aggressively backing his car out of the garage when he's forced to suddenly jam on the breaks.

Lit red by the glow of his tail lights, Kelsey stands in the middle of his driveway.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

A car horn on the street drags Tony over to the terrace. He peers out from behind the curtain. The street is dark and empty.

He checks his watch.

INT. MIKE'S CAR. NIGHT

Mike is driving recklessly through freeway traffic, oblivious to the appalling driving conditions.

KELSEY
 You wanna slow down a little,
 Mike? He's not going anywhere...

Mike slows down marginally.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 I mean he's waiting for us - he
 wants to talk. Said he can't do
 it anymore. Take this exit.

EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

Mike's car barrels down the freeway exit ramp into grid-
 locked surface road traffic.

INT. MIKE'S CAR. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

MIKE
 Fuck! Fuck!

Mike hits the SIRENS and leans on the HORN, trying to prise
 his way through the mass of cars.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby is now cleaned up as best she can, sitting in the glow
 of the over-head work-lamp, wearing the white dress. Her
 head is cocked as if she's listening for noise upstairs.

NOTHING.

The SILENCE is broken by Lauren's anguished MOANS.

EXT. BUFFALO STREET OUTSIDE TONY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Mike's car rounds the corner, pulling up in front of Tony's
 apartment.

Mike and Kelsey jump out and head up the stairs.

KELSEY
 Apartment 4D.

They enter through the front doors into -

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT. LOBBY. CONTINUOUS

The sombre lobby.

The lift is on its way down.

Kelsey steals a quick glance at Mike. He's already drawn his gun, holding it close to his side, gripping the handle tight.

The lift door DINGS open.

Mike piles in as a GUY wearing a red baseball cap and hooded sweater steps out past them. Kelsey clocks him before stepping into the lift.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR.

Mike and Kelsey step out of the lift and make their way down the corridor to 4D. Mike KNOCKS. No answer.

KELSEY

Tony - it's Detective Walker.

She tries the doorknob. It turns in her hand. Kelsey now unhooks the safety on her holster.

KELSEY

We're coming in.

Mike pushes ahead through the open door into the darkened apartment. He hits the lights revealing a small but ordered studio.

Quiet, but for a strange CREAKING SOUND.

Kelsey goes left and checks the bathroom. Empty.

Mike heads towards the back of the apartment and the open terrace door.

The strange CREAKING SOUND gets louder.

Kelsey joins him on the terrace.

KELSEY

I don't understand...

Another CREAK. Mike follows the sound towards his feet, seeing a heavy tow-rope attached to the railing, rubbing gently against the metal.

He leans out over the edge to find Tony, one story below, swinging by his neck.

MIKE
Jesus Christ!

Kelsey doesn't respond. Mike spins to see she is staring fixedly back into the apartment. He follows her gaze.

Crudely scrawled in lipstick on the sliding glass terrace doors are 5 chilling words -

They're my family now. Forever.

And a downward pointing arrow.

At the base of the arrow is a book.

KELSEY
Mike, wait -

Trembling, Mike opens the book.

It's Gary's FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM. All the photos of Gary have been removed, leaving only the pictures and driver's licenses of the abducted girls. He turns the pages, one by one, until he turns the final page.

Abby's horrified face stares back at him.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. BATHROOM

Standing in front of his bathroom mirror, Gary pulls his hooded sweater back and removes his red baseball cap. He places a handgun on the basin.

He reaches over and turns on the shower, then starts to undress.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT.

The place is now a full-blown crime scene. Uniform and plain clothes cops swarm over the apartment.

Mike is in the kitchen, maniacally emptying out the contents of the drawers as Kelsey tries to pull him away.

KELSEY

Mike, c'mon. Forensics are here for this. Let them do their work. You're gonna screw up the entire crime scene.

MIKE

There's gotta be something.

- as he tears out another drawer.

KELSEY

Mike!

Two CSI's step in and gently wrestle Mike against the kitchen wall.

CSI # 1

Detective, please, you gotta calm down.

MIKE

Get the fuck off me -

CSI # 2

(to Kelsey)

You wanna get him out of here please?

KELSEY

Mike, come on. Let's get some fresh air.

The CSI's release their hold on Mike, who straightens himself up before being guided out of the room by Kelsey.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

The sound of KEY IN A LOCK. Abby looks up as the door above opens and Gary descends the stairs, now dressed in a cheap tux with his hair slicked back, carrying the cordless drill. SOFT MUSIC can be heard from above.

GARY

Sorry I'm late.

Abby flinches at the sight of the drill. But Gary simply uses it to remove the shackles on her hands. He then places handcuffs around her ankles.

GARY (CONT'D)

Allow me.

He then scoops her up in his arms and starts to mount the stairs into -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

The kitchen. The crappy table has been transformed into a candle-lit setting for two. It's all a little awkward, like someone's idea of romance who's never actually experienced it - plastic plates, knives and forks, a cheap bottle of wine in a plastic container of ice and soft COUNTRY MUSIC on the stereo.

Gary places Abby down into her seat. He straightens up and takes a long look at her. Abby smiles nervously.

ABBY

It's like we're on a date.

GARY

You look real pretty. Now if you're good tonight, I might even take you to the trophy room.

Abby nods and smiles.

Gary moves over to the stove and looks inside.

With his back to her, Abby is suddenly alert, casing the room. The drapes are all drawn, the back door locked.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hope you like Cajun chicken - one of my specialties.

She touches the tip of the plastic fork, which bends uselessly in her hands.

ABBY

I love anything southern.

She notices the BOTTLE OPENER on the far side of the table, its sharp corkscrew glinting in the candle-light.

With Gary still occupied with the chicken, she gently leans forward, trying desperately not to let the handcuffs on her ankles rattle. She reaches further, almost there when -

CLINK -

The sound of the CHAINS SHIFTING causes Gary to spin suddenly to find Abby has picked up the wine and is reading the label.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 (with girlish
 enthusiasm)
 We gonna get drunk tonight Daddy?

Gary closes the oven and returns to the table. He takes the wine from Abby, picking up the opener as he does.

GARY
 (enjoying the moment)
 We got ourselves a wild one here.

EXT. TONY'S APARTMENT. STREET FRONT

Mike is sitting in the center of the stoop while the crime scene buzzes around him.

Kelsey is off to one side, on the phone.

KELSEY
 (into the phone)
 There's no trace of them here
 Chief...We've got nothing...The
 only guy who knows is swinging on
 a tow-rope from the
 balcony...Right.

CSI # 1 (O.S.)
 Detective, you may want to take a
 look at this...

Kelsey turns to see CSI # 1 standing in the doorway.

KELSEY
 Chief, I gotta go.

As Kelsey hangs up, Mike jumps up and approaches CSI # 1 who is holding a cell phone. Kelsey moves quickly towards him.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 Relax Mike, I got it.

But Mike has already taken it.

CSI # 1
 Found it on the deceased. Just
 hit play.

Mike does, and the FOOTAGE OF LAUREN BEING RAPED BY TONY
 starts to play.

CSI # 1 (CONT'D)
 It's from his in-box - there's a
 whole bunch of others, all from
 the same number.

Mike scrolls to the next message -

c u @ work. lets sort this out

MIKE
 Holy shit. I don't think this was
 suicide. I think this was house-
 cleaning...

Kelsey tries to process this information. She pulls out her
 cell as Mike takes his and dials a number -

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Steve - get me a proximate trace
 on the following number.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN

Gary removes his jacket and places it on the back of the
 chair. He sits and clears his throat, raising his glass to
 make a toast when Abby cuts him off.

ABBY
 Can I?

Gary smiles and nods.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 To family.

The wine glasses CLINK. Gary smiles proudly.

From the living room, the house phone RINGS. Gary looks
 off, a little concerned.

GARY
 Hold that thought.

He makes his way into the living room.

Once he's left, Abby continues to frantically scan the room.

Her eyes eventually fall on Gary's jacket, draped over the back of the chair. A small flash of silver can be seen poking out of the outside pocket.

With a final look to the living room, she starts to edge around the table towards the jacket.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE LIVING ROOM.

Gary picks up the phone.

GARY
(into the phone)
Hello?

Beat.

He pulls at his bow tie.

INT. MIKE'S CAR / POLICE STATION. **INTERCUT** . CONTINUOUS

STEVE
(into the phone)
The cell company's telling me I
need to fulfil all kinds of
privacy protocols.

MIKE
(increasingly agitated)
Fuck the protocols. That's an
order.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN

At full extension, Abby reaches out and grabs hold of the silver tip - the aerial of Gary's cell phone. She slowly pulls it from the jacket pocket.

Holding her breath, she flips it open.

It is powered down.

FUCK.

With trembling fingers, she hits the power button. The power-up tone starts to RING OUT. She jams the phone under her armpit to mute the sound.

She freezes, craning her neck to hear if she's been busted.

Gary's MUFFLED VOICE continues from the other room.

She takes the phone and dials a number.

She holds the phone to her ear.

INT. MIKE'S CAR.

Mike is on hold as he trawls the file box from the back seat of his car.

He suddenly hears a BEEPING in his ear and looks at the screen of his cell phone - "Incoming Call". He looks at the number and freezes.

IT'S THE NUMBER HE IS TRYING TO TRACE.

He frantically hits call waiting and the second call connects.

MIKE
(into the phone)
Hello? -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

A hand suddenly reaches in and takes the phone from Abby. Gary places it to his ear -

MIKE (O.S.)
Who the fuck is this? Please -

- then kills the call, a look of supreme disappointment on his face.

GARY
I think your Daddy's a little
busy right now...

Abby swings her other hand and jams the CORK-SCREW deep into Gary's shoulder.

Gary recoils against the bench.

Abby goes to run, but almost instantly falls to the floor, the handcuffs digging into her ankles.

Gary grabs Abby by the hair, lifting her off the ground, slamming her into the bench as he drags her over to the basement door.

Abby scrambles around under her dress. Strapped to her leg with the dirty rag is the WIRE COAT HANGER, now twisted into a makeshift weapon.

She plunges it deep into Gary's cheek. It comes out the other side.

He BELLOWS in pain as he stumbles back, desperately trying to remove it.

INT. MIKE'S CAR / POLICE STATION. **INTERCUT**

Mike is now screaming down the phone line.

 MIKE
 (into the phone)
 I just had him on the line! Make
 the fucking trace!

Steve has the cell phone relay site up, streaming live.

 STEVE
 (into the phone)
 Okay, okay - the call took its
 first bounce off of the relay
 tower on the I-95 near the Hollow
 Drive overpass.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Abby is desperately trying to crawl into the next room when Gary reaches her. He takes her once again by the hair, dragging her across the kitchen floor. He opens the basement door and hurls Abby down the darkened stairs then slams the door shut, locking it top and bottom.

INT. MIKE'S CAR / POLICE STATION. **INTERCUT** . CONTINUOUS

Mike runs his finger down the transcript index of the addresses of all the hospital workers they've interviewed in relation to their investigation of Tony.

Finally his finger stops moving: GARY GEMEAUX - 2051 HOLLOW
DRIVE, BUFFALO.

STEVE
(into the phone)
What the fuck's he doing calling
you, Mike -

But Mike has already hung up as Kelsey gets into the car.
She looks at the address index on Mike's lap.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(off the look)
We got him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TONY'S APARTMENT

Mike's car PEELS OUT and speeds off down the road.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE KITCHEN.

With blood pouring from the holes in his cheek, Gary
removes the cork-screw from his arm, then kills all the
lights.

The house is plunged into darkness, but for the flickering
candles on the table.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT

Abby regains consciousness at the base of the stairs. The
fall has really knocked her around.

From the corner, a GUT-WRENCHING CRY draws her attention.

Lauren is lying in a pool of liquid. Her water has broken.

INT. MIKE'S CAR. OUTSIDE 2051 HOLLOW DRIVE

Mike pulls the car up outside Gary's house. The street is
deserted. He reaches inside his jacket and produces his non
police-issue handgun, checking it quickly.

KELSEY
(trying to think
straight)

KELSEY(cont'd)

Hang on Mike - what the hell are we doing? Let's think this through.

MIKE
What's to think about?

KELSEY
Fuck - I dunno. *Standard procedure*? I mean we haven't even phoned it in.

MIKE
(terrifyingly calm)
So phone it in.

Mike opens the door and gets out.

Kelsey scrambles out of the car and tries to reason with him one last time.

KELSEY
Listen - we go through that door without a warrant and we risk the entire fucking case. Is that what you want?

Mike considers this for a second.

MIKE
I want my daughter back.

Mike pushes past her towards the darkened house.

Kelsey is left standing by the car as Mike stealthily approaches the house.

Realizing there's no backup, she follows him through the gate up onto the front porch. Kelsey signals she'll take the back.

Kelsey moves silently down the side of the house as she draws and preps her weapon. As she rounds the back corner of the house, she hears the sound of BREAKING GLASS as -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM. CONTINUOUS

- Mike eases his way in through the broken window. The house is dark, with only slivers of streetlight breaking through the heavy drapes. He flicks on his flashlight as -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. BACK ROOM. CONTINUOUS

- Kelsey makes her way through the back room, her flashlight playing over the walls.

It illuminates a cork board on the wall - an OFFICIAL DMV TRANSCRIPT is pinned to the board with names and licence plate numbers highlighted.

Next to it is a print out of the SEX OFFENDERS DATABASE.

Next to them is a PHOTO OF CRYSTAL AND ANOTHER HOOKER with an "X" through the middle. The word "COP" is scribbled on both.

Through the hallway, she sees flashes of Mike's light from the other end of the house.

She makes her way through the kitchen, where the candles are still flickering, casting an eerie light over the untouched dinner setting.

She pushes deeper into the house, meeting Mike at the base of a set of stairs. She gestures to him that she'll sweep the ground floor.

Mike slowly takes the stairs up.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT.

Abby, now at Lauren's side, is trying to comfort her as best she can. Deep in labor, Lauren lets out another ANGUISHED SCREAM.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Kelsey freezes at Lauren's MUTED SCREAMS coming from below. She approaches the basement door, clocking the heavy locks top and bottom.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Mike mounts the stairs and finds himself at the end of a long hallway. His breathing is coming hard and fast. Two doors to the left and one at the far end, all closed.

Pausing to collect himself, he places his hand on the door knob of the first one. He turns it slowly, then flings it open suddenly, gun and flashlight drawn.

A shallow closet stares back at him. The shelves are lined with cell phones, purses, make-up and women's shoes, all meticulously arranged and ordered.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. DOWNSTAIRS. CONTINUOUS

Unable to open the locked basement door, Kelsey has made her way across the room to another closed door.

She can hear the faint sounds of FOOTSTEPS on the hardwood floor above.

She places her hand on the door knob and silently turns it.

INT. DARKENED ROOM. CONTINUOUS

From the inside the door slowly eases open. In the gap we can see Kelsey's face lit by an eerie green glow, listening to a soft RHYTHMIC BEEPING AND HISSING sound coming from within.

We now see what she sees -

The glow of her flashlight illuminates banks of Perspex humidi-cribs, floor to ceiling all along one wall, attached to a series of green-screened medical monitoring devices, oxygen tanks and respirators.

The room resembles a TWISTED HUMAN GREENHOUSE.

Kelsey pushes further into the room. She shines her light into the first crib - a TINY NEW-BORN BABY BOY lies sleeping, oblivious.

She approaches the next crib - a BABY GIRL this time - slightly older, also asleep.

Checking over her shoulder, she approaches the next crib. Inside, a DARK-SKINNED BABY BOY, maybe two years old, way too big for the crib, is lying still.

Kelsey shines the light on its face. The Baby's eyes spring open as it JAMS ITS LITTLE HAND against the Perspex cover.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Mike is bracing himself outside the second door when he hears a faint sound on the other side. He places his ear against the door -

The sound of HEAVY BREATHING, and a FAINT SCRATCHING against the door on the other side.

Adjusting the grip on his weapon, he takes hold of the door knob and flings it open.

GARY'S ROTTWEILER EXPLODES OUT AT MIKE, lunging at his face, knocking him to the ground, sending his gun skidding across the floorboards.

Mike is now on his back, with the massive dog snapping at his throat. Its teeth plunge deep into the flesh of his shoulder. It bares its teeth and goes for Mike's throat when -

THUMP! -

Mike brings his heavy flashlight crashing down on the dog's skull, knocking it out cold.

Mike crawls out from under the dog, retrieving his gun, pressing himself hard against the wall.

Struggling to regain control of his breathing, he finally eases himself off the wall and into the second room, gun first.

In the glow of his flashlight, the room is revealed; all four walls are covered with floor to ceiling shelves, bursting with toys of every description. Many are still in their wrapping.

A play pen sits in the middle of the room.

He backs out into -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

- The hallway and starts to make his way slowly towards the final door at the end.

As he moves towards the door, something shifts behind him at the other end of the corridor.

Barely visible in the darkness, a panel has dropped from the ceiling, and a pair of legs are silently lowered into view.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

Lauren is now in the throes of actually giving birth. Abby is positioned between her legs, whispering instructions.

ABBY
Come on Lauren. Push. That's
right. It's coming.

The floor around them is slick with blood.

INT. GARY'S BEDROOM

Mike has entered the far room. His torchlight illuminates the austere surroundings and single bed.

The sound of a car door SLAMMING drags his attention to the window and the view of the street below.

Kelsey is moving quickly from the car back towards the house.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

The door at the end of the hall is open. Mike's torchlight is playing around the room.

In the foreground, the dark silhouette is moving silently towards the room, the outline of a gun clearly visible.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. BASEMENT

Lauren HOWLS. Abby is covered in blood.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. DOWNSTAIRS. CONTINUOUS

Lauren's MUTED SCREAMS cut through as Kelsey, breathing hard, stands at the base of the stairwell, looking up.

KELSEY
(sotto voce)
Mike?...Mike?

SILENCE.

She moves up a step when -

BANG! BANG!

TWO SHOTS RING OUT from overhead.

Kelsey takes the steps two at time until she hits the -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

- Upstairs hallway. The far door is open.

She tentatively moves towards it, her knuckles white with the grip on her gun.

KELSEY

Mike! Mike!

With a last intake of breath, she breaches the doorway into-

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

- Gary's bedroom. She flashes her light frantically around the room.

Then she sees it.

Slumped into the far corner of the room is Gary, his chest already heavy with blood from two massive bullet wounds. His breathing is labored, a gun still limp in his hand.

Gary looks into her flashlight as blood trickles from the holes in his cheeks, flashing an almost imperceptible smile.

She shines her light around the rest of the room til it finds Mike, who is crouched in the other corner, jammed between the head of the bed and the wall, wide-eyed, gun smoking.

KELSEY

(to Mike)

You okay?

Mike nods.

Kelsey approaches the wounded Gary with extreme caution, standing on his wrist as she takes his gun.

KELSEY
 (quietly to Gary)
 It's over now.

Mike lowers his gun.

MIKE
 Did you find Abby?

KELSEY
 She's okay. She's downstairs.

Upon hearing this Mike starts to SOB in relief.

Kelsey takes Gary's gun and SHOTS MIKE IN THE CHEST.

Mike recoils against the wall, a look of utter incomprehension on his face as his shirt is flooded with blood.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 Blood is thicker than water,
 Mike.

For the first time, Kelsey's voice reveals a HINT OF A SOUTHERN ACCENT.

IN A SERIES OF ULTRA-RAPID FLASHBACKS:

1. Kelsey manically cutting happy families from magazines.
2. Mike and Kelsey in the car.

KELSEY
 I've been here three years now,
 and we've been working this case
 almost the entire time - I'm as
 close to this as you are.

3. Kelsey entering the diner with Mike.

KELSEY
 ...this fuckin' guy's starting to
 scare me. He's got access to DMV
 records? What else has he got?

FLASH-CUT of the cork board in GARY'S kitchen - the DMV records, Databases and PHOTOS of the undercover cops/hooks.

4. Kelsey in the kitchen on the phone at Mike's house after Abby's gone missing. Casually making a cup of tea.

KELSEY
 (into the phone)
 It's Mike's daughter.

We now hear the other side of the conversation.

Gary's at his house on the home phone.

GARY
 (into the phone)
 Shit.

KELSEY
 I know.

GARY
 What d'ya want me to do?

KELSEY
 I don't know, I'll get back to
 you.

Kelsey re-enters Abby's bedroom with the cups of tea.

KELSEY
 I just phoned it through to the
 precinct..

5. Mike glowers at Tony in the HOSPITAL OFFICE.

Through the window we see Kelsey conferring with the Registrar at the nurses' station outside.

We now hear the conversation that Mike can't:

KELSEY
 Is there somewhere we can eat
 round here? Totally skipped
 breakfast.

The Registrar nods and checks her watch.

REGISTRAR
 There's the cafeteria - they're
 probably still serving breakfast.

KELSEY
 Great.

Kelsey returns to the office.

KELSEY
It checks out. He was here all
night.

6. Kelsey on the phone with Tony from the POLICE BUILDING.

KELSEY
(into the phone)
No no, Tony- you'll be safe
there, we'll be right over.

Kelsey hangs up. She starts to dial a number on her cell as
she leaves.

KELSEY
Pick up, damnit.

FLASH TO the elevator opens.

Mike piles in as a GUY wearing a red baseball cap and
hooded sweater steps out past them.

Kelsey clocks him before stepping into the lift.

For an instant, their eyes lock.

7. ON THE STREET OUTSIDE TONY'S HOUSE.

MIKE
Holy shit. I don't think this was
suicide. I think this was house-
cleaning...

Kelsey tries to process this information. She pulls out her
cell.

Only this time, we stay with her as Mike moves off.

In his living room, Gary picks up the phone.

GARY
(into the phone)
Hello?

After a beat, he pulls at his bow tie.

8. Mike and Shelly preparing the Thanksgiving dinner.

SHELLY

Tell me, what guy wants to get into a relationship with a thirty year old woman who can't have kids?

MIKE

Not everyone needs kids to be happy, honey.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GARY'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Mike limply tries to raise his gun.

KELSEY PUMPS ONE MORE ROUND INTO HIS CHEST.

Kelsey wipes Gary's brow, smoothing the hair off his face.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Shhh, it's okay. I'm gonna take good care of our family. You've done real good.

Kelsey props Gary up against a side table and tries to make him as comfortable as possible.

On the table next to his head is a POLAROID PHOTO of the two small children from the flashbacks sitting on the stoop of the truck-stop diner.

Kelsey tucks the photo into her pocket.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Babies are made out of love, little brother.

She kisses Gary but he's already dead.

Mike GURGLES SOFTLY in the corner.

Kelsey chokes back her tears as she wipes her prints off Gary's gun and places it back in his hand.

Holding Gary's hand, she squeezes his finger on the trigger, pumping a final round into Mike's chest.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN

CLOSE UP of locks being blown off.

Kelsey throws open the door, flashlight and gun at the ready. She descends the stairs into -

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. THE BASEMENT. CONTINUOUS

- the basement.

The flashlight dances around the basement until it stops.

Caught in its spotlight are Abby and Lauren sitting in a pool of crimson blood. Abby turns to squint at the source of the light.

In Abby's arms lies a bloody new-born baby. It lets out its first, FEEBLE CRY.

VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze! Don't fuckin' move!

Kelsey stops dead. Over her shoulder dance a series of flashlights and red laser beads as cops swarm the house.

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

Drop your weapon!

Without taking her eyes off the newborn baby, Kelsey raises her hands.

KELSEY

It's okay. I'm Buffalo PD.
Get a medic in here now.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. DOWNSTAIRS

SWAT teams swarm through the house. Flashlights illuminate the scene.

SWAT # 1 (O.S.)

Holy shit. Captain?

INT. GARY'S HOUSE. CRECHE. CONTINUOUS

SWAT # 1 is standing in front of the bank of Perspex humidicribs and respirators.

In the background, we can hear the sound of SEVERAL MONITORS FLAT-LINING.

His Captain joins him from another room.

CAPTAIN
What the fuck is this?

His flashlight illuminates the rest of the room. The entire back wall and ceiling are PLASTERED WITH MAGAZINE CUT-OUTS of happy families and bouncing babies.

Their flashlights play over the bank of cribs.

Just as before, **only now they're all empty** .

EXT. OUTSIDE GARY'S HOUSE. CRIME SCENE

The street is filled with SIRENS and flashing lights.

Kelsey is sitting on the tailgate of an ambulance, being checked over by a PARAMEDIC.

PARAMEDIC
Look up for me.

In her periphery she sees Gary's body being wheeled out on a gurney, covered with a sheet. She tries to look.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
And to your left.

A radio on the Paramedic's hip cranks to life.

PARAMEDIC 2
(shaken voice on the
radio)
Jesus - there's one down here in
the basement in some kind of pit.
Looks like she's still alive.
Send down the trauma unit stat.

PARAMEDIC
Now look into the light.

KELSEY'S POV. The light shines straight into her eyes. The entire screen WHITES OUT.

EXT. TRUCK STOP. **FLASHBACK**

The Boy is feverishly petting the cat as the Waylon Jennings plays inside the truck-stop. The cat is now perfectly still.

The MUSIC STOPS, then after a few moments the door SCRAPES OPEN, RINGING the bell as it does, revealing the greasy Mechanic readjusting his belt buckle.

He looks down at the Boy squatting on the stoop. The Boy looks up the Mechanic.

LITTLE BOY

Is that how you make a family,
Uncle Dwight?

MECHANIC

You're such a retard, Gary.

The Mechanic spits onto the snow.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Babies are made out of love.

The Mechanic starts to walk off towards the grease shed. Over his shoulder -

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Go clean your sister up, boy.

Young Gary stands, releasing the cat from his grip. But rather than run off, the cat falls lifelessly onto the snow.

Young Kelsey emerges into the light of the doorway. Young Gary looks like he might cry at any moment. Her face is completely blank.

Finally, she reaches out and takes Gary's hand, gripping it tight.

They stand in silence as the snow falls.

PARAMEDIC 2 (O.S.)

(over the two-way radio)

This one's in a real bad way. I
need defibs down here right away.

EXT. OUTSIDE GARY'S HOUSE. CRIME SCENE. **PRESENT DAY**

The Paramedic hustles back into the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC
You alright here for a second?

Kelsey nods as the Paramedic heaves equipment onto a trolley and heads towards the house, leaving her sitting alone on the tailgate.

She looks up as a team of COPS and PARAMEDICS emerge from the house, pushing a gurney with Abby lying on top.

Abby turns her head and locks eyes with Kelsey. Though in shock, she still manages a faint smile of thanks.

Kelsey stares back, then looks to the sky at the falling snow.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE. CLEAR WINTER'S MORNING

The front door opens. Jed sprints out into the snow, threatening to ruin his little black suit. Behind him, Shelly holds the door open for Abby, who navigates the doorway on crutches. Their black dresses stand out against the pure white of the snow.

Off screen a PHONE RINGS.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Through the window, Shelly, Abby and Jed make their way to the waiting black town car.

On the table in front of the window, the ANSWERING MACHINE kicks in.

ABBY
*You've called the Fletcher's.
Please leave a message.*

BEEP.

KELSEY'S VOICE (O.S.)
*Hey. It's me. You're probably
already on your way by now.*

KELSEY'S VOICE(cont'd)

*I'm just ringing to apologize for
not being there - I
just...couldn't. I hope you
understand.*

EXT. ISOLATED HIGHWAY. CONTINUOUS

A car speeds along the deserted road.

KELSEY (O.S.)
*I know this is an awful way to
say goodbye, but I really wanted
y'all to know that you're pretty
much the only real family I ever
knew.*

INT. KELSEY'S CAR. ISOLATED HIGHWAY. CONTINUOUS

Kelsey is on the phone as she drives.

KELSEY
(into the phone)
But for me, it's time to move on.
Maybe even try and raise a family
of my own.

As she speaks, the CAMERA tracks down the side of the car
to slowly reveal the backseat where -

THREE BABIES - two white, one dark-skinned - are strapped
into baby seats. They are all wearing hand-knitted, BLACK
AND YELLOW BOOTIES.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go back to my roots -
see if I can't start afresh.
Clean the slate. I'll miss you
guys more than I can say.

She hangs up.

EXT. ISOLATED HIGHWAY TRUCK-STOP

The car pulls to a halt at the Truck-stop. The truck-stop
door opens. The bell TINKLES. COUNTRY MUSIC spills out.

A man steps out into the cold. Although much older, we
clearly recognize him as the MECHANIC FROM THE FLASHBACKS.

INT. KELSEY'S CAR

MECHANIC (O.S.)
Howdy ma'am. What can I do you
for?

Kelsey places the phone on the front seat, next to the
POLAROID PHOTO of she and Gary as children.

And right next to her GUN.

THE END.