

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF CHARLES ABERNATHY

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RED.

It drip-drip-drips onto parchment.

Too thick to be blood, it's --

WAX.

Pooling on the crease of an envelope. Sealing away something important...

BAM!

A heavy stamp PRESSES into the wax, leaving behind --

An impression. A powerful name:

"ABERNATHY"

CUT TO:

THE SEAL NOW BROKEN.

Perfectly-manicured hands hold what's inside. It looks like an invitation, but it's really --

A MANDATE:

"Your presence is required the night of April 3rd at 6 p.m."

Flipping the card over in his hands, we meet...

CHARLES ABERNATHY JUNIOR, or "C.J." as his friends call him.

Hair perfect. Skin perfect. He's flawless on the outside.

Riding alone in a jet-black limousine, C.J.'s eyes drift out the window...

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ROAD - SUNSET

The vehicle winds its way along a sharp cliff side.

Up ahead --

IMPOSING IRON GATES monogrammed with intricately designed initials: "C.A."

Expecting the limo, the gates open allowing the car access to its...

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY

Pavement cuts a swath down the center of the natural surroundings...

Keeping someone - or something - distant from the rest of the world.

As the limousine reaches its destination, we see...

A MASSIVE ESTATE. A palatial manor looms high at the top of a hill, looking down on the world below.

The driveway rounds in front of the house to join --

TWO MORE ARRIVING LIMOUSINES.

EXT. FRONT STEPS

C.J.'s DRIVER races around the limo. Opens his client's door.

Stepping out, C.J. is surprised to see --

HIS SISTERS.

And their respective drivers unloading numerous bags.

C.J.

The old man called for you too?

At the sight of C.J., KIKI - *as playful as her name suggests* - runs up. Throws her arms around her brother.

He admires her tan.

C.J. (CONT'D)

How was Bangkok?

KIKI

How'd you know I was there?

OLIVIA - C.J.'s fraternal twin and very much his equal in every way - interrupts.

OLIVIA

He saw it on your instagram, Kiki.
Everyone did.

KIKI

Aren't you too old for Instagram?

Ignoring his sister's slight, C.J. looks around.

C.J.
He didn't invite Drew?

Kiki shrugs --

KIKI
Let me text him...

As Kiki pulls out her most-prized possession...

OLIVIA
I'd be surprised if he wasn't here.
He's the favorite child.

KIKI
(looks up)
I thought I was Dad's favorite.

OLIVIA
Trust me - he tells all of us that.
Then he'll pick a new favorite
after he gets what he wants...

KIKI
Mmmm. Jealousy's a bad color on
you, Liv.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DUSK

DREW - *the middle child* - checks his iPhone. He smiles.

DREW
Just got a text from Kiki. Guess
she got the invite too.

Opposite him... HANNAH.

Delightfully NOT from the Abernathy's world, Drew's wife Hannah is a middle-class ray of sunshine to this upper-crust family lineage.

HANNAH
Do you think The Twins are coming?

DREW
I doubt it. Dad would've had to
move Heaven and Earth to get them
away from the office.

Sees the look of concern cross Hannah's otherwise-happy face.

DREW (CONT'D)
Even if they are, it'll be okay.

But Hannah's not convinced... Drew takes her hand.

DREW (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'll protect you from
the ice queen.

HANNAH
No offense, hon, but you're no
match for your sister.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

HEADLIGHTS.

Drew's limousine pulls up. Not waiting for The Driver, Drew
climbs out of the limo.

DREW
You're all here?

C.J.
(holds up the wax-sealed
envelope)
We didn't exactly have a choice.
It's like an edict from The Pope.

DREW
Even still, usually you're all too
busy to come.

OLIVIA
We've been working. Billion-dollar
companies don't run themselves.

DREW
Let's just say it's nice to see all
of you.

Kiki embraces her brother.

KIKI
Drewski!

DREW
Hey Kiki-bell!

They all turn when they hear...

HANNAH
It's an Abernathy Family Reunion!

C.J. looks to a now quietly seething Olivia as...

Kiki bounces over - another big hug for Hannah.

KIKI
Hannah-banana!

HANNAH
Kiki - you look great! Who are you
dating now?

KIKI
The baseball player.

HANNAH
I thought he was a football player.

KIKI
That was last month. I always
switch in-between seasons.

HANNAH
(to everyone)
This is such a surprise. We thought
we were spending your dad's
birthday with just him.

Blank faces from C.J, Olivia and Kiki.

DREW
It's tomorrow. You guys didn't
forget... *did you?*

Even though they clearly did forget--

C.J.
Of course not. That's... why he
called us home.

DREW
Is it? I couldn't get him to tell
me. All we got was that weird
invitation...

Olivia steps in.

OLIVIA
Which you obviously didn't read.
(looks to Hannah)
It said immediate family only.

Drew shifts uneasily as C.J. rescues things --

C.J.

Not that we don't enjoy seeing you,
Hannah. But you know how Father is.

Hannah tries to hide from Olivia's slight with a smile.

HANNAH

No, I get it. I'm crashing.
(changing the subject)
It's funny... I can't remember -
when was the last time the four of
you were all together?

OLIVIA

Mom's funeral.

They all turn to Olivia.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

That was the last time we were all
together.

The group goes quiet. A painful memory met with an unexpected
moment of silence. No one quite sure how to end it...

THEN --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're all here. Excellent.

The Abernathys all turn to find...

MILES HARTMAN - the family lawyer - walking down the front
steps. He checks his watch.

MILES

And right on time.

KIKI

Where's the valet?

MILES

Gregory's not here. I'm afraid
you'll have to carry your own bags.

Kiki eyes her seven-piece travel collection.

KIKI

Oh God.

Drew takes in the massive house... Something's not right.

DREW

Miles - what's with the windows?

Covering every inch of them - IRON BARS.

MILES
Your father had them installed last week.

DREW
Why?

MILES
I think it's best he tells you himself.

CUT TO:

ORNATE DOUBLE DOORS slowly open revealing the...

INT. FOYER

Dropping their luggage on marble floors, the siblings take in their childhood home as a massive and ornate grandfather clock ticks each-and-every second away...

The space is as cavernous as it is opulent.

It's also devoid of the staff needed to run a household of this size...

C.J.
Where's Hollander? Mrs. Chalmers?

KIKI
Yeah, I'm starving. I can use one of her cucumber sandwiches.

Miles moves front-and-center.

MILES
I'm afraid your father has dismissed the staff.

This puzzles the group...

OLIVIA
What? *Why?*
(to C.J.)
Did you know about this?

C.J. shakes his head. Drew interrupts --

DREW
They were here when Hannah and I stopped by last month...

MILES
(to Olivia)
The staff and security were sent
home this morning, Miss Abernathy.
Just for the night.

Concerned, C.J. approaches the lawyer.

C.J.
He sent home the security too?

Miles nods.

MILES
Yes. Everyone.

C.J. and Olivia share a look - their twin senses tingling...
They know something is wrong.

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Miles leads the siblings into Charles Abernathy's private study.

And what a study it is... *fit for a king.*

Photos with royalty, politicians and celebrities dot the walls alongside a priceless art collection.

In the center of it all, the man himself, perched in his desk chair as if it were a leather-bound throne.

CHARLES ABERNATHY.

The sight of his children warms the old man's face.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
You made it.

He slowly gets up to greet them. Hugs. Kisses. Handshakes.

Then he gets to Hannah... Turns to Drew.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I told you to come alone.

His father's gaze forces Drew's eyes to the floor.

The TICK-TOCK TICK-TOCK of the foyer's grandfather's clock has never been louder...

THEN --

HANNAH

Charles, I'm so sorry. It's my fault. I just didn't want to miss your birthday.

Charles melts. Gives her a big hug. It's impossible for him to be mad at Hannah...

From Olivia's glare, we know it's the opposite for her - *she HATES watching her father go soft for his daughter-in-law.*

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Hannah, I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but there's a very good reason I gave my son that direct instruction...

Charles turns to Miles.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Give me some time with my children.

The lawyer nods. Shuts the door to the study as he exits.

Charles leans on his desk. Takes in the sight of his kids.

All together in one room...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Do any of you remember how long it's been since we were all under this roof?

He eyes them...

Lets the guilt marinate.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Two years.

WHAM! Charles SLAMS his fist on his desk--

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

--Two years!

(composes himself)

Can you imagine what your mother would say? How that would've made her feel? How it makes me feel?!

Anticipating the excuses...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

(to C.J. and Olivia)

I know...

(MORE)

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

You both are too busy running my company.

(to Kiki)

You're always jet-setting and selling the fashion line *that I paid for.*

(to Drew)

The only one that ever bothers to come around is Drew! And that's only because the damn Foundation is local! He doesn't have a better excuse!

DREW

Dad, that's not fair!

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Abernathy's don't believe in fair.

Then... Charles softens. Shakes his head.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

But we're here now. All of us. Together.

Composing himself...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

You're probably wondering why I called you all here tonight.

Kiki is the only one that dares to wager a guess.

KIKI

We know, Daddy. *It's your birthday.*

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Yes, tomorrow is my birthday, dear. Seventy-five-years-old... It went by fast, so very fast...

He trails off, drinking in a life well-lived.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

But that's not the reason why.

Off his children's curious looks, Charles continues...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

I called all of you here tonight because... I am going to die.

Curiosity quickly turns to confusion.

C.J.

What?

OLIVIA

Is that why you dismissed the staff?

C.J.

But you can afford the best medical care in the world! Why aren't you in a hospital?

KIKI

Daddy... You look fine!

CHARLES ABERNATHY

I didn't say I was sick.

As the other siblings continue to prod - Drew and Hannah exchange a glance.

They're the only ones who seem genuinely concerned.

Charles raises a hand, silencing his children --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

My private security team has identified some very credible information that there is a price on my head. One that will be collected tonight - by midnight.

Olivia scoffs.

OLIVIA

C'mon, Dad. Sure, the company's got enemies, but I can't believe someone would actually pay to have you killed.

Looks around to her siblings for support.

C.J.

There's a lot better ways to get us all to come home than putting on murder mystery theater.

But Charles remains laser-focused --

CHARLES ABERNATHY

I assure you both, this is not fiction. Not a game.

C.J.
 Then who is it, Dad? The Russians?
 The Chinese? You've got to give us
 something... *Anything*.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I don't know, Junior!

Stunned silence fills the room. Charles *always* has an answer.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 Listen... I'm not a saint. I've
 ruined good people, destroyed their
 lives. All in the name of business.
It could be any one of them.

Finally, someone has the courage to speak up... a voice of
 reason from the most unexpected source --

HANNAH
 If someone is coming to kill you...
 then why send home your security?

Charles points to his daughter-in-law.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
 Now *that* is the first good question
 any of you have asked.

This earns Hannah some serious Abernathy sibling side-eye...

But they're quickly brought back, because - for the briefest
 moment - Charles Abernathy is afraid.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 This threat - *it's real*... And who
 are the only people you can trust
 unconditionally? Family. Your own
 flesh and blood.

With newfound resolution...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
All of you - you're the only ones
that can save me.

Gets down to brass tacks.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 I knew you wouldn't believe me...
 (he stops at the twins)
Especially you two.
 (back to pacing)
 (MORE)

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 So I had Miles take precautions to
 make sure you take this seriously.

At his desk, Charles pulls out a legalese stuffed contract.
 Fumbles with reading glasses.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Damn things...
 (scans the now-readable
 document)
 Oh, where is it... Ah!--
 (reads)
 --The Grantor - that's me - wishes
 to ensure that The Property - my
money - is eventually distributed
 to The Beneficiaries - that's you
four - IF and ONLY IF the following
 terms are met...
 (scans further)
 Then there's a bunch of legal mumbo
 jumbo... And here's the good part--

He puts the contract down. Knows the rest by heart.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 --If The Beneficiaries fail in
 their duty to *protect* The Grantor,
 The Property will INSTEAD be
 distributed to The Abernathy
 Foundation in full.

Seeing his children start to "get it", his smile spreads...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 Meaning - if I'm dead by morning -
 you all get NOTHING.

AN EXPLOSION ERUPTS - rapid fire protests--

DREW
 --What?!--

OLIVIA
 --Are you fucking kidding me!--

C.J.
 --This is insane!--

KIKI
 --Daddy, no!--

With a guttural roar that only a patriarch can summon...

CHARLES ABERNATHY

SHUT UP.

And they do.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Tonight, when I give the word,
Miles will lock us all in.
Together. If I survive the night,
you get your inheritance. If Miles
returns in the morning and I'm
dead... *it all goes to charity.*

Charles looks his children up-and-down.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

You can leave if you want - but I
would advise against it. Your
future is my future. And I intend
to live a very long time.

From the look in his eye...

Whatever is coming...

Charles believes it is real.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Miles waits for the Abernathys at the entrance to the estate.
Charles leads the pack.

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Is everything locked and ready?

MILES

Yes, Mr. Abernathy. To your
specifications. All except the
front door.

Olivia interrupts --

OLIVIA

Is this all really necessary?
Keeping us trapped in here like
prisoners?

CHARLES ABERNATHY

It's not about keeping you in,
Olivia. It's keeping *them* out.

Charles looks past his children toward Hannah...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Hannah, I want you to go with
Miles. You don't have to be here.
Not because of Drew's negligence.

Drew feels that jab.

DREW
He's right. You should go home.

Everyone in the family awaits her decision as Hannah bites
her lip. Weighs the options... Makes her choice.

HANNAH
Charles, if someone is coming for
you, then I want to be here. We
need to stand together...

She looks to everyone --

HANNAH (CONT'D)
...As a family.

Charles takes that in.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Are you sure?

He looks back to Miles, anxiously waiting with keys...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
This is your last chance...

Drew approaches.

DREW
Maybe you should go.

With resolve...

HANNAH
No. I'm staying.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Very well then.

Charles nods to Miles. The lawyer opens the double doors.

MILES
I'll see you in the morning?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I certainly hope so. Goodbye old
friend.

With a THUD and an echoing CLICK and an ELECTRONIC HUM - the Abernathy family is locked inside the house.

Charles turns to his children. His would-be saviors.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
And so it begins...

He heads towards a spiral staircase.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I'll be in my bedroom if you need
me... Why don't you go unpack? *It's
going to be a long night.*

The siblings all share a look - *This is actually happening.*

CUT TO:

ZIIIIIIIIIP. An overnight bag unzips. We're in...

INT. DREW'S OLD BEDROOM - LATER

From how sterile the bedroom now looks, you'd never guess it once belonged to a teenager. It's more like a guest room.

Drew lays out perfectly folded clothes. Feels Hannah's gaze...

DREW
What?

Knees pulled to her chest, Hannah sits in a nearby chair.

HANNAH
Your Dad.

DREW
What about him?

HANNAH
You think all this is real?

Drew lets some clothes hit the bed with a dull THUD.

DREW
I don't know.

HANNAH
Rewriting his will to force you all
to be here is a little extreme.

DREW

That's classic Charles Abernathy.
Always has to be in control. Gives
us just enough of a leash. C.J. and
Olivia with the company. Us and the
Foundation. Kiki and her fashion
line--

HANNAH

(imitating Charles)

--*That I paid for.*

Drew laughs.

DREW

Yeah, well, don't remind her of
that - you don't want to see her
claws come out.

HANNAH

Could she be any worse than Olivia?
She still hates me.

DREW

It's not you. She just wasn't
coddled enough as a child.

HANNAH

Drew, I'm being serious. She's
never been the same since your mom
got sick. I think she still resents
us for being here at the end when
she couldn't.

Resigned...

DREW

Well, that's what gets me. Dad
lumping us in with them. We've
never ignored him. Frankly, we
probably visit too much...

HANNAH

(playfully)

But YOU have one thing to offer him
that they don't.

DREW

And what's that?

HANNAH

An heir to the family name.

Instinctual, both Drew and Hannah's eyes look down to her belly, showing ever-so-slightly.

DREW

The great Charles Abernathy is going to be a grandfather...

With a chuckle.

DREW (CONT'D)

All this murder-talk kinda put a damper on his birthday surprise.

HANNAH

Let's tell him in the morning. There's been enough surprises tonight.

Sensing Drew's reservation...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He's gonna go crazy when he hears. I promise.

DREW

At least he'll finally have to admit I did *something* right.

A quick kiss.

DREW (CONT'D)

What about you? Do you actually think someone's coming to kill him?

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

I think he believes that *someone's* out to get him. He's just doing the only thing he knows how - *pay for loyalty*. Most families love each other, the Abernathys write checks.

That hits Drew hard. *Knows she's right...*

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Hey. Let's go find your pregnant wife something to eat. I'm craving Cheerios - and seafood. And gummy bears.

With a smile, he grabs Hannah's hand. Leads the way to the...

INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY

Drew's door is just one of many lining the seemingly-endless hallway.

As the happy couple makes their way down it...

We realize that our P.O.V. is looking in through a window...

And we can't help but get the sinking feeling that...

DREW AND HANNAH ARE BEING WATCHED.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

POP! Kiki launches a champagne cork across the room. Catches the straight-from-France bubbly in crystal.

Hands near-full glasses to Olivia and C.J.

Kiki holds her drink up for a toast and giggles.

KIKI
To Dad's weird-as-shit birthday.

OLIVIA
And tonight ending sooner rather
than later.

C.J.
Hear, hear.

CLINK! The twins take respectable sips as Kiki chugs.

Interrupting them...

Drew and Hannah spill into the kitchen, laughing.

Reading the somber room, their smiles vanish.

KIKI
Champagne?

The couple share a look. Shake their heads.

DREW
No thanks.

Kiki shrugs. Refills her glass.

KIKI
More for me.

Hannah opens the fridge. Puts a hand on her hip.

HANNAH

We were gonna make something to eat. You guys hungry?

C.J.

I wanted to make a sandwich.

Drew looks to Hannah.

DREW

See? I'm not the only rich kid who doesn't know how to cook.

With a scowl.

C.J.

Excuse me, I trained with Wolfgang Puck and Gordon Ramsay - and even they couldn't make a meal out of what's in there.

HANNAH

He's right... The fridge is practically empty.

Kiki waves the champagne bottle.

KIKI

Except for the booze.

Olivia steps in. Deductive reason taking over.

OLIVIA

This wasn't spur of the moment. Dad's been planning this. Locking us in here. No food. No staff. He really thinks he's going to die...

She points to barred, bay door windows. Past them --

The family crypt.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I hated coming back here for Mom's funeral. The house felt so empty. Like all the life was sucked out...

(back to the siblings)

He may have Mom out there, but now he's literally turned the rest of the house into a tomb.

An uneasy silence settles amongst the group...

C.J. breaks it --

C.J.
And on that morbid note... I highly
doubt anyone's getting through
Dad's security system, but just in
case...

He goes to the knife block and holds it up.

KIKI
I'm the youngest. I get the big
one.

Kiki grabs the Chef's knife. Twirls it like a sword.

KIKI (CONT'D)
So... Who wants to go find Daddy's
mystery killer?

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Footsteps echo down every hall as the armed five-some spill
into the foyer.

Olivia shakes her head.

OLIVIA
I can't believe I left San
Francisco for this.

Taking the last swig directly from the champagne bottle...

KIKI
Uh, at least you don't have major
jet-lag.

OLIVIA
Well, some of us can't afford to be
lounging around the beach all day.
We have real work to do. *Not just*
Facebook.

Kiki gets in her older sister's face.

KIKI
I'm an influencer, Liv. I can't
disappoint my followers. And *nobody*
uses Facebook anymore.

OLIVIA
Whatever you say, princess.

KIKI
Princess?! Passive aggressive much?
 It's not my fault you hate your
 life...

OLIVIA
 Take that back.

KIKI
Or what?

Olivia raises her knife as Drew steps in. Separates them.

DREW
 Whoa! Let's not kill each other.
 C'mon guys. We ALL do important
 stuff. So chill - okay?

With a smug look...

C.J.
 Easy for you to say.

Knowing EXACTLY what C.J.'s getting at....

DREW
 What's THAT supposed to mean?

KIKI
 He means Daddy didn't trust you to
 run anything BUT the charity,
 Drewski.

DREW
 That's not true. He knows what we
 do is important. Helping families
 below the poverty line, senior
 citizens and--

Seeing their family matters about to erupt...

HANNAH
 --Listen to you guys! You haven't
 been in the same room for years and
 you're already fighting like cats-
 and-dogs!

Now chastised, Hannah uses their silence to continue...

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Did you ever stop to think that
 maybe THIS is the reason your Dad
 locked you in here together?
 (MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
To force you to at least TRY to be
a family?

She watches the siblings reactions closely.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Don't you get it? After he's gone,
you're all that's left. Maybe he
doesn't want to see his family torn
apart by sibling rivalries.

Kiki steps up.

KIKI
So what do we do? Hang out by the
fireplace and play Monopoly?

Takes a jab...

KIKI (CONT'D)
Look at us, Hannah. We're
Abernathys. Not some boring, small-
town nothing like you. It'll *never*
happen.

Hannah feels the sting as Kiki waves her empty champagne...

KIKI (CONT'D)
I'm hitting the wine cellar. This
IS still a party, right?

Making damn sure that Hannah's been put in her place --

OLIVIA
Two years away wasn't long enough.

And Olivia walks off in the opposite direction.

Looking for an exit...

C.J.
(to Hannah)
Way to kill the mood.

And C.J. leaves Drew and Hannah alone.

DREW
And that is *exactly* why we were the
family therapist's worst nightmare.

But Hannah doesn't see the humor.

DREW (CONT'D)
They had years and couldn't fix us.
Kiki the brat. C.J. the follower.
Olivia the sociopath.

HANNAH
Then what are you?

DREW
The ill-forgotten middle child!

Drew cracks a smile.

DREW (CONT'D)
Look, Dad's not gonna fix us in one
night. And neither are you. But I
love you for trying.

He rubs Hannah's shoulders.

DREW (CONT'D)
C'mon. Let's go talk to him and see
if we can figure out what's REALLY
going on.

Drew gets a subtle nod from Hannah as we...

CUT TO:

Light BEAMS down a dark stairwell leading to the...

INT. WINE CELLAR

Stairs creaking with each step, Kiki makes her way down to a
collection of bottles that would make any Sommelier jealous.

Kiki flips a light switch. *No power.*

KIKI
Great...

Pulls out her phone. Uses the flashlight to scan the bottles.

We follow her as she moves down row-after-row...

Cabernets, Pinot Noirs, Syrahs.

All the best vineyards. All the best years.

KIKI (CONT'D)
He won't notice if one Rothschild's
missing...

Right as she's about to make her selection --

SLAM. Everything goes PITCH-BLACK.

Kiki looks to the stairs - the cellar door is closed...

KIKI (CONT'D)
Hey! Somebody's down here!

No reply.

THEN - from across the room --

Scratching. Like glass scrapping against wood.

Or wine bottles turning...

Kiki tries to shine her little light into the dark.

KIKI (CONT'D)
Who's there?

The noise STOPS. She waits...

Doesn't see anything out of the ordinary. But...

Grabbing THREE pricey bottles --

KIKI (CONT'D)
Fuck this.

Makes her way back to the steps.

Shoving the wine into one arm, she grabs the door handle --

LOCKED.

And that's when the noise starts back in...

Scratching. Turning. Getting louder. Closer.

Kiki bangs on the door. HARD.

KIKI (CONT'D)
Hey! Somebody open the door!

Right as she's about to put her fist through it --

THE DOOR OPENS.

And Kiki drops one of the bottles!

Catching it, C.J. smiles maliciously.

KIKI (CONT'D)
I should've known.

C.J.
What? Didn't you LOVE to get locked
down there as a kid with all the
rats?

Scans the wine label.

C.J. (CONT'D)
Judging by the haul, it looks like
you might love it even more now.

KIKI
Ha-ha.

Kiki snatches the bottle from her big brother. Blows past.
With her free hand, Kiki gives C.J. the finger as she goes.

C.J.
Hey, I'm not judging! Admitting you
have a problem is the first step!

CUT TO:

A DOOR OPENS. Waiting on the other side... *Charles Abernathy.*

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S BEDROOM

He lets Drew and Hannah into the luxurious master bedroom.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I was wondering how long it would
take for one of you to check on me.

Drew shoves his hands in his pockets. *Where to begin...*

DREW
Look... Dad... I need you to level
with me. What's actually going on?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I already told you. Someone's--

DREW
--Coming to kill you. Yeah. We got
that. But who? Why?

Charles sits on his bed, resigned.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
If I told you who it is, you'd
think I was crazy...

DREW
It's a little late for that.

The patriarch takes that in.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I suppose it is.

Hannah makes a run at him...

HANNAH
What can you tell us? Maybe we can
help.

Charles looks to his daughter-in-law with love.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Oh, Hannah. I wish it were that
simple. I wish I could call the
authorities and make this all go
away. But there are some things
that are beyond our control.

With regret...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Years ago I made a deal. A very bad
business deal. It cost someone
their life. And now... Now I have
to pay the price...

His eyes go dark.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I hope you can stop what's coming.

CUT TO:

STEAM. Rising up from heated water. We're in the...

INT. INDOOR POOL

Kiki nearly overflows a generous pour of Cabernet. Places it
by the pool's edge.

She lets her pool dress fall revealing the bikini body that
made her "Insta-Famous".

She dips her toe in the water. Satisfied it's warm enough, Kiki glides into the shimmering blue pool.

Wades over to her wine. As she takes a big sip... She looks around the echoing space. *It's so empty. So alone.*

Grabbing her iPhone, Kiki takes a sexy pic. Posts it. Lots of emojis. Lots of hashtags.

As Likes flood her phone, Kiki dips beneath the water. Sits on the pool floor. Opens her eyes. *Lost in thought.*

BEHIND HER - bubbles form. Water parts.

Like someone we can't see is stepping into the pool with her.

Coming up for air, Kiki gets a chill. Checks behind her --

The water is perfectly still. *She's all alone.*

Shaking it off... Kiki heads back to her wine. Sees the water move in the reflection of her glass...

KIKI
What the fuck...?

But before she can turn - SOMETHING GRABS HER!

In her shock, the wine glass CRACKS - *cutting her hand.*

Blood SPREADS as whatever has her YANKS her away. The invisible force RIPS her across the pool. Back-and-forth.

Eyes-wide. Water muffles her screams. Gets in her lungs.

SPLASH - SHE'S PULLED UNDER WATER.

Struggling - she tries to kick - hit - whatever it is.

But something holds Kiki down --

PINNING HER BENEATH THE WATER.

She struggles to break free, but it's not long before...

SMACK! Her skull SLAMS against the pool floor.

Her stare goes blank. The fight in her is gone.

As wine spreads from the fallen bottle of Cabernet like a growing puddle of blood, we...

CUT TO:

The ticking of Abernathy's GRANDFATHER CLOCK. The hands moving ever closer to Midnight.

CUT TO:

SMACK! Billiard balls scatter across a pool table. We're in...

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - LATER

Chomping on a Cuban cigar plucked from a nearby built-in humidor shelf, C.J. chalks a pool cue, readies another shot.

Right as he pulls back --

THUMP.

A noise from beyond the door... From out in the hallway...

C.J. lays the cue against the pool table, curious.

He heads to the door. Opens it.

And, of course, the hallway's... EMPTY.

Not a soul to be found.

With a big puff to calm his nerves, C.J. shakes it off.

But when he returns to the pool table, he finds --

THE BALLS RE-RACKED.

It hits the pit of his stomach --

He didn't leave the table like this...

BANG!

C.J. spins to find --

Olivia closing the humidor. Her own cigar in hand.

Choking on smoke, C.J. coughs.

OLIVIA

What?

Looking between his sister and the pool table --

Olivia MUST have re-racked the balls...

C.J.
(between hacks)
You wanna play?

As she lights up.

OLIVIA
And kick your ass like always?

C.J. gestures to the table.

C.J.
Ladies first...

Olivia lines up her shot and... CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! Balls
dive into pockets - *a perfect break.*

She chalks up her cue stick.

OLIVIA
You know, I've been thinking...

C.J.
About?

OLIVIA
Blue Star Airlines. The C.E.O. The
guy that killed himself...
(snaps her fingers)
What was his name?

C.J.
Carson Reeves?

OLIVIA
Him. Remember how we leaked his
psychiatric files? Bi-Polar
disorder, right?

C.J.
Crazy doesn't play well in the
board room.

OLIVIA
But it did let us take over.

They share a knowing look. On the same wavelength. *Again.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Our Board...

C.J.
...They wouldn't exactly be in
favor of Father's more eccentric-
than-usual behavior?

OLIVIA
That's putting it mildly. And no -
they would not.

Olivia fires a beautiful bank shot - one in the side pocket.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
In fact, they might see it as a
reason for a changing of the guard.

C.J.
I couldn't agree more.

OLIVIA
He's not the same Charles
Abernathy. "*The genius*" who rebuilt
the family fortune after his father
lost everything. And the board will
finally see that.

Looks his sister dead in the eye.

C.J.
But which branch takes the lead...
(points to himself)
New York?
(points to Olivia)
Or San Francisco?

Hitting a corner-pocket shot --

OLIVIA
I was thinking more of a joint-
partnership. Rivalries have to end
sometime.

Only the eight-ball left. Olivia lines it up and...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I'm starting to think that coming
out for Dad's birthday excursion
wasn't a waste of time after all...

DREW (O.S.)
Why's that?

...Olivia MISSES the winning shot.

The twins FREEZE - *caught*.

They turn to see their little brother and Hannah.

How much did they overhear?

C.J.

Oh, we were just working on some unexpected business...

Not batting an eye --

DREW

Well, while you guys were busy--
(air quotes)
--"*Working*", we can't find Kiki.

OLIVIA

I'm sure she's in her room taking selfies in her underwear.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

We knocked. She didn't answer...

C.J. lines up his pool cue.

C.J.

Knowing her and the wine she ran off with, she probably passed out - *again*.

Frustrated --

DREW

Can you just help us look for her? We were talking to Dad more... I don't know. I've never seen him like this.

HANNAH

We think we should get everyone back together.

OLIVIA

Of course you do.

Not wanting to deal with the twins' games...

DREW

Please?

Ashing his cigar --

C.J.
If you insist...

C.J. pulls out his phone. Logs into "Find my iPhone". They all hear a distant PING...

C.J. (CONT'D)
She's still on the family plan.

INT. POOL HALLWAY

Like chasing a never-ending, piercing sonar, the siblings and Hannah make their way toward...

The door to the indoor pool.

OLIVIA
Why doesn't she shut it off?
Concern growing, they spill into the...

INT. INDOOR POOL

Broken glass. Spilled wine. Beeping iPhone.
No sign of Kiki until...

C.J.
Oh my God.

Blue water tinged green thanks to an endless trail of blood.
Sunk to the bottom of the pool --

KIKI.

Kicking off his shoes and throwing his phone to the side...

Drew JUMPS into the water. C.J. quickly follows suit.

The brothers CRASH beneath the water's surface, racing to the pool floor.

They push past waves and bubbles clouding their vision until they reach --

Their lifeless sister.

Together they scoop Kiki up. Bring her back above water.

They lift her out of the pool. Carry her limp body past a shocked Olivia and Hannah.

They lay Kiki on the cement. Chaos and confusion reign as they all scream. They all shout.

No one knows what to do.

But the longer they stare at their sister, the more one thing becomes clear...

There's no need for C.P.R. - she's the wrong shade of blue.

SMASH CUT TO:

LATER

No one speaks...

Everything is silent...

Everything except for that damn "Find My iPhone" ping.

Staring at his blood stained hands, C.J. can't take it anymore. He grabs the ringing cell phone and --

THROWS IT AGAINST A WALL.

C.J. (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up!

And it does.

Fighting a combo of snot and tears, Drew brushes Kiki's wet hair from her pale face.

Finally, he musters up the courage to speak...

DREW
What the Hell happened?

Olivia stares down at the spilled wine. The broken glass.

OLIVIA
She must've been drinking by the
edge and fell in...

Everyone tries to process this as C.J.'s voice cracks --

C.J.
I saw her walk off with the wine. I
could've stopped her...

Olivia puts a hand on C.J.'s shoulder.

OLIVIA
It's not your fault. It's not
anyone's... It was an accident.

But Hannah isn't so sure.

HANNAH
What if it wasn't?

OLIVIA
Excuse me?

HANNAH
...What if she didn't fall in?

A chill runs down their spines as they turn to Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What if your father is telling the
truth...?

C.J. stares hard.

C.J.
You're *actually* suggesting that
someone broke into this... *Fort*
Knox and drowned Kiki?

Hannah goes red. Embarrassed.

HANNAH
I don't know...

C.J.
You're damn right you don't know!
All I know is my sister is DEAD.

Coming to his wife's defense --

DREW
Hey! Kiki was our sister.
(steps up to C.J.)
But that doesn't mean you can talk
to my wife like that. She's just
trying to help.

OLIVIA
With conspiracy theories!?

DREW
You don't think it's a strange
coincidence that Kiki died the
night Dad thinks he's gonna get
killed?!

Olivia glares at Hannah.

OLIVIA
No. I don't.

She looks to her fallen sister...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I think she drank too much. *Like she always does.* And she slipped.
End. Of. Story.

Interrupting --

C.J.
Whatever happened - would you two just shut up and call 9-1-1?

Already on her phone...

HANNAH
I've been trying. No signal.

Olivia checks her cell. Turns it to show them --

OLIVIA
WiFi's down too.

C.J.
That's impossible. I just used it to ping Kiki's phone...

C.J. grabs his iPhone. Unlocks it. His face falls.

DREW
(to C.J.)
It's out. Isn't it?

Drew stands up. Points to Kiki --

DREW (CONT'D)
Hannah's right. This wasn't an accident.

OLIVIA
But this place is locked tight. You *really* think someone got inside?

Drew doesn't have a good answer, but Hannah does...

HANNAH
Or maybe they were here the whole time.

That sits there... Concern mounting.

DREW

We need to check on Dad. Right now.

INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY

The endless Abernathy halls have never felt longer...

Every footfall sounds like the beat of a heavy bass drum...

The Master Bedroom waiting. Dead ahead...

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S BEDROOM

The foursome spill in to find --

Charles Abernathy.

Sitting in a cozy armchair, he closes his book.

CHARLES ABERNATHY

I'm still alive, if that's why
you're here.

When that doesn't land...

He sees the worry on his children's faces... C.J. and Drew's
dripping wet clothes.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

What's happened?

With no one racing to speak up, C.J. takes the lead --

C.J.

You'd better come downstairs.

CUT TO:

Charles looks right down at us...

His gaze a mixture of anger and remorse...

Eyes fixated on...

Kiki.

We're back in the...

INT. INDOOR POOL

Everyone waits for Charles to say something. *Anything.*

FINALLY --

CHARLES ABERNATHY
My baby. My poor, sweet Kiki...

C.J.
We tried to call for help.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
And you couldn't get through?

OLIVIA
There's no signal. No internet.

His eyes a well of emotion, Charles lovingly puts his hand on Kiki's ice-cold cheek.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I wouldn't think there'd be.

Charles gets lost in the moment --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
It's finally happening...

C.J. tries to pull his father back to reality.

C.J.
Dad, we need the paramedics. The police. *Someone.* You need to open the doors.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I can't. Miles has strict orders to return at sunrise. Until then...

He rises to his feet. Stares at his remaining children.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
There's no way in-or-out. Not tonight. *Not for any of us.*

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I warned you.

Whatever vulnerability that just seeped through Charles' armor is gone...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
 I warned you to take this threat seriously. I warned you and you didn't listen.

C.J.
 Dad. This was an accident. She was drinking and hit her head--

CHARLES ABERNATHY
 --No, Junior. This wasn't an accident. You ignored the rantings of an old man - and now my little girl is dead.

Hannah nudges Drew. Mustering up the courage --

DREW
 Dad. Tell them.

Charles looks to his now-youngest.

DREW (CONT'D)
 Tell them about the deal.

C.J. exchanges a curious look with Olivia...

OLIVIA
What deal...?

Charles stays quiet.

DREW
 Fine. If you won't... *I will.*
 (to his siblings)
 Some bad business deal that caused all this.

Gestures to himself and Olivia --

C.J.
 Why are we just hearing about this?

DREW
 Because someone died and he didn't want us to know.

OLIVIA
 Well, now we do. So what's the company's exposure?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
 It doesn't matter.

OLIVIA
I think it does.

C.J.
(to Olivia)
How do we minimize the collateral damage?

OLIVIA
We contain it. That's how. Last thing we need is this getting out.

C.J.
The press will have a field day. "Charles Abernathy - Billionaire Killer".

OLIVIA
And our stocks will nose dive. But if he resigns, we can get ahead of this--

CHARLES ABERNATHY
--ENOUGH!

Silence fills the room...

Charles stares down his daughter. Menace in his voice --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Don't concern yourself with what WAS. Concern yourself with what IS.

Commanding all his children's attention --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
This night IS cursed. This family IS cursed. Because of me. And now I have to pay the ultimate price...

Charles looks away. Something gnawing at him.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
It's not someone that's coming for me... it's something... something else.

DREW
Some... thing?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I've been having dreams about this night. Not dreams... Nightmares.

C.J.
So *that's* what this is all about?
You're having nightmares?!

OLIVIA
Nightmares - about what...?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
A spirit. A spirit bent on revenge.

The children all exchange glances - *is this for real?*

C.J.
Like a ghost?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
If that's what you want to call it,
then yes.

OLIVIA
(incredulous)
Our sister is dead and you're
telling us its because the house is
haunted?

He sees his remaining children's questioning glances.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I don't expect you to believe me.
But you will.

As Charles drapes a towel over Kiki's dead body...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Kiki's death doesn't change things.
You still need to keep me alive
tonight. *All of you.*

His gaze moves to Hannah --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
And that includes you.

He stands. Feeds off the curious looks all around.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Hannah - you showed tremendous
loyalty choosing to stay. I may
have lost one daughter tonight, but
you've proven to me that you are a
true Abernathy.

Hearing this makes Olivia's skin crawl...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
That's why I've decided to transfer
Kiki's inheritance to you -
immediately.

Off everyone's stunned reactions --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Congratulations, my dear. You're
two billion dollars richer. For my
sake, I hope you get to spend it.

Olivia and C.J. stare down Hannah. *A two billion-dollar line
now drawn in the sand...*

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

The fireplace crackles, light dancing across Charles' face.
C.J. points to an antique Winchester rifle above the mantle.

C.J.
Does it work?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Maybe. I haven't shot it in years.

He eyes the weapon --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I'm not sure what good a rifle will
do against what's coming...

C.J. grabs the gun.

C.J.
Have you ever tried to shoot a
ghost?

Charles doesn't answer.

C.J. (CONT'D)
I didn't think so. Where's the
ammunition?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
In that drawer.

C.J. takes out the box.

C.J.
Two bullets?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
You're lucky there's that many. All
of my hunting rifles are in Montana
and Nairobi.

Charles looks to what's left of his family --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
So... this is your plan? Lock me in
here until morning?

Drew steps in.

DREW
If there really is someone or
something in the house, it's best
if we all know where you are.

Crossing her arms --

OLIVIA
We don't want you wandering.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Don't you mean you can't afford me
wandering?

Loading the rifle --

C.J.
Isn't this what you wanted? Us to
protect you?

Father stares down son.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
It's only going to get worse, you
know. The closer it gets to
midnight. The closer it gets to my
birthday...

His eyes narrow --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
You're afraid too.

C.J. looks away. Doesn't want to give Charles the
satisfaction, but Charles knows he's under his son's skin...

Looks to the rifle --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I hope you're still a good shot.

Interrupting this tête-à-tête, Hannah kneels next to Charles.

HANNAH
Will you be okay in here?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
It appears that I don't have much
of a choice...
(eyes C.J.)
At least I'll have time for some
self-reflection.

Drew hands Hannah her knife.

DREW
(to Charles)
Remember. Don't answer the door--

CHARLES ABERNATHY
--Unless I hear the family knock.
I'm old, Drew - *not senile*.

Drew waits for his father to demonstrate...

Charles raps on the fireplace mantle. A familiar knock. The
old Vaudeville button --

Shave-and-a-haircut: KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

Drew responds back on the desk. KNOCK-KNOCK: *Two bits.*

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Happy?

Twirling the "big knife" that used to be Kiki's...

OLIVIA
(mumbles)
At least you remember *something*
from our childhood.

Charles turns to his remaining daughter.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I remember much more than you give
me credit for... *And I'm not deaf
either.*

Olivia bites her tongue as Drew closes the oak double doors --

DREW
We'll be back after midnight. Just
stay away from the door.

Alone now, Charles approaches the doors. Deadbolts them with a heavy CLICK.

He looks back on his office... On all the expensive things that make up his life...

Was it all worth it?

EXT. STUDY HALLWAY

C.J. turns to his siblings and Hannah.

C.J.

Now what?

When no one volunteers an answer --

DREW

Pair up. You two take the East Wing. Hannah and I'll go to the West.

Olivia scoffs.

DREW (CONT'D)

What?

OLIVIA

And look for what? Dad's killer ghost? The thing that *murdered* our sister?

DREW

Yes. That's exactly what we're looking for.

He points to the study door.

DREW (CONT'D)

And if we don't find anything then we come back here and guard the study until morning.

Olivia EXPLODES --

OLIVIA

Are you *really* buying into all this? The old man's lost it! And you're giving in to his fucked-up paranoia!

HANNAH

Kiki's dead. *Something* happened to her.

OLIVIA

Yeah. Something did happen. Our insane father locked us in a house with no way out - and my stupid sister drowned. THAT is the only thing that happened.

She points toward the indoor pool.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And now Kiki is laying there half-naked on the pool deck when she should be on her way to a morgue. And I'm stuck here with all of you.

DREW

You're upset... I am too. We all are. But we need to stick together.

OLIVIA

Stick together? Oh, that's right...
(glares at Hannah)
Because apparently we're ALL Abernathys now. Thanks, Dad, for replacing Kiki so quickly.

DREW

That's not fair.

OLIVIA

Did you forget already, Drew?
Abernathys don't believe in fair.

That shuts Drew up.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The three of you want to deal with your grief playing detective? Go ahead.

Frustrated, Olivia checks her watch.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed.

She tries to leave, but C.J. grabs her arm --

C.J.

Maybe we should look around... *Just in case.*

Olivia pulls free.

OLIVIA

You're smarter than this, C.J. -
You know as well as I do that you
don't get style points dancing on
Dad's puppet strings.

As she marches off, she hands Drew the "big knife".

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Here - why don't you take this? I
don't need it.

C.J. reads Drew and Hannah's faces.

C.J.

Fine. I'll go talk to her.

Hannah turns to Drew as C.J. chases after their sister --

HANNAH

Where do you want to start?

Drew swallows hard --

Doesn't love what he's about to suggest.

INT. INDOOR POOL - MOMENTS LATER

The water is now still.

Like everything else in the room.

Footsteps echo as Drew and Hannah round the corner, but...

Their faces quickly twist from apprehension to terror.

DREW

Are you seeing this too?

Hannah can only bring herself to nod...

Finally, we see what has them so spooked...

It's not what *is* before them, but what isn't.

KIKI'S BODY IS GONE.

INT. OLIVIA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Steam from a running shower fills the bathroom as Olivia stares at herself, face-to-face, in a vanity mirror...

Taking a wet washcloth, she wipes it across her eyes. Her face racoon-ing into a mix of black make-up and fresh tears.

When she bends down to rinse her face in the sink --

SHIIIIIIINK.

The shower door.

Olivia bolts up. Her gaze slowly moves toward the shower...

The frosted-glass door is closed, but through the steam-filled bathroom, it's hard to tell, but it looks like --

THERE'S A SHADOW BEHIND THE GLASS.

Almost like a figure.

Watching... Waiting...

Olivia tightens her bathrobe. Vulnerable.

Her breathing quickens.

She can't take her eyes off the unflinching figure...

THEN --

BANG.

A noise from the bedroom.

Olivia's attention darts to it.

C.J. (O.S.)

Olivia?

It's just C.J.

Relief washing over her, Olivia looks back to the shower --

THE SHADOW IS GONE.

As if it were a figment of her imagination...

Satisfied, Olivia shakes it off, tries to find her voice again.

OLIVIA
Give me a second.

She grabs a towel to dry her face.

INT. OLIVIA'S OLD BEDROOM

Olivia comes out of the bathroom. C.J.'s waiting.

OLIVIA
I'm not coming back down.

C.J.
I don't expect you to, but even if
you stay up here - whatever you
decide - just don't do *this*.

OLIVIA
Do what?

C.J.
Take this out on me. And Drew and
Hannah. It was an accident.

OLIVIA
Accident? She did this to herself.

Turning away--

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Frankly, I'm surprised she lasted
this long. She was a ticking time-
bomb. I figured we'd hear about a
fatal overdose on TMZ. Or getting
shot to death by some jealous ex-
boyfriend. But falling in a pool?

She looks back...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Pretty anticlimactic if you ask me.

C.J. sees through her...

C.J.
You don't have to play tough with
me. You don't mean that.

Momentarily disarmed --

OLIVIA
You're right... I don't. I just
can't believe she's gone.
(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
(she points)
We built blanket tents right over
there... We'd stay up all night
telling ghost stories.

But Olivia's icy mask returns...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I've had enough ghost stories for
one night.

C.J.
I know. Me too. But it's okay to be
afraid.

Taken aback --

OLIVIA
Afraid? Of Dad's onset dementia?
I'm not afraid. I'm pissed.

Olivia sits on the corner of the bed. Ready to unload.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Kiki dying. It made me realize
something. What she said before...
She was right. I DO hate my life.

She looks right at C.J.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
And I know you hate yours too.

C.J. tries to laugh that off, but --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
It's not funny. We gave up
everything for Dad. How many
girlfriends did he make you dump
because it was "bad optics for the
company?"

This resonates...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Did you know I was engaged?

C.J.
What? When?

OLIVIA
While I was at Vassar. Daddy said
his family wasn't up to the
"Abernathy Standard."

C.J.
I didn't know...

OLIVIA
Of course you didn't. HE didn't want you to. But when Drew wants to marry some *nobody*, Dad's full of hugs and kisses.

C.J.
You're right. Kiki and Drew always got whatever they wanted. Dad had us getting double MBA's while they summered on the Riviera.

OLIVIA
And we did it all - *for what?* His attention?

She lets that sit there...

C.J.
We were never good enough for him.

OLIVIA
No. We weren't. And what do we have to show for it? We're pushing forty. We never got married. We don't have kids - and it's probably too late for me.

C.J.
Don't say that--

OLIVIA
--No. *It's true.*

Her lip trembles...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
My stupid sister is lying there - dead - and all I'm thinking about is how jealous I was of her. Of her freedom. She never had to sacrifice.

C.J.
And neither does Drew...

OLIVIA
Exactly.

A darkness creeps across Olivia's face.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Seeing how happy Drew and Hannah
are - it makes me sick.

Her eyes burn with anger.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
She comes into this family. Latches
on to him. Onto Mom and Dad when
they're most vulnerable.

C.J.
Like at the funeral.

OLIVIA
Yes. Who's holding Dad's hand at
the service? Her. That should've
been me.

C.J.
I know.

OLIVIA
All their "*visits*"? She's making us
look bad. Trying to replace us.
Like she just replaced Kiki.

C.J.
Yeah, what the fuck was that all
about?

OLIVIA
She conned Dad, that's what. Kiki's
inheritance should be ours. We're
the heirs. *Not her.*

She points.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Look what she did to Drew! She
changed him. Turned him against us.
Made him soft. Weak. Dad handed him
the Tokyo office on a silver
platter. *He took the charity
instead?!*

Spewing hate --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
It's all her fault. *She* did this.
Drew's not an Abernathy anymore.

She gets up. Faces her brother.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

But Dad's made it so easy. Tonight.
With his "haunting". He's made it
so we can *literally* split the
entire fortune. The business.
Everything. You and me.

C.J.

But that would mean something would
have to happen to Drew...

OLIVIA

Something would have to happen to
them both.

C.J. shakes off the notion --

C.J.

This is crazy!

OLIVIA

Is it? Kiki already died tonight
under "mysterious" circumstances.
Is it so hard to believe it could
happen again?

(with faux emotion)

*"Someone tried to kill our father,
Officer. My sister, my brother, his
wife - it's all such a tragedy -
we're lucky we escaped with our
lives."*

Feels C.J. reeling, Olivia goes in for the close...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

They don't deserve our money, C.J.
They stole it from us. *She stole it
from us.* And this is how we get it
back. This is how we get what's
rightfully ours.

Scratching the back of his head --

C.J.

I don't know...

OLIVIA

Yes. You do. It's *business*. It's
just another hostile takeover.

The twins stare each other down. Neither wanting to budge.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And I know exactly how to do it.

INT. POOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah BURSTS from around the corner. Drew hot on her heels.

DREW
Honey - wait!

HANNAH
*For what?! This isn't a game
anymore. There's something in the
house and it murdered your sister!
You wanna be next?*

Drew pulls her to a stop.

DREW
Can we talk about this?

HANNAH
*Talk about what?! Who takes a
corpse?!!*

She points toward the study.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
*Your dad put us here! He knew the
danger and he still risked his
family to protect himself...
WHO DOES THAT?*

Before Drew can come up with a good answer --

HANNAH (CONT'D)
*We're getting out of here.
Right now.*

DREW
*But... we can't. You heard him.
We're locked in until sunrise.*

He reaches to comfort her, but Hannah shrugs him off.

DREW (CONT'D)
*Okay. Calm down for a second.
You're right. This is out of
control. But even if we find a way
out. We can't leave.*

HANNAH
And why not?

DREW
*The money, Hannah. We'd lose all
the money.*

Hannah shakes her head in disbelief.

HANNAH

The money?! Are you really worried about the inheritance over my life? Over yours? What about our baby!?

This shuts Drew up...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

We don't need the money, Drew. I don't care if he writes us out. We make plenty from The Foundation. I've always said that.

DREW

But what if he fires me for leaving?

She puts a hand on his chest. Needs to bring him to her side.

HANNAH

You'll get another job. You're an *Abernathy*. But the only thing - and let me repeat this so I'm crystal clear - the **ONLY** thing that matters is **our family.**

Drew nods. *She's right.*

Back on the same page again --

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Good. Now let's get the Hell out of here.

CUT TO:

SMASH! Glass SHATTERS as a chair collides with bay door windows.

We're back in the...

INT. KITCHEN

Using the chair legs, Drew clears out the remaining sharp edges of glass.

Too bad there's nothing they can do about the metal security bars...

DREW

The bars are tighter than I
thought.

(to Hannah)

You might be small enough to
squeeze through and go get help?

HANNAH

Do I have a choice?

They share a look. *The answer is obvious - NO.*

Hannah moves toward the door --

Sizes up the iron bars. The prison Charles has built to
protect himself...

She looks to Drew, who gives a reassuring nod.

She slides an arm through the narrow bars.

So far so good.

As she moves to her shoulder, things get... *tighter.*

DREW

You okay?

HANNAH

I - I think...

But her torso starts to feel the squeeze.

She stifles her cries.

DREW

Careful.

HANNAH

I'm trying to be.

But the pressure only increases...

The vice getting strong-and-stronger...

The metal rubs against her porcelain skin...

Pushing with all her might --

Hannah cries out.

But not from the pain... It's from what she sees.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

She struggles to pull back. Free herself.

BUT SHE'S STUCK.

Panic floods her face from sheer helplessness.

And it only makes things TIGHTER.

THEN --

DREW

You alright?

It's Drew to the rescue. His touch calming.

With a YANK he pulls Hannah free and they fall --

Back into the house...

Onto the ornate marble floor.

Drew regroups.

DREW (CONT'D)

I don't think this is gonna work--

--Sees his wife's face. The look of shock.

She points. Past the bars.

Drew turns. Sees what she sees.

Finally, we see it too --

THE DOOR TO THE FAMILY CRYPT HAS BEEN SMASHED OPEN.

A massive hole leaving behind only rubble and debris.

Drew and Hannah turn to look at each other...

What the fuck is going on?

Drew gets up. Slowly. Never taking his eyes off the giant hole in the tomb...

DREW (CONT'D)

What could've done that?

Drew turns to Hannah --

DREW (CONT'D)
Do you think that's where it took
Kiki?!

HANNAH
I don't know...

She stares hard at the tomb.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
But this thing... whatever it is...
it can get in-and-out of the house.

DREW
Like it can go through walls...

An idea hits Drew like a lightning bolt.

DREW (CONT'D)
Nairobi!

HANNAH
What?

He grabs her hand.

DREW
I know how we can get out of here.

CUT TO:

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

Time's relentless march forward. Less than an hour until
midnight...

Less than an hour until Charles Abernathy's death.

INT. FOYER

Drew leads Hannah past the ticking clock and down one of the
estate's other sprawling arteries...

CUT TO:

Light spills into a darkened room. At the open doorway --

Drew and Hannah are bathed in silhouette.

DREW
I hated coming in here when I was a
kid...

He flips a switch. Accent lighting illuminates an --

INT. AFRICAN TROPHY ROOM

Tigers. Elephants. Rhinos.

Their dead-eyes stare from their wall-mounts surrounding --

A priceless collection of African tribal masks worn by a line of armored mannequins.

HANNAH
...*I can see why.*

Drew takes in his father's prized possessions.

DREW
Mom hated it too. She always said
killing things would come back to
haunt him.

Getting lost in the memory...

DREW (CONT'D)
So she didn't have to see it, he
built a loading door to bring his
trophies straight in here. I don't
think he's used it in years.

Catching on --

HANNAH
You think Miles missed it?

DREW
Worth a shot.

Drew steps inside. Facing his childhood fear...

Together they walk past the line-up of tribal warriors.

Their demonic masks seemingly watch their every move.

Approaching the wall, Drew and Hannah don't notice --

EVERY MANNEQUIN HAS TURNED IN THEIR DIRECTION.

Their backs to the impending danger, the couple investigates the hidden-door --

Drew traces the door's faint outline with his finger.

BEHIND THEM --

We didn't catch it, but...

The army of masked African warriors have moved again.

And they're closing in on Drew and Hannah...

Luckily, Drew finds the door handle.

DREW (CONT'D)

This is it.

He pulls it. The door slides open a crack!

With a grin --

DREW (CONT'D)

It's unlocked!

Excited, Drew and Hannah push the door to the side. Escape within their grasp.

Only they find --

MORE METAL BARS.

HANNAH

No...

Their stares go blank. Hopes dashed.

The night air is the closest they'll get to freedom.

Out of sheer frustration --

Drew PUNCHES the bars. Pain sears throughout his fist.

DREW

Fuck!

Shaking it off, Drew backs right into --

ONE OF THE LOOMING MANNEQUINS.

Drew and Hannah spin. See --

All the masks staring at them.

How did they get so fucking close?

HANNAH

Drew...

PHOOOOOOOOOOM and a BANG.

All the lights GO OUT. The loading door SLAMS shut --

And Drew and Hannah are plunged into darkness.

An army of masked warriors between them and their exit -
the illuminated hallway door.

And that's when they hear --

POP.POP.POP.POP. Like bones cracking.

There's something with them...

In the darkness...

Hiding somewhere behind the mannequins. In the shadows.

POP.POP.POP.POP.

And then... A GROWL. Low. Guttural. **Inhuman.**

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Drew. What is that...?

DREW

I don't know...

He looks Hannah dead-in-the-eye.

DREW (CONT'D)

We need to run...

He looks toward the door. Their shining beacon of hope.

DREW (CONT'D)

...NOW!

They grab each other's hands and TAKE OFF.

As they run for their lives...

An ear piercing SHRIEK. Then, one-by-one --

THE MANNEQUINS ARE THROWN TO THE SIDE WITH EXPLOSIVE FORCE.

Something is charging at them!

Unstoppable. Unseen. ANGRY.

Knocking down *everything* in its path.

Whatever it is, its ROAR is cut short when --

DREW SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

INT. TROPHY ROOM HALLWAY

Hannah watches Drew HOLD the door closed with all his might.
BUT --

There's no banging. No pounding.

It's as if whatever was inside has given up. Moved on.

Finally Drew lets go. Hesitantly steps back.

But still - Nothing comes through.

As they struggle to catch their breath...

HANNAH

Drew - your dad was right...
Your fucking house is haunted.

They turn to meet each other's gaze.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What kind of deal did he make?

DREW

I don't know. But it's time to ask
him.

And then, as if on cue --

A FAMILIAR KNOCK. Slow. Methodical. Not to be mistaken.

KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

The family knock. Echoing from somewhere down the hall...

Drew and Hannah turn to face the noise --

Now a lingering silence.

HANNAH

Why did he leave his study?

The knock repeats - interrupting this thought.

DREW

Dad...? Where are you?!

THE KNOCK AGAIN.

Louder. More forceful. *KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.*

Followed by more silence --

As if waiting for an answer...

HANNAH

Something must be wrong.

Drew's hand balls into a fist. Moves near the wall.

Looks to Hannah. She gives a reassuring nod.

Drew knocks back.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

Then the call repeats again --

KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

This time it's further away. Like it's guiding them...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He wants us to follow him.

Drew nods.

DREW

I'll go. You find somewhere to
hide.

Without saying a word, Hannah responds to his misguided chauvinism with a knock of her own --

KNOCK-KNOCK.

HANNAH

Like Hell we're splitting up.

They share a quick smile. Together. On the same page.

THEN -- *KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.*

Another call. Even further away.

They respond and follow.

Charles leading them through the foyer...

Past the billiard room... Past the pool...

INT. HALLWAY

Drew and Hannah reach a corner. Just around it...

KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

But Drew stops. Doesn't answer the knock.

HANNAH
You okay?

DREW
It's just... That's a dead end. Why
would he go this way?

Hannah tries to peek around the corner --

HANNAH
What's down there?

DREW
...The family vault.

HANNAH
You think he's hiding in a vault?

DREW
It's a big vault.

Drew takes a step forward.

DREW (CONT'D)
Dad?

No answer. Only another --

KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

And together, they step into the...

INT. VAULT HALLWAY

A long, marble corridor. At the end of it --

THE FAMILY VAULT.

Normally, one could only imagine what sort of Abernathy
treasures lie inside...

But today is not a normal day. Why?

THE VAULT DOOR IS WIDE OPEN.

And there's no one standing in-between.

DREW
Where is he?

Registering the odd scene --

HANNAH

I know this is a stupid question,
but does your father normally leave
the vault door open?

Drew shakes his head. He points her to the vault table --

DREW

That shouldn't be there either--

--A safety deposit box sits on top of the table.

Drew approaches. Hannah follows.

The vault seemingly grows in size with each-and-every step
they take.

The safety deposit box calling to them...

INT. VAULT

Inside the cold space, Drew and Hannah approach the table.

Drew grabs the lid of the safety deposit box. Opens it.

He cocks his head at its contents...

Hannah peeks over his shoulder. Confusion washes over her.

HANNAH

It's... *empty*?

Sure enough, they're staring at an empty box when --

THE DOOR TO THE VAULT SLAMS SHUT.

EXT. VAULT HALLWAY

Olivia spins the vault wheel, locking Drew and Hannah inside.

She steps back to admire her handiwork as C.J., rifle still
in hand, stares in disbelief.

They can hear faint pounding through the metal door...

OLIVIA

I told you it would work. They'll
be out of air in an hour.

But C.J. doesn't move. Olivia sees the concern on his face...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What? She brought this on them -
remember?

Still not convinced...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Besides, you should be thanking me.
I just made you a billionaire twice-
over.

As she walks off --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Let's get back to the study. I'm
not letting that old man die on me
tonight.

C.J. follows, but not before taking one last look at the
vault door.

*And hearing the desperate cries for help coming from
inside...*

INT. VAULT

As Hannah continues to pound away on the door, Drew tries an
electronic keypad over-and-over.

No luck.

DREW
I swear it was their anniversary...

Frustrated, Drew SMACKS the vault door.

DREW (CONT'D)
He must've changed it.

Giving up, Drew slides down the length of the door. Sits on
the floor.

Realizes --

No one is coming.

Hannah sees this and stops too.

HANNAH
We have to keep trying. Olivia and
C.J. will come looking for us--

DREW

--They won't hear us unless they
come all the way down the hall.
It's pretty much soundproof. It's
also airtight--

He points to an electronic display in the corner. The meter
blinks from GREEN to YELLOW.

DREW (CONT'D)

--When that turns red...

He looks at Hannah as if for the last time.

DREW (CONT'D)

...We're in trouble.

CUT TO:

The old grandfather clock approaches the witching hour...

INT. STUDY HALLWAY

Olivia and C.J. make their way back toward Charles' study.
His office door dead ahead. Seemingly untouched...

OLIVIA

See? He's tucked away all safe and
sound.

Turns to C.J. --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I told you there's no boogie-man.

But her over-confidence is cut short when...

KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

The family knock. Loud. Angry.

And *definitely* coming from BEHIND the twins...

They FREEZE.

C.J.

You sure you locked the vault?

OLIVIA

Don't be stupid.

KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

C.J.

Then who the FUCK is knocking?!

Apprehensive, the twins turn to find --

A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

Like the figure in Olivia's bathroom. Watching. Looming.

C.J. aims his rifle. Olivia realizes...

OLIVIA

You see it too?

He nods. The gun shakes in his trembling hands.

Olivia takes a nervous step forward.

The shadow doesn't move. Doesn't flinch.

Olivia calls out...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Who's there?

No Response.

Olivia looks back to her brother. He follows her lead step-by-cautious-step...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Maybe this is something we can talk about... We have money. Lots and lots of money.

Again, no answer.

No movement of any kind.

C.J.

Hey asshole! I have a gun!

THEN...

Hearing the threat, the shadow disappears - slipping into the darkness around the corner.

As it goes, the twins hear --

SQUISH. SQUISH. SQUISH.

Something Wet. Sticking to the marble floor.

SQUISH. SQUISH. SQUISH.

C.J. (CONT'D)
What the Hell?

And then --

The noise STOPS.

Olivia peeks around the corner. Sees --

A TRAIL OF WET FOOTPRINTS.

And they lead right back to the shadow. *Waiting for them...*

Olivia stares at the dark shape. The wet foot prints.

A look of hope dances across Olivia's eyes as she jumps to a wild conclusion --

OLIVIA
...Kiki?!

But C.J. looks to his sister like she's crazy.

C.J.
That is NOT Kiki.

OLIVIA
Who else could it be?

C.J.
Liv - that's impossible!

But Olivia breaks away. Starts walking toward the shadow.

But this time C.J. doesn't follow --

C.J. (CONT'D)
Olivia! Wait!

But Olivia doesn't listen. Needs to know.

She approaches the shadow. Determined.

She rounds the corner to find...

NOTHING.

OLIVIA
Kiki?

Olivia looks to the wall --

THE SHADOW IS STILL THERE.

As Olivia stares at it, trying to piece all of this together,
we get a glimpse over her shoulder...

Hair dripping wet.

Skin blue.

A sinister smile spread from cheek-to-cheek.

Whatever's behind Olivia - it does look like Kiki...

But when Olivia SPINS --

Kiki has vanished. Only the empty hallway stares back.

That's when Olivia hears --

Drip-Drip-Drip.

Olivia looks down. Beneath her feet.

A pool of water spreads...

She kneels to investigate.

It's just Olivia in the water's reflection until...

KIKI APPEARS BEHIND HER.

And Olivia is PULLED down the length of the hallway!

She screams as an invisible force DRAGS her along the floor.

Seeing his sister YANKED from view --

C.J.

OLIVIA!!!!

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY

Hearing his children's screams, Charles rises from his chair,
eyes locked on the double-doors. On the deadbolt...

INT. FOYER

Pinned. Trapped. Olivia can't move under the weight of --

SHADOW KIKI.

Her flesh cold. Dead. Wet hair dangling.

They're nose-to-nose.

Lips trembling, as if trying to speak...

OLIVIA

Kiki... it's... it's okay. *It's me.*

Kiki's lips part.

Olivia waits for her to say something. Anything.

Water dribbles from Kiki's mouth.

Only few drops at first.

THEN --

A FLOOD OF WATER SPEWS OUT OF KIKI - DRENCHING OLIVIA.

Olivia tries to scream. The water gets in her mouth.

She wants to wrench. Chokes on it. Gags.

Finally, Olivia manages a SCREAM.

It's interrupted by --

C.J. (O.S.)

HEY!

Kiki - *or whatever the Hell she is now* - slowly turns her head in C.J.'s direction --

He's got the gun trained right on her.

C.J. (CONT'D)

You get the Hell away from her!

POP.POP.POP.POP.

Kiki's limbs snap-crackle-and-pop as her body contorts, twisting as she rises to meet C.J. --

She's not backing down from this stand-off.

C.J. (CONT'D)

I'll shoot - I swear to God!

But the threat doesn't register.

Kiki keeps coming.

Closer-and-closer.

POP.POP.POP.POP.

C.J.'s finger tightening on the trigger.

C.J. (CONT'D)
I mean it!

But Kiki's relentless.

Her bones cracking with each step.

POP.POP.POP.POP.

C.J. (CONT'D)
I said STOP!

But she doesn't.

C.J. squeezes his eyes shut and --

FIRES.

He opens his eyes slowly to find that...

KIKI'S GONE.

And in her place --

OLIVIA.

She reaches for the now-smoking bullet hole in her chest.

Weakly, she touches the wound. Blood on her fingertips.

In shock, she looks to her brother before --

COLLAPSING.

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY

Hand on the deadbolt, Charles lets his fingers fall off. His face riddled with grief. He can't shake the feeling that...

Another one of his children is gone.

INT. FOYER

Realizing what he's done...

C.J.
Oh, fuck!

C.J. drops the gun. Runs to his fallen sister.

She struggles to breathe. Life drains from her eyes.

C.J. (CONT'D)
What do I do? *Tell me what to do!*

She coughs. Blood.

C.J. can't bring himself to touch her. *It would make it real.*

C.J. (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. She was coming right
at me and--

--But she doesn't hear him. Can't hear him.

C.J. (CONT'D)
Olivia...?

No response.

The realization hits him like a punch-to-the-gut.

She's gone.

But before C.J. has the chance to grieve...

CLICK-CLACK.

C.J.'s stomach drops. Knows that sound --

His father's rifle. Re-loading. A bullet in the chamber.

C.J. puts his hands in the air.

C.J. (CONT'D)
Please...

His body shaking with fear, C.J. turns around to face the loaded gun, but when he does --

THERE'S NOTHING THERE.

No attacker. Just empty hallway...

And the rifle exactly where he left it.

Getting braver, he tip-toes past the gun and to the corner.
Looks down it --

Nothing there.

Whatever the Hell that *thing* was - it's gone.

But over C.J.'s shoulder... Deep in the foyer...

We see Olivia's lifeless body...

SLIDE ACROSS THE FLOOR. OUT OF SIGHT.

Hearing something dragging, C.J. spins and sees --

HIS SISTER'S BODY IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

INT. VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

BAM!! Drew - still on the floor - SLAMS an echoing elbow into the metal door behind him.

His eyes peeled on the Vault's Oxygen Monitor...

Now a steady ORANGE.

DREW

This is all my fault. I shouldn't
have let you stay. Hell, I
shouldn't have even brought you.

Hannah kneels next to him.

HANNAH

Hey.

Gets Drew to meet her gaze --

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I wanted to come. I wanted to stay.
For you. *For us.* We're in this
together - *remember?*

He nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Okay... Now, baby, it's time to
think. What could the code be?

Reluctant --

DREW

I'll try them all again...

They stand and face the keypad. Drew starts punching numbers.

DREW (CONT'D)

Dad and Mom's anniversary...

BEEP. BEEP.

He shakes his head. Punches another number.

DREW (CONT'D)
His birthday...

BEEP. BEEP. He types faster.

DREW (CONT'D)
C.J. and Olivia's birthday...

BEEP. BEEP. Faster still.

DREW (CONT'D)
My birthday...

BEEP. BEEP. Even faster.

DREW (CONT'D)
Kiki's...

BEEP. BEEP.

DREW (CONT'D)
Mom's...

BEEP. BEEP.

DREW (CONT'D)
Day the company started...

BEEP. BEEP.

HE POUNDS THE KEYPAD IN RAGE --

DREW (CONT'D)
I don't know! I - just don't
know...

He turns back to her. Tears in his eyes.

DREW (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

And his gaze moves off Hannah. Looking past her...

THE OXYGEN MONITOR BLINKS RED.

She turns. Sees it too.

HANNAH
Fuck.

This is it...

This is how they go...

They look deep into each other's eyes...

Take each other's hands...

Any one of their next breaths could be their last.

THEN --

KA-CHUNK.

The gears in the metal door grind.

It's unlocking!

Drew and Hannah turn to watch the vault door slowly open...

They come face-to-face with their rescuer --

C.J.

Of course it's C.J.

Drew and Hannah rush him. Throw their arms around him.
Embracing their savior...

DREW
Oh, thank God!

HANNAH
I can't believe you heard us! You
came just in time.

They get a good look at C.J. --

See his grief-stricken face. The rifle shakes in his hands...

DREW
C.J. - are you okay?

C.J. tries to find the words --

C.J.
Olivia. She... she's dead. It...
It took her.

Drew and Hannah share a look. Know exactly what C.J. means.

HANNAH
It took Kiki too.

C.J. cocks his head. Confused.

C.J.

What?

DREW

Yeah. And we think we know where...

C.J.'s demeanor changes. Determination fills his eyes --

C.J.

Show me.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Broken glass crunches under C.J.'s Italian leather shoes.

He's looking out at --

The family crypt. The gaping hole smashed into it.

C.J.

My God...

Drew and Hannah stand behind him.

DREW

When it took Olivia... Did you see it?

C.J. closes his eyes.

C.J.

Yes.

DREW

What was it...?

C.J.'s expression twists to anger --

C.J.

What I saw... wasn't possible...

He turns to face his brother.

C.J. (CONT'D)

None of this is.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

I think we're a little past what *is*
and *isn't* possible.

She lets that register... When it does --

C.J.

There's only one person who knows what's happening. And it's time he explained what the *fuck* is going on.

He points back to the crypt.

C.J. (CONT'D)

You think that's where it went?
Where it took our sisters?

Drew shrugs.

DREW

I don't know... *Maybe?*

C.J.

Maybe?

C.J. turns back to the Crypt.

C.J. (CONT'D)

Maybe will have to do... You go get Dad. Bring him back here.

C.J.'s face darkens...

C.J. (CONT'D)

I want to look him in the eye and find out *exactly* what he did that started all this.

HANNAH

What about you?

C.J.

Me?

Grips the rifle tight.

C.J. (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make damn sure this monster doesn't come back.

But Drew's not so hot on this plan...

DREW

And what if it does?

With venom in his voice --

C.J.

Go. Get. Dad.

Drew's known C.J. long enough to know...

This discussion's over.

INT. FOYER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Drew and Hannah hurry back toward the foyer... Back toward Charles' study...

HANNAH
We shouldn't have left him alone
like that...

DREW
You know he never listens to me.

Drew stops. Turns to Hannah.

DREW (CONT'D)
He's only listened to two people
his whole life - and now one of
them is dead.

Before Hannah can protest further --

THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN THE FOYER.

Drew and Hannah turn to see...

The hallway's accent lights blink out. One-by-one.

Darkness getting closer and closer...

Behind them --

The same thing. Blackness rushing toward them.

Boxing them in.

HANNAH
That can't be good.

DREW
No it can't.

They look to the closest double doors...

Their only option.

DREW (CONT'D)
In here.

He tries the handle, but --

It's locked.

DREW (CONT'D)
You've gotta be kidding me.

Looking into the darkness about to consume them --

HANNAH
Babe...

Still fussing with the handle.

DREW
I'm trying!

HANNAH
BABE!

Fueled by urgency --

DREW
FUCK IT.

AND DREW KICKS THE DOORS WIDE OPEN - BUSTING THE LOCK.

They hurry inside and slam the doors SHUT --

Right as the length of the hallway plunges into darkness, we catch a glimpse of...

The shadowy figure right outside the double doors.

INT. LIBRARY

Drew keeps his back pressed against the doors. Points.

DREW
Let's move this!

He and Hannah run to a nearby couch. They work double-time and JAM it against the door.

Catching their breath, they both drop into the couch.

DREW (CONT'D)
You okay?

HANNAH
Yeah... You?

He starts to nod, but --

His expression twists to confusion. Hannah quickly sees why.

We get our first real look at the library...

It would be as elegant as the rest of the estate, if it weren't for --

Books haphazardly RIPPED off shelves. Strewn across every piece of furniture. Opened to random pages.

IT'S AN ABSOLUTE DISASTER.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Guess we know why he locked the door...

Drew gets up. Perplexed.

DREW
No... This wasn't like this.
Not ever.

He picks up an old, leather-bound book discarded on the floor. Flips through a few pages --

Sees drawings of strange creatures... bizarre rituals...

DREW (CONT'D)
Is this... *Latin*?

She gets up. Takes the book.

HANNAH
(struggles to translate)
It is. Two years of Latin and I still can't read it.

She snaps it shut as Drew picks up another dusty book --

There's no text. Only indecipherable symbols...

DREW
You recognize this?

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH
No. But only ancient cultures wrote like this. Egyptian, Mayan, Sumerian, Babylonian...

Puzzled, Drew snaps the book shut. Scans the room --

The mountains of old texts stare back intimidatingly...

DREW
*What the Hell were you looking for,
Dad...?*

Hannah walks to Drew's side.

HANNAH
I think the real question is what
found him?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

C.J.'s eyes are peeled on the family crypt...

It's totally still. No movement at all.

Focused, he doesn't notice --

The lights in the kitchen start to burn hot. Getting brighter
and brighter, until...

POP! With an explosion of energy the bulbs BURST --

Sending the room into darkness.

C.J. spins. Looks to the busted kitchen lights.

THEN --

From down the hall. A recognizable sound.

And one C.J. didn't want to hear --

SQUISH. SQUISH. SQUISH.

Footsteps.

Kiki's wet fucking footsteps.

C.J. musters up his courage. Looks to the kitchen entrance...

Shrouded in darkness - Shadow Kiki.

Watching. Waiting.

We can't see her face, but we can tell that she's staring --

RIGHT. AT. C.J.

Panic in his voice --

C.J.
Drew! Hannah!

No response.

It's only him and Kiki.

C.J. trains the rifle on his ghoulish sister...

C.J. (CONT'D)

Stop.

But she doesn't.

With each and every *SQUISH*, Kiki moves closer-and-closer.

One step at a time.

His entrance blocked off, C.J. can only pull the trigger - or retreat...

SQUISH.

SQUISH.

SQUISH.

C.J. (CONT'D)

I. SAID. STOP.

With a CLANG, C.J. walks backwards - straight into the metal bars behind him.

Trapped. Pinned.

When C.J. can't press his body into the bars any tighter --

KIKI FINALLY STOPS HER APPROACH.

Hair dangling in her face, she's not looking at the gun...

Her gaze fixed on the floor. *Just staring at it.*

That strange, sinister smile still plastered on her lips.

C.J. cocks his head. Tries to see what she's looking at...

Over his shoulder --

SHADOW OLIVIA STANDS RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

Just as pale. Just as dead.

Her lips curled into that same, twisted smile.

Feeling her hot, rotting breath on him...

C.J. spins. Loses his balance. Falls - *and drops the rifle!*

Looks up quickly ... THERE'S NOTHING BEHIND HIM.

He turns back to the immediate threat --

AND KIKI IS GONE TOO.

Sensing his moment, C.J. makes a dash for the rifle and exit.

C.J. (CONT'D)

DREW--

--But he's cut off when...

SOMETHING GRABS C.J. BY THE ANKLES.

C.J. falls FACE-FIRST onto the broken glass covered floor.

The rifle just barely out of reach!!

THEN --

AN INCREDIBLE FORCE YANKS C.J. BACK.

His legs SNAP and CRACK as he's RIPPED through the metal bars inch-by-inch.

His body too thick to fit, he can feel the SQUEEZE around his mid-section.

His ribs BREAK under the pressure.

C.J. tries to fight, but the force WHIPS him up --

HIS SPINE CRACKS ON THE TOP OF THE DOORWAY.

And then it SLAMS him back down --

SMASHING his face into the shards of glass below.

And it does it again.

And again.

His perfect face now sliced to ribbons, C.J. SCREAMS.

INT. LIBRARY

Drew and Hannah hear the cries for help...

DREW

C.J.!

Dropping Charles' research, Drew and Hannah race to move their couch barricade...

INT. HALLWAY

Throwing open the double doors, they hear C.J.'s screams echo down the cavernous corridor.

Drew starts to run to help his brother --

BUT HANNAH GRABS HIS ARM - STOPPING HIM.

DREW

What are you doing?! I've gotta help him!

HANNAH

If that thing is down there with C.J., we can make it back to the study. *We can still save your Dad.*

She's right, but C.J.'s cries are too much to bear...

Drew's torn.

THEN -- **C.J.'s screams are cut short.**

Everything goes quiet.

Drew and Hannah can only imagine the worst...

DREW

(under his breath)

No...

Feeling Drew's pain, Hannah reaches out and takes his hand.

All his siblings are gone...

That's when they hear --

THAT SAME GUTTURAL, INHUMAN GROWL.

It reverberates off every corner of the darkened hall.

Realizing what's coming --

DREW (CONT'D)

Okay. Yeah. We gotta go now.

As the growl turns into a ROAR --

DREW AND HANNAH RACE DOWN THE HALLWAY...

They run as fast as they possibly can...

This thing nipping at their heels.

INT. FOYER

Drew and Hannah speed past the grandfather clock toward Charles' study.

Only twenty minutes until Midnight...

INT. STUDY HALLWAY

Rounding the bend, Drew and Hannah find --

Every light in the corridor flickering on-and-off. Shadows dance on the walls...

The creature's unrelenting growl still coming.

There's no stopping it.

Drew and Hannah have to get to the study.

Feet pounding... Legs burning...

Light from Charles' study peeks through the door.

Their chance for sanctuary. For answers.

Reaching the door, Drew tries the family knock --

No response...

Drew tries again - harder - *KNOCK... KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.*

DREW

Dad!

Still no answer...

HANNAH

Charles - *please!*

Drew tries knocking again. And again. Louder each time.

DREW

DAD!! ARE YOU IN THERE!?

But Charles isn't coming...

That's when Hannah realizes --

The *thing* has gone quiet.

She looks behind them...

THE SHADOW IS ON THE FAR WALL.

It stands there. *It's found them.*

HANNAH

Fuck your stupid family knock!

Hannah starts POUNDING on the door!

Drew sees what has Hannah so spooked...

THE SHADOWY FIGURE HAS MOVED CLOSER.

Realizing they're cornered --

DREW

Dad! I broke down one door tonight -
I'll do it again!

Drew pounds the door - and just when it seems like their fists might break through on their own...

CLICK. The study door UNLOCKS!

Drew opens it. Pushes Hannah through the door.

He takes one last look at The Shadow --

It's closer still.

Without hesitation, Drew steps inside...

SLAMMING THE DOOR SHUT.

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY

Drew deadbolts the door.

Looks to the warm fire keeping the room aglow...

His father sits down beside it...

They're safe for now.

Charles looks Drew and Hannah up-and-down.

Sees the state they're in...

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Where are the twins?

Drew's face darkens --

DREW
Dead. *They're both dead.*

Charles closes his eyes. Accepts this.

He pulls out a pocket watch. Checks the time.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
So close to midnight...

He climbs to his feet and wanders to his desk.

HANNAH
Charles - *what is that thing out there?*

CHARLES ABERNATHY
It's what's coming for me, my dear.

Sensing that's not good enough --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I know, I know. You want answers.
After what you've been through
tonight... *You deserve them.*

Getting lost in a memory...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
You know, your mother - she always
wanted a family... *Me?* I was
indifferent. Never considered it.

Charles looks up.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Did Drew ever tell you about my
father?

Hannah shakes her head.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I didn't think he would. We never
talk about him...

Getting frustrated --

DREW

Dad - what does this have to do
with *anything*?

CHARLES ABERNATHY

It's everything, son. Everything.

Charles lets that register, then gets back into his story...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

After generations of successful
Abernathys, his arrest ruined our
family. Destroyed our fortune. Lost
this house. All he left for me and
my mother was a suicide note... He
disgraced our name.

He looks to Hannah --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Do you know what life was like for
us then? When I had no prospects?
No future?

(gestures to the estate)

Before all this? Before I rebuilt
The Abernathy Empire?

He looks up at a portrait of his late wife...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

I would have given Rebecca the
world if she asked for it... and I
sure as Hell wasn't giving her a
family born into poverty.

Charles walks behind his desk.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

It wouldn't have been much of a
life. Struggling hand-to-mouth.
Penniless. And I couldn't do that
to her. Or the children we'd bear.

He pulls out a safe.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

When a man is desperate, he's
willing to do anything. Sacrifice
the rational for the irrational.
That's when I began seeking
alternatives...

Unlocking it --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
That's when I found this...

He places a small, elegantly-crafted gold statue on the desk.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
And I made a deal - *consequences be damned.*

As beautiful as the craftsmanship is, it's countered by its horrific design...

It's a hideous, demonic figure. Ripped from Dante's Inferno. On the base - an ornate, intricate symbol. A *sigil*...

DREW
What the fuck are you saying, Dad?
That you made a deal with the Devil...?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Not the Devil, son. Mammon.

HANNAH
Mammon?

Charles runs his hand along the statue.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I spent so many nights hunting through libraries, bookstores, museums. I went through countless grimoires searching for him...

Hannah looks to Drew.

HANNAH
The books in the library...

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Yes. You found them? I've amassed quite a collection over the years...

His eyes move back to the statue of Mammon.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
If you look at every culture - every *religion* - you'll find Mammon. Lurking in the shadows.

DREW
And what is it?

CHARLES ABERNATHY
The Demon of Greed.

Drew shakes his head. Can't believe what he's hearing.

DREW
This is insane!

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Insane? Is what's happening tonight
insane? Have you imagined all this?

Drew bites his lip.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
The line between insanity and the
supernatural is razor thin. And
it's a line I crossed a long time
ago.

He uses the arm chair for support.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I wanted wealth. I wanted power. I
wanted...
(gestures to the room)
...All of this.

Gazing at the statue of Mammon...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I told you the deal I made cost
someone their life - *it was mine.*

Drew stares at Charles in disbelief...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
In exchange for everything we have,
I pledged Mammon my eternal soul -
to be taken on my seventy-fifth
birthday.

Charles' eyes drift to the fireplace...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
When I was twenty-four, seventy-
five seemed so far away. But now?
There's only a few minutes left.

Looking back to Drew and Hannah --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I wanted more time. I *needed* more
time.

He grabs a fire poker. As he stokes the flames...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
After your mother died, I realized
there was so much more I wanted to
do. So much money to make. So much
life to live! I had sacrificed
everything for my children... *when
was my turn?*

Charles points the flaming hot poker at Mammon.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I needed to renegotiate.

Putting it down with a clang --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
And I did. It's why you're here.
All of you. Tonight. On the eve of
my seventy-fifth birthday.

Charles walks back to his desk.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I have until midnight to fulfill
the new terms. To complete the
ritual. I am to be the LAST of the
Abernathy's...

Making direct eye-contact with Drew...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
*My soul in exchange for my
bloodline.*

Opens a drawer.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
I was hoping Mammon would do the
dirty work for me. And - *for the
most part* - he has.

Pulls out --

A PRICELESS, ANTIQUE SIX-SHOOTER.

And he aims it RIGHT at Drew.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Three out of four ain't bad.

Drew steps back. Puts his hands up.

In almost a whimper --

DREW

Dad...?

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Believe me. This was all a lot
harder than I ever thought it would
be...

Charles clicks the hammer back. Checks his pocket watch.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

But it's almost midnight. I'm
sorry, son. I can't miss this
deadline.

With a twinge of remorse...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

You always were my favorite.

Hannah watches in horror as --

BANG.

Charles shoots Drew point-blank in the head.

Almost instantly, Drew crumples into a heap on the floor.

Charles stares at the smoking gun barrel - *it was so easy...*

Hannah runs to Drew. Takes her fallen husband into her arms.

Tears come fast and freely.

She holds him tight.

Charles walks over to the study door. Takes out a small, old
piece of paper - *an incantation* - and unlocks the deadbolt.

Opening it, he calls out --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Most powerful Mammon - my debt is
paid in full! Come forth and claim
your final sacrifice... May your
satisfied gaze move on forever!

Charles turns to Hannah. Her eyes burn with RAGE.

HANNAH

How could you?!

He looks to the ground.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
I'm sorry, my dear. I don't expect
you to understand. I tried to
protect you, *remember?* I
practically begged you to go.

HANNAH
You would've killed Drew either
way!

CHARLES ABERNATHY
But I made it so you'd be my sole
heir. You would've gotten all the
money when I pass.

Fighting back the urge to vomit, Hannah shakes her head...

HANNAH
I don't want your fucking money!

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Whether you want it or not, it
doesn't matter now. You saw me kill
my son. It pains me, but--

Raising the pistol in Hannah's direction...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
--There can be no witnesses.

Hannah's eyes go wide.

HANNAH
You won't get away with this!

Pulling the hammer back...

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Hannah, when you're rich, you get
away with everything.

As Charles squeezes the trigger...

HANNAH DIVES OUT OF THE WAY --

BANG! The bullet clips her arm.

She lands with a THUD. Reflexively grabs the wound. Blood
trickles through her fingers.

As Charles readies another shot... Hannah sees the red-hot
fire-poker.

She grabs it and --

Whips it at Charles!

It HITS him and he fires wildly - *another miss.*

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Taking advantage - Hannah disappears into the hallway.

Determination filling his eyes, Charles checks the revolver --

Three left in the chamber.

With a roar --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

HANNAH!!

INT. FOYER HALLWAY

Clenching her wounded arm...

Hannah races toward the foyer. Toward the heart of the house.

A very human threat on her tail.

Rounding the far corner --

Charles walks calm and collected - *gun in hand.*

His voice echoing down the halls --

CHARLES ABERNATHY

You can't run! I know every inch of
this house... You're trapped!

His hand tightens around the pistol...

He will find his prey.

INT. FOYER

Spilling into the foyer - Hannah looks around...

The different places to hide seemingly spin around her...

The grandfather clock ticking its way closer to midnight...

CHARLES ABERNATHY (O.S.)
 I'll make it as quick as I did for
 Drew. You won't suffer. I promise.
 One bullet and it'll all be over!

Hannah turns toward one hallway in particular...

HANNAH
 (under her breath)
One bullet and it'll all be over.

Her eyes go bright. An idea.

STEPPING INTO THE FOYER --

Charles finds the foyer empty.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
 HANNAH!!!!

Peering into the darkness, he looks around.

Weighs Hannah's options. *She could be anywhere...*

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
Which way did you go?

INT. KITCHEN

Nearly speeding past the entrance to the kitchen --

Hannah hits the brakes. Surveys the room...

C.J.'s body is gone - taken by Mammon.

But that's not why Hannah's here...

Near the bloodied, broken glass --

THE HUNTING RIFLE!

Hannah grabs it. Checks the chamber.

ONE BULLET. One chance to stop Charles Abernathy.

INT. POOL HALLWAY

Charles marches down the hall...

Taunting Hannah...

CHARLES ABERNATHY

I should've listened to Olivia. You never were good enough for my son. Never good enough to be an Abernathy. *A common girl.* Why I allowed it - I still don't know. I think I felt sorry for him...

He aims his pistol into The Billiard Room - *it's clear.*

Turning his attention in the direction of the Indoor Pool, Charles stops in his tracks when...

HANNAH (O.S.)

You want me Charles?! I'm here!
Come and get me!

Charles spins toward the foyer --

Menace in his eye. A predator about to pounce.

Clicks the hammer back on the pistol.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Gun first, Charles enters the foyer - ready for a fight.

Scans the massive room --

Hannah is nowhere to be found.

Only the tick-tock of his grandfather clock to greet him...

Frustrated --

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Come out here. No more games.

And that's when we catch a glimpse...

Hidden behind the ornate grandfather clock...

Hannah.

Holding the rifle. Waiting for her moment...

As Charles turns away --

HANNAH

You're right - *no more games.*

As Charles spins to face her --

BOOM!

The rifle blast echoes throughout every corner of the estate.

Taking the bullet to his belly, Charles is ROCKETED across the room and lands HARD on his back.

Worse for him, the pistol slides across the floor --

Just far enough away that he'll have to crawl to reach it.

As he does...

A CREAK followed by a loud GROAN.

He turns to the source of the noise...

His eyes go wide in horror as --

THE MASSIVE GRANDFATHER CLOCK CRASHES DOWN ON HIM.

His lower-half pinned under the weight of the antique.

Charles struggles to free himself, but it's no use.

He can only watch helplessly as Hannah kicks the pistol away.

Charles touches his stomach. Sees the blood on his hands.

CHARLES ABERNATHY

What have you done!?

Still in shock, Charles looks to Hannah.

HANNAH

What I had to.

Coughing up blood, Charles realizes Hannah is his only way out of this...

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Please. I'll give you anything...
Money? You want money? There's more
than enough - you can have your
inheritance now. It's all yours!

Pleading --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

Just... *help me.*

Disdain clouds Hannah's already hate-filled eyes.

HANNAH

I told you before, I don't want
your money. I never did.

And desperation turns to anger --

CHARLES ABERNATHY

If I die tonight - it all goes to
charity. You'll get NOTHING.
Don't be stupid!

Hannah STEPS on Charles arm. He screams in pain.

She reaches into his jacket. Pulls out --

THE POCKET WATCH. She checks the time.

HANNAH

Two minutes to midnight, Charles.
You're out of time.

The billionaire cocks his head - confused.

CHARLES ABERNATHY

What?

HANNAH

Mammon is still coming for you. You
didn't fulfill your end of the
deal... your soul is his to take.

CHARLES ABERNATHY

What are you talking about...?!
They're dead. *They're all dead!*

Spitting venom --

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)

I'm the last of the Abernathys!

Hannah gets in close.

HANNAH

No. *You're not.*

She looks back to the study...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Drew wanted to surprise you with
the news tomorrow. For your
birthday.

With a revenge-filled smile --

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You're going to be a grandfather,
Charles Abernathy.

And Charles heart sinks into the pit of his stomach.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I'm pregnant.

He shakes his head.

CHARLES ABERNATHY
No...

Savoring the moment --

HANNAH
You're not the last of your
bloodline. *Drew's child is.*

She leaves the pocket watch on Charles' chest --

Right where he can see it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
One minute left.

She places her hand on his cheek.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Every part of me wants to stay here
and watch you die, but this is
something you need to do on your
own...

She rises to her feet.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday, Charles.

As Charles watches her leave...

CHARLES ABERNATHY
Hannah - *Please!*

But she ignores his cries. Turns the corner.

CHARLES ABERNATHY (CONT'D)
HANNAH!!!

That's when Charles realizes --

He's all alone.

Still working... THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK CHIMES.

Midnight.

Charles Abernathy's birthday.

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY

As the grandfather clock rings out...

Hannah enters the study. Looks to the bloodstained carpet...

DREW'S BODY IS GONE. Claimed by Mammon.

INT. FOYER

About to face his worst fear, Charles grows frantic.

His eyes dart around the room --

Out of the darkness of each hallway...

SHADOWS. They take shape...

His four dead children - *C.J. Olivia. Drew. Kiki.*

Getting closer and closer with each chime.

CHARLES ABERNATHY

Oh God...

They watch Charles. Their gaze unflinching.

Judging him for his sins.

And that's when the clock strikes twelve.

With a heavy CRUNCH, we feel the weight of SOMETHING press down on the grandfather clock --

Crushing Charles underneath.

We hear its breathing...

Hot. Heavy. *Monstrous.*

Shaking, Charles can't bring himself to look...

Can't bring himself to face his destiny.

That's when Mammon moves in close. Face-to-face.

Like the statue --

Demonic. Hideous. A nightmare come to life.

Its lips part, revealing rows-and-rows of teeth --

Ready to consume the soul of Charles Abernathy.

INT. CHARLES ABERNATHY'S STUDY

As the glowing fire reflects off her face, Hannah relishes each-and-every one of Charles' screams...

CUT TO:

EXT. ABERNATHY ESTATE - DAWN

The sun crests over the hills of The Abernathy Estate.

Down the long driveway... a Mercedes. Followed by four limousines --

One for each sibling.

Stepping out of the Mercedes...

The ever-dutiful Miles Hartman - *right on time.*

He looks to the mansion... Completely still.

Miles checks his watch. Ticking past: 6:26 A.M. - DAWN.

He adjusts his tie. Approaches the steps with trepidation --

No idea what he'll find inside.

He places his hand on an electronic lock. The sound of gears heavily click into place.

Inserting a key into the lock. He twists it... KA-CHUNK.

The big double doors open to reveal --

HANNAH. Caked in blood. *Hers... Drew's....*

Miles stares at her in horror.

MILES

What happened?!

HANNAH

He's dead.

Knocking the lawyer out of the way --

HANNAH (CONT'D)
They all are.

Still in shock, Miles watches Hannah head down the steps before turning and looking into the foyer...

Miles jaw hangs open, sees --

The smashed grandfather clock. A pool of blood beneath it.

BUT NO CHARLES ABERNATHY.

INT. LIMOUSINE

In his rearview mirror, THE DRIVER steals a glance at Hannah...

The blood. The vacant stare. It shakes him to the core. Finding his voice --

DRIVER
 ...Where to, Miss?

Hannah barely acknowledges him. Just looks out the window...

HANNAH
 Just... just drive.

She can feel The Driver hit the gas.

Her hands drift down to her belly...

Down to her unborn child...

Somehow... They made it.

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY

And the limo pulls away from The Estate...

Away from the horrors lying inside...

Carrying the last blood relative of Charles Abernathy.

Hannah and her child --

Free to choose their future, whatever they make of it.

SMASH TO BLACK.