

ENTITLED

by
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1 EXT. DAY - CITY SKYLINE 1

High above the city. Heavy traffic flows across a large, six lane bridge - but gradually one vehicle begins to stand out:

A bicycle being driven at full speed - and weaving its way between the cars.

The rider's identity is obscured by a helmet, glasses etc. - but not his eyes, concentrating intently as he increases speed...

2 EXT. DAY - STREET 2

He pulls up outside a downtown office - hurriedly snatching out a package and delivering it to the front desk.

A RECEPTIONIST signs for it, barely acknowledging his existence - and he continues on his way.

3 INT. DAY - COURIER COMPANY DEPOT 3

Dynan enters a shabby and dilapidated front office...

4 INT. DAY - COURIER COMPANY OFFICE 4

Amidst the grime of the office, he removes the helmet - his identity revealed:

PAUL DYNAN, a young man of 24, well-defined, intelligent features - he quickly crosses to a locker, pulling out a suit and tie, and begins to change.

The door opens and his CONTROLLER enters, a slovenly man in his fifties - immediately noticing Dynan's clothing.

CONTROLLER
Another one?

DYNAN
Yep.

CONTROLLER
Why are you bothering, kid? You got a job for life here...

Dynan smiles ruefully, glancing at the squalid surroundings.

5 INT. DAY - ACCOUNTANTS OFFICE

5

Silence. In a well-appointed office Dynan sits directly opposite a middle-aged MANAGER - who looks up from the resume on his desk.

MANAGER

Well, it's all here. You've got everything we're looking for.

DYNAN

Thank you.

MANAGER

We should be able to let you know sometime next week. So...

He gets to his feet, Dynan shakes his hand and steps away to the door - then pauses, turning back...

DYNAN

Can I ask you a question?

MANAGER

Sure.

DYNAN

I'm not going to get it, am I?

The manager looks at him, hesitating...

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Am I?

MANAGER

I'm sorry, son. Couple of years ago you would have walked straight in. But now...

DYNAN

I'll work the first month for free.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, son.

Dynan stands desolate - then steps out, closing the door behind him.

6 INT. EVENING - LIBRARY

6

Later. Dynan sits alone at a desk, concentrating as he writes a list, surrounded by notebooks, papers etc. Night has fallen and he's the last person remaining. He pulls some documents from a file:

A local newspaper cutting bearing the headline '*Suspended Sentence For Animal Cruelty Pair*', with a small photo of a man and woman just visible beneath;

Court documents where the words '*sociopath*', '*behavioral disorder*', '*pathological fantasist*' and '*attempted suicide*' have been highlighted...

A LIBRARY ASSISTANT approaches, ready to lock up.

ASSISTANT

You done?

DYNAN

Yeah...

Dynan packs his things into a satchel - then looks up.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

I'm done.

7 EXT. NIGHT - CITY STREETS

7

Dynan rides the bicycle through the deserted streets, several of the shop fronts boarded up or bearing foreclosure signs.

He leaves the center of town and enters the poorer residential outskirts, his face illuminated by the passing neon - his eyes on the road, but his mind is elsewhere.

The bicycle draws to a halt outside a two-story house - in contrast to the somewhat run-down properties in the vicinity, it is clean and well-maintained. Dynan takes hold of his satchel...

8 OMIT

8

9

INT. SUNSET - DYNAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

9

Dynan peers through the door. Sitting in an armchair watching a comedy on the TV is his mother, MARSHA: Early fifties, warm, delicate features - she smiles at the show, unaware of his presence, emitting a deep bronchial cough.

Dynan gazes at her unselfconscious enjoyment, touched.

DYNAN

Hey, mom...

She turns in surprise, pleased to see him. Somewhat weakly, she raises herself up in the chair.

MARSHA

Hi, Paul - how was your day?

DYNAN

You know, the usual.

MARSHA

It'll come good.

DYNAN

I graduated two years ago - can't stay under your feet forever.

MARSHA

Do you hear us complaining?

Marsha gestures towards a plate on the dining table.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

I made you a few sandwiches. You know, just to keep that guilt thing going.

Dynan returns her smile.

DYNAN

Where's dad?

MARSHA

He's got to work late. You're pretty late yourself.

He holds up the satchel.

DYNAN

If I keep studying at least I can
kid myself I'm getting somewhere,
right?

Dynan leans down, kisses his mother's cheek, and is about to
leave - then notices a prescription on the mantelpiece.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Haven't you got this filled yet?

MARSHA

I'll get round to it.

DYNAN

You need to take your medication.

MARSHA

It's not free, Paul. It's already
wiped us out. Look, don't worry,
I'll get better.

DYNAN

You're a doctor now?

MARSHA

I'll get better.

10 INT. NIGHT - DYNAN HOUSE, BEDROOM

10

Dynan lies on his bed, thinking - he picks up his bag and
unbuckles it.

He reaches inside and pulls out the contents. However, it's
not an essay or textbook which he holds in his hand -

It is a sawn-off shotgun.

Dynan gazes at its cold steel, sparkling under the glow of
his bedside lamp.

He replaces it in the bag then crosses to a chest of drawers.

He takes out a small box. Inside is an inscribed graduation
present - an Omega watch. Dynan gazes at it proudly for a
second, then slips it into his pocket.

He opens his wardrobe, pulling on a T-shirt and shabby
leather-jacket. He checks his drastically altered appearance
in the mirror, ruffling his otherwise tidy hair - and steps
to the door.

11 OMIT 11

12 INT. NIGHT - CLUB 12

NICK NADER, 22, enters a long, baroque walkway.

An end of term party is in full swing. Twenty or so STUDENTS, the college elite, dressed in high-end clothing. A Hip Hop song blasts out through the space.

Nick makes his way through the crowd, looking for someone.

In a lounge area JEFF VINCENT - the party's host and Nick's best friend - watches lecherously as TWO YOUNG GIRLS, make out together for his entertainment. Completely in his element, he winks at Nick as he passes.

Nick continues on until he sees who he's searching for - HAYLEY JONES, her back to him, cocktail in hand, swaying in time to the music. Nick steps up behind her, shouting in her ear.

NICK

Hey, want to strap me on,
sweetheart?

She turns round wearily - her face breaking into a smile.

HAYLEY

Jeez, thought a civilian had
sneaked in...

13 INT. NIGHT - CLUB BATHROOM 13

Nick stands at the bathroom door, glancing over his shoulder. Hayley is at the marble sink surround - a line of cocaine in front of her.

HAYLEY

Take a risk for once. Be more like
your old man.

She inhales, then leans back, satisfied, gesturing for Nick to follow suit.

NICK

I'm good.

HAYLEY

C'mon, Nick, at least pretend
you're cool.

Nick pauses - then steps forward. He leans down, about to inhale - as Hayley blows the powder into his face, and bursts out laughing.

NICK
You bitch.

HAYLEY
You didn't really want it.

NICK
You fucking bitch...

Hayley grins, nodding in agreement. She opens the bathroom door, glancing out at the horde of partying students beyond.

HAYLEY
Well, if you want a nice girl
there's plenty to choose from...

Nick steps back, passing her - then slams the door shut, pinning her against it.

Instantaneously they begin to make out. It is raw, urgent, Nick reaching under her dress - suddenly Hayley grabs his wrist. She cocks her head towards the music that rises in volume outside...

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
I love this.

... and disappears out of the room.

14 INT. NIGHT - JENNA'S APARTMENT

14

Dynan gazes out of a window, deep in thought.

JENNA (O.S.)
What are you thinking about?

Dynan turns to face JENNA, 23. In contrast to the party-goers her appearance is 'Indie': Black clothes, piercings etc. Her candlelit apartment decked with Gothic artifacts, incense burning. She stares in a mirror, teasing her wine-tinted hair.

DYNAN
Just how smart you are.

JENNA
You get me.

DYNAN

I knew it the minute I saw you.

FLASHBACK TO

Dynan in his parked car - observing two people sitting on a college green bench, smoking. There is a furtive air about them, their clothing and demeanor indicating they are clearly 'outsiders', separate from the elite, well-tailored students in their midst - and unaware of Dynan's gaze: They are a young man in his early twenties, DEAN DOUGLAS TAYLOR - and Jenna. They glance at one another, sneering, as a TWO STUDENTS pass by...

CUT BACK TO

Dynan steps across, putting his hands on Jenna's shoulders - both of them looking at their reflection in the mirror.

JENNA

We're the same, aren't we?

DYNAN

We're the same.

JENNA

It's so good to be with someone who sees through all the crap. Someone with a vision.

DYNAN

I'll see Dean again tomorrow.

JENNA

You sure he can handle it? I mean, he can lose it big time.

DYNAN

We need him if we go through with this thing.

JENNA

And when's that going to be?

DYNAN

When I'm sure.

She nods in acceptance.

JENNA

You want to go out somewhere?

DYNAN
Not tonight.

JENNA
We never go out any night. Don't
you want to be seen with me or
something?

DYNAN
I just want you to myself. Is that
so bad?

JENNA
No, I love it. I love you.

DYNAN
You know what?...

He gently runs his fingers through her hair.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
I think you should change this.

JENNA
But I like it this way. I thought
you did.

DYNAN
Yeah... Forget I mentioned it.

He abruptly gets to his feet.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

JENNA
Wait, I...

Dynan leans down, holding her anxious gaze.

DYNAN
And I love you too.

He steps away, closing the door behind him.

15 INT. NIGHT - CLUB

15

Later. Four a.m. and the music, laughter and drunkenness of
the party are now at their peak. Nick, Hayley and Jeff are
in the middle of it all, about to take a shot of tequila.

JEFF

Okay, on three. One, two... three!

They simultaneously down the shots, wincing.

NICK

Jesus... was that a double?

JEFF

Triple.

NICK

Bastard...

HAYLEY

Another!

NICK

We're outta here. Finals week, remember?

HAYLEY

Who and cares.

JEFF

Yeah, screw that. We've got boys night Friday.

NICK

Yippee.

JEFF

C'mon, gotta keep our old fellas happy.

Jeff reaches for the tequila bottle.

NICK

Enough. We're going.

HAYLEY

What is this? Middle-age practice?

NICK

You two would have made a great match.

JEFF

You're right - but I've just got too much fucking to do.

NICK

We'll leave you to it.

She grins at Jeff as Nick leads her away.

JEFF
Everybody sucks but us!

He laughs, takes a large swig from the bottle - and dives back into the crowd...

16 INT. DAY - DRUGSTORE 16

The following morning, and Dynan stands at the counter as a female ASSISTANT fills a prescription and rings up the price on the register - \$950

He pulls out the money...

17 EXT. DAY - STREET 17

Dynan crosses the street to his bike, which is parked outside a pawn shop.

He pauses - his graduation watch clearly visible in the window.

18 INT. DAY - DYNAN HOUSE, KITCHEN 18

Marsha stands at the kitchen table, flipping through the mail.

She pauses, one envelope catching her attention. She tears it open - and freezes as her eyes scan the letter inside.

She spins round as Dynan enters behind her.

DYNAN
What's up?

MARSHA
Nothing...

Marsha forces a smile. He pulls the prescription from his pocket, offering it to her.

DYNAN
There you go.

She stares at the package.

MARSHA

Where did you get the money? The insurance wouldn't have covered it.

DYNAN

It did. How else could I have paid? Now it's twice a day, so don't forget, okay? Are you listening?

Marsha has no response.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Mom?

Dynan spots the letter she holds behind her back - he takes it from her shaking hand and stares at it's damning contents - a notice of foreclosure on their house.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

No, they can't just...

Tears well up in her eyes.

MARSHA

Paul...

He looks at his mother's gentle face, etched with vulnerability and fear.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid.

She presses her head against his chest, lost. He softly rubs her shoulder, consoling her - a look of determination forming on his face.

19 INT. NIGHT - DYNAN'S BEDROOM 19

Midnight. Again wearing the leather jacket and T-shirt, Dynan checks his reflection in the mirror - as if putting on a mask. He ruffles his hair and departs...

20 EXT. NIGHT - BOARDING HOUSE 20

Dynan watches the doorway of a beat-up boarding house - there is no one to be seen.

Taking care that he is not being observed, he steps out of the shadows and enters the building...

21 OMIT 21

22 INT. NIGHT - TAYLOR'S APARTMENT 22

Dynan stands in a delapidated room, it's contents indicating the occupant's nihilistic personality: black curtains, thrash metal posters, dozens of martial arts and slasher movie DVD's littering the floor - he turns to Dean Douglas Taylor: 21, thin, 'Emo' in appearance, blank expression - the same young man he had observed sitting on a bench with Jenna.

DYNAN

In a few days the whole world's
going to know your name.

Taylor doesn't respond, lighting a cigarette.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Think about that.

TAYLOR

I have.

DYNAN

I can't do this on my own, Dean.

TAYLOR

We're all on our own.

DYNAN

Not anymore.

Dynan reaches into his pocket - producing a small detonating device.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Tick tock tick tock...

Taylor stares at it, impressed.

TAYLOR

Maybe she's right about you...

Dynan offers it to him, watching as he inspects it with fascination - and noticing the deep scars on his wrist.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Thought she was just falling for
your blue eyes.

DYNAN
Listen, if you two have got a thing
going I -

TAYLOR
We hang out. That's it.

DYNAN
Cool... you haven't called her have
you?

TAYLOR
No, I haven't fucking called her.
Lost my cell anyway.

Dynan shrugs, glancing at the chaotic surroundings.

DYNAN
Hard to believe. Got a beer?

Taylor steps towards a kitchen area - instantly Dynan lifts
up the edge of the stained carpet, whipping out a map and
photographs from his pocket - and sliding them underneath.

His eyes scan the surroundings, spotting Taylor's wallet
amongst the debris on a bedside table - he pulls a credit
card out of the wallet, slipping it inside his pocket.

Taylor returns with a beer. Dynan points to a poster on the
wall - the slogan 'Destroy' emblazoned upon it.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
That just a word?

Dynan stares hard into his eyes - pulling out the sawn-off
shotgun from his jacket - and offering it to him.

Taylor pauses - then takes the gun.

TAYLOR
Got to do something with my Friday
nights...

Jenna lies asleep. She tosses restlessly, then opens her
eyes - and startles.

Dynan is beside the bed, gazing at her from the shadows.

DYNAN
I'd call, but...

JENNA
I know. No communication. No
trace.

DYNAN
Safer that way when it all goes
down, right?

JENNA
You mean...

DYNAN
I'm sure.

JENNA
When?

DYNAN
Tomorrow.

Her eyes widen, intoxicated by Dynan's presence.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
This is it.

JENNA
I'll do anything you want.

DYNAN
I know.

Dynan runs his fingers through her hair - now dyed pitch
black.

JENNA
What about Dean?

DYNAN
He's your friend. You know him
better than me.

JENNA
Yeah, but I don't like him.

DYNAN
He's perfect.

Dynan looks deep into her eyes.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
Just like you.

As he is about to get to his feet, she grabs his wrist...

JENNA
Don't you want me?

... and presses his hand against her breast.

DYNAN
You know I do - when it's over.

He holds her gaze, she nods reluctantly in acceptance.

24 EXT. DAY - UNIVERSITY 24

Nick Nader emerges from the campus. Several other students appear behind him, all sharing the same sense of relief, their final examination completed.

He quickly makes his way across the green to a waiting Alpha Romeo Spider and it's driver - Jeff.

Nick pulls open the passenger door, throwing his business manuals on the dashboard as he jumps inside.

25 INT. DAY - JEFF'S CAR 25

Nick has hardly landed on the seat, when in one movement Jeff grabs the text books and tosses them straight out of the window - into a garbage can.

NICK
What are you doing?

JEFF
Well, you won't need them any more.

NICK
I will if I don't pass.

JEFF
Nick, we passed the day we were born.

Jeff fiddles with his iPod.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Accept it, man. We don't live in
 the real world. We don't have to.

He gestures at a group of people on the sidewalk, queuing to board a bus.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 That's for those dumb fucks.

NICK
 You're just a people person.

JEFF
 So - what are you going to do about
 Hayley? This childhood sweethearts
 thing is getting kinda old.

Nick doesn't respond.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 But you're crazy about her.

NICK
 God help me.

JEFF
 She feel the same way about you?

NICK
 Yeah... of course she does.

JEFF
 Then God help your Amex. Jeez, you
 actually are gonna have to do a
 day's work.

NICK
 I'll let you know what that feels
 like.

Jeff grins, slamming his foot on the accelerator - the car roars away...

26 INT. DAY - DYNAN'S CAR

26

Dynan pulls up in a secluded clearing, amidst a scenic mountain range and a vast expanse of forest and woodland.

He is dressed in black 'military' style clothing, while hanging in the back seat, wrapped in cellophane, is a set of his regular clothes; jacket, shirt, tie etc.

He reaches into the glove compartment, pulling out a small voice recorder. He takes a breathe, switches it on and begins to speak...

DYNAN

I hope you never get to hear this, but if you do, if this thing goes wrong, I want you to know I did it to make things right.

Dynan pauses, gathering his thoughts.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Just to make things right... I love you.

He switches off the device, replaces it in the glove compartment - and gets out of the car.

27 EXT. DAY - HOUSE 27

Dynan stands in the driveway of the house. He slips on a pair of black leather gloves, observing the security camera which hangs above the front doorway - then carefully makes his way out of it's range and around towards the rear of the building...

28 EXT. DAY - HOUSE 28

Dynan steps up to the back door, takes a key from his pocket - and lets himself in.

29 INT. DAY - LIVING ROOM, HOUSE 29

Dynan stares at his reflection in a large, gold framed mirror.

DYNAN

This is what you're gonna do. This is what you're gonna do...

He looks across an expensively furnished living room, then sits down in one of the beautifully upholstered chairs, running his hand over the armrest's fine material.

It feels good. It feels like money.

He jumps to his feet and crosses to the door.

As he is about to step out he notices something on a side table: a small arrangement of framed photographs.

Dynan looks down at them, one in particular attracting his attention. He gazes at the scene it portrays - two happy, smiling boys and a little girl, no more than six years old.

30 OMIT 30

31 OMIT 31

32 INT. DAY - BASEMENT, HOUSE 32

He flicks a light, illuminating the shadowy expanse of the basement.

Dynan stares across it, a look of satisfaction on his face...

33 INT. DAY - JEFF'S CAR 33

Jeff drives along the freeway. Nick and Hayley are in the back, all with a can of beer. Hayley fiddles irritably with her iPhone.

HAYLEY

I need the update.

JEFF

You mean daddy hasn't got you one yet? Must be downsizing...

NICK

Aren't we getting a little old for family vacations?

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

The middle of nowhere's great when
you're twelve but the novelty's
kinda worn off now.

HAYLEY

Still got to have your little poker
night before the girls are even
allowed in the door...

JEFF

Yeah - apart from our Homecoming
Queen.

HAYLEY

We're out of beer, P.S.

Jeff reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a
bottle of Patron tequila.

JEFF

This do instead?

34 INT. DAY - JEFF'S CAR

34

Later. Deep into the countryside, the bottle of tequila now
stands empty. The only sound the low hum of the vehicle's
air-conditioning, Nick and Hayley having lapsed into a
drunken sleep.

At the wheel, Jeff negotiates the lonely, winding roads,
dense pines enveloping the car on either side.

He rubs his eyes, weary after a long day's drive, then looks
up - to see a barely discernible shape in the far distance.

As he draws closer it is clearly visible - a young woman.

She stands perfectly still in the center of the road, staring
straight at the approaching vehicle - and making no attempt
to move.

The car is now bearing down on her - Jeff has no choice but
to grind to a halt a short distance away.

He pauses, glancing back at his sleeping passengers, then
stares out at his obstruction, her face vacant and
expressionless - Jenna.

Jeff curses under his breath - and gets out of the car...

35 EXT. DAY - ROAD

35

Jeff steps towards Jenna, who remains motionless. She is dressed in the same 'military' clothing that Dynan was wearing.

JEFF

What do you think you're doing?

No response.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Answer me, you dumb bitch.

JENNA

I'm waiting for someone.

JEFF

Who?

TAYLOR (O.S.)

You.

A click of metal - Jeff spins round to see Taylor in the woodland at the side of the road, also wearing the military clothing - the sawn-off shotgun in his hand.

JEFF

What's going on? What do you want?!

Jeff snatches out his wallet as Taylor steps towards him...

JEFF (CONT'D)

Look, I've got money! Take the car! Whatever you want!

... and leans into his terrified face.

TAYLOR

Why don't you tell us a funny story?

36 INT. DAY - LODGE KITCHEN

36

In a large, well-stocked kitchen, FRANK, a chauffeur, 50, sits engrossed in a fishing magazine. Opposite him, AVIS, a housekeeper in her early sixties, is putting the final touches to elaborate trays of food.

A sudden burst of raucous laughter from beyond - Frank glances up at Avis and they share a knowing smile.

37

EXT. DAY - LODGE TERRACE

37

CLIFFORD JONES, Hayley's father, and RICHARD NADER, Nick's father, await their children's impending arrival at the splendor of Jones's summer lodge, the afternoon sun streaming across the rear terrace.

Both in their fifties, Jones is in his vacation clothes: cotton sweaters, chinos, etc. Nader still in his well-cut business suit.

Lifelong friends, Nader is relaxed, comfortable in his own skin. Jones more careful and considered.

JONES

He's late. Just for a change. The kids'll get here before him.

NADER

Yeah, well, that's Bob. Hasn't changed since fifth grade...

JONES

Unless he's headed to your place.

NADER

What?

JONES

No, forget it. He knows we're at mine this year. I must have told him a hundred times.

Jones takes a bottle of bourbon and refills Nader's glass.

NADER

How are things at Goldman's?

JONES

Safe - for now. You?

NADER

Well...

Jones notices the new gold Rolex on Nader's wrist.

JONES

Even in a shit storm you still
smell of roses. What's your
secret?

NADER

You bend the rules - and I bend
them just a little bit more. Win
big, lose big.

JONES

I can see which.

NADER

Come on, Cliff, we're on vacation.
Let's leave it in the office.

JONES

You started it...

Frank and Avis enter the living room behind them - both
carrying the food trays.

37a INT. DAY - LODGE LIVING ROOM

37a

Jones and Nader step back inside the house.

JONES

Great job, Avis.

AVIS

Couldn't have done it without
Frank.

NADER

Hey, Frank, missed your vocation.

FRANK

Oh no, I'm happy behind the wheel.

NADER

Can just picture you in a floral
apron...

JONES

This is perfect, Avis, the kids'll
love it. Now get yourself on home.

AVIS

If you're sure that's all...

JONES

Home.

The men bid Avis goodnight and she departs.

JONES (CONT'D)

Frank, I'm going to need you to hang on. Bob can put it away, so you might need to run him home pretty late tonight, okay?

NADER

Can't he just crash?

JONES

That new blonde of his needs a regular service.

NADER

Sounds like my second. Only I didn't have to buy her tits...

FRANK

That's fine, sir.

JONES

Meantime, take a beer out of the fridge, get yourself in the den, relax, whatever.

Frank leaves.

NADER

I don't know where people get this idea that we spoil our kids.

JONES

God forbid.

Nader takes a chicken leg from the tray, handing it to Jones.

NADER

Party time?

38

INT. DAY - BASEMENT

38

Blackness. In the shadows of a basement, Jeff, Nick and Hayley sit propped against a wall, bound together by a tightly knotted length of rope - they are all blindfold.

Hayley is gripped by panic, struggling to free herself.

HAYLEY

Nick!

NICK

Just stay calm, baby.

She becomes aware of movement at her other side.

HAYLEY

Jeff?

JEFF

Yeah, are you -

A sound. The creak of a door opening - they freeze, rigid with fear

Dynan stands observing them from the doorway. He steels himself - and steps forward.

NICK

What do you want?

The scratch of sulphur and a flash of light - a flickering match illuminates the three terrified captives.

HAYLEY

Oh God, Nick -

NICK

It's alright, baby, I'm here.

Dynan crouches beside her in the shadows.

NICK (CONT'D)

Get away from her! Hayley!

JEFF

Don't you fucking touch her!

Dynan stares uneasily at their terrified faces - then blows out the match and withdraws.

39

INT. DAY - LODGE

39

In the comfort of the living room, Clifford Jones and Richard Nader have been unable to resist eating a considerable amount of the night's food, the atmosphere relaxed.

JONES

Where the hell's Bob?

NADER

Checking the tax on his grocery bill.

JONES

That's why he's worth ten times us put together, right?

NADER

Except when it comes to Jeff...

JONES

Can't wait to see what he's got him for graduation.

NADER

Let's see... aftershave?

JONES

Pair of socks?

They laugh - the phone rings. Jones gestures to Nader's overnight bag...

JONES (CONT'D)

Ditch the suit and freshen up.

NADER

You got it.

... then picks up the receiver.

JONES

Hello.

DYNAN (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Jones?

JONES

Yes.

DYNAN (O.S.)

Mr. Clifford Jones?

JONES

Yes.

DYNAN (O.S.)

You've got a daughter, Hayley?

JONES
Yes, that's right...

DYNAN (O.S.)
No, actually that's wrong.

Pause.

DYNAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've got her.

Jones is rooted to the spot, a cold sensation rushing through his veins.

DYNAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, and I've got Bob and Ricky's boys as well.

Nader pauses at the foot of the stairs, staring at Jones with growing apprehension. Jones presses a button, putting the call - and Dynan's words, distorted by a voice changer - onto the speakerphone.

DYNAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Want to say hello?

40 INT. DAY - BASEMENT

40

Dynan stands in the corner of the basement, a distance from the captives. He turns and strides towards them - his approach instantly provoking more terror. He shoves them with his foot.

HAYLEY
No, no, Please...

NICK
Just tell us what you want!

JEFF
Tell us, you bastard!

41 INT. DAY - LODGE

41

Jones and Nader stand transfixed by the sound of their children's terrified voices.

DYNAN (O.S.)
Alright, now this is -

JONES

What's going on?! If you do
anything I'll -

DYNAN (O.S.)

Let's skip the 'If you hurt her I'll kill you' routine, okay? I'm going to tell you what to do, you're going to do it, and then I let them go. That's it. Do you understand?

Nader looks anxiously at Jones, who grits his teeth.

JONES

Yes.

DYNAN (O.S.)

I want a million dollars from each of you. That's three million total. So phone your lawyers and instruct them to make the transfer arrangements. They'll be no drop-offs or suitcases full of cash. I'll call back in thirty minutes and give you the account number. It's all very clean and tidy. Any questions?

Pause.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

I said, any questions?

JONES

... No.

DYNAN (O.S.)

If you want to call the cops, go right ahead. All they'll do is just clutter up the house and persuade you to delay our business and keep me talking. And if that happens fine, save the money and, well... I'll say goodbye to them for you.

The phone is hung up. The two men stare at one another - in the blink of an eye their world is turned upside down.

42

INT. DAY - KITCHEN

42

Taylor and Jenna wait eagerly in the kitchen which stands directly above the basement. Dynan appears in the doorway.

JENNA
Are they scared?

DYNAN
Uh-huh.

JENNA
I love it.

TAYLOR
Pussies.

JENNA
The one who was driving makes me
want to puke.

DYNAN
Couple of hours and it'll be over.

TAYLOR
Well, it won't all be over, will
it?

DYNAN
No. It won't.

The three share a conspiratorial smile.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
You both done great. Just got to
keep it cool now, okay?

He gestures to the living room - and a wide screen TV,
computer games etc...

DYNAN (CONT'D)
There's enough crap in there to
pass the time.

Jenna steps towards it, she and Dynan exchanging a satisfied
glance as she passes. Taylor following on.

43 INT. DAY - LIVING ROOM

43

Jenna sits on the living room sofa. Taylor enters and sits
beside her. He glances back towards Dynan in the kitchen,
then turns to Jenna, lowering his voice.

TAYLOR
Are you sure about him?

JENNA

What?

TAYLOR

I dunno. There's something.

JENNA

Yeah, there is - he's prepared to actually do something instead of talking about it.

TAYLOR

You mean like you?

JENNA

Listen, if it wasn't for me you wouldn't even be here.

TAYLOR

Fucked him yet?

JENNA

You really are an asshole, Dean.

TAYLOR

Maybe he prefers, well, you know...

JENNA

A fucking asshole.

TAYLOR

Thanks.

Taylor grins, turning away and pointing a remote at the TV.

44

INT. DAY - LODGE

44

Jones paces the floor of the living room. Nader on the phone.

NADER

No signal. Fuck. The one time we need him here...

He slams it down.

JONES

I say we call the police.

NADER

Okay, we call the police. Does that increase the chance of catching this psycho? Yeah, of course it does. Does it increase the chance of the kids getting out of this alive? No way. And I don't like those percentages, Cliff.

JONES

Richard, this isn't a business deal.

NADER

That's exactly what it is. It's risk assessment. And I'm not risking Nick's life because you want to do the right thing.

JONES

Alright, then let's get out there, try and find them... Do something!

NADER

Cliff, come on. Where do we start? And in the meantime, we've gone and he calls back. What then?

JONES

Okay, okay. Let's see what Bob's got to say.

NADER

Bob's not here, and we don't have time for a debate!.. Look, we've got to stick together. We can't afford to antagonize this guy.

Jones pauses, looking hard at Nader - who picks up the phone, offering it to him.

NADER (CONT'D)

Let's just do what he says.

Jones nods reluctantly in agreement - and takes it from him.

45 INT. DAY - LIVING ROOM

45

Dynan appears in the doorway.

DYNAN

Okay, I'm going back down.

Jenna grabs the sawn-off shotgun and joins Dynan - Taylor following behind. Dynan raises a hand to stop him.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Look, we've been through this, Dean. Never more than two. Someone's got to keep watch up here.

TAYLOR

Yeah - she can do it.

DYNAN

I want you for the big stuff, okay?

Taylor pauses, then reluctantly backs off. Dynan and Jenna step out.

46

INT. DAY - BASEMENT

46

Jeff, Nick and Hayley stiffen apprehensively as they hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

Jenna enters the basement.

JENNA

Everybody happy?

JEFF

Fuck you.

Jenna crouches beside Jeff and slowly caresses his face with the barrel of the shotgun.

JENNA

Oh yeah?

Dynan appears in the doorway, clicking his fingers for her join him at the back of the basement.

Jenna smirks and gets to her feet as Dynan taps in a number on his phone, quickly answered by Clifford Jones.

DYNAN

You've made the transfer arrangements?

JONES (O.S.)

Yes...

DYNAN

Good. It'll take a couple of hours to work its way through the system. When it does they'll be freed. Okay, write down this-

JONES (O.S.)

Look, Bob Vincent hasn't arrived yet.

DYNAN

Where is he?

JONES (O.S.)

I don't know, he's late -

DYNAN

Late?

JONES (O.S.)

It doesn't mean anything, he'll be here any minute.

JENNA

What's going on?

DYNAN

Let me think.

JENNA

They're stalling! They're not going to pay!

Jenna's raised voice instantly alerts Nick, Hayley and Jeff.

HAYLEY

They will!

NICK

They'll pay whatever you want!

JENNA

Shut your fucking mouth!

She paces the floor with growing agitation.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Which one's missing?

Dynan nods towards Jeff, then returns to the call.

DYNAN

Okay, I'll give Vincent another
half hour if -

JENNA

That's bullshit! Baby, can't you
see they're playing us?

Dynan looks hard at Jenna.

DYNAN
Just cool it, okay?

JENNA
Cool it. Right. So we're just
going to wait till he shows up?

DYNAN
No. We'll take what we've got.

Dynan stares at Jenna. She begins to calm down.

JENNA
We'll take what we've got.

DYNAN
Alright.

He is about to put the phone back to his ear when Jenna takes a step towards him.

JENNA
I guess if we're not going to wait
we don't really need this
asshole... Do we?

Jenna glances casually back at Jeff - and shoots him point blank in the chest.

47 INT. DAY - LODGE

47

Jones and Nader stand transfixed during a grotesque moment of shocked silence, before the terrified screams of their children echo through the night air.

48

INT. DAY - BASEMENT

48

Hysteria. Nick and Hayley writhe in terror - unable to see the bloodied, motionless body which slumps against them like a rag doll.

HAYLEY

Oh, God, Jeff. Jeff!...

Dynan hangs up the phone and stands rigid, bar the trembling of his lower lip.

NICK

You crazy -

JENNA

SHUT UP!

They are cowed into silence - Dynan stares at Jenna, who is looking with fascination at the smoking gun in her hand.

JENNA (CONT'D)

What's wrong? We were gonna do it anyway.

Dynan yanks the gun from her grip - and slaps her across the face, hissing under his breathe.

DYNAN

Get out.

Jenna pauses, shaken, then steps away. Dynan watches her go until the door closes - and he is left alone.

His expression immediately registers the shock he's forced himself to disguise.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ...

He paces up and down, glancing at Jeff's body, then Nick and Hayley, who sit motionless, afraid to move or speak.

He breaths deeply, steadying himself - then resumes the call.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

That shouldn't have happened - but if you want it to end there do what I say. Now.

JONES (O.S.)

What have you done?! Are you out of your mind? You've killed an innocent boy, you maniacs! You've -

DYNAN

Now.

Silence.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Bank of Lucerne, account number 0370 995731. You know the deal. False name. Money's there for five seconds then out. Two months for you to follow the trail - and by then I'll be long gone. You've got till three a.m.

Dynan hangs up, almost shaking. He looks across at Nick and Hayley, desolate.

49 INT. DAY - BATHROOM

49

Dynan kneels on the bathroom floor being violently sick into the lavatory bowl.

He gets to his feet and throws water onto his face at the sink - staring at his haunted reflection in the mirror.

He takes a deep breath, assumes a determined demeanor and opens the bathroom door.

50 INT. DAY - LIVING ROOM

50

Taylor, agitated, stands in the doorway. Dynan shoots a look at Jenna, who steps out of the room.

TAYLOR

Why did she get to do it?

DYNAN

You'll have your time.

TAYLOR
Better. I didn't come out here to
channel surf.

DYNAN
Yeah, I know.

TAYLOR
Good.

Dynan steps past him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This place is covered in our
prints, fibres, all that shit.
Know that too?

DYNAN
That's why we'll torch it when
we're through.

TAYLOR
Got it all figured out.

Dynan sits in an armchair, picking up a laptop, his back to
Taylor - who watches him closely. Seconds pass.

DYNAN
What's your problem, Dean?

TAYLOR
I'm looking at it.

DYNAN
And how's that?

TAYLOR
You just don't add up.

DYNAN
Meaning?

TAYLOR
You say you want to fuck them - but
really you want to be them.

DYNAN
I do?

TAYLOR
Yeah.

DYNAN
That it?

TAYLOR

No.

Pause.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

This is just your little shortcut
into the club, isn't it?

DYNAN

You got me, Dean. All down the line. Well, apart from one thing...

He turns to face Taylor, holding out the laptop, where the screen displays a clock counting down - 4.25.33, 4.25.32, 4.25.31...

DYNAN (CONT'D)

There isn't going to be a club. Remember?

The trace of a smile forms on Taylor's face as he regards the screen.

51 INT. DAY - HALLWAY 51

Jenna emerges from the bathroom, looking down the hallway into the living room, where Dynan and Taylor are staring at the computer, unaware of her presence - she pauses...

52 INT. DAY - BASEMENT 52

Jenna kneels beside Hayley, leaning towards her face - which is splattered with blood from Jeff's wound. She pulls out a handkerchief.

NICK

Don't touch her!

JENNA

She'll want to look her best. Like the little doll she is.

Hayley inhales sharply as the cloth makes contact. Jenna begins to wipe away the traces of blood from her cheek and forehead - then spits in her face to help it's removal.

HAYLEY

Oh, God...

NICK

Just leave her alone! You'll get your money!

JENNA

But this isn't about money.

NICK

No, of course it isn't.

JENNA

It's about you. You think you rule the world, don't you? But not tonight. Yeah, there's a new show in town, for one night only.

HAYLEY

You're going to kill us, aren't you?

JENNA

You want to know a secret? My boyfriend, he's a really clever guy. Planned the whole thing. But it's a bit... predictable. So we thought: what's the best way to end any show?... Well, it's obvious, isn't it?

Jenna leans closer to Hayley's face.

JENNA (CONT'D)

With a bang.

HAYLEY

No...

JENNA

Don't panic. I don't mean for you. It's for the folks back home. Three a.m. they'll be sitting there, thinking they've done their duty and then... I guess you could say we'll take the roof off.

Jenna gets to her feet.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Hey, you ever opened up a modem? Nothing there, just a circuit board and a lot of empty space. You really can put anything in there. Anything... And if it's attached to a lap top that's programmed to detonate - which your Daddy's is - well...

Nick and Hayley are speechless as the devastating implication of Jenna's words begins to sink in.

53

INT. SUNSET - LODGE

53

Nader is on the phone, watched anxiously by Jones.

NADER

Yeah, of course I know the banks are closed! What do you think I am, a fucking moron? So do it through one of the foreign accounts, okay?... Look, I told you before, I'll explain it tomorrow... No, I'm not in any trouble, I just... Chuck, I've given you the details, just do it!

Nader slams down the phone.

JONES

Yours giving you trouble?

NADER

Yeah, well, it's not every night they have to transfer a million bucks.

Jones offers Nader a cigarette. He takes it and lights up, glancing across at a group of framed family photographs on the mantelpiece - and one that features the smiling faces of three men: Himself, Jones - and Bob Vincent, Jeff's father

JONES

He called you Ricky.

NICK

What?

JONES

The first time he phoned.

NADER

Are you sure?

JONES

I haven't called you that since college.

NADER

And you were the only one whoever did.

JONES
What's he trying to do, Rick?

The living room door opens and Frank enters carrying a desert tray.

FRANK
Avis must have forgot to bring this up. She...

He pauses, aware of the men's grim demeanor.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

54 INT. SUNSET - LIVING ROOM

54

Jenna enters.

JENNA
I'm starved.

Dynan looks up from his computer, then crosses, ushering her out into the hallway.

DYNAN
Are we going to stay with the plan now?

JENNA
What's the big deal?

DYNAN
You just killed someone. Is that like an everyday event for you?

JENNA
He deserved it, didn't he? You're the one who's been telling me for months how we're gonna stick it to them, fuck them over, destroy their perfect little lives - I thought you'd be pleased.

Dynan smiles - then presses her against the wall.

DYNAN
I'm not.

JENNA

I'm sorry, okay? I just want to make you happy. That's all. I just...

Increasingly desperate, tears begin to form in her eyes.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I love you. I'd do anything for you.

DYNAN

Then don't let me down again. Ever.

55 INT. NIGHT - BASEMENT

55

Night has fallen. Hayley, shivers in the damp air. Nick twists his constricted body closer to give her some comfort.

NICK

Hayley, I'm here, just -

He freezes.

HAYLEY

What's wrong? Nick?

NICK

The rope's loose...

The rope binding them is beginning to give, loosened by the gunshot which had torn through Jeff - and one of its interlocking strands.

Energized, Nick writhes in a frantic attempt to free himself, but his efforts result in pulling Jeff closer - their friend's head slumping lifelessly against Hayley's chest.

HAYLEY

Oh, no, no, please...

NICK

Just hang on, I'm nearly there...

With one last, powerful thrust Nick manages to force an arm free and begins to untangle himself - he staggers to his feet, ripping off the blindfold.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's okay, just be calm, baby, just be calm...

Nick lifts up Jeff's head, resting his body against the wall, then unties Hayley - her eyes blinking into life as he releases her blindfold.

HAYLEY

Oh, Nick...

He takes her in his arms.

NICK

It's alright, it's alright.

Her sobbing begins to subside, calmed by his touch. She looks up at him - and catches sight of Jeff.

NICK (CONT'D)

No...

Before the scream has even risen in her throat, Nick clamps his hand over her mouth.

NICK (CONT'D)

We can't let them hear us.

Hayley weakly nods her head, Nick releases his grip.

HAYLEY

Nick, we've got to get out of here.

NICK

We will, just keep it together,
okay??

Nick jumps up, scanning their surroundings, the only light coming from under the door at the top of the stairs. His eyes search every inch of the basement - he freezes.

NICK (CONT'D)

I don't believe it...

HAYLEY

What?

NICK

We're in my dad's house.

Nader sits wearily on the sofa, now on his second pack of cigarettes. Jones is beside him.

JONES

He must know us.

NADER

Well, he certainly seems to know me.

JONES

How much longer is this going to take?

NADER

Take it easy. We told them what to do.

JONES

I don't know how you can be so calm about it.

NADER

Because us panicking is not going to help our kids, is it? We'll get them home, Cliff.

Nader puts a comforting hand on his friend's shoulder. Jones looks at him, desperate to cling onto any vestige of hope.

JONES

Yeah.

NADER

We've got to. We can't let all that food go to waste.

Jones smiles, grateful for Nader's attempts to raise his spirits. But his expression is abruptly transformed into one of shock -

By a loud rap on the front door.

For an instant they sit motionless, their minds racing.

Nader jumps to his feet and rushes to the window, instantly pulling back.

NADER (CONT'D)

It's Bob...

JONES

What are we going to tell him?

NADER

Anything but the fucking truth or he'll call the cops.

JONES

Jesus...

Another loud rap on the door.

NADER

Cliff, let him in.

Jones steps to the door, composes himself - and opens it.

Bob Vincent, Jeff's father, and the most boisterous of the three, stands beaming in the doorway, holding aloft a bottle of champagne.

VINCENT

Hiya, campers!

He steps past Jones into the room, registering the two men's expressions.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Listen guys, I don't blame you for being pissed off. Same old story, right?

Vincent hands the bottle to Nader and hangs up his jacket.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Am I talking to myself here? So I'm a couple of hours late...

He turns back, facing them.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

There's no harm done, is there?

They can barely bring themselves to meet his gaze.

The telephone rings.

Jones and Nader stiffen, their eyes locked.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Well, I can guess who that is. Looks like I'm not the only who's late.

NADER

Aren't you going to get that, Cliff?

JONES

... Yeah.

Vincent spots the large spread of food.

VINCENT

Boy, this looks good...

Jones reaches down for the receiver, his eyes glued to Vincent, who stands just a couple of feet away...

JONES

Hello... Hi, sweetheart. Yeah, Bob's just arrived. We're having a great time. No, she's not here yet... It's nothing to worry about, they just got held up, that's all. Yeah, you'll see her tomorrow... We will, honey. Okay. Bye.

Jones shakily replaces the receiver.

VINCENT

Jeez, you'd think they'd leave us alone on our one night of freedom, right? Listen, I brought a great surprise for Jeff. In fact, I drove it here...

Vincent throws a set of keys to a new Tahoe onto the table.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Handles like a dream. He's gonna love it.

He nods towards the bottle of champagne which Jones has placed on the table.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Are we waiting for New Years? Come on, open it.

Jones and Nader glance uneasily at one another. Jones picks up the bottle and begins to uncork it...

58 INT. NIGHT - HALLWAY

58

The door of the basement slowly begins to open...

Nick and Hayley cautiously step out into the hallway. Further along to their left, the living room, and the sound of a computer game blaring from behind its half-open door.

HAYLEY (SOTTO VOCE)

Are you just going to let them get away with this?

Nick puts a finger to his lips silencing her, then gestures towards the back door at the opposite end of the hallway. Hayley nods reluctantly in acceptance and they creep towards it, glancing anxiously over their shoulders as they go...

59 EXT. NIGHT - HOUSE

59

Nick and Hayley emerge through the back door at the rear of the building. Nick carefully closes the door behind them and they glance at one another, sighing with intense relief.

They step forward into the shadows - and freeze - as they are suddenly illuminated by the unforgiving beams of the property's rear security lights.

Rooted to the spot, they stare back at the building in terrified anticipation. Nothing. Nick grabs Hayley's arm and they race away into the woods beyond...

60 INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

60

Dynan glances at his watch, barely aware of Jenna, who rubs his shoulder. Taylor puts down the computer game handset and opens a new six pack, tossing them each a beer.

TAYLOR

You really did think of everything.

JENNA

Yeah, it's been even better than you promised, babe.

DYNAN

Time to even things up a little, right?

They knock their cans together, toasting themselves.

TAYLOR
Here's to chaos.

DYNAN
To the American dream.

61 INT. NIGHT - LODGE

61

Jones and Nader glance nervously at one another as Vincent looks at his watch.

VINCENT
Something's wrong.

NADER
They'll be here any minute.

VINCENT
Come on, how long does it take to
fix a flat?

Vincent pulls out his cell phone.

JONES
You won't get a signal on that up
here, Bob.

He reaches for the land line, tapping in a number...

VINCENT
No answer. Hey, is Frank here?

JONES
Yeah...

VINCENT
So what are you waiting for? - Send
him out to find them.

JONES
Well, I guess. Okay, I'll...

NADER
There's no point.

They turn to Nader, who looks hard into Vincent's face.

NADER (CONT'D)
There's something we haven't told
you.

JONES
Rick...

NADER
It's alright, Cliff.

VINCENT
What is it?

NADER
It's Jeff.

VINCENT
What about him?

Pause.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Well?

NADER
He got pulled over for a D.U.I.

VINCENT
Goddamn it...

NADER
He made us promise not to tell you,
but...

VINCENT
I knew there was something going on
with you two. Shit...

He springs to his feet...

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I better get down there. Where are
they?

... reaching for his coat.

NADER
You'll be wasting your time.

VINCENT
Why?

NADER
We called your lawyer. He'll have
them out in a couple of hours.

VINCENT
I'm still going.

Nader steps in front of the door.

NADER

Bob, let them sweat it for once,
okay? - They need to learn a
lesson.

Vincent pauses, torn.

VINCENT

Yeah. You're right.

As Vincent sighs in exasperation and returns to his chair,
Nader shoots a look of relief at Jones.

62 INT. NIGHT - HALLWAY 62

The sound of Dynan and Jenna's voices can be heard from the
kitchen as Taylor emerges from a bathroom in the hallway. He
pauses - and looks at the door leading to the basement.

Unable to resist, he carefully turns the handle in
anticipation...

63 INT. NIGHT - BASEMENT 63

Taylor flips on a light switch - stopping dead in his tracks
as the deserted scene before him is suddenly illuminated.

64 OMIT 64

65 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 65

The wind whistles through the shadows of the forest as Nick
and Hayley race deep into its brutal terrain.

By day a familiar environment, by night an unrelenting maze of dark shapes and silhouettes lit only by a moon which is barely visible through the overhanging trees above.

They are in the open air but enveloped by an atmosphere that is claustrophobic and malevolent, where every sound is a potential threat and every connection to their comfortable world has gone.

Hayley pulls off her high-heeled shoes, tossing them aside. She is beginning to weaken.

HAYLEY

Nick...

NICK

Okay, okay, we'll just get our breath back.

They slump down against a large spruce tree.

HAYLEY

How far have we got to go?

NICK

About ten miles, maybe a bit more.

Nick glances at his watch.

NICK (CONT'D)

Just after midnight. We've got three hours.

HAYLEY

We'll never make it in time, that's if we even get there.

NICK

We can make it. We got out of the house, didn't we?

HAYLEY

I can't believe we were in your place.

NICK

Me neither.

HAYLEY

This is seriously fucked up...

NICK

Come on, we better keep moving.

Nick gets to his feet. Hayley pauses briefly, looking up at him, then follows suit - and they disappear into the shadows.

66

INT. NIGHT - KITCHEN

66

Dynan hurriedly loads two automatic pistols. Jenna and Taylor stand waiting.

DYNAN

Her father's house is the only place for miles. They've got two choices: they can go for the road, there's a gas station on the way, but it's a longer route and there's no way they'll see a car at this time of night. I don't think they'll take the risk.

Dynan hands them each a gun and a flashlight.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

They'll head straight through the woods.

He pulls out a compass handing it to Taylor.

DYNAN (CONT'D (CONT'D))

Keep due North, stay together and I want to know where you are. I can't leave until the money's through.

TAYLOR

They may just hole up somewhere till daylight.

DYNAN

Fine. As long as they don't get back in time to stop it, that's all that matters.

JENNA

They won't wait till daylight.

DYNAN

Why not?

JENNA

Because I told them about our... surprise.

DYNAN

Well, I'd say that might just be an incentive for them to get there pretty fast, wouldn't you?

TAYLOR

Yeah, you fucking dumbass.

He kicks the kitchen door in fury.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

She's screwed up the whole thing!

DYNAN

No. You'll find them.

TAYLOR

You do it. I'm through taking orders.

DYNAN

Not now, Dean.

TAYLOR

Fuck it.

DYNAN

You'll find them.

TAYLOR

I'm not going. What's the point?

DYNAN

Look, just -

TAYLOR

What's the fucking point?!

Dynan snaps, grabbing hold of Taylor.

DYNAN

This is the one chance you'll ever have to change something. The one chance you'll ever have to show the world you're not the same loser you've been for every other day of your rotten, stinking, fucked up life - that's the fucking point!

Silence. Their eyes locked. Taylor smirks, pulling free of Dynan's grip and slipping the gun into his pocket.

TAYLOR
I'm getting kind of bored round
here anyway.

DYNAN
We need them back alive.

Taylor moves to the hall, Jenna behind - Dynan stops her.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
Do you love me?

JENNA
You know I do!

DYNAN
Prove it.

She follows Taylor out and the house falls silent. Dynan
stares after them, anxious.

67 INT. NIGHT - LODGE

67

1 am. Nader, Jones and Vincent sit waiting.

VINCENT
Sorry, guys. Jeff's a good kid
but..

NADER
Forget it, Bob. We've all done it.

VINCENT
Yeah, I guess.

The telephone rings.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Hey, that's gotta be them now.

Vincent reaches for the phone - but Jones snatches it up.

JONES
Hello..

Relief registers on his face...

JONES (CONT'D)
That's great, Bill. You're sure
it's gone through?... Okay, thanks,
buddy.

He hangs up. Vincent looks at him, curious.

JONES (CONT'D)
My broker. Just some deal I've got
him working on.

VINCENT
At one in the morning?

JONES
That's what I pay him for.

VINCENT
You'll have to give me his number.

Vincent gets to his feet crossing to the food - instantly
Jones and Nader turn to one another, grabbing the brief
opportunity to communicate in a whispered tone.

NADER
Your money's gone though?

JONES
Yeah.

NADER
I need to check mine. It's taking
too long.

Before they can continue Vincent turns, stepping back...

NADER (CONT'D)
Listen, I gotta make a quick call
myself, can I...

He gestures to one of the bedrooms, getting to his feet.

JONES
Sure.

VINCENT
Where are you going?

NADER
It's personal... you know.

VINCENT
You mean a woman? Got a little
action going?

Nader pauses.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
You dirty dog! You know about
this, Cliff?

JONES

Well, I...

NADER

Look, I'll be back in a second,
okay?

VINCENT

Yeah. And then you're gonna share,
right?

NADER

Right.

Nader enters the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

68 INT. NIGHT - LODGE BEDROOM 68

Nader instantaneously grabs the phone, dialling...

69 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 69

Nick and Hayley move deeper into the wilderness, stumbling past the densely packed trees that bar their way.

HAYLEY

Are you sure we're going in the
right direction?

NICK

Yeah, I'm sure.

Nick glances back over his shoulder - There is nothing but darkness. Hayley looks back too, but in doing so catches her skin on a branch

HAYLEY

Fuck!

NICK

You alright?

HAYLEY

This is bullshit!

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

We're not going to make it. We should try and get to the road, try and get help.

NICK

There is no help, Hayley. You're not calling Barney's for customer services.

HAYLEY

Yeah, I'm aware of that.

NICK

Let's go.

HAYLEY

Stop acting as though you're in charge, okay? I think we should go for the road.

NICK

Look, I'm telling you we -

Nick stares straight past her - far behind them the solitary beam of a flashlight, alive in the shadows - and moving rapidly in their direction.

70

INT. NIGHT - LODGE

70

Jones sits, Vincent on his feet and fiddling with the stereo system - the bedroom door opens, Nader leaning out...

NADER

Cliff, you got a minute?

JONES

Sure...

NADER

Sorry, Bob, this won't take long.

Jones gets up, approaching the bedroom.

VINCENT

Hell, what is it with you two tonight?

NADER

It's nothing. I'll tell you later.

Vincent shakes his head as Jones steps inside.

71 INT. NIGHT - LODGE BEDROOM

71

JONES
What's happened?

NADER
I spoke to Chuck.

JONES
And?

Nader hesitates...

JONES (CONT'D)
What?

NADER
I haven't got enough to cover it.
Everything's just... tied up.

JONES
You're kidding... What are you
going to do?

Nader's expression gives Jones his answer.

JONES (CONT'D)
How much?

NADER
Seven fifty.

An abrupt blast of party music echoes from the living room.

JONES
Fuck...

NADER
Don't hold out on me, Cliff.

JONES
That's a helluva lot of money.

NADER
For Nick's life?

JONES
No, of course not, but... I haven't
got it.

Nader stares at him, sceptical.

JONES (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm going to lie when
our kids lives are at stake? Do
you?

Jones notices a sudden change in Nader's expression. He
turns around to the bedroom door he had left ajar - and where
Vincent now stands listening.

VINCENT

Okay - What the fuck's going on?

Nader and Jones glance at one another.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Tell me!

They shift nervously - knowing they have no choice...

NADER

The kids have been abducted.

VINCENT

What are you talking about?

NADER

They've been kidnapped.

VINCENT

Kidnapped?!

Vincent turns to Jones.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Is this for real?

JONES

It's for real.

VINCENT

Jesus Christ... Where are they?
Are they hurt?

NADER

No.

VINCENT

Is Jeff okay?

JONES

Bob, there was nothing we -

NADER
Jeff's okay.

Nader shoots Jones a glance, silencing him.

72 INT. NIGHT - LIVING ROOM 72

Dynan stares at the screen of a small laptop.

DYNAN
Come on, come on...

He lights a cigarette, steadying his nerves - then returns his intense gaze to the screen...

73 INT. NIGHT - LODGE 73

Vincent paces the room, Nader and Jones looking on.

VINCENT
I can't believe you didn't tell me
the minute I walked through the
fucking door!

NADER
That was my idea.

VINCENT
Always playing an angle, aren't
you, Rick?

NADER
I thought you'd go crazy. I just -

VINCENT
Give me that account number!

Vincent snatches the piece of paper with the transfer details from Jones. He steps over to the phone, calling his accountant - Jones turns to Nader, talking under his breath.

JONES
This is insane. We have to tell
him the truth.

NADER
Nothing's changed. He'll call the
cops.

JONES

His son's dead for God's sake. Now
we're letting him throw away a
million bucks?

NADER

This is the only way to save Nick.
You couldn't fucking help me.

JONES

Christ...

Before they can continue Vincent slams down the phone,
turning back to them.

VINCENT

It's done.

74 INT. NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

74

Dynan watches footage from the front door security camera on
a small monitor - it shows the scene from hours before as
Jenna and Taylor arrive at the house and bundle their
captives inside at gunpoint...

Suddenly Dynan's attention is distracted by a burst of
activity on his computer screen - The display confirming that
the money has been transferred.

He sighs with relief - then jumps to his feet, energized,
tapping a number into the cell as he glances at the clock - 2
a.m.

DYNAN

We've got it.

75 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST

75

Jenna listens to Dynan's call, a smile forming on her face...

JENNA

That's so fucking cool. Oh man...

Taylor grabs the phone from her, snatching it to his ear.

TAYLOR

What's going on?

76 INT. NIGHT - LIVING ROOM 76

DYNAN

We don't need them anymore. So let them go, okay? They'll never get back in time. All we've got to do is stand back and enjoy the fireworks. Where are you?... Alright, get on to the road, I'm coming. Just move it!

77 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 77

TAYLOR

Well, if that's what you really want.

He switches off the cell, handing it back to Jenna.

78 INT. NIGHT - LIVING ROOM 78

Dynan stares at the phone, unsettled by Taylor's reply and abrupt hang up...

79 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 79

TAYLOR

You take the road, I'm going straight on.

JENNA

What did he say?

Taylor pauses, looking her coldly in the eye.

TAYLOR

Kill them.

80 INT. NIGHT - LODGE 80

Nader paces the floor, Jones and Vincent wait, anxious.

NADER

It'll soon be over.

Jones gazes out of the window into the darkness beyond.

NADER (CONT'D)
They can't be that far away.

JONES
How do you know? They could be
anywhere.

NADER
Yeah, but they were on their way
here, I'm just assuming that -

VINCENT
I really admire your confidence,
Rick.

NADER
What?

VINCENT
Well, you seem pretty sure that
this guy's going to let them go -
Why is that?

Vincent glances across at Jones - catching the brief look of
doubt that passes over his face.

81 INT. NIGHT - LIVING ROOM 81

Dynan surveys the living room: Jenna and Taylor's debris
scattered around it, beer cans, half-eaten food - and two
computer game handsets on the coffee table...

82 EXT. NIGHT - HOUSE 82

Dynan emerges through the back door of the house, wiping his
fingerprints off the handle, before stepping away into the
shadows...

83 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 83

In the secluded clearing high above the house, Dynan
approaches his car, attaching the voice changer and tapping a
number into his cell. He opens the rear door, reaching for
his cellophane-wrapped set of 'regular' clothes, as the call
is answered...

DYNAN
We've got the money.

JONES (O.S.)
 What about our kids? We've done
 what you wanted, please just -

DYNAN
 You'll have them back in an hour.
 You won't be hearing from me again.
 In the meantime, don't make or take
 any calls. Is that clear?

JONES (O.S.)
 Yes.

DYNAN
 And tell them tonight's show's been
 cancelled.

JONES (O.S.)
 What?

DYNAN
 They'll understand.

JONES (O.S.)
 Look, I just want to know they're
 safe!

DYNAN
 They're safe, okay?

Dynan hangs up, thinking hard - then throws the fresh clothes
 back on to the seat, jumps behind the wheel and slams his
 foot on the accelerator...

84 INT. NIGHT - LODGE

84

Jones hangs up the phone, turning to Nader and Vincent.

JONES
 He's got the money. He says we'll
 have them back in an hour.

Nader sighs with relief. Vincent doesn't react. The door
 opens and Frank enters, tentatively approaching Jones.

FRANK
 Mr. Jones, can I call my wife? She
 panics if I'm -

JONES
 Not now. It'll have to wait.

FRANK
Yeah, of course. I'm sorry.

VINCENT
Don't you get tired of knowing your
place, Frank?

FRANK
No, sir.

VINCENT
Don't call me sir. I'm not paying
your damn wages.

NADER
Alright, that's enough.

Frank withdraws.

VINCENT
Is it? I think I can say exactly
what I want right now.

NADER
Like what? Exactly.

VINCENT
You know what they say about these
things.

NADER
Go on, Bob, tell us.

VINCENT
That they turn out to be, well...

NADER
An inside job?

VINCENT
That's what they say - right,
Cliff?

He glances across at Jones, who stands at the drinks cabinet -
his face expressionless. Nader gets up, stepping towards
him.

NADER
You're not serious...

JONES

Well, you seem to need it.

NADER

Are you out of your fucking mind?

JONES

It's true, isn't it?

NADER

Keep your voice down for Christ's sake.

JONES

How come you've got no money all of a sudden? A few hours ago you were king of the goddamn hill.

NADER

What do you think I'm gonna tell you? The truth? Since when does that ever get through the door? I got burned, okay? Big time. The party's over, Cliff - but who wants to hear about that in the land of milk and fucking honey?

They hold each others gaze.

VINCENT

Hey, Richard. Just one question...

Jones approaches, stepping up to Nader.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This one of your pump and dump scams?

Nader stares at him, incredulous.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Bail out when the price gets high enough...

NADER

Where the hell is this coming from?

VINCENT

Just asking.

NADER

And you guys are real sons of the soil, right?

(MORE)

NADER (CONT'D)

Well, here's the scoop - We all do the same thing. We push numbers around with our finger - and fuck every other sucker out there as long as we're okay. End of story.

VINCENT

Only your numbers don't always add up, do they, Rick?

NADER

And right now you've decided that bothers you?

VINCENT

Right now that makes you the odd one out.

NADER

Oh yeah?

Vincent leans aggressively into his face.

VINCENT

Yeah.

NADER

Not tonight, Bob - that's you.

VINCENT

And how's that?

Nader bites his tongue. Vincent glances at Jones, who shifts nervously, his face flushed with anxiety.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Well?

NADER

Nothing. Forget it.

Nader turns away, reaching for a bottle on the cabinet. He pours three drinks.

NADER (CONT'D)

Look, let's just cool it down. We're all saying shit we don't mean. We've just got hold it together and -

JONES

They killed Jeff.

Silence. They all stand frozen - Finally, the game is up.

85

EXT. NIGHT - FOREST

85

Nick and Hayley race through the forest's unforgiving depths, clothes torn, their skin bruised and scratched. Hayley is beginning to fall behind.

NICK

We've got to keep going.

HAYLEY

Yeah, I know that.

She pushes past him - he grabs her arm.

NICK

What the hell's wrong with you?

HAYLEY

Oh, come on. Don't tell me it hasn't crossed your mind that it just happened to be your dad's house they kept us in. That they knew it'd be empty. That -

NICK

No, it hasn't crossed my mind. You really think it's that simple, it's that fucking obvious?

HAYLEY

Yeah, maybe it is.

NICK

I'm his son. You think he's going to hurt me?

HAYLEY

But you're not hurt are you?

NICK

I've had enough of this crap.

HAYLEY

Too bad, so fucking sad.

NICK

What the fuck am I doing with you?

HAYLEY

Yeah, and you're a real man aren't you? My hero.

NICK
I'm crushed.

HAYLEY
You know, irony's great in college,
but it doesn't get us anywhere out
here, does it, Nick?

She pulls her arm free of his grip, turning away - as beam of light vividly illuminates her face...

From a flashlight held by the barely visible figure in the darkness beyond - Taylor.

TAYLOR
Thought I'd look in.

Nick and Hayley are rooted to the spot as he approaches - and raises the gun in his hand.

HAYLEY
Please, you'll get your money, you
don't have to -

TAYLOR
But I want to.

Taylor aims the gun at Nick's head.

HAYLEY
No, no, please...

TAYLOR
This is it. Right here, right
now...

HAYLEY
Oh, God, no, NO!

TAYLOR
You're done.

Hayley is frozen by the smile that flashes across Taylor's lips in the split second before he pulls the trigger -

And fires point blank into Nick's face.

Hayley's screams echo through the air as she reels away in horror - and Nick falls to the ground.

Her skin white with shock, her body quivering, Hayley forces herself to look down at the figure lying at her feet.

Her expression turns to incredulity as Nick stares up at her, his face splattered with debris - from a blank cartridge.

The three share a moment of silent incomprehension - Nick jumps to his feet, grabs Hayley's hand and pulls her away. They disappear from view, as in the darkness Taylor stumbles over a log and fires repeatedly in their wake - to no avail.

86 INT. NIGHT -DYNAN'S CAR 86

Dynan speeds through the dark winding roads. He pulls out a cell phone - different from the one he'd used to make all the other calls - and taps in a number, pleased as it remains unanswered.

87 INT. NIGHT - LODGE 87

In the poisonous confinement of the lodge Jones and Nader glance anxiously at each other - and the ringing phone. It falls silent.

They look across to the other side of the room - where Vincent sits completely rigid in an armchair, staring straight ahead, clearly in deep shock...

88 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 88

Nick and Hayley drag their weary limbs on through the night. They are on the narrow dirt road which intersects the forest. Nick wipes away blood from a wound on his forehead.

HAYLEY
Are you alright?

NICK
Yeah.

HAYLEY
I shouldn't have said that about your dad.

Nick doesn't respond.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
You told me some of his investments went through the floor. I just thought -

NICK
He wasn't the only one, Hayley.

89

INT. NIGHT - LODGE

89

Jones waits nervously, deep in thought...

Nader breaks the spell, tapping him on the shoulder. He gestures towards Vincent and silently mouths the word 'whiskey'.

Jones quickly pours a large glass - and steps tentatively across the room.

JONES

Bob, take this. It'll help.

Vincent looks blankly at the glass in Jones's outstretched hand, then takes it from him.

Jones puts his hand on Vincent's shoulder. Vincent glances up at the comforting look on Jones's face - and hurls the glass across the room. It shatters loudly against the wall.

VINCENT

It would have helped if you'd saved my son!

JONES

There was nothing we could do.

NADER

We didn't have a chance to save Jeff.

JONES

It's true. I'd barely said you weren't here and they...

VINCENT

Well why the hell did you tell them I wasn't here? Why did they need to know?!

JONES

I don't know! I wasn't thinking what I should or shouldn't say! Our kids lives were at stake for God's sake. I didn't think they were going to -

VINCENT

No, my kid's life was at stake! My kid!

NADER

Bob, you weren't here. We couldn't have saved him.

VINCENT

Well you certainly got your shit together when it came to taking my money. Didn't you, Richard?

NADER

What else could I do? Let them kill Nick too? You'll get back every cent.

VINCENT

Fuck you.

A brief uneasy silence descends.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Let's just say I accept everything you've said - You don't seriously think I'm going to sit here all night while the psycho who's got my money, who's killed my son, just walks away?

NADER

We don't have any choice.

Vincent gets to his feet.

VINCENT

Well you might not have a choice, but I do. And I choose to do something about it.

He steps towards the phone - but Jones bars his way.

JONES

We can't let you do it.

VINCENT

Get out of the way.

JONES

Look, God knows what you must be feeling, but Nick and Hayley are still alive. We can't do anything to put them at risk. It's the only way now.

VINCENT

Your way didn't help my son, did it?

Vincent reaches for the phone. Jones grabs his arm, but is shoved violently aside. He stumbles to the floor - as Vincent picks up the receiver.

Nader rushes forward, attempting to wrestle it from his hand.

NADER

You're not calling the cops!

VINCENT

Well if you had Jeff might still be alive!

NADER

No - If you'd been here he'd still be alive. If you'd fucking been here!

Vincent freezes, staring into Nader's eyes with cold fury.

Vincent turns away - but in one sudden movement spins around, throwing a savage blow straight into Nader's face. He staggers back, stunned, as Vincent strikes him again.

Nader suddenly responds - landing a powerful punch into Vincent's jaw.

JONES

For God's sake!

The two men wrestle for supremacy, long suppressed antagonisms bubbling to the surface, brawling as if in a back street bar.

Frank appears and tries to separate them - with no success. He takes hold of Vincent's arm, attempting to pull him away...

VINCENT

Get off me!!

Vincent unleashes vicious elbow into Frank's face - he tumbles backwards to the floor, crashing against the mantelpiece as he does so - the collection of framed photographs also falling to the ground, shattered.

It is a grotesque spectacle. Frank stares up at them, stunned. Silence.

Jones, Nader and Vincent look furtively from one to another.
There is nothing to be said.

90 EXT. NIGHT - FOREST 90

Nick and Hayley reach a bend in the road, stopping in their tracks.

Ahead in the distance, a hundred yards away - A small gas station, it's red neon sign flickering in the darkness, like an oasis in the desert...

91 OMIT 91

92 INT NIGHT - GAS STATION OFFICE 92

Nick kicks open the door. They stand in the shadows of the deserted office. Hayley reaches for the light switch but Nick grabs her wrist.

NICK
No, it's too risky.

They quickly scan the contents of the office, illuminated by the faint glow of neon from outside - bureau, ledgers, two chairs, a desk - and the phone that rests on top of it.

Nick dives towards it, frantically dialling.

NICK (CONT'D)
Come on, come on...

They wait with growing anxiety.

NICK (CONT'D)
Answer the fucking phone, for God's sake!

There is still no response. Seconds pass.

HAYLEY
We're too late...

NICK
No, we're not, we can't be... I'll call the cops.

He presses his hand on the cradle, then jabs a finger towards the dial.

They both freeze - a shadow has fallen over them.

Outside, a figure passes the window.

Nick gestures for Hayley to crouch down - and they both press themselves against the floor behind the desk.

They are within a few inches of each other's faces, thin beads of sweat forming on their brow, the only sound that of their own breath - and the slow creak of the office door.

Silence. Then a footstep. And then another, moving closer.

A momentary pause. Time stands still.

Another footstep - withdrawing from the room.

Relief colors both their faces as the door swings shut, their presence unseen.

A sound.

A sudden flat drone shattering the silence - from the undialled receiver in Nick's hand.

Within a second the footsteps are moving quickly back towards them, inches away...

Nick pushes the table upwards, slamming it into the chest of their assailant - Jenna, who falls backwards, a shot from her gun blasting into the ceiling as she crashes to the floor.

Before she has time to recover Nick is over the desk, knocking her through the doorway and out onto the gravel...

93

EXT. NIGHT - GAS STATION

93

Jenna attempts to scramble to her feet, but Nick is too quick and pins her to the ground.

NICK

You killed my best friend, you bitch!

JENNA

Fuck you!!!

NICK

Who put you up to it?!

The pent-up emotions of the night are savagely released, Nick almost out of control - his rage increased as Jenna digs her nails into his skin, drawing blood.

JENNA

Get off me!!

He grabs her by the throat.

NICK

Tell me!

He shakes her with fury. She begins to lose consciousness, then leans weakly towards him - and spits in his eye.

Nick snaps - raising his hand to strike her face.

HAYLEY

Nick, for God's sake! Please!

He looks up at Hayley's terrified expression.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Don't...

NICK
I thought this was what you wanted?

Tears start to well up in her eyes.

NICK (CONT'D)
Well, isn't it?

HAYLEY
No!.. no.

She begins to sob - Nick stares at her, expressionless, then looks down at the pathetic sight in his hands.

NICK
No.

His anger evaporating, Nick releases Jenna, who slumps unconscious against the pump. He gets wearily to his feet.

HAYLEY
Oh, Nick...

NICK
Maybe you're right, maybe my dad -

HAYLEY
No, he wouldn't, I don't know what I was thinking.

Nick squeezes her against him. He glances down at Jenna.

NICK
I've seen her before. And the other one. Around college?

HAYLEY
Yeah, you're right...

NICK
Come on, we've got to keep going.

Nick grabs Hayley's arm and the two of them run out of sight into the darkness.

Seconds pass. Footsteps - as Taylor appears from around the bend.

He races into the gas station, glancing around for any sign of Nick and Hayley - before spotting Jenna lying prostrate and barely conscious on the ground.

TAYLOR
Which way did they go?

Jenna can only mumble incoherently in response, increasing Taylor's anger.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Get up.

Jenna attempts to do so, but slumps flat on her back.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

GET UP!

He lunges down, dragging her roughly to her feet.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Which way?!

JENNA

Who cares?

He tosses her back to the ground, his eyes darting around the vicinity.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole...

TAYLOR

You're the fucking asshole!

Gripped by fury, Taylor cracks, unleashing a kick of overwhelming force to Jenna's head - it jerks back, slamming against the pump.

Silence. Jenna lies completely still - it is obvious that the ferocity of the impact has killed her.

94 OMIT 94

95 INT. NIGHT - DYNAN'S CAR 95

Dynan continues threading his way along the winding road, anxiously scanning the shadows...

He veers around a bend to see the gas station ahead - and Taylor staring down at a motionless figure on the ground.

DYNAN

No, no, no...

He screeches to sudden halt fifty yards from the scene, his mind racing. As his eyes dart across the surroundings to see if anyone else is present, Taylor turns and waves him on...

96

EXT. NIGHT - GAS STATION

96

The car glides forward and Dynan climbs out - Taylor looking in surprise at the vehicle.

TAYLOR

What's with this? Where's mine?

Dynan ignores his question, immediately seeing that the body on the ground is Jenna, not one of their captives. He glances at Taylor in disgust.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

She was like that when I got here!
They must have... I dunno.

DYNAN

Oh yeah? - so where are they?

Taylor shrugs in response.

TAYLOR

They're alive - that's what you
wanted, isn't it?

He holds up his gun.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Blanks?

DYNAN

I figured you just wouldn't be able
to resist, would you, Dean?

TAYLOR

Fucking smartass.

Dynan holds his gaze.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What are we waiting for? Let's get
out of here, it's going to blow any
second.

Taylor steps past him.

DYNAN

Dean, I hate to say it - but you
were right...

Taylor turns - to see the gun in Dynan's hand.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
You're on your own.

TAYLOR
I knew it... I fucking knew it!

DYNAN
You're not fit to be around decent people.

TAYLOR
How could I be so fucking dumb?

DYNAN
You're not dumb - You're unstable, anti-social, you've got a grudge against society... Like your friend.

Dynan gestures towards Jenna.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
Two freaks who had an even bigger grudge against those rich college kids they saw strolling across the green every day. I don't think anyone'll be surprised the pair of you tried a stunt like this.

TAYLOR
You won't get away with it.

DYNAN
I don't have to get away with it. As far as they're concerned there were two people. Her - and the guy on the phone...

Dynan pulls out the cellphone that he'd stolen from Taylor's apartment - on which he'd made all the calls to the lodge...

DYNAN (CONT'D)
That's yours, by the way.

... wiping off his prints and tossing it to him.

DYNAN (CONT'D)
And this.

He takes out his wallet, producing the credit card he had stolen from Taylor's apartment.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Guess you're not going to be able to use those two tickets. You know, the ones you booked for Guadalajara...

He throws the card at Taylor's feet.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

I don't exist. There's no trail, no evidence... nothing.

TAYLOR

Oh, you're clever, but when the house blows they'll find something, some trace, they always do, you'll -

DYNAN

Maybe you really are dumb. The house isn't going to blow. There is no 'bomb'.

Dynan steps towards Taylor...

There could have been; transmitter, phone in a digital code, blah, blah, blah - I didn't do any of it, but I figured it'd turn you on.

They stand face to face.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

I know everything about you, Dean. Just like they will. It's a textbook case. They'll know you have big highs and even bigger lows, and when things went wrong you were always going to take the only way out. After all, you tried it once, so...

Dynan presses the gun to Taylor's head.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Second time lucky.

A single gunshot echoes through the night air.

(CONT'D)

97 INT. NIGHT - LODGE

97

In the poisonous atmosphere of the lodge Jones, Nader, Vincent and Frank are spread across the room, each avoiding eye contact as the silent seconds drag by. Vincent reaches for the whiskey bottle - it's empty. He steps away towards the kitchen.

Jones is the first to notice a faint sound from outside, as do the others when it grows louder - rapidly approaching footsteps, the hammering of fists against the door and the sound of raised voices beyond.

Jones races across and pulls the door open - Nick and Hayley tumble breathlessly inside.

Jones takes Hayley in his arms while Nader rushes to Nick.

JONES
Hayley, thank God...

HAYLEY
I'm okay.

JONES
If anything had happened to you, I
just...

NADER
Are you alright, son?

NICK

Dad, we've got to get out of here now! They're going to blow the place!

JONES

What do you mean? How can -

NICK

They're using your laptop as a detonator - the modem's full of explosives!

Jones stares at him, uncomprehending.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on, this is their big finale, it should have gone off ten minutes ago!

JONES

It can't.

NICK

Look, I'm telling you they -

JONES

It's not here.

NICK

What?

JONES

The whole idea of this place is to get away from work - I didn't bring it.

Nick and Hayley stare at one another, speechless.

JONES (CONT'D)

Maybe that's what he meant... He said to tell you the show's been cancelled.

NICK

But why would they tell us in the first place?

NADER

To frighten you, mess with your head.

NICK
I don't believe it. I don't
fucking believe it...

NADER
You ever had anything to do with
them? They seemed to know a lot
about us.

HAYLEY
They're two kids that hang around
campus. They hate us.

NADER
Doesn't matter anyhow, all that
matters is you're safe.

Nader puts his arm around Nick.

NADER (CONT'D)
You're safe.

NICK
We're safe...

A sudden, insistent banging on the front door.

HAYLEY
Nick, it's them!

JONES
It can't be, we've paid the money.

NICK
They've been after us!

JONES
What do you mean 'after you'?

NICK
We got away - what do you think
we're doing here for Christ's sake?

The banging on the door becomes louder and more insistent.

Nick steps quickly to the window.

HAYLEY
Be careful!

He looks out - and turns back to the others.

NICK
It's okay, it's not them.

JONES
Who is it?

NICK
I dunno, some guy.

Jones walks across to the door - and pulls it open.

Dynan stands in the doorway.

His appearance has changed dramatically, the black military style outfit has gone, replaced by his regular conservative clothing. A trickle of blood runs from a gash in his lip.

JONES
Who the hell are you?

Before he can respond, a voice from the back of the room.

FRANK
Paul?

Frank steps forward.

DYNAN
Dad, are you okay?

Frank sees the incomprehension on the others' faces.

FRANK
This is my son.

He turns back to Dynan, taking in his dishevelled appearance.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

DYNAN
A guy at the gas station. He waved me down, but there was something weird about him. And there was a girl out cold on the ground, she -

NICK
That's them.

DYNAN

I was going to drive on, but he pulled a gun and tried to drag me out of the goddamn car. That's when...

He indicates his bruised and bloodied face.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I whacked him and floored it. I was lucky, I...

NADER

Jesus, Cliff, will you let the kid in?

JONES

Yeah...

DYNAN

Thanks.

Dynan steps through the doorway, a fellow victim.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

Do you know who they are?

NICK

Oh yeah, we know who they are.

HAYLEY

They held us prisoner, they killed our best friend.

DYNAN

You're kidding...

VINCENT

Are you kidding, Hayley?

They are suddenly aware of Vincent, who appears in the kitchen doorway. An uncomfortable silence descends.

HAYLEY

Mister Vincent, we loved Jeff, we...

NICK

There was nothing we could do.

Silence. Vincent stands motionless, numbed by alcohol.

NADER

I think it's time we called the
cops.

Jones is about to pick up the phone - when Dynan raises a
hand to stop him.

DYNAN

I've already called them. They're
on their way.

Jones pauses, registering the look of conviction on Dynan's
face.

JONES

Okay, well...

FRANK

Paul, what are you doing here?

DYNAN

Mom was worried sick, you always
phone when you're this late. I
tried calling here, but there was
no answer.

NADER

Yeah, we heard it, he told us not
to pick up.

Jones ushers Nick and Hayley to the sofa.

JONES

Come on, sit down. You must need a
drink.

NICK

Yeah...

Nick and Hayley slump wearily on the sofa. Jones glances at
Dynan as he pours several glasses of whiskey.

JONES

You too, son.

Dynan sits down beside Nick and Hayley.

NICK

Didn't Frank used to bring you
round when we were kids?

DYNAN

Yeah. But then, well...

FRANK

You had your own friends. I just
thought it was best that -

*

NICK

It was in our house.

NADER

What?

HAYLEY

Where they held us.

JONES

But you got away.

NICK

Yeah.

JONES

When?

NICK

I dunno, three, four hours ago, it
must have -

VINCENT

What he wants to know is, did you
get away before he'd paid up.

JONES

I didn't mean that.

VINCENT

Oh.

NADER

Bob, just drop it, okay?

NICK

Dad!

VINCENT

It's alright, we're long past the sympathetic part of the evening. There's just one thing, Nick...

NICK

Yeah?..

VINCENT

Did you know your big shot daddy was broke?

NADER

For God's sake...

VINCENT

How about that? But it's okay, I spotted him a couple of bucks.

Nick stares up at his father, uncomprehending.

NADER

Not now, Nick. Not now.

Nader searches in his pockets to find a light for his cigarette - Dynan comes to his aid, pulling a box from his pocket and striking a match.

A perfectly mundane action, but the sound instantaneously sends a shiver through Hayley, evoking the memory of their ordeal in the basement.

She glances at Dynan, but before she has time to contemplate any connection her attention is distracted - as Nick notices the shattered mementos and photographs on the opposite side of the room.

NICK

What the hell happened here?

One photo identical to the one in Nader's house: showing the smiling, infant Nick, Jeff and Hayley - and two people standing in the background: the young Dynan and his father.

NADER

Jesus, where are the cops?!

DYNAN

We're a long way from town, sir.

NADER

Yeah, and in the meantime those two bastards are just walking away. *

JONES

Yeah, that's right, Rick. *

VINCENT

Nice to see you two are friends again.

JONES

And you're not interested in catching these animals?

VINCENT

I can't get back what I've lost.

JONES

No, but...

VINCENT

But you can. Right?

Silence. Jones glances at Nader. *

JONES

If they're on foot they can't have got far... *

NADER

No, they can't. *

NICK

Is money the only thing you ever
think about?!

*

NADER

Don't give me that crap, Nick - You
two have been wrapped in dollar
bills all your life!

NICK

We know that.

NADER

Do you? Jesus Christ, why does
everybody think I'm the bad guy?

*

A sound. From beyond, the insistent rhythm of an approaching police siren...

98

EXT. NIGHT - LODGE

98

Later. Outside the lodge there are several vehicles, including two squad cars and Dynan's Plymouth, beside which he stands with his father and a MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

We'll arrange for you to come down
and make a formal statement.

DYNAN

Anytime, officer.

FRANK

I don't know what sort of country
we're living in anymore. What
happened to our kids?

DETECTIVE

I wish I knew, sir.

FRANK

It just seems every day there's...

DETECTIVE

That's the way it is. At least
your son's okay.

Frank looks proudly at Dynan.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

You're both free to go.

They step towards Dynan's car - the Detective raises his hand.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

We'll need to check it for their
prints. You can pick it up
tomorrow.

DYNAN

No problem.

FRANK

Come on, we'll take mine.

The Detective returns to the lodge.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

Frank gets in his car as Dynan climbs into the passenger seat.

99 INT. NIGHT - LODGE

99

Nick and Hayley sit on the sofa, drained.

Jones and Nader are being questioned by the detective and two other officers. The police conclude their business and make their way out of the house. Silence.

The two men move hesitantly towards Nick and Hayley. Nader is about to speak - but Nick notices that Vincent has pulled on his jacket and is about to leave.

NICK
Bob - how about we drive you?

VINCENT
Yeah... thanks.

Nick and Hayley get up, stepping past Jones and Nader.

NADER
Nick, listen...

NICK
Dad, it's alright.

JONES
Honey...

HAYLEY
We'll call you.

Jones and Nader can only watch as they walk out of the house, closing the door.

The room falls silent, the two men left behind, alone.

100 EXT. NIGHT - LODGE

100

Nick and Hayley pass the squad cars, where everyone is leaving.

HAYLEY
 All the things I said before...
 I'm sorry, I...

NICK
 Did I hear that right?

HAYLEY
 Make the most of it.

She grins and gently kisses his cheek - they walk away.

101 INT. NIGHT - FRANK'S CAR

101

Frank drives through the dark, winding roads of the forest, Dynan at his side, the atmosphere subdued.

FRANK
 The girl killed Jeff.

DYNAN
 Yeah.

FRANK
 My God...

Frank lights two Marlboros, handing one to his son. They draw deeply on the cigarettes, steadying their nerves.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 But you got away with it.

DYNAN
 We both did.

FRANK
 What have we done?

DYNAN
 Everything's going to be okay.

FRANK
 Jesus...

DYNAN
 We're through struggling for every damn thing. It's over, Dad. Over.

Frank nods in acceptance, allowing himself a sigh of relief.

DYNAN (CONT'D)

And we're free and clear. They're not going to be looking for anyone else.

FRANK

Yeah.

DYNAN

Those kids did it and who's going to say any different?

FRANK

I know. You're right.

DYNAN

Who's going to...

CUT TO

Dynan's car, parked outside the lodge, where a FORENSIC DETECTIVE is dusting the interior for fingerprints. He opens the glove compartment and gazes with curiosity at the one item inside - the small voice recorder on which Dynan had left a message for his parents should the plan go wrong...

CUT BACK TO

FRANK

What is it?

Ahead in the distance, the lights of the squad cars and ambulance which surround the gas station come into view.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What?

Dynan's face is suddenly illuminated as they approach the blaze of flashing neon.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Son?

He is staring straight ahead, his expression frozen, the appalling realization rushing through his veins. Faster and faster and...

Blackout.