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by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - WINTER - DEAD OF NIGHT

TIMMY SHORE races down the snow sprinkled street. A frantic, desperate look on his face.

The neighborhood is silent.

TIMMY

Help! Somebody help me!

A white van pulls around a corner into view, shining its headlights on Timmy. It speeds after him with surprising grace and stability.

PLAYGROUND

Timmy stumbles across the sand and snow as the van slides smoothly into park. Before the vehicle has even settled:

SIMON BARSTOW, the driver, is on the ground. His gun fires a SILENCED SHOT into Timmy's leg.

Timmy collapses near the SWING SET. He crawdads away quickly.

TIMMY

Simon. Please. Nick, talk some sense into your brother.

NICK BARSTOW, a bear-like figure, surpasses Simon and BOOTS Timmy in the face. Timmy spits blood.

TIMMY

Please. Don't do this guys. I have your money, I promise.

Simon snatches Timmy's wallet from his back pocket. He yanks out two single dollar bills and shows them to him, shaking his head in disappointment.

TIMMY

Well I don't have it right now.

Nick BOOTS him again. The stomach this time. Timmy groans.

Simon pulls out a few POLAROIDs from the wallet. He smirks at them and slides them back into place.

TIMMY

You can talk to Henry for me, right? Tell him the money's

coming, tell him just wait a few more days. I just have to sort a couple things out--

SIMON

Shut him up.

Nick drags him over to a swing and tightens its chain around his neck so he can't speak. He holds him in place.

Simon's gun, still smoking, presses up against the sinus under Timmy's bulging eye. Timmy tries to choke words out, but it's just GURGLES and SPIT.

Simon lets him shake for a long moment.

SIMON

One thing we all know about Henry, Timmy.

(beat)

He waits for no man.

Another SILENT SHOT, and Timmy is quiet. Nick lets his lifeless body slump forward.

Quiet. Then:

A SNOWY THUD sounds off in the distance. Nick and Simon look up:

A TEENAGE BOY stands immobile next to his bike. His textbook has slipped out of his hands. We can't see the boy, only his WHITE CONVERSE SNEAKERS.

NICK

Hey! Kid!

Simon darts for the van. Nick takes off after the boy on foot, but he speeds away on his bike. He disappears into the darkness.

The van's tires now SPIN in place, stuck in the snow. After a moment, Simon gives up and kills the engine.

Nick comes upon the fallen book, encapsulated within a paper cover. He opens it and a PICTURE falls out. He picks it up and studies it.

Simon approaches, looking out of breath. He uses his asthma inhaler.

SIMON

What is it?

NICK
It's him.

SIMON
Are you sure?

NICK
Yeah.

SIMON
Nick. Are you sure?

Nick squints at it for good measure.

NICK
Yeah.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MATH CLASSROOM - DAY

The only sounds are the SCRIBBLING PENCILS of STUDENTS chugging away at their math quiz. All heads are down, except for:

DANIEL SAITOU, a Japanese-American sophomore with a brain that never sleeps. He's gazing across the room at:

SAMANTHA STEELE, biting her thumbnail. Alarmingly pretty. She's a cheerleader, but there's something more to her than just pom poms.

A FACE now leans into Daniel's line of sight. Two desks over, and glaring at him:

JAKE BLOOM, handsome in his letter jacket. He's obviously with Samantha (Sam), but his look doesn't say "keep off". It's more like "you wish".

Daniel dives back into his quiz. Jake now pesters a BOY in between the two of them:

JAKE
(whispering)
Martin. Hey. Martin.

MARTIN HAN, a young Chinese idiot savant, covers his paper. It's clear that Jake wants quiz answers.

Daniel now notices another PRETTY FACE in a different corner of the room. It seems to be ogling him:

JOY HEART, a freshman - but she looks even younger. She SIGHS romantically.

Daniel realizes she's not looking at him, but staring

straight through him at:

GREG STARR, Daniel's gawky best friend. Greg's glasses slide down his greasy nose as he writes. He pushes them back up.

Daniel frowns. Joy's infatuation with Greg just doesn't compute.

A GROAN from another direction. Daniel looks back over at Sam Steele, who rubs her face. She's having trouble with the quiz.

Jake SNICKERS to himself, finding her torment hilarious.

She scowls at him. She picks up a RUBBER ERASER and, ensuring the TEACHER is completely engrossed in his newspaper, whips it at Jake--

Where it SMACKS against his forehead.

JAKE
 (whispering)
 Ow!
 (beat)
 Bitch.

Sam anger turns to shock. She turns back to her desk. A little hurt.

Daniel looks upon her with sympathy.

He glares at Jake. Wants to hurt him, but doesn't know how...

Then, he gets an idea:

DANIEL
 Mr. Farnsworth?

The teacher raises his eyes at him.

DANIEL
 I was wondering if I could switch seats with Jake.

MR. FARNSWORTH
 And may I ask why, Daniel?

DANIEL
 Well, I think he might have dropped something near me, because he keeps looking over Martin's desk. If we switched seats maybe

he could find it.

Mr. Farnsworth's face drops. He knows there's only one reason for Jake to be snooping around Martin's desk.

MR. FARNSWORTH

Mr. Bloom?

JAKE

I don't know what he's talking about Mr. Farnsworth. Honest to God.

Mr. Farnsworth doesn't buy it. Jake fidgets in his seat.

A VOICE CRACKLES in over the LOUDSPEAKER:

LOUDSPEAKER

Mr. Farnsworth, to the front office please. Mr. Farnsworth to the front office.

MR. FARNSWORTH

(to Jake)

We'll talk when I get back.

He disappears out the door and into the hallway.

Jake sits for a moment of stunned silence before his thoughts turn to Daniel. Anger builds.

JAKE

Hey. What was that all about?

Daniel ignores him. He pretends to read a quiz problem.

JAKE

Hey! I'm talking to you Data.

Daniel sets down his pencil, but can't look Jake in the eye.

JAKE

Why did you snitch on me?

He shrugs.

JAKE

(mocking his shrug)

What is that? I want an answer freak. I know you were trying to get me in trouble--

SAM
Leave him alone Jake.

Jake turns to Sam, who glares at him. She's still upset. It slowly dawns on Jake why Daniel has it out for him.

JAKE
(back to Daniel)
Is that what this is about?

No answer. He laughs.

JAKE
Well alright then Sir Daniel. But next time you wanna protect a damsel in distress, don't get the teacher to fight the dragon for you. OK? Ching-chang-chong? You know about fighting dragons, don't you China boy?

He turns back to his quiz smugly.

Daniel feels all eyes in the room upon him.

DANIEL
I'm not Chinese. I'm from Japan.

JAKE
Yeah? What's the difference?

DANIEL
Chinese people have rounder faces and slanted eyes. Japanese people have longer faces and bigger eyes.

JAKE
Whoa, hang on, that's just too confusing.
(beat)
Tell you what...

He goes to the teacher's desk and grabs the Scotch tape.

JAKE
...I'm gonna make this easy for us...

He tears off a couple pieces and attaches them to the outside corners of Daniel's eyes. He stretches them outward, making Daniel's eyes slant narrower.

JAKE
...I'm gonna give you extra slanty

eyes...and this way, you'll just be Chinese like my buddy Martin over here...and I won't be confused...and you won't have to answer anymore ignorant white people questions! How does that sound?

No one's looking at Daniel now. They're too embarrassed.

JAKE

(leaning in)

I want you to wear these the rest of the day, OK?

(beat)

Do you have a problem with that?

Daniel stares at Jake, a little angry spark showing through his narrowed eyes...

...but he drops his head in defeat.

The alarm RINGS and the students shuffle out. Jake smiles winningly as he struts. He tries to put his arm around Sam, but she fights him off.

Greg Starr shakes his head at Daniel with pity.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Daniel trudges along with his taped eyes at the floor.

The halls are bustling with STUDENTS and CHATTER - the day is over. GIRLS skip past and GIGGLE at Daniel.

Greg catches up with him. He looks like he wants to speak.

DANIEL

Don't say anything.

GREG

Fine.

They walk in silence. Then:

GREG

You should have karate chopped that asshole!

DANIEL

Karate is from Japan. Haven't you heard? I'm Chinese now.

GREG

So? Chinese people fight, don't they?

Daniel spots Sam at her locker. She sees him, but looks away. Probably too embarrassed as well.

DANIEL

Anyways, my sister's the one who's good at karate.

Greg pulls out a laminated card and shoves it in Daniel's face.

GREG

Dun-dun-dun. Check it out.

It's a brand new driver's license. Greg's tiny photo displays the goofiest smile known to man.

GREG

I am now a licensed vehicle operator of the state.

They pass by Joy Heart. She smiles seductively at Greg.

DANIEL

Good. Maybe now you can take Joy on a date.

GREG

Ugh.

DANIEL

What? She's pretty.

GREG

She's a baby.

They push through the double doors.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel tears the tape off his eyes.

DANIEL

You're only two years older than her.

GREG

It's a man thing Daniel, you wouldn't understand. You still have your permit.

DANIEL

Yeah well, you still don't have a car.

GREG

Doesn't change the fact that I'm a bad ass driver. Better than Evil Kenevil.

DANIEL

Video games don't count.

But Greg isn't listening now. He's staring at the Corvette that Jake Bloom is sitting in. PRETTY GIRLS lean on it, and he flirts with them shamelessly.

Greg sighs.

GREG

Can I borrow your algebra book tonight?

DANIEL

Yeah...I guess. Can I borrow your notes?

They exchange and Daniel flips through Greg's notebook.

DANIEL

Why do you always write your sixes like pigtails?

GREG

I just write them fast.

Daniel finishes scanning a page. Finally, he notices that Greg isn't staring at Jake's car anymore:

He's lost in deep thought.

DANIEL

Greg?

Greg snaps out of it.

GREG

I gotta run.
(pointing to his notes)
Text me if you need help with that.

DANIEL

Yeah OK. Thanks.

Jake Bloom drives slowly by, a PRETTY GIRL in his passenger seat. He wags his finger at Daniel and tsks, gesturing at his tape-less eyes.

Daniel looks annoyed. He flips through Greg's notes as he walks away.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Daniel is on the couch, slurping soda while he copies Greg's notes. He's more interested in the TV though. "Home Alone" is playing:

KEVIN MCCALLISTER

"Can I sleep in your room? I don't want to sleep on the hide-a-bed with Fuller. If he has something to drink he'll wet the bed."

BUZZ MCCALLISTER

"I wouldn't let you sleep in my room if you were growing on my ass."

Daniel laughs.

All of a sudden, the channel is switched and the movie now playing is "Die Hard". Gratuitous gun fighting and explosions.

ANDREA SAITOU, 11 years old and feisty, jumps onto the couch with the remote in hand. This is Daniel's sister, but she's obviously not Japanese. She's short, pudgy and has pasty white skin. Probably adopted.

DANIEL

I was watching that.

ANDREA

Too bad. Home Alone sucks.

DANIEL

No it doesn't, it's hilarious.

ANDREA

It's for pussies.

MRS. SAITOU calls from the kitchen in her native tongue:

MRS. SAITOU (O.S.)
(in Japanese)

Andrea. Watch your mouth.

ANDREA
(in Japanese)
Sorry mother.

Daniel's off the couch, trying to intimidate Andrea into giving him the remote.

DANIEL
Die Hard sucks. He just goes
around shooting people. Kevin
McCallister is smart.

ANDREA
(whispering now)
He's a pussy.

DANIEL
(going for the remote)
Gimme that.

Quick as a flash, Andrea is on her feet and in karate stance. She grabs Daniel's hair and brings his forehead directly down onto her knee with a LOUD SMACK.

ANDREA
Hai!

DANIEL
Ow! Goddammit.

MRS. SAITOU
(in Japanese)
Daniel!

DANIEL
(in Japanese)
Sorry mother.

MRS. SAITOU
(in Japanese)
Andrea needs her shot.

Andrea sticks her tongue out at Daniel as he trudges out, rubbing his forehead. On the TV:

JOHN MCCLAIN
(dubbed for cable)
"Yippee ki yay mother stinker."

Andrea grins. John McClain is such a bad ass.

ANDREA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Daniel draws insulin from a bottle into his syringe. He taps the needle with his fingernail. Wipes Andrea's upper arm with a cotton ball and gives her her shot. He's clearly done this many times.

Andrea is staring at an OLD PHOTOGRAPH propped on the bookshelf by the door. It's her as a child, with some OLDER BOY who looks like he could be her natural brother.

Daniel notices her gaze, but says nothing and continues his routine.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Daniel is working on math homework again. "Die Hard 2" on the TV.

He looks up at Andrea, asleep on the couch. Slowly changes the channel.

We switch back to "Home Alone":

KEVIN MCCALLISTER
 "This is it. Don't get scared
 now."

Daniel goes back to work.

EXT. DANIEL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

They step out the front door of their town house. From inside:

MRS. SAITOU (O.S.)
 (in Japanese)
 Daniel. Don't forget karate
 practice after school.

DANIEL
 (in Japanese)
 Yes mother.

SIDEWALK

On their way to school. Andrea slows her pace and falls behind Daniel as she remembers something.

DANIEL
 What is it?

ANDREA
 I forgot my insulin bag.

Daniel groans.

ANDREA
I can get it.

DANIEL
No...come on.

He follows her back towards their house.

CLOSE TO HOME

Daniel slows as he spots across the street and going the opposite direction: SAM STEELE, alone and on her way to school. She looks adorable in her sweater.

He ducks behind a car, pulling Andrea down with him.

ANDREA
What are you doing?

He thinks.

DANIEL
I don't know.

Andrea peeks her head over the car and finds Samantha. She grins.

ANDREA
You pussy.

DANIEL
OK. You're right, this is stupid.
We're gonna get up, but slowly and
on the count of three, alright?

ANDREA
Oh my god.

Daniel glances at Samantha. She hasn't seen them yet.

DANIEL
One...

In the distance, we hear a vehicle PULLING OVER and PARKING.

DANIEL
Two...

Doors OPEN and SLAM. HURRIED FOOTSTEPS.

DANIEL
Three.

They rise. Sam has passed them by.

Daniel breathes a sigh of relief. Then:

Out of nowhere, SIMON and NICK BARSTOW are upon them. Before Daniel can even show fear, Simon has BACKHANDED him in the face. He falls to the pavement, out cold.

Nick goes for Andrea, but she's prepared.

ANDREA

Hai!

She performs wedge move to break apart Nick's outstretched arms, then brings her clasped fists down onto the bridge of his nose with a CRACK.

NICK

Ahhh!

He starts to gush blood. He chases after Andrea, who can't run nearly as impressively as she fights.

Across the street, Sam stares in horror.

Simon spots her. He makes for the van as she takes off.

DOWN THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Sam is on a dead sprint down the sidewalk. The van races past her some hundred feet and skids into park.

Simon pops out and hobbles towards her. She starts to run again, but he pulls out his gun.

SIMON

(out of breath)

Save us the hassle, huh cutie?

She stops and scratches at her stomach nervously as he approaches.

INT./EXT. VAN

The back doors open and Nick carries in Andrea from the street. She elbows and grunts and yelps "Hai!". Nick tosses her in and she rolls towards the front of the van.

Inside, Simon has just tied Sam's blindfold and duct taped her hands behind her back. Daniel is shoved up against the wall, still unconscious.

When Andrea tries to run clumsily back out, Simon grabs her and pushes her onto the floor face first.

SIMON
(taping her wrists)
Jesus.

Nick's bleeding has stopped, but warm red stains adorn his face and sternum. He SNIFFS and holds his head up, wiping at his nose.

Simon begins to CHUCKLE at the sight of him.

Nick observes Simon back. He's panting uncontrollably.

Nick starts to SNORT as well. Soon they're both CACKLING uncontrollably.

NICK
(nasally)
Oh gosh.

When their laughter dies, Simon COUGHS fiercely. He uses his inhaler.

He steps out of the van. Together they SLAM the doors shut, and ALL IS DARK.

EXT. INTERSTATE - LATER

The van travels along in the bright wintery sunlight.

INT. VAN - SAME

Up front, Simon and Nick are silent as the radio BLARES.

In the back, Sam carefully begins to contort her body like an Olympic gymnast. With a sort of snake-like grace, she lifts her legs high in the air and swoops her hands from behind her back. She drags them under her butt and over her toes, until they are directly in front of her.

She pulls her blindfold down and looks around.

Andrea sits in silence, a frown on her blindfolded face. Daniel stirs. Still unconscious.

Their backpacks are in a pile in the corner.

The van begins to slow down. Sam looks through the front windshield: they're in a NEIGHBORHOOD of some sort.

A CREAKING sound and Sam sees a front gate start to slide open. As they pull into a DRIVEWAY, she catches a quick glimpse of an address number.

Simon switches the radio off. On cue, Sam starts to raise

the blindfold back up over her face, but when she tugs on it...

...the knot comes undone and the blindfold falls onto the floor.

She only allows herself a moment of quiet panic before she hurries to re-tie the blindfold with her closely bound hands.

The van comes to a park. The tips of her fingers work now in a frenzy, folding and looping.

Finally, a crude knot forms. Sam grabs the blindfold by the front and lassos it back over her head. She pulls it down over her eyes.

Front doors OPENING. FOOTSTEPS.

She steps through her arms and her taped hands slide up her back into place just as Nick OPENS the back doors and steps in.

If he's aware of her rapid breathing, he doesn't show it.

Nick leads them all outside.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Unfinished and musty. Floor that's half concrete, half dirt. Skeletons of walls framed by vertical wooden planks. An old pool table with no cues.

Simon slips off their blindfolds and cuts their hands free while Nick dumps out their backpacks.

The kids crinkle their noses. Something reeks.

ANDREA

You stink.

SIMON

That's not me sweetie.

He grabs a bucket from the stairs and sets it in front of them.

ANDREA

What is that?

He tosses a roll of toilet paper on the ground.

SIMON

You'll figure it out.

(to Daniel)
Cell phone.

Daniel pauses. He reluctantly fishes out his phone and hands it to Simon.

Simon plucks out the battery and slides it into his pocket. He tosses the phone back at the floor in front of him.

SIMON
Thank you.

Sam's next.

SAM
It's in my backpack.

Nick is spilling it out as she speaks. Her phone falls onto the floor along with her books. Nick CRUSHES it with his boot.

Simon holds an empty hand out to Andrea.

ANDREA
I'm eleven stupid.

Simon smirks. Nick grabs her by the hair.

NICK
Don't make me shut you up.

Simon shifts back over to Daniel.

SIMON
That was a brave stunt you pulled on your bicycle the other night.

DANIEL
Wha...what do you mean?

SIMON
If you hadn't dropped your yearbook picture, you might have actually gotten away.

Daniel tries to think, confused.

DANIEL
I don't...I don't have a bike--

ANDREA
He doesn't even know how to ride one.

Concern on Simon's face.

SIMON
What are you talking about?

DANIEL
I don't--

SIMON
You were at the playground two
nights ago. You saw us when...you
rode off on your bike, didn't you?

Daniel isn't sure how to answer.

DANIEL
I was at my house.

Simon is fuming. He turns to Nick.

SIMON
Give it to me.

NICK
I...uh...

SIMON
I want to see it, now.

He pulls out the PICTURE that slipped out of the mystery
boy's textbook. Simon snatches it from him. He compares
it with Daniel.

His face drops.

SIMON
You...moron.

NICK
What?

SIMON
This isn't...
(re: the picture)
This kid is Chinese.

A long, dumb look on Nick's face.

NICK
What's the difference?

SIMON
It's not him!

He begins to pace. Labored breathing.

SIMON

Oh my god...oh my god...

NICK

What should we do?

SIMON

(holds up picture)

Well, for starters, we have to find this kid. No, I have to find him. No more reconnaissance for you, eagle eye.

(looking at the trio)

I don't know what we're gonna do with this bunch. I guess we'll just have to wait until Henry gets here.

NICK

I'm sorry Simon.

But he's already marching up the stairs.

NICK

I'm making sandwiches in a bit. Do you think you'll be back by lunch?

SIMON

Right. Not unless China boy's biking down Dogwood right this second.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - BENCH - DAY

Martin Han bites into his cheeseburger and chews slowly. Greg Starr nibbles on fries.

Their bikes leaned up against the bench. They graze in silence as they do math homework.

GREG

Off campus lunch rules.

Martin nods. He's a strange kid, even for an immigrant with little English.

Somewhere, a car security alarm CHIRPS. They look up:

Jake Bloom is strutting away from his Corvette, a NEW GIRL at his side.

GREG
 What a tool. He needs a beat
 down. Quick, do you know karate?

MARTIN
 I am Chinese.

GREG
 Yeah well, your people need to
 learn to fence or something.

JAKE
 (approaching)
 Oh my. These are some lovely
 bicycles gentlemen.

Greg smiles sarcastically.

JAKE
 I see you've upgraded to no
 training wheels Greg.

GREG
 (re: the girl)
 And you to a bigger airbag.

JAKE
 Hey Martin. You seen Sam today
 buddy?

He shakes his head.

JAKE
 Good. Let me know if you guys
 wanna ride back in a real car.

GREG
 (surprised)
 OK.

JAKE
 Yeah, I'll give you a quarter. So
 you can call someone.

He laughs as they enter the mall.

GREG
 He didn't even finish the joke
 right.

MARTIN
 (back to his homework)
 What you get numba four?

GREG
 I don't know. I can't do this, I
 need my notes. Have you seen
 Daniel today?

He shakes his head.

GREG
 (looking at Martin's
 notebook)
 I'll give you my fries for that.

Martin huddles over his homework protectively.

Greg sighs. Thinks for a second. He gets out his phone
 and dials.

GREG
 (leaving a message)
 Hey Daniel, where are you at man?
 I need my notes back. Gimme a
 call when you get this.
 (beat)
 Also, Sam Steele is gone today
 too, so...I guess that means you
 guys are bunked up naked somewhere
 and you're riding her like a
 bronco. All your dreams have come
 true. Congratulations.

He hangs up. Martin reaches sneakily for one of Greg's
 fries, but he slaps away his hand.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Daniel is perched atop Sam's shoulders, swaying back and
 forth. He's trying to get a look at:

The BASEMENT'S ONLY WINDOW. A small glass square high up
 on the wall.

SAM
 Can you open it?

DANIEL
 I don't see a latch. Maybe it's
 on the outside.

Sam squats and lets Daniel slide off her back.

Daniel looks uncomfortable. A real man wouldn't ride on a
 girl's shoulders.

Andrea is lazily bouncing balls around the pool table.

SAM
What's the point of a window with
no latches?

She looks at a LARGE GREEN IRON SAFE against a wall in the
back. It has a combination lock and keyhole.

SAM
...or a huge random safe in your
basement.

DANIEL
I don't know.

Sam is quiet for a moment.

SAM
That guy...he said the boy was
Chinese...

Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL
Maybe Martin. Maybe not.

He kicks at his battery-less phone on the floor.

SAM
(jokingly)
Don't have anymore of those, do
you?

DANIEL
(shaking head)
It was the only one in our family.

A pause. Then:

ANDREA
Nuh uh.

Daniel peers over at his sister.

DANIEL
What do you mean?

ANDREA
Mom got me one. For emergencies.

DANIEL
Where is it?

She doesn't answer. Just shoots another ball across the
table.

DANIEL

Andrea.

He goes for her backpack. Andrea gets there ahead of him. She clutches it to her chest.

DANIEL

Andrea, we don't have time for this.

Reluctantly, she hands it over.

It's a big backpack, and Daniel finds a pocket-within-a-pocket that Nick failed to unzip.

He searches inside, and finds SOMETHING ELSE. He looks up at Andrea with confusion.

She avoids his questioning eyes. But Daniel knows.

He sets that aside for now, and digs again. He pulls out her cell phone.

SAM

(peering over his shoulder)

Oh my god.

Daniel powers it on. When the screen loads, a message: "NO SERVICE".

DANIEL

Dang it.

He moves to a corner and waits...

Still no service. Daniel tsks and tries another spot...

Nothing.

SAM

I guess it's just as well. We don't even know where we are. I saw the number on the front gate, but not the street.

DANIEL

It doesn't matter, they could trace our location once we have a signal.

(looks up)

Wait, what did you say?

SAM

What?

DANIEL

Did you say you know the number?
The house number?

SAM

But not the street.

DANIEL

The street is Dogwood. The skinny
one said so before he left.
What's the number?

Sam pauses, like she's embarrassed to say it.

SAM

3-5-6.

DANIEL

3-5-6 Dogwood.

Daniel thinks hard. He massages his temples.

DANIEL

The phone is only going to work
upstairs, but even if we could get
there, we couldn't make a call
with the fat one around.

(beat)

Maybe if--

The sound of FOOTSTEPS up above.

Daniel quickly stuffs the phone in his front pocket. They
huddle around the pool table and wait.

The basement door OPENS. HEAVY STEPS.

Nick appears, a large tray in his hands. Sandwiches,
chips, lemonade. He sets a lunch plate beside each of them
with a stoic face.

When he gets to Andrea, he places a brownie with a cherry
on her plate.

He grins and winks at her.

NICK

Pain in my ass.

As he heads back up the stairs, Sam's mind seems to be
racing. Then:

SAM
I can't eat down here.

NICK
What?

SAM
The smell. It's like sweet cakes,
only gross. I have a very
sensitive gag reflex, there's no
way I could eat food down here.

She starts to look a little nauseas. Like she might barf.

Nick struggles. It's like he can see Simon's face
screaming at him.

STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Sam shoots Daniel a glance as Nick leads them up.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The kids are struggling to hold their sandwiches with their
taped wrists. Andrea feeds on her brownie.

Nick closes the blinds and sits down with them. He pours
ketchup onto his sandwich, which is twice as big as theirs.
He sips on a beer.

They eat in silence. Then:

ANDREA
Who are you?

NICK
I'm Nick.

ANDREA
Who's that?

At the sink, an old woman is doing the dishes. It's
GRANDMA ROSE. Her mind's almost all gone, but she's still
as sweet as they come.

NICK
That's Henry's mother.

ANDREA
Who's Henry?

NICK
My brother and I work for him.

ANDREA
What do you do?

NICK
We help run his business.

ANDREA
What business?

Nick sighs. Too many questions.

NICK
A business for grown ups. Not
children.

Andrea is silent for once. Nick resumes his lunch.

Daniel slowly reaches under the table and starts to slide his phone out.

Sam watches. She doesn't breathe. Then:

ANDREA
Are you gonna kill us?

They both look up. Nick pauses.

NICK
No. This is all just a big mix-
up. You'll get to go home soon.

ANDREA
Are you gonna kill that other boy?

Nick thinks of a way to answer. Out of the corner of his eye, he catches what Grandma Rose is up to now:

She's unloading clean dishes from the cabinets and she's hand washing them.

Nick puts down his sandwich in frustration.

NICK
Darnit. Grandma Rose.

He gets up and starts moving the huge stack of clean dishes back into the cabinets.

Daniel returns to his phone. Strong signal. He selects "SEND TEXT MESSAGE" and a contact list pops up.

Dozens of names.

Daniel thinks fast.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - SAME

A cell phone VIBRATES on a bench.

In the background, we see a TEENAGE BOY in the showers. No way he can hear those vibrations. Then:

A hand SNATCHES the phone along with the backpack beside it.

Greg Starr, not quite dry, reads his message as he walks out.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

On the phone: "356 DOGWOOD DR. - HELP!".

Greg looks baffled. He starts typing back.

A familiar figure falls in line with him.

GREG

Joy.

JOY

Hello Greg. Where you going?

GREG

(with disdain)

Poetry.

JOY

Aw, I love poetry. Language of the soul.

GREG

Yeah? Then how come Ms. Coen doesn't have one?

JOY

(at his phone)

Who is that?

GREG

My girlfriend.

JOY

You don't have a girlfriend.

GREG

Yes I do.

JOY

What's her name?

GREG
La'Quishria.

JOY
Mmm, I don't like it.

GREG
No?

JOY
Too many syllables. One syllable
names are much simpler and
prettier, don't you think?

GREG
Hmm...you mean like Kate?

JOY
Nah.

GREG
Gwen?

JOY
Nope.

GREG
Madge?

JOY
(shaking head)
Mm-mm.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

A message flashes back to Daniel: "WHO IS THIS?".

He lifts his eyes:

Grandma Rose has started making pancakes. A mess of flour
and eggs and mixing.

Nick is still putting dishes away when the sink starts to
overflow.

NICK
Gosh dangit.

Nick throws paper towels at the water, but it's not enough.
He scurries out of the kitchen.

Daniel types.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME

On Greg's phone: "DANIEL". Greg shakes his head in confusion. He pushes his glasses back up.

JOY HEART
I'm this way Greg.

GREG
OK. See ya.

JOY HEART
Have fun with La'Quishria.

GREG
Oh I will.

On the back of his hand, he writes the address: "356 DOGWOOD DR." The number six like a pigtail.

He writes ANDREA'S PHONE NUMBER below it.

Punches more buttons.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

On Daniel's phone: "YOU GOT MY NOTEBOOK?".

Daniel squirms. Figure it out Greg.

He types: "C...A...L..."--

A flame BURSTS from the stovetop. Grandma Rose SCREAMS as her sleeve catches on fire.

Nick rushes back in with real towels and starts to beat her with them.

Daniel types faster now: "L...9...1...1"...

Nick quickly has the flame out. Grandma Rose is CRYING.

NICK
Alright, that's it.

He turns to the kids. Daniel hits "SEND" and hides the phone in his lap.

NICK
You guys. Come with me.

Nick marches towards the basement.

Sam stares at Daniel with anticipation.

He can hardly catch his breath, but he lets her see a hint of a smile.

He slides the phone back into his pocket.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - POETRY CLASSROOM - SAME

Greg's phone VIBRATES. A new message.

From the front of the room, the DRONING POETRY VOICE of MS. COEN.

Greg's head is flat on his desk. He drools as he sleeps.

MS. COEN (O.S.)
Mr. Starr. Would you like to
answer that?

Greg doesn't answer, just stirs a bit.

MS. COEN (O.S.)
Mr. Starr.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - SAME

LIVING ROOM

Nick leads the kids back to the basement. Daniel looks around. This is a big damn house.

BASEMENT DOOR

Nick opens the lock with SOME KEY that Daniel can't quite make out.

As the trio marches through the door, Nick peers at Daniel curiously: is this kid up to something?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - POETRY CLASSROOM - SAME

Phone still VIBRATING. Greg SNORES.

MS. COEN
Mr. Starr!

Then: ANGRY FOOTSTEPS. Ms. Coen's hand snatches Greg's phone and she WHACKS him on the back of the head with her poetry book.

Greg snaps straight up.

MS. COEN
You can have this back at the end
of the day.

It takes Greg a few seconds to sober a bit. When he realizes his phone has been taken, his jaw drops in protest.

GREG

Aw, man.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

The house shimmers in the sunlight.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Daniel is slumped against the wall, scribbling in his notebook. Deep concentration.

The sounds of Andrea ROLLING A BALL around the wooden edges of the pool table slightly aggravates him.

Sam is pacing nervously. A PILE OF DIRTY CLOTHES in the corner behind her.

SAM

They should be here by now. It's been two hours.

(to Daniel)

Shouldn't they be here by now?

DANIEL

I'm not sure.

SAM

How can you be doing homework? Aren't you worried? Aren't you afraid?

DANIEL

A little.

ANDREA

A lot.

SAM

We should try to get upstairs and send another message. I should do it this time.

DANIEL

Why?

SAM

Maybe Greg didn't get yours.

DANIEL
I sent it to him. It said
"message sent".

SAM
Maybe you didn't send it though.
Maybe you think you did, but you
saw it wrong.

Daniel's torn. Sam is actually annoying him.

DAN
Maybe you could sit down for a
little bit.

He goes back to his notebook.

SAM
Stop writing! We have to get out
of here.

We now see what Daniel is scribbling. It's not math:

It's a crudely drawn FLOOR PLAN of the upstairs. Lots of
rooms. Estimated dimensions. A long way from the basement
to the front door.

Daniel massages his temple. How to get her quiet?

DANIEL
I'm sure the police are on their
way. You can count on Greg. In
the meantime, we can just wait
here. There's no rush.

Andrea's pool ball teeters off the ledge and FALLS TO THE
FLOOR. It rolls up to Daniel's feet. He looks up:

Andrea stumbles weakly into a sitting position.

She looks sick.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MS. COEN'S OFFICE - DAY

MS. COEN furrows her brows as she searches her desk drawer.

Greg YAWNS in his chair.

MS. COEN
Well I'm sorry Mr. Starr, but...I
can't seem to find your phone.

GREG
What?

MS. COEN

I distinctly remember putting it in my drawer, but...now it's not here.

GREG

What am I supposed to do without my phone?

MS. COEN

Your life will continue all the same Gregory. Fear not.

Greg stares her down. Something's fishy.

The school bell RINGS.

MS. COEN

I'm sure it will turn up tomorrow.

Greg stands. He peers into her trash can shamelessly.

Ms. Coen glares at him as he walks out. Kids.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

VAN

Simon watches STUDENTS spill out the front doors. Greg included.

His phone RINGS. He answers casually:

SIMON

Lemme guess. You let the kids out the front door.

We hear the passionless voice of HENRY at the other end:

HENRY (O.S.)

What kids?

Simon sits up in his seat.

SIMON

Henry. I'm sorry, I didn't know it was you.

Uncomfortable silence. Then again:

HENRY (O.S.)

What kids?

Simon swallows.

SIMON

Well...we thought we had found the boy, but...it turned out to be a kind of mix-up. But this one we caught, he looks almost identical to the real boy, I swear Henry.

HENRY (O.S.)

You know what to do with them?

SIMON

Well, I was thinking...I was thinking maybe you wanna take a look at them first.

A pause. Simon holds his breath.

HENRY (O.S.)

Find the boy.

Simon relaxes. Cheerful now.

SIMON

Of course. That's what I'm working on right now. When do you think you'll be getting back--

A CLICK, and Henry is gone.

SIMON

Hello?
(beat)
Shit.

Simon pauses for a moment, then goes back to work.

He looks down at the mystery picture, his only clue. We now see it for the first time:

It is indeed MARTIN HAN. A wallet-sized school portrait.

Simon looks out the windows: ALL WHITE KIDS. He shakes his head.

He studies the picture, and now a thought comes to him. He slowly flips it over, and we read on the back:

A hand-written name: "MARTIN HAN".

Just below that: a PHONE NUMBER, with the last couple digits covered by Simon's fingers.

Simon's face brightens. He makes a call.

SIMON

Hello?

(beat)

Is this Martin's mother?

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Andrea is on the floor leaning against the wall. She licks her lips like she's thirsty.

SAM

What's wrong with her?

DANIEL

She needs her insulin shot.

(beat)

Why'd you eat those brownies dummy?

SAM

When was her last shot?

DANIEL

Last night. She's supposed to have it every four hours during the day.

Sam looks on Andrea with pity.

SAM

Well where's her...stuff, or whatever?

Daniel thinks. He massages his temple.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DOOR - LATER

LOUD POUNDING on the door. After a moment, Nick arrives and opens it:

Daniel stands at the entrance. At the bottom of the stairs, Andrea is lying in Sam's lap.

DANIEL

My sister's sick. She needs her medicine.

NICK

So give it to her.

DANIEL

It's at our house.

Nick squints at Andrea. She looks pretty bad.

He frowns. Don't need this.

DANIEL
The hospital would be better
though.

Nick SUCKS IN through his teeth. We're not going to a hospital. He squints at Andrea again.

She COUGHS weakly.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Nick's Oldsmobile pulls onto an on-ramp. It merges with the light traffic.

INT. NICK'S CAR - SAME

Nick now unties Daniel's blindfold, one hand on the wheel.

Daniel waits, then sneaks some glances around:

In the ignition: a GREEN KEY on Nick's keychain.

In the visor above him: a hunting photo of Nick, holding up a dead duck. He's smiling. A shotgun in and.

Daniel scans Nick quietly.

He can feel the kid's eyes on him. He doesn't like it.

NICK
Is that really your sister?

DANIEL
...she's adopted.

A pause. Then:

NICK
I meant what I said. This is all
a mix-up. You'll get to go home
soon.
(beat)
You believe me right?

DANIEL
I don't believe drug dealers.

Nick snorts.

NICK
Well neither would I, I guess.
(beat)

I don't know any.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - CURB - LATER

Nick surveys the neighborhood. Coast is clear.

He unties Daniel's rope bound wrists and unbuckles his seat belt.

He takes a breath: can't believe I'm doing this.

NICK
Don't run. OK?

Daniel nods.

Nick looks around the neighborhood one last time.

Snowflakes have started to fall.

He OPENS his door.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - GREG'S BEDROOM - SAME

We hear the front door CLOSE. Groceries, keys ONTO THE COUNTER.

GREG'S MOM (O.S.)
Greg? You home?

Greg's engrossed in his RACING VIDEO GAME.

GREG
Yeah.

GREG'S MOM
You do your homework?

GREG
Mmm.

GREG'S MOM
No video games until you do your homework.

GREG
(groaning)
Mom...

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - SAME

FOYER

Daniel leads Nick inside. He hears a CLICK behind him.

Looks back:

Nick has his gun drawn at him now. Safety off.

Daniel swallows.

He tiptoes up the stairs slowly. Nick trailing just a few feet behind.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - GREG'S BEDROOM - SAME

Greg stares at his textbook, a befuddled look. In his lap:

A blank sheet of paper. He hasn't even started.

The chapter he's studying might as well be in Chinese. It's just a mess of numbers and symbols.

Greg SIGHS. He flips back a few pages. His hand turns over, and there on the back of it:

The mysterious "356 DOGWOOD DR." and a PHONE NUMBER.

He stares at it for a second. Then:

GREG
(calling)
Mom?

GREG'S MOM (O.S.)
Yes honey.

GREG
Can you take me somewhere?

GREG'S MOM (O.S.)
Where?

GREG
To see Daniel. He needs help with math.

GREG'S MOM (O.S.)
Isn't he smarter than you?

GREG
Mom...

A pause.

GREG'S MOM (O.S.)
OK.

GREG
 (hopeful)
 Can I drive?

GREG'S MOM (O.S.)
 No.

He frowns.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - SAME

PARENT'S BEDROOM

Daniel reaches into his parent's closet and pulls out a BLACK VINYL BAG. He turns to Nick.

NICK
 Is that it?

Daniel nods.

NICK
 OK.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They step out. They make it to the top of the stairs.
 Then:

The front door OPENS below.

MRS. SAITOU
 Daniel? Andrea?

Nick's hand goes instinctively to Daniel's mouth before he can speak. He drags him into the nearest room:

ANDREA'S BEDROOM

He crouches the two of them by the door, but doesn't close it. She'll hear. He holds his gun to Daniel's head and waits.

Silence. Maybe footsteps, but they're soft. Then:

We see Mrs. Saitou pass by the open doorway. Both Nick and Daniel frozen.

A KNOCKING. She's at Daniel's door.

MRS. SAITOU
 (in Japanese)
 Daniel? Are you home?

Nothing. Then, APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS:

Mrs. Saitou's peeks into Andrea's bedroom. She lingers only for a second, then disappears down the hall again.

A few moments, but they seem longer. Then:

The sound of a SHOWER STARTING.

Nick relaxes. As he slowly leans his head out the doorway, Daniel notices on the bookcase:

Andrea's OLD PHOTOGRAPH of her and the boy.

Daniel glances at Nick.

He's not watching.

Quick as a flash, he reaches up and grabs the photo.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Andrea watches the small window. It's snowing full on now.

Across the room, Sam is by her backpack. She's pulled out her make-up kit and is touching up her beautiful face.

She catches Andrea staring. Detects a hint of jealousy.

SAM

Have you started wearing make-up yet?

Andrea shakes her head.

SAM

Why not?

A shrug.

SAM

You know, you have very beautiful skin. I know a lot of girls who'd be jealous.

(beat)

You really wouldn't need much. Maybe a little eyeliner. Some shadow.

Andrea narrows her eyes at her.

SAM

What? Don't the boys call you pretty?

Her glare unchanging.

SAM
Well don't worry, they will.

Sam finishes. She starts putting away her kit. Then:

ANDREA
My brother used to.

Sam looks up.

ANDREA
He called me "pretty girl".

SAM
Who, Daniel?

ANDREA
My real brother.

SAM
What's his name?

ANDREA
...it was Johnny.

It dawns on Sam. Johnny's dead.

SAM
What was he like?
(beat)
A math genius, who never talks?

She shakes her head.

ANDREA
He was cool.

Sam smiles.

SAM
Well if he called you pretty, he
must have been smart too.

A pause.

ANDREA
I know I'm fat.

Sam melts.

SAM
You're not fat.

Andrea looks unconvinced.

SAM
It gets better. Trust me.

ANDREA
What do you know about it?

Sam considers something for a moment. Then:

SAM
You know what, I'm hot. Do you
care if I change?

Andrea shakes her head.

Sam reaches into her backpack and pulls out a shirt. She slips her sweater over her head, and she's down to her bra:

A LARGE, UGLY BURN SCAR is mapped all over the left side of Sam's body, from her waist up to her armpit. It's most prominent over her stomach.

Andrea can't help but stare.

Sam slides on her new shirt.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Nick is pulled over as cars ZOOM by. He throws a flat tire in the back trunk, along with a jack and tire wrench.

NICK'S CAR

He hops in. Looks over at:

Daniel - quiet, his blindfold covering his eyes.

Nick grabs the keys, which are already in the ignition. He starts to turn them, but stops.

A pause.

NICK
Listen...when Simon gets back, I'm
gonna tell him how well-behaved
you kids were in the basement
today. He's better with Henry
than me, maybe he can put in a
good word. About how none of you
were any trouble...in the basement
today...all day long.
(beat)
Does that sound good?

Daniel nods. He gets it. Don't tell Simon we were out.
As Nick fires up the car, we see his keychain now...
...but we can't find his green key anywhere on it.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Greg's mom drops him off at the BASE OF A HILL. As she drives away, he stares up the steep road.

The snow is already starting to blanket him.

He SIGHS. It's gonna be a hike.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Sam is now applying make-up to Andrea's face.

SAM
What did your brother look like?

ANDREA
He was really good-looking.

SAM
Oh yeah? Do you have a picture with you?

ANDREA
I should. I never forget it.

SAM
Well, when we get out of here, I wanna see this fox.

A pause.

ANDREA
...do you know Daniel likes you?

Sam is quiet. Keeps painting.

SAM
I never know what Daniel's thinking.
(beat)
There. Finished.

She holds up a compact mirror for her.

Andrea looks surprisingly pretty. She smiles weakly and nods her thanks.

SAM
Are you OK?

ANDREA
Can you give me my shot?

SAM
Oh sweetie...sure, when Daniel
gets back I'll ask him.

Andrea shakes her head.

ANDREA
He wants me to save them.
(beat)
But I can't wait any longer.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Greg marches up the sidewalk. He glances at house numbers
along the way.

GREG
...3-5-6...3-5-6...nope...

A car passes by Greg, going down the hill. It can't handle
the icy road.

It SWERVES and FISHTAILS, nearly crashing over the
sidewalk.

Greg laughs.

GREG
Amateurs.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Sam lays her sweater on Andrea. She looks on her with
sympathy.

SAM
Don't worry, Daniel will be here
soon, I promise.

ANDREA
You can give it to me now.

SAM
I can't.

Andrea nods yes. She gestures to SOMETHING ACROSS THE
ROOM.

Sam turns and looks at it.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

P.O.V HOUSE

Greg trudges along the sidewalk, shivering now.

GREG
...3-5-6...3-5-6...

This one is a winner.

GREG
3-5-6! Finally...

He crosses the street towards his destination.

GREG
...I'm getting some cocoa.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Sam stares at Andrea's backpack.

She goes over to it. Unzips the back pocket. Empty, but another pocket inside.

Unzips it...slowly pulls out:

Andrea's BLACK LEATHER INSULIN BAG.

INT. NICK'S CAR - SAME

Back in the neighborhood now. Down the snowy street.

In Daniel's hands: his BLACK VINYL BAG. His fingers resting lightly on the zipper.

They pass a MORMON MISSIONARY pushing his bike down the hill. Nick snorts.

Daniel catches the address number as they pull in through the front gate.

Up the driveway.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Sam unzips Andrea's bag: insulin bottles, syringes, cotton balls.

SAM
I don't understand. If Daniel

isn't going to get your shot, then
what is he getting?

Andrea shrugs.

Before Sam can speak another word, she notices a FIGURE
behind her:

GRANDMA ROSE
Oh hello there. Have you seen the
boys?

Sam's eyes widen. She rushes over to the bottom of the
stairs and looks up:

The basement door is wide open.

She crouches down by Andrea.

SAM
Andrea, I'm gonna give you your
shot, OK? But first we need to
get up and we need to leave this
house, right now. Do you think
you can do that?

Andrea nods.

SAM
OK.

She grabs the insulin bag and stuffs it into her backpack.
Helps Andrea to her feet.

GRANDMA ROSE
Have you seen the boys? I think
there's someone at the door.

But they're already hobbling up the stairs.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - HOUSE - SAME

Greg KNOCKS. He's a frosted snowman now.

He peeks through the window by the door.

GREG
Hello? Helllloo?

No one.

GREG
You gotta be kidding me.

He starts to leave--

The front door finally OPENS. Greg turns to find:

Some RANDOM WOMAN. Staring at him curiously.

GREG

Uhhh...is Daniel here?

RANDOM WOMAN

Who?

Greg's compares the back of his hand with the address number by the door. It's the right place.

GREG

Um...can I use your phone?

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME

NICK'S CAR

Nick throws it into park and kills the engine. He yawns. Taps the wheel. Don't wanna go back inside yet.

Daniel's fingers on the zipper. Heart pounding.

NICK

You ready?

Daniel nods.

NICK

Oh, right.

He leans over the console into the back. He reaches for the rope and blindfold on the seat.

NICK

Let's get you fixed up.

Daniel slowly unzips his bag. Then, out of nowhere:

A RINGTONE starts to chime from his front pocket.

Nick whips himself up front. Eyes searching for the sound.

Daniel freezes. Then:

The front door of the house OPENS. The girls stumble out. Sam trying to lead Andrea faster than she can go.

NICK

What the heck?

Daniel sees his chance. He finishes unzipping and pulls out:

A HANDGUN.

He aims it. Nick raises his hands slowly.

Sam and Andrea stare at Daniel's gun through the car's front window.

DANIEL
(yelling at them)
Go!

They listen. Down the driveway, towards the gate.

Daniel's hands trembling around his weapon.

NICK
You don't need to do this.

DANIEL
Give me your gun.

FRONT GATE

The girls arrive. Snow blanketing. Sam finds a keypad and opens the cover:

It's just numbers. No "open" button.

SAM
(frustrated)
Ahhh...

She studies at the gate:

The bars aren't spread too far apart.

She looks back up the long DRIVEWAY:

Daniel is getting out of the car now. Guns in both hands.

SAM
(to Andrea)
Hold on, OK?

She steps her foot through the gate. Plants on the other side.

Now, slips her whole body through. Free.

SAM
(to Andrea)

Come on, you can do this!

Andrea looks doubtful.

SAM

Come on!

Andrea steps her foot through. Good.

Now tries her body.

It won't fit. She tries to force it.

SAM

Try sucking your tummy in, like
this.

Andrea takes a deep breath. Pushes more.

ANDREA

I'm stuck!

Sam grabs her hand and pulls. Now she's half and half.

Daniel's getting close. With two guns in hand, he's taking
it slow on the slippery driveway.

Sam tugs some more.

ANDREA

It's not working.

Sam looks up at the house:

Nick is getting out of his car. Running to the front door.

Snow falling hard.

SAM

We gotta make it work OK? I'm
gonna do a really big pull this
time, on the count of three.
Ready?

She nods.

SAM

OK.

(beat)

One...

Out of nowhere, the front gate starts to SLIDE OPEN.

Andrea moves along with it, still stuck between the bars.

Horror on Sam's face. She looks down the street:

A white van approaching.

Sam tries a couple more frantic tugs as Andrea moves along. Nothing doing.

She switches it up and starts to push her.

Daniel arrives. He sets down his guns and pulls on Andrea.

Finally, she pops out on Daniel's side. Barely escaping being crushed against the stone wall.

The van is too close now.

Daniel grabs his guns, and the three of them scamper back up the driveway as the vehicle pulls in.

Simon stops just ahead of the gate. He parks and pops out. He fires a shot that WHIZZES over Daniel's head.

Daniel turns back to look--

The next shot THUDS into his shoulder. Daniel's thrown on the ground. Guns go scattered.

Simon approaching. Hobbling.

Sam squats by Daniel.

SAM

Daniel! Come on, get up!

Daniel doesn't move. Sam glances up.

Simon getting close.

She throws her hands into the snow. Searches for a gun...

Spots one.

Hand almost on the handle--

Simon's foot STOMPS on the gun. Holds it there.

Sam looks up at the silencer pointed at her face.

SIMON

(panting)

Save us the hassle, huh cutie?

She stops. Sits in place.

She scratches her stomach nervously.