

SEVERE

by
Duane P. Craig

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Duane P. Craig
7835 Tucker Dr.
Walls, MS 38680

WGA # I45286

Phone# 662-781-4939

Email - Willy10speed@hotmail.com

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EXT. ALLEYWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - NIGHT

A door is SHOVED open from the inside of a building. Out walks a 40's aged man with a slight tan skin tone, and he's wearing a gray colored three-piece suit, but no tie. The door seems to shut itself behind the man as he steps into the dark alley. On the back of the door is a small white sign with the hand painted words, " FOREDO'S FINE DINING. "

The alleyway is GRIMY looking, and the concrete ground seems to be a little wet from what could be any of a million combinations of FILTHY substances.

The man reaches into his suit jacket and removes a single cigarette and a Zippo-style lighter. He lights his cigarette, takes a few drags and then turns his attention to the night sky. He seems to be getting lost in the fact he can see a million stars. Suddenly, someone CALLS OUT to him.

VOICE (O.C.)

Milo the Mark. How ya doin'
Son?

The SMOKING MAN turns to his right towards the sound of the voice. The smoking man is MILO, and he's addressing the greeting voice he seems to recognize.

MILO

Hey, Joey.

JOEY walks up beside Milo. Joey is obviously fifteen or so years older than Milo but also a sharp dresser as he too wears a darker colored three-piece suit, and no tie.

Milo continues to glance up at the sky and smoke his cigarette.

MILO (cont'd)

What are you up to?

JOEY

I had snuck a smoke out here.

Joey smiles in a wry manner.

Milo smirks at Joey.

MILO

I thought you were supposed to
be giving that shit up.

JOEY

Hey...

Joey throws his hands up to emphasize the look of sarcasm on
his face.

JOEY (cont'd)

...do I look like a sick man?

Milo laughs a bit.

MILO

No, I guess not.

JOEY

Fuck, Milo, I've probably been out
here for ten minutes trying to
savor every drag off that smoke. I
ain't the quitting type anyway.

Joey notices Milo taking a glance into the sky again.

JOEY (cont'd)

You still got a thing for those
stars, don't you? When you were
knee high you used to stare up
like that all the time. -- What
is it with you? Why didn't you
ever go to school for some kind of
NASA shit?

Milo laughs a bit again and tends to have more of a gaze in
his eyes now as he looks to the sky. His face just as fast
turns to one of complete seriousness.

MILO

I never had the patience for a
damned college...never made any
(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)

sense to me to pay for learning most of the same shit I had just learned the previous twelve years for free...and that's before you get to take the classes on the shit you really wanted to learn in the first place.

JOEY

Yeah, the catch-22's.

Milo points his finger up to the sky for JUST A MOMENT.

MILO

Just...when I look up there, it always puts everything back in perspective for me - everything. I tend to dismiss all the bullshit, and I realize that none of the shit I deal with on a daily basis is really relevant in the long run ...it just helps me deal, I guess.

Milo looks away from the sky turning his full attention to Joey, as if waiting for a criticism of revealing his deep thoughts.

Joey looks at Milo with a confused yet also understanding look on his face.

JOEY

I wish I could relax that easy. Instead, all that I've got are whiskey and smokes and the bad health for indulging myself.

Milo and Joey both get a smile on their face.

JOEY (cont'd)

You mind if I bum a smoke? I really need to relax tonight. My wife is giving me hell over our daughter's graduation next
(MORE)

JOEY (cont'd)

month. There's so much shit
she wants me to pay for!

MILO

Yeah, sure.

Milo reaches into his suit jacket with his right hand.

JOEY

So, did you eat the linguini
tonight? It was great! Those
fucking mushrooms - perfect.

MILO

No, I didn't come here to eat.

Joey quickly gets a confused look on his face.

Milo instantly JERKS his right hand from his suit jacket and pulls out a stiletto knife. With the push of a button on the knife, he pops open the blade and stabs Joey right in the chest. Milo continues to apply force and POWERS Joey down to the ground. Milo has to crouch like a catcher in baseball as Joey falls down. The whole process is so fast that Joey doesn't even make a sound, save for a gasp.

Joey is wide-eyed and his mouth is wide open as he lays on his back now. His eyes then roll back a little confirming his body has given out. His life has ceased.

Milo removes his knife. He looks around and to each end of the alleyway for anyone who may have been looking. There is no one. Milo lifts up Joey's lifeless left arm, and squints his eyes a little at Joey's left hand that is garnished with a gold wedding band on the ring finger. Milo's eyes turn to a look of anger.

MILO (cont'd)

Nobody steals from him, Joey.
You knew better.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - MILO IN A SEDAN, DRIVING - LATE AFTERNOON

Milo is driving his blue sedan down a one-lane highway. He is now dressed in a black, three-piece suit with a white button-up shirt. He's also wearing a thin, black tie.

There is no traffic, whatsoever. Only a car passes from the other direction every so often. The roadside scenery can be seen through the car windows on this, a pleasant, sunny day. The scenery seems to present many trees in bloom and many flowers also. Of course, the greening of grass and the typical weeds tend to be growing now as well.

Milo reaches his right hand to the mid-console of his car. He grabs and flips open a cell phone. He seems to be thinking as he dials some numbers and keeps his eyes glancing back at the road as if he is going to miss something.

Milo's phone begins to ring, and he holds it to his ear. His left hand now grips the steering wheel a bit firmer.

The phone rings only a few times before a DISTINGUISHED, SCRATCHY voice answers.

VOICE

I take it this is an early,
good news message?

MILO

Your nephew's a fucking moron.

The Voice laughs briefly.

VOICE

The directions aren't up to
par, are they?

MILO

I'm all over the damn place.

Milo jerks his head back suddenly as he drives past a road sign.

MILO (cont'd)
(sarcastic)
Well, shit. I just passed a
sign that's actually written
down here.

Milo looks down in the passenger seat at a tablet of notebook
paper with directions all over the top page.

MILO (cont'd)
(complaining)
Of course, these notes say that
I was supposed to pass the sign
six miles ago.

VOICE
The boy's my blood. He's got
to have something to do for a
buck. God knows the boy don't
stand a chance in anything else.
You just keep your schedule as best
as time allows. That's respect
enough for me...that and just
knowing I can actually count on you
to get shit done.

MILO
(smiling)
You flattering me?

VOICE
(sounding Fatherly)
You'd like me sounding soft
wouldn't you?
(very stern)
Get us some bait, and meet Bennie
already.

Milo's phone signal goes dead from the Voice hanging up their
line. Milo folds his phone shut and puts it in his right
pants pocket. The dashboard light for " LOW GAS " starts to
glow. Milo smirks in disgusted disbelief.

MILO
(sarcastic)
Figures.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ISOLATED GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Milo's sedan pulls onto the gravel lot of a very isolated gas station. The station has only four gas pumps - two rows of two. There is also a decent sized walk-in station store and a separate building about twenty yards off to the right of the store with restroom symbols on its only two doors. The lot of the gas station is merely a red, gravel clearing with dense trees surrounding it. Across the one-lane highway is yet more dense trees. There is a sign in the window of the station store that says " LAST STOP BEFORE TURNER. "

CUT TO:

INT. - MILO IN HIS SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Milo pulls his car - driver's side - beside the outermost pump furthest from the station store.

Milo puts his car in park, kills the engine and then exits. He shuts his door firmly behind him and walks towards the station store.

CUT TO:

INT. - GAS STATION STORE - CONTINUOUS

Milo walks right in like any other patron would and steps to the counter. Behind the counter sits a slender, brown haired GIRL and an athletic, brown haired GUY. They are sitting in folding metal chairs. The two look not far removed from being high schoolers, and have similar features facially that one could assume they are brother and sister. They are the typical white kids with the Guy wearing jeans, a T-shirt and a baseball cap along with the Girl dressed in cutoff shorts and a T-shirt.

Milo reaches his left hand into his left pants pocket and pulls out a money clip. The money clip is holding together an impressive wad of cash. Milo removes a twenty-dollar bill. He places it on the counter.

MILO

Twenty on pump four.

The Guy gets up from his seat and steps up to the counter.

Milo takes notice of the Guy's one leg twitching a little. He sees that the Girl seems to twitch her shoulder a little as she remains seated.

The Guy takes Milo's money and then programs all of the required details in the cash register.

The Guy notices Milo's watchful eyes. He starts to give Milo a paranoid glare.

GUY

Something wrong?

MILO

I've seen fish twitch like that a time or two.

The Guy looks a little offended at Milo's response. The Guy just as suddenly smiles as if to laugh it off instead of responding angrily.

GUY

My leg's just falling asleep.
It gets real boring here.

GIRL

These chairs don't really help
your back any either.

The Guy starts stomping his foot on the floor a little as if he is trying to get better blood flow.

The Girl starts bending forward some and stretching her arms like she is tired and sore.

Milo makes a quick observation of the area for the two coworkers behind the counter.

There is no television, no radio nor is there anything to pass time except for a newspaper under the Girl's chair and a CB radio hanging on the back wall.

Milo points for a second at the CB and he looks at the Girl.

MILO

That work?

The Girl looks to the CB as Milo intends her to.

GIRL

Yeah, but we don't get near as many truckers on the highway to mess with like we used to.

GUY

It works fine, but I leave it off. I can't hear static all day long. It'll drive me crazy.

MILO

Most kids your age are always playing games on a cell phone or something...but I guess that's life in the sticks, eh?

Milo starts smiling over his joke.

The Guy and the Girl smile a little, but they are obviously just obliging Milo.

Milo notices their attempt to hide their apprehension towards him, so he stops his smiling.

GUY

(annoyed)

We're not the type to have such luxuries.

GIRL

God knows we'd rather have them,
though.

The Guy starts to stare at Milo in a cautious sort of way.

Milo QUICKLY points blindly out to the window, and the Guy and Girl seemingly jump a bit. Milo definitely notices and a short pause of silence occurs.

MILO

That bathroom house out there work?

GIRL

Yes, sir.

MILO

Well, alright then. I'll be about
my way. You two take it easy out
here all by yourself.

Milo smirks, puts his money clip back in his pants pocket and BURSTS out of the station store back towards his car.

The Guy and Girl look at each other with confusion.

GUY

I swear I saw about a thousand
dollars cash in that money clip
he pulled out. That's way too much
to be waving around here.

The Girl twitches her arm and shoulder again. The actions of the twitching look more unnatural this time. She starts to frown and grabs her arm to keep it from twitching.

The Guy's face turns to one of concern, but then he has to grab his own leg that begins to twitch again.

The Girl raises her head a little to look out the window at Milo who puts the gas nozzle into his tank, starts the pump and then leaves it pumping to walk off towards the restrooms building.

GIRL

(eerily)

He's going to the toilet. I want
his money.

The Girl turns her attention back to her co-worker and smiles. Her smile just as quickly fades into a look of focus that the Guy seems to understand.

The Guy acknowledges the Girl's expressions by shaking his head and steps from behind the counter towards the door.

GUY

We don't need his money, but we do
need to get rid of him.

GIRL

(slightly angry)

What do you mean we don't need the
money? Ruhl could use all the
money we...

GUY

(interrupts)

Ruhl will have plenty of money
soon, trust me...I think I found an
end to our money troubles last
weekend at the docks. It shouldn't
be an issue anymore.

The Guy breathes deep and watches as Milo enters the restrooms building.

The Girl looks confused.

GIRL

You're worried about something. I
can tell.

The Guy raises one hand at her as if to calm her suspicions.

GUY

I'll discuss it later, okay?

GIRL

You're not playing lookout like we're supposed to. You look like you're going to do something else.

The Guy lends a smug look to the girl.

GUY

I'm not like you and what you do to people.

GIRL

That's not what I see in your eyes.

GUY

I have to send a message to this guy's friends...I think I know why he's here.

The Girl gets her eerie smile back.

The Guy looks a bit disturbed by her eerie smiling.

GUY (cont'd)

Give me five minutes.

The Guy exits out of the gas station store.

CUT TO:

INT. - MEN'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The men's room has two wall mounted urinals to the right as one first walks in. These are followed by three stalls also on the right side.

On the left wall in the men's room are three sinks and two soap dispensers. There is an air-dry machine for wet hands on the same wall slightly past the sinks.

Milo BURSTS through the men's room door and proceeds to the last stall. He unzips and begins to urinate.

The door to the stall is left unlatched and hangs halfway open.

The Guy enters the restroom. He doesn't even try to be quiet. His footsteps are HEAVY on the tile floor, and he forces the door closed behind him. The Guy then locks the deadbolt that is above the door handle. The Guy wants Milo to know that he is there.

Milo's unrinating is slowing to a finish. He raises his head and looks at the ceiling for just a moment. There is a crazy focus on his face.

MILO

If that sound is a locked door,
I'm kicking it the fuck back open.
You can take your sweet ass back
outside and wait for somebody else.

The Guy's face turns firmer and focused. There is an agenda in his eyes. He reaches his right hand into his right jeans pocket and removes a nice sized lockblade knife. The Guy unfolds his knife which then SNAPS locking the blade into place.

Milo adds a crazy smile to his focused facial expression.

MILO (cont'd)

(sarcastic)

Now, why does that sound rather
familiar to me, too?

Milo has finished his peeing. He zips up, pushes aside the stall door and walks out facing the Guy. Milo doesn't even seem surprised that it's the Guy. Milo's face is even more stern than the Guy who is an obvious threat to him.

MILO (cont'd)

Now, I thought you were just a good
old country boy...simple and all
that.

Milo steps to the sink and begins to wash his hands but keeps his eyes on the Guy.

MILO (cont'd)

I saw you take notice of my money clip in the store, there. I didn't take you for a little thug, though.

GUY

I don't want your money.

The Guy's right hand holds the knife. His left hand and his head and neck begin twitching a little.

Milo is finished washing his hands but does not attempt to dry them. He brings them to rest at his sides and lets them drip onto the floor. He faces the Guy again with the same stern face that turns into a look of confusion of why the guy is twitching. Milo starts to chuckle a bit.

MILO

(chuckling)

You're so fucking scared you can't stop shaking. Well, you're going to get real scared when you find out what I do for a living...Eric.

The Guy's eyes widen with revelation.

MILO (cont'd)

That's right. I know all about you...and I came to make you a fucking milk carton contestant. You have something that belongs to someone very pissed off right now.

The Guy's twitching increases somewhat. His arms are starting shake all the way up to his shoulders.

GUY

(building anger)

I know your kind. You're all talk...

Milo reaches and QUICKLY removes his stiletto knife, popping out the blade with the push of its button.

Just as fast, the Guy SCREAMS like a warrior in battle and lunges towards Milo.

Milo ducks and THRUSTS his knife fully into the guy's stomach. Milo grabs the Guy's right arm that holds his lockblade knife. At the same time, Milo KICKS the Guy's right knee completely backwards breaking it in half. The sound is HORRIBLE.

The Guy falls to the floor, and his lockblade knife falls from his right handed grip. He is WRITHING in pain, still SCREAMING and is continuing to use his arms by grabbing Milo's legs. The Guy is now twitching so much that it seems he is convulsing.

Milo shakes the Guy off of him and THRUSTS his right foot down on the Guy's neck causing another horrid CRUNCHING sound of bones breaking. This silences the Guy, and he moves no longer. Milo has killed him.

There is suddenly a BANGING on the men's room door.

GIRL (V.O.)

Eric!

Milo is attentive but not shaken. He proceeds to the door. He pauses for a moment as if he is listening beyond the noise the Girl is making.

The Girl BANGS on the door even harder now and is getting louder.

Milo steps back and reaches down to the Guy's body, removes his knife, wipes the blood on the Guy's clothes, and he puts the knife away back into his suit jacket.

GIRL (V.O.) (cont'd)

Damn it, Eric! Let me in!

Milo steps back towards the door and seems to be listening again. Suddenly, in one quick motion, Milo unlocks the door, opens it fiercely and PUNCHES the Girl right between her eyes.

The Girl drops to the ground unconscious.

CUT TO:

EXT. - GAS STATION LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Milo has stepped out of the men's room and is looking in all directions. He bares the fortune of his luck in his facial expression. There is no one else on the gas station lot, nor is there anyone even passing by on the highway.

The door to the men's room has closes as Milo goes to pick up the Girl.

Milo throws the girl up onto his right shoulder, and he hurriedly proceeds to his sedan.

In no time, Milo reaches his sedan to see that the gas tank is full.

The gas pump nozzle has cut itself off automatically. The tank is obviously full.

Milo removes his car keys from his left pants pocket with his left hand and unlocks the sedan's trunk. He lays the Girl easily into the clean, roomy trunk space next to a small suitcase and what looks to be a very old tackle box.

The trunk is left open as Milo turns away to remove the gas nozzle and replace it in its residing gas pump. He just as quickly turns his attention back to the trunk where the Girl is coming to and beginning to open her eyes. Milo reaches his right hand into his right pants pocket and removes a small piece of paper. He eyes the paper for a brief moment and then returns it but leaves his hand in the pocket.

The Girl now realizes her position and looks up to Milo's already stern face fixed on her.

Milo points to the Girl with his left hand and shakes his pointed finger a couple of times.

MILO

So, you're Sarah?

The Girl GULTS as she swallows. She then unintentionally nods a bit to acknowledge that she is indeed, Sarah.

MILO (cont'd)

I can't hear you!

SARAH

Y...Yes.

Milo smirks. He pulls his right hand from his pocket and is holding a small, cigarette sized flashlight. He throws it into the trunk behind Sarah.

MILO

I want you to take a deep breath.

Sarah, unknowingly, actually complies to Milo's suggestion.

She takes a huge breath with a look of complete fear now coming over her.

Milo smiles and then SLAMS shut the trunk. He stands still and looks over to the restrooms building. Milo's face turns to a disturbing look as he stares at the building.

Sarah can be heard making MUFFLED SCREAMS along with the sounds of her PUNCHING, KICKING and CLAWING at the inside of the trunk space.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE DARK TRUNK SPACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sarah has already stopped her useless attempts to free herself from the locked trunk. It's very dark in the trunk, but Sarah is searching frantically for the small flashlight that Milo threw in earlier.

Sarah is relying on sounds to know her position. She can hear the car moving. She also hears the car hitting various ruts in the road. Sarah is jolted along with everything else in the trunk from various, hard ruts.

Moments later and Sarah finds the flashlight and turns it on. The light shines enough that Sarah's entire upper torso can be seen clearly. As well, anything in the area to Sarah's sides can be seen. To her right side, the old tackle box is quite visible to Sarah. Her curiosity leads her to open the box. Sarah shines her light to view the inside of the box.

Sarah SCREAMS louder than before when she sees that the box is full of severed fingers. Each finger has a name written on them in black marker. Sarah is SCREAMING and JOSTLING about in the trunk, and it causes her to lose grip of the flashlight. The light also gets turned off in her struggle.

CUT TO:

INT. - MILO DRIVING THE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Milo seems annoyed that he can hear Sarah's screaming yet again. He checks his mirrors, and no cars are in sight behind him. He looks back to the road, and no cars are in sight from the other direction. Milo tilts his head a little to the left and pops his neck. He suddenly SLAMS on the brakes and the car skids to a stop. There is a THUD sounding from the car's trunk - obviously Sarah being slammed forward. Milo listens for Sarah's screaming, but it has stopped. He starts LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY and accelerates the vehicle back on its course.

CUT TO:

INT. - MILO DRIVING THE SEDAN - DUSK

The sun is starting to set.

A road sign is just passed, and Milo takes notice of it - WELCOME TO TURNER.

Milo eyes a Motel 6 sign to his left and then the Motel 6 itself but drives onward towards a greasy pit of a mom & pop style restaurant on the same side of the road.

Milo turns his sedan and drives to the far end of a huge, gravel parking lot behind the mom & pop restaurant.

Around the lot are mostly trees except for a clear view of the back of the restaurant.

Milo puts the car in park but leaves the engine running.

Milo SQUINTS his eyes and grimaces for a moment. He then looks out his windows to the back and side areas of the restaurant.

There are no windows in the back of the restaurant, and there is no one anyone visible to him in the area.

Milo takes his right hand and reaches into his right pants pocket. He removes his cellphone and with the same hand begins dialing numbers quite quickly. It begins ringing, and the same scratchy, distinct voice answers.

VOICE

What's the status?

MILO

I'm here. I didn't see Bennie's car at the motel, though. I don't see him at this shithole restaurant you said he might be at either.

VOICE

He's probably still scoping out the police station down the road. Go ahead and wait for him at the motel. I'd rather you didn't mingle in that town any.

MILO

(sarcastic)

Gosh, you're so strict on me...
dad.

VOICE

(annoyed)

Did you get the leverage we need?

Milo pauses for a short moment.

MILO

Yeah, a whole trunk full.

VOICE

Go wait for Bennie. Call me back
when you've secured the parents.

The phone connection goes dead. The Voice from the phone has obviously hung up.

Milo puts his phone back into his pants pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Milo steps out of his sedan. His eyes are cautious, as he is looking in every direction. He sees no one, stops his searching and walks to the trunk of the car while leaving his driver's side door open. Once at the trunk he bangs on it twice with his fist as if to announce his presence to Sarah inside. He then leans his face closer to the trunk.

MILO

(calm and cold)

If you say a word I'm going to
beat the shit out of you.

Milo then stands straight and opens the trunk quickly.

Sarah looks ravaged with her hair in a frizz and her clothes all wrinkled. She is squinting as she tries to focus her eyes on Milo. Even with what's left of the fast dimming sunlight, Sarah's eyes seem to hurt.

Milo smiles for a brief moment and then frowns at her when he sees she has gotten into his tackle box.

Sarah sees that Milo is rather looking past her instead of directly at her. She turns and sees the open tackle box and then quickly turns back to Milo.

Milo instantly PUNCHES Sarah in the stomach as soon as she turns back to look at him.

Sarah MOANS in pain as she is hit. She rolls up into a ball.

MILO (cont'd)

Say something. I dare you.
Give me another reason.

Milo rears back his fist. He looks more than ready to hit her again.

Sarah COUGHS and starts to come out of her painful looking fetal position. She then looks to Milo and starts shaking her head " NO. "

Milo reaches in and helps Sarah out of the trunk.

MILO (cont'd)

Stand up! You're going to get
in the front seat, and you're
not going to say a fucking word.

Milo shuts the trunk firmly. He helps Sarah as she limps to the passenger side of the sedan. Milo opens the door for her and seats her inside. He shuts the door and then rounds the car and re-enters the driver's side.

MILO (cont'd)

Don't touch anything.

Milo shuts his door, puts the car in gear and proceeds to drive away from the parking lot and onto the main road again.

CUT TO:

INT. - INSIDE MILO'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Milo is glancing at Sarah as she is starting to twitch a little again. He looks at her hands and sees they are clasped in her lap.

Sarah decides to look Milo in the eye. She starts to frown and look disgusted.

Milo smirks a bit.

MILO

You should have a pretty big
fucking clue why I'm here already,
so start thinking about all the
shit I need to know.

Sarah's face turns to one of complete confusion.

MILO (cont'd)

No, you can try that bullshit look
on somebody else, missy.

(pause)

You guys had to know that no one
steals drugs and just walks away.

Sarah's eyes grow slightly larger. She looks more confused
than angry now.

Milo reaches over and gently slaps Sarah.

MILO (cont'd)

I said I'm not in the mood for your
bullshit looks!

Sarah cringes in her seat expecting Milo to hit her again.

Milo sees her reaction and smiles as he turns to keep his
eyes on the road.

Sarah looks out of the car window to her right and notices
the quickly disappearing sunlight. She takes a deep breath
and begins to grimace and grasps her left hand that starts
shaking.

Only seconds later and Milo is parking his car in the Motel 6
parking lot right in front of room 113. He kills the engine,
removes the keys and begins searching on the key ring for a
certain key. Milo finds the key he is looking for, and he
holds it in place in his hand.

Sarah starts breathing heavy and grabs her stomach. She
notices only two other cars parked in the lot, but they are
many rooms down, so no one is even close enough to help.

MILO (cont'd)

Get out, and don't make a fucking
sound.

CUT TO:

INT. - MILO'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Milo strides into his motel room with Sarah in front of him. He shoves her onto the floor beside the room's only bed, turns the light on to the room and shuts the door.

Sarah reaches up and leans her left side onto the bed. She looks up at Milo with a scowl.

Milo blows her off and proceeds into the bathroom which is directly across from the foot of the bed.

Sarah can see directly into the bathroom by looking forward. She can see the sink and the mirror above it.

Milo turns the bathroom light on and starts to do something over to his left.

Sarah then hears a shower door OPEN and then CLOSE.

Milo steps to the sink and looks back to Sarah in the mirror above the sink. He can see her every move from her current position.

The sounds of SQUEAKY faucet knobs is followed by the sound of RUNNING WATER. Milo has turned the water on from the sink.

Milo looks into one of the drawers in the vanity of the sink. There he removes a small can of shaving cream and a razor that he places on the vanity. Milo is looking in the mirror rubbing his face that has a bit of a five-o'clock shadow. He looks again to Sarah and turns and walks towards her a little. He stops under the bathroom doorway's threshold and looks blankly at Sarah.

MILO

I want you to know, I've got nothing but time...but, my friend Bennie will be here shortly. He don't like waiting much at all. In fact, I think he'd much rather try and rape the information out of you.

Sarah gets a worrisome look on her face and starts to cry.

SARAH

I...I don't know what you want from me!

MILO

I hope you really are that dumb. Your brother stole drugs...I'm a collections man. Figure it out.

GIRL

We...don't...do drugs!

Milo leans to his right on the threshold of the bathroom doorway and peers into Sarah's sulking, crying face.

SARAH

I hardly even take something when I get cramps!

Milo steps over to Sarah. He grabs her left arm at the wrist and twists it up so that it brings Sarah up onto her feet.

Sarah lets out a QUICK PAINFUL YELP.

MILO

People don't just try to fucking knife someone in a bathroom, bitch ...not unless they're either a fucking nutcase or hiding a huge problem. I'm thinking that it's the latter. You got something to hide...something to do with your shaking problem!?

SARAH

Stop hurting me! Please!

Milo twists Sarah's arm a bit more.

Sarah YELPS again.

SARAH (cont'd)

Ow! I don't know anything! I
swear!

Milo gets a disgusted look on his face and shoves Sarah back to the ground.

Sarah falls to her behind and she leans back on the bedside. She starts rubbing her wrist and arm. Her crying is only tears now and no sobbing. She is just as angry as she is sad.

Milo has an evil look of determination on his face. He eyes Sarah as he turns and goes back to the sink and its running water. He splashes some of the water on his face and starts eyeing Sarah from the reflection in the mirror. He takes his suit jacket off and lays it on the toilet seat to the right of him.

MILO

Three days ago I get word that your
brother lifted several large
cases of a drug called **GHB**.

Sarah sits still, and the confusion on her face only grows.

Milo grimaces at her from the mirror for her show of ignorance. He takes off his button up shirt and lays it atop his suit jacket. He is still wearing a men's white, sleeveless undershirt.

MILO (cont'd)

AKA - " the date rape drug? "
C'mon, everybody's heard of it!
Some of you kids call it, X or
ecstasy.

Milo begins to put some shaving cream all over his stubbly face. He then grabs the razor and starts to slowly shave himself.

SARAH

(gritting her teeth)

Well, you're in for a surprise...
because you're way off.

Milo laughs a bit but then cuts himself with the razor just under his chin.

MILO

Ah, motherfucker!

Milo reaches to his right next to the toilet and pulls a piece of toilet tissue from the nearby holder. He starts patting his cut with the tissue as he leans over the sink.

Sarah's eyes widen with the site of his blood. She starts to shake and twitch more than she had earlier.

Sarah stands up staring crazily at Milo, and she starts stepping slowly towards him.

Milo cannot look at Sarah in the mirror. He doesn't see how she's acting as he still leans over the sink.

MILO (cont'd)

God-dammit! Fuck all this! You're
going to tell me...

Milo turns around to address Sarah but...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. - THE MOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah SCREAMS like an insane person and rushes Milo unexpectedly in the bathroom.

Milo grabs Sarah as best as he can, but the look on his face shows he is surprised by her strength.

Sarah backs Milo into the mirror above the sink and breaks it with the back of Milo's head.

Milo GRUNTS and GROANS, and with sheer strength he LUNGES Sarah and himself both through the now visible, GLASS SHOWER DOORS. They land in the bathtub on all of the broken glass and aluminum railing that framed the glass doors.

MILO

You...crazy, backwoods bitch!

Milo pins Sarah down beneath him in the bathtub with a left hand on her throat. He rears back his left hand to punch.

Sarah grabs Milo's left arm and stretches her neck enough so that she BITES his left wrist. She keeps her teeth clamped down and is making an animal-like, GROWLING SOUND.

Milo's wrist is bleeding some and flowing from Sarah's clamped shut mouth. He GROANS in pain and then PUNCHES Sarah in her throat.

Sarah releases her bite on Milo's wrist and is instantly choking and gasping for breath.

Milo quickly grabs his bleeding wrist, and a look of complete viciousness comes about on his face.

MILO (cont'd)

FUCK -

Milo quickly releases his grip on his wrist and grabs a piece of the broken glass.

MILO (cont'd)

- YOU!!!

Milo FORCEFULLY STABS Sarah in her neck with the piece of broken glass. He holds the piece of glass for a moment and then lets go.

Blood INSTANTLY SPURTS OUT into the bathtub from Sarah's neck. The blood is escaping any way it can from the glass that is firmly embedded into Sarah's flesh.

Milo is breathing heavy as he quickly stands up. He grabs his wrist again. His look of viciousness is now gradually replaced by a look of shock.

MILO (cont'd)

Bitch! What the fuck?!

Milo steps out of the tub and over to the sink that is still running water. He puts his bleeding, bitten wrist under the faucet and is rinsing it off. He takes a glance into the broken mirror. He makes a brief grimace at his now, many reflections. He then looks over to Sarah's body that lies gruesomely lifeless in the tub. Milo pulls his wrist out from under the faucet and starts moving it around as if he is checking its ability. His wrist is barely bleeding now. He rinses his face of the shaving cream real quick. Milo takes a deep breath and then reaches in his right pants pocket and pulls out his cellphone. He quickly dials some numbers and puts the phone to his right ear.

The phone rings five times until someone answers. It's a voicemail -

BENNIE'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

You got Bennie, but I'm fucking busy right now...probably with your sister...so leave a message. BEEP.

Milo just hangs up. He pauses for a moment realizing what his situation has turned into. He then starts dialing another set of numbers but only a few of them. Milo pauses and squints his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. - A LOW-LIT RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Milo is sitting at a booth table in a restaurant scarce of patrons. He's wearing a white, three-piece suit - no tie.

Across from Milo sits an older MAN who is wearing a dark gray, three-piece suit, no tie and is also wearing tinted reading glasses.

The Man is focused, head looking down slightly into a book of word puzzles. He is right handed as he holds a pencil and writes down something in the book.

Milo is looking in every direction except for directly at the Man across from him.

MILO

Okay, I can't take it anymore.
Just fucking shoot me, and get it
over with.

The Man still doesn't look up to Milo, but he smirks a little.

(MAN)

You are quite severe in what you
do...In fact, that's just about the
only word that comes to mind when I
think about you.

The Man's VOICE is DISTINGUISHED and SCRATCHY. He is Milo's BOSS.

The Boss looks up for a second but off to his left. He seems to be thinking hard about something. He then looks back down and jots something down in his book.

THE BOSS

I've really gotten into doing
anagrams lately. Such simple
little puzzles, but they amuse me.

The Boss erases something in his book real quick and then writes down something else.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

There. -- Reeves. From now on
you'll answer to me as, Reeves.

Milo looks confused.

MILO

Okay.

THE BOSS

Reeves, is the anagram of severe.

Milo nods in a confused, agreeing fashion.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

It humors me...and with the way you deal with things, I need to be able to laugh about it. Look at it as a nice reminder to me that you're a violent, fucking nutjob..although uniquely loyal, you're still what most would call a liability.

Milo swallows hard, and the look on his face reveals he is waiting for something bad to happen.

The Boss looks up to Milo, finally, and then smirks again.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

You're not on my shit list, son. I do appreciate that you look so spooked...But no, you're just a more tormented spirit I'm not used to dealing with. I'm getting old, kid. Old people need the humor to get by. That's why we're always up late watching David Letterman and old Sanford and Son reruns. We have to be able to laugh about your generation or else we'd just kill every last one of you. But that wouldn't make too much sense seeing as how...we're the ones that probably made you that tormented.

Milo's face turns serious and he takes a moment and a few breaths before speaking.

MILO

I'm sorry if I caused you a lot of trouble cleaning up after me.

(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)

I just wanted to send your message,
thoroughly.

The Boss smirks almost in disgust.

THE BOSS

Well, time will tell if you made
the right decision. You may have
sent my message, but everyone in
our certain circles are going to
talk about how you did it. And if
some part of you wanted fame, then
you've got it. But, in this line
of work, fame gets you two things -
a lot of respect...and the exact
price on your head - the standard
for the next guy who'll want to
take your place. That's why it's
better to be quick and clean.
People will just focus on who got
whacked. After what you did...
after the scene you created...
sleeping habits have changed. Now,
everyone's focused on who did the
killing and not what the message
was.

The Boss picks up a folded newspaper from beside himself in
his seat. He tosses the newspaper onto the table in front of
Milo.

Milo can see half of the headline, and then unfolds the paper
to see the complete headline - BRUTAL HOME SLAYINGS, POLICE
VOW VENGEANCE. Milo's eyes squint a bit, but he doesn't look
at all disturbed by the news.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Milo puts away his cellphone in his right pants pocket once
more. He then rests both of his hands on the vanity and
glares into the running water in the sink.

Milo puts his hands under the running water and splashes his face and wets his hair. He then stands up straight and starts to move his neck around so that it pops in several different positions. Milo is trying very hard not to look to his prescription pills. He rests both of his hands on the vanity again, and he leans in for a good look at himself in the mirror above the sink.

MILO
(conversing with himself
in the mirror)
I...have control.

Milo takes a good, hard look at the pill bottle. He then turns to his reflection again. Milo then grabs the pill bottle, opens it and empties them into the toilet.

MILO (cont'd)
I don't need help.

Milo flushes the toilet.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Milo is still dressed in his undershirt and suit pants. He is striding to his sedan. Once at the sedan, Milo opens the trunk and reaches into the trunk and grabs his small suitcase. He removes the suitcase, holds it to his side and shuts the trunk. Milo then looks at his wrist. There are visible bite marks but no more bleeding. The marks are scabbing over already.

Seconds later and Milo looks in every direction, especially at the other motel rooms and their windows. He is making sure no one is watching him, and in a matter of seconds seems confident that no one is watching. He turns and walks back to his room.

Milo's left hand starts making fists on and off and twisting at the wrist below Sarah's bite marks.

Milo grimaces a little as he tries to make a circular motion with his hand at the wrist.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Milo shuts the door to his room after he re-enters. He walks to the bed and tosses his suitcase on it. He has a seat on the bed and opens his suitcase.

Milo pulls out almost everything in the suitcase: another white, button-up shirt, another white undershirt, a pair of black socks, a couple of dark colored ties and finally a manila folder. The only things left in the suitcase are a small first aid kit and a box of thirty, 9 millimeter shells.

Milo picks up the first aid kit and opens it revealing gauze, some Band-Aids, some ointments, a needle and thread and also a bottle of alcohol.

Milo takes the bottle of alcohol in his right hand, the gauze in his left hand and then stands up and walks back into the bathroom. He looks over to the bathtub and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Milo is dressed again, still in the same black, three-piece suit, but from the sight of a wadded, white button-up shirt on the floor, he has obviously changed shirts. He is clean shaven now. Milo is standing at the foot of the bed and is looking down at the now open manila folder and it's contents strewn across the bed.

On the bed are various pictures of people and places. One of the pictures includes Sarah at the gas station where Milo found her, only her hair looks to be longer, and she's wearing pants and a long-sleeved shirt. Another picture is that of a huge two-story house that looks to be built of massive stones and having many trees surrounding its property and scattered trees around the front of the house.

Milo seems to be much calmer now, as his face looks both emotionless and focused on each and every picture. He scans them one after another and then stops.

Milo stares at a picture of a dark skinned man, most possibly of Indian descent. In the picture, the dark skinned man is talking face to face with Eric and has a hand on Eric's shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. - INSIDE MILO'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Milo is sitting in his sedan, which is still parked in the Motel 6 parking lot. He takes a few deep breaths and then reaches inside his right pants pocket and pulls out his cellphone. He looks over to his passenger seat and squints as he can barely see a phone number written on a tablet of paper. Milo dials the number.

The phone rings several times until someone answers.

(VOICE)

Tolliver residence. Dr. Ruhl speaking.

The voice of Ruhl has a foreign accent. Seemingly a native of somewhere near the South Pacific.

Milo pauses momentarily as if to think about Ruhl's accent.

MILO

Umm...yes, sorry. I was hoping to speak to an Edgar Tolliver.

RUHL

I am sorry. He has retired early this evening, but I will take a message should you wish to leave one.

MILO

Well, actually it's rather important. Could you wake him?

(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)

It's about his children. I'm afraid they're in a rather complicated situation.

RUHL

(concerned)

What manner of situation?

MILO

It requires direct attention to the parents, so if you could get them, please.

RUHL

Sir, I do not know who you are, but Mrs. Tolliver is away, Mr. Tolliver is ill and needs his rest, and I have full guardianship of the children in their leave. If this is truly important, then you can address me accordingly.

MILO

I have sources involving them in some narcotics smuggling...

RUHL

(interrupts, more concerned
this time)

You're a policeman? Are they being detained?

MILO

My name is agent Reeves.

RUHL

Agent? Mr. Reeves, where are the chil--

MILO

(interrupts)

No, no, you don't understand.

(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)

I'm quite short of time but with enough evidence to substantiate reasonable doubt to charge them in a drug sting. What I need, though is to speak with their parents to substantiate their alibis they keep throwing at us.

RUHL

What evidence? This is a joke?

MILO

It's no joke, Mr. Ruhl. Agents like myself take great pride in getting drug rings off the streets. I mean, the shaking symptoms alone in the kids is like GHB users...

Ruhl interrupts, laughing in a relieved, sighing manner.

RUHL

Parkinson's! They have Parkinson's disease! That's why they shake so. I'm sure you've heard of it. The most astounding of its symptoms is the uncontrollable shaking, as it affects one's nervous system.

Milo pauses for a moment.

RUHL (cont'd)

Sir? Sir, are you there?

MILO

Yeah, sorry...look, all of my operatives along with our suspects are in an unmarked location. We're not at the local, police station in town, Mr. Ruhl. This whole operation is federal. I'm afraid it's a lot bigger than you think.

RUHL

I don't understand.

MILO

I'm readying them for immediate extradition back into Manhattan where they're charged.

RUHL

Why? They never go to the city! You must be mistaken! You..you're already mistaken!

MILO

I've got a list of people from the city who'll argue that point. Apparently they have some friends there you're unaware of. These friends of theirs have been out running their mouths, and one of our inside operatives got details that have led us this far.

RUHL

And why haven't the local authorities brought this to our attention?

MILO

Not every federal matter has to be discussed with the local authorities, especially for this big of an undercover operation. Hence the word, undercover.

There is a pause from Ruhl, now.

MILO (cont'd)

I do understand your position, Mr. Ruhl. As I said, I'm calling as I've planned to readily meet with the kid's parents tonight.

(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)

If they're truly not available, and you have legal guardianship, then you and I need to have a meeting. It's all in going by the book on what to do...Now, if you can show me files on the kids or anything that can prove me wrong - prove, without a doubt, they're suffering such an illness as you've described, then that shoots down a major sense of physical evidence against them. We haven't the consent to blood test them for drug use, of course. I'd think we can just as quickly rectify this whole matter and deal with the heresy situation at a later date. In your and our best interest, though, acting swiftly is how to do this. I'm sure you know that the press will act swift on such a big bust.

RUHL

Yes. Yes, I agree. Fortunately, my files are here in the house. I'm a live-in physician for the time being. Mr. Tolliver is also suffering from a more accelerated Parkinson's. I've long been the family therapist as well as examiner and helping administer a few new experimental treatments for the illness. I have all the files to prove the lot of it.

MILO

Excellent. I can be there within the hour, and we can get to sorting this out.

RUHL

I'll have the files ready. I trust also that the children will be released back into my custody? This is no matter you'd wish to trouble legally.

MILO

Trust me, Dr. Ruhl, no one's here to make any news headlines against the Tollivers. We're all fully aware of their social standing, wealth and legal representation. I'll release them in your custody per your files, but the underlying entirety of this won't be over until we clear up the issues concerning their friends supposedly linking them in the city.

RUHL

Understood, Mr. Reeves. I'll be waiting for you.

MILO

I'll be there shortly.

Milo hangs up his cellphone, puts it back into his right pants pocket and then starts the ignition of his sedan.

CUT TO:

INT. - MILO DRIVING HIS SEDAN - NIGHT

Milo is driving again on the one-lane highway. There is quite a bit of light from the car's instrument panels that is trying to illuminate his black, three-piece suit. Of course, Milo's white, button-up shirt seems to be glowing and helps his thin, black tie stand out.

Milo slows the car to a stop and puts it in park. There is absolutely no traffic to be seen through the windows on the highway, so there is no real concern for Milo.

Milo turns and picks up his folder of pictures and papers that was sitting in the passenger seat. He pulls out one of the papers and holds it in the light of the instrument panels. He squints as he tries to make out a list of directions with the last line reading, " last, turn onto hidden entrance - Huron Road. " Milo throws his folder and paper back into the passenger seat. He looks up and ahead of him through the windshield. He starts squinting again.

Milo puts the car back into gear and slowly proceeds down the road again. He is looking off to the right side of the road.

After a moment of creeping down the road, an old street sign finally comes into view through the windshield. It says " HURON ROAD. "

Milo grins a bit, accelerates the car some and steers his way onto Huron Road.

Huron Road is a skinny, one-lane road that seems to be the only space between a thick forest of mostly pine trees.

Milo starts to grimace a bit, and he begins rubbing his right temple. His head aches.

CUT TO:

EXT. - A DIM LIT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Milo is dressed in dark colored, business slacks and a white, button-up shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He is focused on a young Caucasian KID that stands between him and the concrete wall of a darkly lit parking garage.

Another man dressed fully in gray business attire is standing about ten feet away acting as the lookout. He is panning and scanning all other areas of the parking garage. He sees no one else but keeps scanning.

Milo grabs the Kid and just as quickly shoves him against the concrete wall with brute force.

The Kid hits the wall hard and falls flat on his ass. The look on the Kid's face is one of exhaustion and sheer terror.

Milo approaches the Kid slowly with a bullish determination on his face.

KID

I...I don't know anything!

Milo reaches down with haste and SNATCHES the Kid up off his feet and slams him against the wall again. Milo holds him there.

MILO

Wrong...answer.

Milo lifts his right knee and drops the Kid resulting in a BRUTAL blow to the Kid's groin. Milo steps back some.

The Kid falls to the ground WRITHING and COUGHING in pain.

Milo stares down at the Kid and makes a motion as if he is going to start kicking him.

The Kid instantly FLINCHES and scoots away a little. He looks terribly frightened that Milo is going to hurt him again.

KID

I just know...one guy! One guy
that lives in-state! He...he
snoops there a lot!

Milo kneels down in a baseball catcher's position and stares the Kid down as if trying to see the truth.

MILO

What's his name?

KID

Eric...Tolliver...I think.

Milo looks pissed.

MILO

You think?!

KID

No! No! I'm sure! That's it!
His last name's Tolliver!

MILO

And he was definitely near the
docks last night?

KID

Yeah, he's part-time...nights. I
was with my girl on her break last
night. She works there too. We
both saw him snooping around the
trucks on his break. She said he
always snoops around like that...
like he's trying to steal shit all
the time.

Milo grimaces as he takes a few breaths.

The Kid looks to be feeling a bit more comfortable in Milo's
presence. The Kid sits up on his rear and is holding his
stomach as he too grimaces while breathing.

Milo stands up, and glances back at his lookout man.

MILO

Quiet tonight isn't it?

The lookout man glances back for a second to make sure Milo
was speaking to him.

LOOKOUT

Just peachy.

Milo turns back and focuses on the Kid whose eyes are looking
up fearing Milo's next move.

MILO

I know your face now, and that
means I can find you anytime I
want to. Understand?

The Kid is shaking some as he nods.

KID

Yeah, man.

MILO

If you've fucking lied to me, then
I'll track you down...no, fuck it.
I'll track down who your sweetie is
at the dock, and I'll cut off her
motherfucking fingers!

The Kid is shaking even more.

KID

I ain't lying, man! I promise! I
got no loyalty to that pretty boy!
I wouldn't lie to you! You got my
word, yo!

Milo starts laughing hysterically. He turns to his lookout.

MILO

Hey, you hearing this?

The lookout man glances at Milo and offers a grin. He then turns his attention back to scanning the garage.

The Kid has a confused look on his face. It slowly starts to turn into a grin, but he looks as if he's wondering if he should share in the laughter.

Milo's laughing fades as he turns his attention back to the Kid. Milo then has only an intriguing grin on his face. He starts to bite at the back of his tongue. He is clearly thinking about something.

MILO (cont'd)

First of all, don't call me a YO
you little shit. I'm not one of
your fucking homies.

Milo glances to his right quickly and then back to the Kid.

MILO (cont'd)

And second...I've got a little something for you, kid...a little surprise over there in the trunk of my car.

Milo points to his right which is a direct line of sight from the Kid's seated position.

The Kid starts to get up from the ground. He looks very apprehensive.

Milo stops pointing and removes some keys from his pants pocket. He pushes a remote button on his keychain. The keychain beeps twice and the lights come on in the nearest car. There is also a sound of the car's doors unlocking.

The Kid is on his feet with a terrified look on his face. He takes two steps slowly towards the car that has unlocked and has its interior lights on. He stops and is watching Milo's every move.

MILO (cont'd)

You gonna think about it a while or what? Go ahead.

The Kid progresses slowly walking to the Milo's car.

Milo pushes another button on the keychain. It beeps again and the car's trunk pops open slightly. He also makes no effort to stop the Kid from going to the car. Milo then puts his keys back in his pants pocket.

The lookout man starts to walk up beside Milo.

The Kid picks up his pace and strides over to the car.

Milo turns to his lookout man and waves him off.

The lookout man stops, then backs up a little and continues doing his job.

Milo starts walking to the Kid.

The Kid is at the trunk of the car. He pauses. He has his hands about to lift the trunk open, but something is going on within him to conflict the decision.

Milo steps up beside the Kid.

The Kid does not look up to Milo. He keeps his eyes on the trunk.

MILO (cont'd)
Go ahead...Open it.

The Kid slowly opens the trunk. His eyes are confused.

The trunk of the car is barren except for a small tackle box, and a tied white garbage bag with something in it.

The Kid quickly looks up to Milo.

Milo's face is one that was waiting for the Kid's reaction.

MILO (cont'd)
You're not quick to trust someone like I thought you would be. I guess you're only half the dumb shit I was expecting, but It's a good trait to have. It's one of those things I look for in people who can't give me that gut feeling about them.

The Kid is speechless and seems scared and angry too from Milo's insults.

Milo gets a smirk on his face.

MILO (cont'd)
Why don't you open that bag for me?

The Kid, apprehensive, points to the garbage bag.

KID
This...this one?

MILO

(sarcastic)

No, the fucking invisible one!
Yes, the white garbage bag. The
only fucking bag in my trunk you
stupid shit. Maybe you're only
half as half fucking stupid as I
thought.

The lookout man can be heard chuckling.

Milo laughs a little himself, and he and the lookout man
trade smiling glances at each other.

The Kid starts to try untying the garbage bag.

MILO (cont'd)

Oh, come on kid. Just tear it
open. It's not an I.Q. test.

The Kid still seems in a scared sort of state where he can't
function as he would normally.

MILO (cont'd)

Shit, just give me that.

Milo reaches and grabs the bag and starts to tear it open.

MILO (cont'd)

I'll fucking do it myself.

Milo tears the bag completely open to reveal a man's severed
head sealed in a clear, plastic bag.

The Kid SHRIEKS like a girl and falls flat on his ass with
his mouth wide open.

MILO (cont'd)

Hell yeah! You like that?

The Kid SHRIEKS again and again until Milo gives him a swift
kick in the stomach to shut him up.

Milo turns to his lookout man who gives him a hand motion
that things are still in the clear for them.

Milo just as quickly turns his attention back to the Kid. He lets go of the severed head dropping it into the trunk, and he kneels down beside the Kid who is coughing and shedding some tears. Milo puts his face close to the kid's left ear.

MILO (cont'd)

You little pussy.

Milo points to the severed head.

MILO (cont'd)

This guy didn't even scream as loud as you are.

The Kid is SHUDDERING in fear and crying.

Milo gets his feet firmly under him, reaches over and grabs the Kid. Milo stands up lifting the kid to his feet also. Milo then slings the Kid onto the lip of the inner trunk.

The Kid looks with crying eyes and shuddering lips at the severed head that's before him. The Kid stands up quick and stares with teary eyes at Milo.

KID

What the fuck man?! I swear I'm telling you everything! Leave me alone!

The Kid's face turns bold SNEERING at Milo.

Milo gets a pissed off look on his face. He quickly notices the Kid has his right hand resting on the lip of the inner trunk. Milo moves fast and SLAMS the trunk lid down on top of the Kid's hand.

The Kid SQUEALS in pain. He falls to his knees as the trunk lid ricochets up slowly off of his hand.

Milo picks the Kid up by his shirt and holds him up close, face to face.

MILO

You better hope like hell that I still trust you in a few days, or I will come for you and your girlfriend's head.

Milo lets go of the Kid.

The Kid is holding his right hand in his left. He is in obvious pain.

Milo backhand slaps the Kid.

MILO (cont'd)

You passed the test for now, dumbass! Get the fuck out of here!

Milo swings at the Kid again but misses.

The Kid takes off running through the parking garage holding his hurt hand and quickly runs out of Milo's sight.

Milo turns to his lookout man who is now walking over with a big smile on his face. Milo shares the smile and the two start laughing hysterically. Milo shuts the car trunk.

The lookout man heads for the front passenger side door of Milo's car.

Milo walks to the drivers side front door of his car.

The two men's laughter fades as they are about to open their car doors. They look at each other with smirks.

MILO (cont'd)

Hey, Antonio, when are you gonna start cracking down on some folks?

Antonio, the lookout man, rolls his eyes a bit.

ANTONIO

You know I don't wanna break my money hands. I gotta be straight for the ring every Saturday night.

Milo laughs.

MILO

You're a fucking lightweight. You should be fighting with no gloves on anyway.

Antonio's watch starts BEEPING loud. He shows it to Milo.

Milo smiles and looks rather cheerful.

ANTONIO

Hey, you beat your own record time - less than ten minutes.

Antonio smiles and laughs a little.

MILO

That kid was soft. You could have gotten that time...and write down the name Eric Tolliver. I'm thinking he and I should meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE TOLLIVER ESTATE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Milo's sedan is slowing down as it proceeds off of Huron Road and onto a lengthy, winding, gravel driveway that slightly inclines up to a large, round parking area in front of the huge Tolliver house. Milo's sedan proceeds to the parking area, and it stops and parks beside two other cars. The engine is turned off and the car's headlights turn off.

The Tolliver house is much the same as in the picture in Milo's folder. It's a two-story stone building that seems to be either aged for decades or built to look that way.

Milo steps out of the car, stands and stretches slightly and then gazes for a moment at the house. Milo then shuts the door to his car and walks to the front door of the house.

Milo is a few feet from the front porch of the house when the porch light comes on. This pauses Milo for a moment, then he proceeds to the front door and rings the doorbell.

A few sounds can be heard from behind the door which has an eyehole in it about chin high to Milo.

Milo squints at the eyehole. He can see a glare of light that is coming from the inside of the door, and then it suddenly darkens. Milo smiles and waves his hand once as if he feels someone is now looking at him from the eyehole.

The door opens and the same dark-skinned man from Milo's photograph file is standing there with a cautious suspicion on his face. This man is no doubt, Dr. Ruhl, and he's in a pair of khaki pants and a pale blue, short sleeved, button-up shirt. Ruhl, upon closer inspection looks to be in his sixties of age.

RUHL

Agent Reeves?

Ruhl's accent immediately gives away his identity to Milo.

Milo smiles again quite friendly and offers his hand in the usual handshake greeting pose.

MILO

Yes, you're Dr. Ruhl I take it.

Ruhl nods slightly, steps forward and shakes Milo's hand.

The handshake is brief but mutually friendly.

RUHL

The children? No other agents could accompany you and bring them?

MILO

Sir, I'm afraid it just doesn't work that way. I promise you, though, they are quite taken care of, and only a phone call away from being released to you.

(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)

I have to be a hundred percent convinced before any of it occurs, though. It's my job on the line. Surely you can understand my position?

Ruhl steps back opening the door more so and motions with his arms to step inside the house.

RUHL

Yes, sir...um...won't you please come in. I'm afraid that I was pulled away to Mr. Tolliver's assistance as soon as our phone conversation was over. He can be quite a handful at times. His symptoms, sometimes get rather violent and trying. So, I still have to get the files you request.

CUT TO:

INT. - SITTING ROOM OF THE TOLLIVER HOUSE - NIGHT

Ruhl steps back away from the door and into the first room of the house which is a nice sized sitting room with a couch and a couple of recliners. There are a few lamps to light the room, and all of the furniture cries of high class taste.

MILO

The Tollivers spare no expense do they?

RUHL

No, sir they do not.

Ruhl uses his hands to offer Milo a seat in the room.

RUHL (cont'd)

Please...have a seat, and I will go gather my files for you.

Milo decides to go ahead and take a seat on the couch on its left side closest to the door.

Ruhl paces himself like an old man almost and closes the front door to the house. He then paces back to a few feet in front of Milo and stops. His hands clasped, Ruhl lends Milo a thought-filled look.

RUHL (cont'd)

Now, if I may, I shall run up and retrieve those files. We can make haste of this whole situation.

Ruhl starts to pace off further into the house through a threshold and into another room.

Milo quickly stands up and steps over to where he can see Ruhl.

Ruhl is climbing a huge staircase up to the second floor. He stops suddenly and looks back over his shoulder to Milo who is watching him.

Milo smirks a little and throws up a quick wave to Ruhl.

MILO

(speaking loudly)

I'm curious by nature. It's my job.

Ruhl smiles, turns and proceeds up the stairs and eventually out of Milo's line of sight.

Milo's face turns focused. He turns around quickly and pulls his semi-automatic handgun from under his left shoulder, under his black suit jacket. He pulls back the spring-slide loading and clearing the chamber of his handgun. Doing this reveals no bullet to be released from the chamber. The chamber was apparently clear and is most definitely now loaded.

Milo squints his eyes some and then moves his head side to side a few times which pops his neck. He then stills himself and looks down at his right hand that's gripping his handgun.

Milo grimaces, his teeth showing a little, and he then puts his handgun back into the shoulder holster underneath his suit jacket.

CUT TO:

INT. - RUHL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Ruhl is kneeling down in his bedroom closet. Though the light from the ceiling lights the room, it does not light the closet too well. In front of Ruhl, below a lot of hanging clothes is a small, two foot by two foot safe.

The safe appears locked shut. Ruhl starts turning the dial combination on the safe door. His face is almost comical. He is focused yet also has to squint like an old man who can barely see what he's doing. He is also mumbling - thinking out loud.

RUHL
...forty-three, left...twenty-
three, right...forty-two, left.

The safe door CLICKS. Ruhl opens the safe.

In the safe there is a mass of documents, paperclipped or stapled to each other and also pages in several different colored folders.

Ruhl is still peering like an old man. He takes his time and grabs a blue folder from closer to the bottom of his safe. He rummages around a bit more then shuts the safe door.

CUT TO:

INT. - SITTING ROOM OF THE TOLLIVER HOUSE - NIGHT

Milo is scanning the high-class furniture and feeling the various wood pieces in the room with curious hands. His face shows a great appreciation for the quality of the work put into the furniture.

Ruhl has started to come downstairs, and the noise causes Milo to turn his head that direction.

Milo is still running his fingers over some of the pieces of furniture as Ruhl makes his way through the threshold of the sitting room and into Milo's presence. Milo gives a glance to the folder that Ruhl is holding.

Ruhl smirks some at Milo's interest in the furniture.

RUHL

You seem to greatly appreciate the Tolliver's sense of taste.

Milo puts his hands in his pants pockets now. He tries not to look like he was being a snoop.

MILO

Sorry, I'm like a little kid in a candy store.

Milo laughs briefly.

MILO (cont'd)

I may not ever truly understand art, but I appreciate it in any form.

Ruhl smirks again then steps closer to Milo and holds out the folder he brought from upstairs.

RUHL

All the children's files are here. I have also my own file for my credentials and, of course, Mr. Tolliver's file which is much more thorough. It's about six years of their symptoms and treatments, some of which, as I said are or were experimental at the time...but they do have the money for such things.

Milo takes the folder from Ruhl and flips it open and begins glancing through it.

Ruhl steps back and over to one of the recliners. He then sits down and keeps his eyes on Milo. Ruhl is seemingly waiting for a reply.

Milo is thoroughly reading the pages in the folder. He looks very focused.

After a moment, Milo looks up over to Ruhl.

MILO

So the kids got the disease from
the parents...a shame.

Ruhl frowns a bit.

RUHL

Mr. Tolliver had exactly the same
the symptoms as the children
currently show. I afraid it seems
to be inevitably hereditary in this
case...no visible knowledge on
breaking the strain, either.

MILO

My grandmother had Parkinson's.

Ruhl's face turns blank.

HORRIBLE MOANING comes from somewhere upstairs.

Ruhl springs up from his seat.

RUHL

Mr. Tolliver! Excuse Me!

Ruhl takes off into the next room and dashes for the stairs
the fastest he can with his old timer's demeanor.

Milo drops the folder and decides to stride after Ruhl.

CUT TO:

INT. - MR. TOLLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ruhl pushes the bedroom door open with force and quickly goes to Mr. Tolliver's aid.

Mr. Tolliver, a gray-haired, tan-skinned man with distinguished lines in his face, is dressed in a very nice robe made of blue silk and is convulsing about as he lies in bed.

Ruhl is trying to hold Mr. Tolliver still.

Milo comes rushing in the room. He pauses for a moment a few feet from the bed. There is shock in Milo's eyes.

Ruhl glances back at Milo and then turns his attention back to Mr. Tolliver.

RUHL

Please...just wait outside!

MILO

This isn't Parkinson's!

RUHL

I must administer his medication,
so if you would please, step out!
I still have the right to doctor
-patient confidentiality!

Milo is starting to regain his composure. His face turns focused, and he makes his way over to the bed. He grabs Ruhl and throws him to the floor.

Ruhl is hurt only slightly and is favoring his right shoulder.

Milo points to Ruhl as he attempts to get off the ground.

MILO

Stay the fuck down, old man!

Mr. Tolliver is still convulsing in a HORRID manor.

MILO (cont'd)

This is NOT Parkinson's!

Milo grabs Mr. Tolliver's neck with his left hand and just as quickly throws a brutal PUNCH with his right hand.

The punch sounds HEAVY as it hits Mr. Tolliver in his jaw. It knocks Mr. Tolliver unconscious immediately.

Milo instantly let's go of Mr. Tolliver and turns his attention back to Ruhl who has gotten to his feet and stands only ten feet away.

RUHL

Who are you?! You are nothing of an agent I would expect!

MILO

Supreme-fucking-observation.

Ruhl seems apprehensive and is rubbing his right shoulder.

Milo looks ready to tear into Ruhl if he has to.

RUHL

Where are the children?

MILO

Detained. I told you that. Now, where are the drugs I'm looking for?

RUHL

Drugs! What!?! This is a disease!

MILO

Whatever disease it is, it sure as shit isn't Parkinson's, so what the fuck is going on here!?

RUHL

At the expense of the Tollivers, I made it clean and simple. The

(MORE)

RUHL (cont'd)

newspapers in a small town are quite easy to please with a story about anyone that's high profile.

MILO

This man and his kids have every symptom I have seen in GHB users ...This disease bullshit isn't going to fly, old man.

RUHL

You will find you are painfully mistaken.

Ruhl quickly uses his hurt right arm and reaches behind his back and pulls out a small semi-automatic handgun that was tucked in the waist band of his khaki pants.

Milo tries to quickly react and reach for his gun.

A SHOT FIRES from Ruhl's gun, and Milo falls to his knees. There is blood already soaking the stomach area of Milo's white shirt and black jacket.

Milo still pulls his gun from under his jacket and attempts to aim it.

ANOTHER SHOT FIRES from Ruhl's gun and a nasty wound opens up in Milo's lower right thigh.

Milo drops his gun to the floor but still stays in a kneeling position.

Ruhl quickly paces over and kicks Milo's gun under the bed.

Milo is breathing heavy and looks up to Ruhl.

MILO

I'm going to...

Ruhl backhands Milo's head with the handgun, and Milo falls unconscious to the floor in his own pooling blood.

Ruhl puts his handgun on the bed and gives Mr. Tolliver a quick glance.

Ruhl then reaches down to Milo and grabs his arms and starts dragging him across the floor. Just as sudden, Ruhl drops Milo's arms and walks over to the closet in the room. Ruhl removes a rollercart with three levels full of medical tools and vials and syringes. He rolls it over beside Milo. Ruhl opens a small plastic box on the cart and removes a twelve-inch piece of surgical tubing that he uses to tie a tourniquet high upon Milo's right thigh. This stops the heavy bleeding instantly. Ruhl then rummages near the bottom level of the cart and grabs some surgical tweezers, a medic's stapler and a kit of needles and thread. Ruhl puts them in the floor beside him and grabs a syringe and looks over his vials of medicine and chooses one. He loads the syringe with the chosen medicine and administers the shot into Milo's stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. - A GRITTY BOXING FORUM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Milo is standing in a darkened area of a boxing forum. This darkened area happens to be a threshold of a tunnel - the likes of which one normally sees a boxer make his dramatic entrance and musically led walk to the ring as they are being announced.

The most light in the entire forum is fixated on the boxing ring as two men are in the midst of going toe to toe. One of the fighters is Antonio. The other fighter is a Caucasian, young man with a shaved head.

In the half-darkness that is the rest of the forum a figure begins walking towards Milo. Milo doesn't seem too worried who the person could be, as he is eating from a small bag of popcorn.

The person is finally revealed as he stops beside Milo. The person is Milo's Boss, and Milo gives him his full attention. The Boss is wearing a long overcoat and his glasses. His hands are in his coat pockets.

THE BOSS

I've already got someone checking
that name you gave me...the
Tolliver, kid.

Milo looks a little confused.

MILO

I'm sorry, I had Antonio with me,
so I figured the usual...

The Boss interrupts.

THE BOSS

No, it's fine. I was hoping you
wouldn't spring off checking the
lead right away. I'd much rather
have you protecting our fighter as
usual...and, as it stands tonight
...I'm thinking we're going to have
to collect the old fashioned way.

Milo smirks.

MILO

Antonio's tossing the fight?

The Boss looks disgusted at Milo's question.

THE BOSS

What? Fuck no! I'm talking about
after Antonio knocks that kid's
dick in the dirt, we might have a
little problem because I just found
out who the kid's manager is...this
guy that I know is a runner. He's
not going to want to pay up. He'll
run. I'm sure of it.

Milo stops eating his popcorn and looks to be using his
tongue to get something stuck in his teeth for a moment.
Milo then hands his popcorn to his Boss.

MILO

In that case, I think I'll make a quick visit to the other locker room. What does this guy look like?

THE BOSS

Short...probably shoulder high on you...and he's got a lisp, so ask him for something like, oh, ask him for some smokes. I'm pretty sure that bastard can't pronounce any words that begin with " S."

The Boss laughs a good bit.

Milo starts walking off down the walkway and past rows of patrons who are sitting and loudly expressing their interest in the current fight. He watches with pride as Antonio seems to be dancing and toying with his competition for the night. Milo soon makes his way towards another walkway up to a tunnel. He enters past some dark curtains that close off sight into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. - A DIM LIT LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Milo walks into the visiting fighter's locker room, and a short man is presently in there standing at a wooden table while packing things into a duffle bag. Milo knocks his knuckles twice on the side of a locker announcing his presence, stands still and puts his hands in his pant's pockets.

The short man stops his every move and stands still with a frightened face while focused on Milo.

SHORT MAN

(with a lisp)

Ah, shit.

Milo busts into a short bit of laughter.

MILO

Well, you're definitely the guy I'm looking for.

SHORT MAN

I don't guess I need to ask who sent you in here, do I?

MILO

All you need to know is that I'm here because you've got a reputation as a runner.

SHORT MAN

Look, I don't know what you were told about me, Mr...

MILO

(interrupts)

Reeves.

The short man looks very disturbed, now. He swallows hard and then takes he time before speaking again.

SHORT MAN

(trying to sound calm)

Well, I've definitely heard your name...people whisper a lot of things about...you.

MILO

Good, then...you know if you decide to run tonight...people will be whispering what I've done to you.

Milo suddenly is using his tongue to try and clean his teeth again. He just as quickly removes his left hand from his pocket and starts to pick at his top teeth.

MILO (cont'd)

Goddamned popcorn. I tell ya, that shit just ain't worth it sometimes.

Milo spits in the floor seemingly now free of what was in his teeth annoying him. He puts his left hand back in his pocket.

The short man looks worried and almost anxious to what Milo may do next.

SHORT MAN

I know my fighter's not too good compared to your guy. That Antonio...he's good...but my guy looks pretty good too, yeah?

MILO

He's taking his beating like a man. There's always a lucky punch you could hope for, I guess.

The short man sighs and looks distraught.

SHORT MAN

I don't guess there's a payment plan I can work out with you guys?

Milo laughs again.

MILO

I don't deal in finances, just collections. Usually when someone doesn't pay up I get to take something for collateral until they do pay.

The short man looks at his own fingers and then balls up his hands and folds his arms in a very nervous manner.

SHORT MAN

Yeah...yeah, I've heard...about that.

Milo starts to develop a focused grin on his face that promotes a sense of malice.

A moment of silence only seems to worsen the nerves of the short man.

MILO

Well, I sure hope your guy wins
that fight.

Milo starts to develop a focused grin that supports a sense of malice in him.

A moment of silence seems to worsen the Short Man's nerves.

SUDDENLY A ROARING CHEER FROM THE FIGHT ARENA SOUNDS OUT.

MILO (cont'd)

Oh...that sounds like a happy
hometown crowd to me.

The Short Man is starting to look ill.

APPLAUSE IS RINGING OUT FROM THE FIGHT ARENA NOW.

SHORT MAN

(sounding sick)

I can't pay you right away.

Milo slowly points at the Short Man's fingers.

MILO

I'll let you choose which one you
think you can get by without...you
pay up quick enough, I'll give it
back in time that maybe they can
sew it back on.

Milo chuckles a bit.

MILO (cont'd)

Otherwise, I'm keeping it.

The short man swallows hard. He is starting to sweat.

SHORT MAN

I've got the money, but it's not
here. I swear I can get it quick!

MILO

You're a runner. Your word ain't good for shit, and I'm too tired to push you around looking for your money. You know you should've brought it here. You never should have even stepped foot in this building without that money on you. No, I'm not in the mood tonight.

The short man is starting to shake a little and is sweating more. He pulls both of his hands from his pockets. His right hand is holding a switchblade knife which he pops the blade out into place. He puts his left hand flat on the wooden tabletop.

Milo calmly removes his hands from his pockets and walks to the table until he stands right across from the short man.

SHORT MAN

(scared)

Just let me do it myself. You said I could choose anyway, so I may as well just do the whole job for you. Hell, it's the least I could do, right?

Milo looks impressed.

SHORT MAN (cont'd)

Pinky's are pretty much useless. Will that do?

MILO

No preference really.

The short man puts his switchblade down across his left pinky finger and looks to be struggling to find the courage to do the job.

Suddenly A LOUD ANGRY VOICE is heard from the hallway just outside of the locker room.

Milo turns from the short man to the doorway of the locker room.

The short man is attentive to the doorway as well.

In no time the VOICE is revealed to be Milo's Boss, and he walks into the locker room.

THE BOSS

You rat-bastard! You fucking try
to cheat in my ring!?

The short man immediately raises his switchblade to try and stab at Milo.

Milo turns in time to grab the short man's wrist, thus stopping his attempt with his knife. Milo also quickly grabs the short man's hair and slams his head WITH GREAT FORCE onto the tabletop.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

Milo, that fuck - his fighter is a
Goddamned cheat! He finally landed
a good shot on Antonio, and I'll be
damned if a whole fucking roll of
quarters didn't fall out of his
glove onto the mat!

Milo lets go of the short man's head, but slams down the short man's wrist he has a hold of. The switchblade is jarred loose and slides across the table. Milo holds firm the short man's wrist to the table. Milo grabs the switchblade for use.

MILO

Cheating's going to cost you two
fingers.

THE BOSS

No, fuck that! I want his whole
Goddamn hand!

Milo smiles evilly. He THRUSTS the switchblade into the short man's hand at the wrist and begins to wedge and saw through the flesh.

The short man is CRYING IN PAIN and is helplessly bleeding just as much from his mouth and nose as from the mess that Milo is creating. The short man is too hurt to make much of a fight, though and has no choice but to endure the pain.

Milo grits his teeth as he does his job. His face is menacing.

The Boss is stern faced, then smirks, turns and walks out of the locker room.

THE BOSS (O.C.) (cont'd)
Nobody fucks with me! Nobody!

CUT TO:

INT. - A BEDROOM IN THE TOLLIVER HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Milo awakens with a rash sense of mind. He's lying in a bed, and he is only wearing his black pants. He wants to get up and move but he instantly realizes he's in too much pain and also has his legs in restraints that are attached to the foot of the bed. The look on his face shows he is realizing that he is in another bedroom and not Mr. Tolliver's. Milo decides to try and ease his way up to a sitting position, but it proves too painful. He grimaces at the bloody spot on the thick gauze that's wrapped around his stomach and waist. Milo raises his head a little more and can see that his right pants leg has been split open and there are staples in his flesh and is also sutured with surgeon's tape.

LAUGHING comes from inside the bedroom.

Milo twists his head and shoulders slightly over to his left side to where he thinks the laughing is coming from. He sees a young GIRL in the room.

The Girl looks to be about eight to ten years old, and as soon as Milo looks at her, she takes off rounding the foot of the bed.

Milo painfully twists his head and shoulders slightly over to his right side to keep his eyes on the Girl.

The Girl is just about to open the closed door to the bedroom.

MILO

No...Don't go.

The Girl stops and turns to Milo.

MILO (cont'd)

What's your name?

(GIRL)

Foda.

Milo begins breathing a bit heavier.

MILO

I'm sorry...I can't...quite hear
you.

Milo makes " come here " motions with his right hand.

MILO (cont'd)

Come closer.

FODA doesn't even budge. Instead she gets a sarcastic look on her face.

FODA

(sarcastic)

F-O-D-A...Foda!

Foda laughs wickedly, opens the bedroom door and runs off.

Ruhl enters the room only seconds later. He sees that Milo is awake. Ruhl smiles like all doctors do when checking on their patients.

RUHL

We were playing hide and seek. I
was hoping you would awaken soon.
We have much to discuss.

Milo smiles painfully.

MILO

You...should have killed me...
old man.

Milo falls back into a lying position, but keeps his eyes fixed on Ruhl.

RUHL

I have figured out the type of
people you must truly work
for...from the information I
gathered in your car.

Milo laughs just a little.

MILO

You...nosey shit.

RUHL

I do not wish to deal with your
type any further...not now, nor in
the future.

MILO

Then give them...their fucking
drugs back!...Maybe then...they
won't let me...kill everyone of
you...motherfuckers!

Ruhl's face turns very stern.

RUHL

You are not alive so that I can
make transactions with you or
your employer.

Ruhl starts to smirk a little.

Milo squints as a mass of sweat is trickling into his eyes.

RUHL (cont'd)

My saving you is so that Mrs. Tolliver can get her children back ...and you will comply. I don't care if your associates came barging through the front door this very minute...I plan on squeezing from you what I wish to know.

MILO

You don't scare me...old man.

Ruhl laughs a bit.

RUHL

I won't have to. I will let your own tolerance for pain threaten you, Mr. Reeves.

Ruhl turns and walks back out of the room shutting the door behind him.

Milo grimaces in pain again as he tries to sit up once more. He grits his teeth and GROANS under his breath as he slowly makes his way into a sitting position.

Once up into the sitting position, Milo pauses to catch his breath. He is sweating profusely now from his head and his chest and arms. Milo can see now that he has no socks or shoes on either.

Another moment passes, and Milo starts trying to reach the leather ankle restraints that are holding him to the foot of the bed. The pain shows on Milo's face again. He is trying hard to reach the restraints with both hands.

Milo must sit up and end the stretching for the moment. He has to catch his breath once more. Milo then slowly twists his torso to his right. The pain seems HORRID from the look on his face. Milo then slowly twists his torso to his left, and he starts GROANING with even more pain showing on his face. Milo straightens himself.

He puts his right hand on the wrapped wounded area of his stomach, and then he twists slightly to his right and stretches out with his left arm to reach the restraints. Milo reaches his left ankle and frees himself. With a bit more of a stretch, he frees his right ankle too.

Another moment of regaining his breath and Milo is slowly forcing his right leg off of the bed so that it touches the floor. It shows on his face that every move he makes now is painful.

A quick twist of his torso and Milo falls onto the floor with a THUD. He GROANS in pain as he has fallen with his arms under his stomach and his legs stretched out straight.

Making haste, Milo musters all of his strength and slowly brings his knees up under him. He uses his head as a pivot to arch his back and pull his stomach from the floor. Milo is now in a fetal position resting on his knees and the top of his head. He coughs a little and a bloody saliva drips from his gasping mouth. His breathing is heavy again.

FOOTSTEPS can be heard from behind the bedroom door. It SOUNDS LIKE RUNNING.

Milo quickly lets himself fall flat to the ground, and he scoots himself sideways under the bed.

The bedroom door opens, but Milo can only see the bottom portion of it. He then sees the shoes of a pair of very small feet. They take two short steps inside the room and then stop.

FODA

Hey, Mr. hurt guy! Where are you?

Milo is breathing heavy.

Foda drops to the ground and looks under the bed and sees Milo. She smiles and starts giggling.

Milo looks frustrated and worn out.

FODA (cont'd)

I found you!

MILO

Fuck...off!

Foda SNEERS and gets up off of the ground.

Milo can see Foda walk over to one of the pieces of furniture lining the wall beside the bedroom door. He can hear a drawer being OPENED and then CLOSED.

Foda falls to the ground beside the bed and has a huge hunting knife in her hand now.

FODA

You're a meany! I'm going to hunt
you down like Daddy would.

Foda SLINGS the knife at Milo, but he grabs her arms and takes the knife away from her as he drags her under the bed with him. As they struggle, Foda SCREAMS continuously for a moment.

Milo starts to scoot them both out from under the bed. He has his left arm around Foda's neck, his left hand clinging to her hair. The hunting knife is in Milo's right hand, and he's using it to stab at the floor and drag himself along.

More FOOTSTEPS can be heard. These sound HEAVIER.

Ruhl and a younger, brown haired lady in a red, silk dress come striding into the room. They stop in their tracks as soon as they can see the other side of the bed and Milo holding Foda in his grasp along with the huge knife. They are only ten steps from Milo and Foda's position.

Foda is struggling to get away from Milo. She's kicking and trying to scream in great GASPS.

(LADY)

Get your hands off my child!

Ruhl grabs the LADY, who is obviously Mrs. Tolliver. He is holding her back with all of his strength.

RUHL

No, Esther! He shouldn't even be moving!

Esther Tolliver still struggles within Ruhl's grasp.

RUHL (cont'd)

Mr. Reeves has quite some strength beyond what we've handled before. Look at him. Look at the hatred ...the agenda in his eyes. We must respect this one, Esther.

Milo tightens his grip around Foda's neck so that she finally slows her struggling and stops trying to scream as she is limited to only harsh gulting sounds. Milo lends Esther a wry smile as he constricts Foda.

ESTHER

Unhand her, you mother-fucker!

RUHL

Mr. Reeves, you don't want this situation to worsen for you. Please, comply and unhand the child.

MILO

Or what?

Ruhl gives Milo an evil stare.

Esther has furious eyes and motions as she struggles even moreso now.

ESTHER

Don't you question me! You'll wish you never even met me after tonight!

Milo starts laughing the best he can with a developing shortness of breath.

MILO

Yeah? Like...your kids wish...they
never met me?

Milo continues his attempts at laughing.

Esther starts crying with rage in Ruhl's arms as she watches Foda stop struggling at all to get away from Milo.

Ruhl allows Esther to fall to the ground in a seated position with her back against the foot of the bed. Ruhl stands straight and takes two steps closer to Milo and Foda.

Esther now crawls a little closer towards Milo as well. She is staring him down. Her crying is ceasing.

Foda is starting to turn blue because Milo's grasp is so tight around her neck.

MILO (cont'd)

Don't...come any closer.

ESTHER

(softly spoken)

Please, don't hurt my baby.

RUHL

You are choking the child, Mr. Reeves. Please...release your grip. Killing her won't get any further than you already are.

MILO

She's annoying...I should...gut her anyway.

ESTHER

(pleading)

No! She's only a child!

Esther gets back to her feet and backs up a few steps.

Ruhl glances at Esther and then turns back to Milo.

RUHL

Damn you! The child is turning
color from a lack of oxygen!

ESTHER

What kind of sick bastard hurts
children? Is that what gets you
off...hurting innocent, young kids
who can't fight you back?

Milo smiles big at Esther and coughs out more blood as he
laughs a little harder.

MILO

I...wouldn't say that. The other
two...put up a good fight.

Esther's face turns blank, but there are more tears that come
streaming down her face. Her blank stare slowly becomes a
building rage that is mostly seen in her eyes.

Ruhl speaks firmly and quick into Esther's ear.

RUHL

No. Don't believe him. He's a
fool and with only a fool's
strength. He's bluffing you.

ESTHER

(softly)
And if he's not?

Ruhl takes two more steps towards Milo. He is now only about
five or six steps away.

MILO

You know...I've played this game...
many times...many long nights. I
can do it...again.

Milo GROANS as he twists himself to where he is lying on his
right side, and Foda's head is held against his chest while
the rest of her lays limp on the floor.

Foda's eyes start to roll back in her head.

RUHL

Damn it, stop! She is not
breathing! Release her!

Ruhl's face is ruthlessly focused.

MILO

Why!...You'll...still kill me.

ESTHER

No! I want all of my children
safe! I'll pay you if that's what
you want! I don't care!

Ruhl reaches behind his back and removes his handgun once
again. He quickly takes aim at Milo, and steps towards him.

RUHL

Damn you, I'll do it again! I'll
unload the entire clip and still
keep you alive long enough to tell
us where the children are!

MILO

I don't...think so...fucker!

Milo THRUSTS a leg sweeping kick into Ruhl's ankles knocking
him to the ground head first.

Ruhl is knocked breathless and disoriented, and in the same
instance, Ruhl's gun drops to the ground at Milo's feet.

Esther falls to her knees to try and help Ruhl.

Without thinking, Milo releases his tight grip on Foda's
neck. He seems to be enjoying the fact that Ruhl is hurt.

Foda coughs loudly and seems to recover almost immediately
from the struggle of breathing.

Esther sits starts shaking a little. She is sternly focused
on Milo and the gun at his feet.

ESTHER

Let her go!

Milo seemingly snaps back to what he should be thinking, but Foda takes advantage of him and grabs his left arm and sinks her teeth into it.

Milo YELLS OUT IN PAIN and in a QUICK RAGE, he swings his right arm around and THRUSTS the knife with BRUTE FORCE completely through Foda's stomach area.

Foda GASPS loudly and releases her bite on Milo as her body goes limp and her eyes close.

Esther SCREAMS like a wild animal and quickly dives over to Foda's aid.

Milo lets go of the knife in Foda's stomach and starts scooting on his right side in a circular motion as fast as he can. He is repositioning himself towards Ruhl's gun.

ESTHER (cont'd)

You fucking monster!

Esther LUNGES over and removes the knife from Foda's stomach and starts to crawl after Milo.

Milo reaches for the gun with his right hand.

Esther stabs the hunting knife completely through Milo's right hand and well into the floor. She keeps her hands pressing down on the knife, and she's grinning quite evilly.

Milo GROWLS out in pain. He grimaces as he manages to fall to his stomach and swing his left hand over to grab Esther's hands on the knife handle.

The two are both GROANING as they fight over the control of the knife.

Ruhl is regaining his composure. His eyes seemed a bit glazed as he focuses on the struggle before him.

Milo starts squeezing Esther's fingers under his left hand with all the force he can muster. There is a sound of her fingers being popped from Milo's strength.

Esther finally SCREAMS from having her fingers being squeezed so hard. Her face shows that she has released any pressure she had on the knife.

Milo jerks the knife out of his hand.

Ruhl immediately pulls a loaded syringe from his pant's pocket, removes the cap on the needle and sticks it in Milo's neck, thus quickly releasing what was in it.

Milo GROANS from the prick of the needle, and almost immediately starts to calm down and lose consciousness.

In only seconds, Milo is out.

Esther gets to her feet and is GASPING in SHOCK at the appearance of her young daughter motionless and bloodletting on the floor. She looks the epitome of TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Ruhl scoots forward and gets to a seated position beside Milo and Foda, who both lay motionless. Ruhl checks Foda's neck for a pulse. He then grabs tightly around Milo's right wrist so as to stop the blood loss from the knife wound. Ruhl then looks up to Esther.

RUHL

Damnit, woman! Get the medical
cart! Now!

Esther snaps out of her state of shock and then runs out of the room.

Ruhl keeps his grip on Milo's wrist with his right hand and with his left hand, applies firm pressure to Foda's bleeding stomach wound. Ruhl keeps a stern focus on Milo's limp body.

RUHL (cont'd)

You will talk! I'll help you!
You'll see...I'll pump my own blood
into you if I must.

Esther BURSTS back into the room pushing Ruhl's cart full of medical tools and supplies.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE TOLLIVER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ruhl, Milo, Esther and Edgar are seated at the Dining Room Table. Foda is nowhere in sight.

The table is shaped in an oval and is only a length of eight feet and having a width of five feet.

Esther is seated in the middle of the table. She has changed her clothes and is now wearing a black dress.

Across from Esther is where Milo is seated. He has his black suit jacket on now but not his white button-up shirt. His chest and stomach bandages can still be seen under the jacket. There is an I.V. tower behind Milo's chair, and the line is running into his poorly sewn up hand that lies stretched out before him, palm down, on the table. Milo is just now starting to regain consciousness, but his eyes are heavy. His head seems very heavy too. Milo looks barely able to control the motions of his head, and he struggles to keep it from hitting the table top. He is also drooling a little.

To Milo's right is Edgar Tolliver seated in a mechanical wheelchair and staring at Milo as he seems to tremble continuously in a decrepit arthritic looking position.

Milo's eyes widen for a moment as he sees Mr. Tolliver staring at him. Milo just as quickly looks at Esther before him and then to his left where Ruhl gets up from his seated position at the other head of the table.

RUHL

It's apparent to me that shooting you again or even threatening you with my handgun would be against my best interest. I can ill afford my trigger happy nature.

(MORE)

RUHL (cont'd)

But...just because I have put it away from my easy access, it shouldn't make my threats to you any softer. It simply allows for me to become more creative. As it happens I have found a few other tools at my disposal, that...just might do the trick.

Ruhl kneels down for a second and lifts a blue, metal toolbox and put's it atop the table. The toolbox is big enough that it could carry an array of major hand tools. Ruhl opens the toolbox, rummages around for a moment and soon pulls from the box a cordless powerdrill that has a screwdriver bit tightly chucked instead of a drillbit. Ruhl holds the drill firm in his right hand. He points the drill up near his face for a second and tests the battery - the drill spins quickly and then comes to a slow stop.

Esther reaches her left hand and grasps firmly onto Milo's wounded right hand. She squeezes his fingers purposely.

Ruhl rummages some more in the toolbox with his left hand until he finds and removes a single four-inch woodscrew.

RUHL (cont'd)

Had I not been a surgeon, I think I would have made quite the man of carpentry.

Ruhl smiles at Milo.

Milo is still struggling to even keep his eyes open and his head still to trade glances between the three people in his presence.

RUHL (cont'd)

And...strangely coincidental are the similarities in the tools for either profession.

Esther stands up from her seat, and uses both hands now to hold still Milo's wounded hand. She stares Milo down.

ESTHER

You will talk.

Milo attempts to move his left arm and put up a fight, but he finds that his left wrist is tightly fastened to his chair with a piece of surgical tubing. He is also so pumped full of drugs and whatever is in the I.V. that he can't do more than shake his shoulders.

Ruhl paces over to Milo and lines up the woodscrew on top of Milo's right hand just below the knife wound. Ruhl is holding the drill upwards in his left hand readying it as he leans onto the table and steadies himself.

MILO

Fuck you...Dr. Frankenstein.

RUHL

You know, it's funny you say that, because I will make the modern Prometheus of you if that is what it takes to get some answers.

ESTHER

Do it!

Ruhl puts the drill in position fitting the drillbit into the woodscrew. The weight of this action pushes the tip of the woodscrew into Milo's flesh.

Milo GROANS a little.

MILO

Fuck you!

RUHL

Don't make me do this! Start talking! Tell us where the children are, and I can end all of this pain for you.!

Ruhl's face is evil and focused.

ESTHER

Do it anyway!

MILO

I said...Fuck...you!

RUHL

No, fuck you!

Ruhl pulls the trigger on the drill and the woodscrew rips into Milo's hand.

Milo GROANS LOUDLY.

Esther is grinning and tightly holding Milo's hand.

Mr. Tolliver starts shaking more so and SHOUTING inaudible noises.

In only a matter of seconds, the woodscrew goes through Milo's hand and then SQUEAKS loudly as it makes its way into the wooden tabletop. The drill just as suddenly torques out with its engine inside still spinning but the bit is stationary. About a half-inch of the woodscrew is protruding above Milo's hand.

Ruhl releases his finger on the drill's trigger and tosses the drill aside on the table.

Milo is GROANING and GRITTING his teeth as he forces himself to deal with the pain.

Ruhl pulls a syringe from his pocket, removes the needle cap and administers the shot into Milo's I.V.

Esther releases Milo's hand now.

ESTHER

Tell me where my children are!

Tell me!

Milo jerks his head up and lunges his head towards Esther and spits in her face. He starts to LAUGH AND GROAN IN PAIN at the same time.

Ruhl grabs Milo's hair and holds his head still. He holds the syringe needle close to Milo's right eye in a threatening manner.

Esther SCOWLS in disgust.

RUHL

You have the guts of a soldier, but
the brain of a fish!

Esther finally turns to her husband who is still shouting.

ESTHER

Shut up, Edgar!

Mr. Tolliver stops his noises immediately.

Esther turns her attention back to Ruhl and Milo as she grabs the length of her black dress, pulls it up and wipes the spit off her face.

ESTHER (cont'd)

Edgar needs to eat. Hold firm our
guest, Ruhl. I want him to know
what he's truly stumbled into.

RUHL

Mrs. Tolliver, I don't think that
will be a problem at all. In fact,
I don't think Mr. Reeves is going
anywhere, so take your time.

Ruhl keeps a strong hold on Milo's hair.

Milo is breathing very heavy now. He is sweating a lot again.

Esther strides towards and through a swinging, wooden door that is behind Mr. Tolliver.

Milo's eyes follow Esther, and in the door's swinging motion, he sees what resembles a kitchen area past the door.

Mr. Tolliver starts to MOAN now. He is shaking more than he had earlier. He is also drooling profusely, almost foaming at the mouth like a wild animal would.

RUHL (cont'd)

I told you this disease had nothing to do with your drugs you are searching for. Now, you can see for yourself, why.

A moment later and Esther strides back through the swinging door into the room. She holds a plate with a bloody mess of what looks to be a kind of raw meat on it. Her hands are just as bloody as the meat, and she sets the plate on the table in front of Mr. Tolliver. She looks over to Milo as if to demand his attention.

Milo's eyes fix on Esther and the bloody meal on the plate.

Ruhl drops his threatening syringe and uses that hand to grab Milo's lower jaw. Still clinging firmly to Milo's hair, Ruhl now uses both of his hands to make sure Milo focuses on Mr. Tolliver's meal to be.

RUHL (cont'd)

Watch and learn, Mr. Reeves.

Esther trades glances between Edgar and Milo as she picks up the bloody meat and puts it near Edgar's mouth.

Edgar stops his moaning and replaces it with a SICKLY SMACKING of his tongue against the roof of his mouth. He is also readying his mouth as he curls his lips back gnashing a little at his meal.

Milo's eyes widen as much as he can make them. He truly looks shocked.

Edgar takes his first bite of the bloody meat and slowly tears it from Esther's strong hold of it.

Milo CRINGES with disgust.

MILO
(gritting his teeth)
Shitty...manners.

Esther lends Milo a quick, evil glare and further feeds her husband like a wild animal.

ESTHER
I'm afraid that Edgar trembles far
too much to safely use silverware
anymore. What's the point, though,
when your meal must be of one's
flesh?

Esther tears the raw meat away from Edgar and holds it closer to Milo revealing that it is a piece of flesh from a man's shoulder - a man whose name is actually tattooed on the skin, " BENNIE. "

Milo instantly tries to shake from Ruhl's hold on him. Milo looks disturbed at the sight of the tattoo.

Ruhl holds steady. He starts to smile a little.

RUHL
I knew it when your story seemed a
bit hollow that you and that Mr.
Bennie would happen to know each
other. He had a few questions
about some drugs as well. And, you
see how we answered them?

Ruhl and Esther both share a maniacal laugh.

Esther keeps feeding Edgar the chunk of Bennie's flesh. She keeps glancing a smile at Milo to disturb him further.

A moment of unspoken silence swells in the room with only the sounds of Edgar's animalistic feeding.

Milo looks away while gritting his teeth and mumbling unintelligible words in anger.

Ruhl begins sneering at Milo

RUHL (cont'd)

I think maybe we should add to Mr. Reeves suffrage, Esther. Do please tell him the method per this madness. Perhaps when we're done with him, I may leave him alive long enough to relay the story to the rest of his kind so they'll not continue their efforts.

Esther smiles and nods slightly. She keeps focused on feeding Edgar, yet stares almost at nothing as if looking into the back of her mind.

ESTHER

Why not?

Esther pauses a brief moment as if to gather her thoughts.

ESTHER (cont'd)

When Edgar and I just finished our doctorates in anthropology, one of our first trips was to New Guinea ...We found quite an interesting tribe...that showed us how to feed on a...rewarding, new diet...of human flesh. It wasn't all they ate, rather it was a celebratory food. They celebrated the death of their loved ones instead of mourning them. They ate of them instead of leaving them to rot in the Earth.

Milo gults as he tries to shake Ruhl's hold on him.

MILO

Sick...fuckers!

RUHL

The sickness is in the lack of understanding, Mr. Reeves.

ESTHER

Merely steak tar-tar, darling.
Nothing different when it's all
said and done. I can think of far
worse things that I've seen on a
menu.

Esther gives Edgar another slow tearing bite of the meat.

RUHL

My people have lived by this custom
for centuries, and they strived
until the disease came forth. For
a while the disease was thought to
have died out, but it sustained,
dormant and carried on in others
like Mr. Tolliver. He thought only
to experience in the majestic
beliefs of my family ancestry. He
was intrigued by the folktales, the
mysticism surrounding the eating of
a man's flesh and the thought that
maybe-just maybe-there was a
medicine hiding beyond the tales of
magic.

Milo still tries to struggle.

ESTHER

We brought Ruhl to the States to
further his search for a cure...a
cure for the random disease that
afflicts some of us like Edgar.

RUHL

My people call it, Kuru, the
trembling disease. It's a brain
encephalitis.

Milo struggles as much as he can with a complete look of
disgust on his face.

MILO

I...don't give...a fuck!

RUHL

That is what you saw of the children! I know your kind keep medical practitioners at your every beck and call! Had you any simple drug screening done on those children you would have seen they were clean from your drugs and merely suffering...forsaken genetically for their father's mistake!

Milo begins motioning his mouth. He is trying to speak.

MILO

Money...it...was money.

Esther is paying attention to Edgar while feeding him, yet she still has her ear cocked as if it were her eye on Milo.

RUHL

What are you babbling? Give us the answers we want!

MILO

Your kid. He was...going to sell
...the drugs...for the money.

Ruhl and Esther look at each other with the revelations on their face that Milo is possibly correct.

Esther turns back her attention to Edgar. A tear falls from her right eye.

Ruhl looks to the ceiling a bit. His eyes seem to be tearing up some.

Milo starts to curl his fingers on his right hand that is screwed into the table. He is trying to make a fist, and his hand is slowly ripping up to the top of the screw. The half-inch of play left above his hand allows for this.

Below the table, Milo is checking to see if his feet are restrained. They are not, so he slowly readies his left leg to kick the table from underneath.

Milo has made his fist now.

Esther goes to feed Edgar his last bite.

Milo suddenly kicks the table from underneath, and simultaneously, he rips his hand straight up off of the woodscrew.

The whole motion knocks the table on its side, sends Milo and Ruhl reeling backwards to the floor and tumps the toolbox over onto the floor.

Milo's chair falls on its back and pins Ruhl's left arm beneath it. The I.V. tower is knocked over too. Milo is GROWLING from the pain he just caused to his hand, but he keeps acting on adrenaline and impulse.

Esther has her elbow hit from the table being flipped. She falls to her right side and pauses slightly before she starts to get up.

Ruhl is SCREAMING in pain from the chair landing on his left arm.

Milo quickly thrusts himself out of the chair to his right and thrusts his elbow into Ruhl's chest. This knocks the wind out of Ruhl.

Milo starts to crawl on his right side the best he can. He has to crawl over Ruhl. His left hand is still tied to the chair, so it is slowing him down as he must drag it atop his left leg. Milo's highly injured right hand is searching the floor for any of the tools that spilled out across the floor.

Esther gets to her feet and steps quickly over to Milo.

Milo has grabbed a small, ball peen hammer. He rolls to his back, and he throws it at Esther hitting her directly between the eyes.

Esther falls to the ground, MOANING, on her knees right on top of Ruhl's hurt left arm.

Ruhl is SCREAMING loud again at the pain of his arm.

Esther looks only slightly coherent as she grabs her now bloody face with both of her hands. Her eyes reveal that she is close to losing consciousness.

Milo is searching the floor again for another tool. He has scooted completely away from Ruhl.

Ruhl pushes Esther over off of his hurt arm.

Esther falls to her right side and then to her back. She is still holding her head with both of her hands.

Milo grabs a utility knife, exacts the blade and quickly cuts loose his restrained left hand.

Ruhl sits up and looks at Milo. Ruhl then starts to get to his feet.

Milo uses his left hand to shove the chair over towards Ruhl but he misses.

Ruhl is on his feet. He reaches down on the floor and picks up the ball peen hammer that Milo had just thrown.

Milo thrusts himself back towards Ruhl, stretched out and stabs the utility knife into Ruhl's lower left shin.

Ruhl SCREAMS and drops the hammer to the ground out of his reach.

Milo keeps applying pressure with the utility knife into Ruhl's shin and then pulls down ripping open a massive wound.

Ruhl falls to the ground on his right hip. He is still SCREAMING in pain.

Milo scoots closer to Ruhl who is favoring his hurt arm.

Milo switches the utility knife to his stronger, uninjured left hand.

He rolls himself to his right side despite a lot of pain in his expressions. Milo starts to SLASH and STAB at Ruhl's neck and chest. Milo repeats this act several times.

Ruhl's blood has soaked the floor in only seconds. He lies completely lifeless now.

The utility knife blade has broken off into Ruhl's chest.

Milo drops the utility knife and uses his left hand to yank out the I.V. line and needle that had still been in his right arm. He makes a fist and uses his knuckles to steady himself as he slowly gets to a sitting position.

Edgar Tolliver has a shocked and disturbing look on his face. His mouth is covered with blood. He starts to tremble again in a more violent manner than before. He is trying to get out of his mechanical wheelchair. He starts to make more of his NOISES.

Milo reaches behind himself, with his left hand to the array of tools on the floor. In no time Milo chooses his new weapon - a rusty, eight-inch, flathead screwdriver. Keeping his eyes on Edgar, Milo manages to get to his feet. The bevy of medicine in him is still making him sluggish.

Edgar gets to his feet and though looking restricted in his movements, he is steady and takes a step towards Milo. Edgar is MOANING and GNASHING his teeth.

Milo steadies himself, hobbles as fast as he can over to Edgar and forcefully shoves Edgar reeling backwards halfway through the swinging door leading into the kitchen. Milo falls to the ground at Edgar's feet because of his drowsy nature.

Edgar starts to crawl away further into the kitchen. He's still MOANING.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

There is an island counter in the middle of the huge kitchen. The island is laden with drawers, and this is what Edgar is crawling towards.

Milo has gotten to his hands and knees, though the position is painful for him. He moves slowly towards Edgar.

Edgar starts to make ANIMAL NOISES like growling mixed with moans. He reaches the island and yanks one of the middle drawers fully open. The SOUND OF CLANGING SILVERWARE is heard. Edgar rummages quickly and pulls out a large grilling fork. He immediately turns, sits up and rests his back against the remaining side of the island.

Milo stops progressing towards Edgar. He stops only a few feet away from him and holds out his screwdriver to show he is ready to use it as needed.

Edgar's noises get louder, and he holds the grilling fork in front of him in his trembling right hand. Edgar's whole body is near convulsion.

Milo seems to notice Edgar's worsening trembles. Milo backs away another foot or so and sits up straight. He looks disgusted and pleased at Edgar's situation.

Edgar suddenly drops the grilling fork. His trembling is too fierce, and he starts to cringe into a fetal position.

His ANIMAL SCREAMS get louder still.

MILO

I hope...it fucking...hurts!

Esther suddenly bursts through the swinging door behind Milo.

Milo turns ready to strike with his screwdriver, but Esther has the ball peen hammer and with one swing, she CRACKS Milo's left wrist. The screwdriver goes flying out of Milo's hand. Milo GROANS in pain and falls to his right side.

Esther rears back the hammer for another swing. There is blood all over her face, but her white eyes shine through with insane focus.

Milo quickly focuses on Esther and with his left leg, he kicks Esther's right knee, buckling it backwards.

Esther's intended swing of the hammer goes awry as she falls backwards hitting the threshold of the doorway and sliding down hard on her ass. She SCREAMS. She grabs her knee while still holding the hammer.

Milo starts scooting backwards. He has his eyes set on the grilling fork. He scoots and reaches for it.

Esther takes quick notice of Milo's intentions. She gets herself to her left side and begins to drag herself after Milo.

Edgar is now laying in the floor, foaming at the mouth and convulsing horribly. His noises are reduced to GURGLING. He is also knocking his head repeatedly against the floor and the island.

Milo reaches the grilling fork with his injured and bloody right hand. He grabs a hold of it the best he can.

Esther stretches and grabs Milo's right ankle. She instantly swings her hammer into the back of his right calf muscle.

Milo GROANS and out of reflex he turns his waist and swings the grilling fork. He SLASHES two huge gashes across Esther's right cheek and across her nose.

Blood pours out from Esther's new cuts. She SCREAMS from the pain but only for a second. She just as quickly regains her composure and swings the hammer again hitting Milo in the side of his right leg near his knee.

Milo GROANS again. He also quickly strikes back and STABS at Esther's head three times.

Esther puts her free hand above her head as a defensive reflex, and she starts to swing her hammer once more.

Milo THRUSTS the grilling fork through Esther's hand and lodges the two forks into her forehead just above her left eye socket.

Esther falls limp to the floor, and her hammer swing falls short with the hammer dropped and sent sliding across the floor.

Milo lets go of the grilling fork and he scoots his way over to Edgar.

Edgar's convulsing is subsiding as his eyes are rolling back into his head. He sounds like he is choking.

Milo pulls himself on top of Edgar. Milo uses his hands to the best of what is left of them and opens Edgar's mouth.

Edgar is choking on his own tongue, and there are bloody bite marks all over his tongue like he has been trying to eat it.

Milo lets go of Edgar's mouth. Milo slowly sits himself up on his shins.

Edgar is still trembling slightly as he lies on his back. The floor beneath his head is bloody, but his head is not moving that much anymore.

Milo grimaces and takes several deep breaths. He leans slightly to his right and reaches the ball peen hammer. He scoots it to where he can pick it up, and he clasps it as firmly as possible with both of his hands. Milo raises his arms, hand high, holding the hammer. He positions himself to strike down on Edgar. A moment passes as Milo seems to be aiming for Edgar's face. Suddenly, Milo BRUTALLY SWINGS the hammer down right between Edgar's eyes. This opens a huge gash that spurts blood onto the floor, onto Milo and over onto the island.

Edgar's legs start kicking erratically.

Milo repeats his hammering action five more times until Edgar moves no more.

There is blood pooling all around Milo, so much that he could bathe in it.

Milo tosses the hammer on top of the island. He then struggles to get to his feet. His hands seem to grab at every part of his body that is hurting. He finally gets to a standing position. Milo turns himself to the swinging door leading out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Milo bumps open the swinging door with his left shoulder. He slowly hobbles into the dining room. He makes it a point to look at Ruhl who has apparently bled dry onto the floor. Milo then looks up across to the other side of the room where he sees another swinging door. He starts hobbling for the other door.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE MIDROOM AND STAIRCASE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Milo again bumps open the door he wants to get past. He hobbles his way into a familiar area. He notices the staircase, and he looks past them, ahead of himself. He sees the sitting room now through the threshold with no door on it.

The lamps are still lit in the sitting room. They light the entire room, most noticeably to Milo, the front door that he entered the house through.

Milo makes an attempt at a smile, and he starts to hobble a little faster towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Milo steps just inside the threshold of the sitting room, and he allows himself to rest back upon it.

He starts to scan the room making sure nothing will keep him from leaving the house. A moment later and Milo decides to make for the door. He hobbles his way to the door, has to unlock it and opens it.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE FRONT OF THE TOLLIVER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Milo stumbles through the threshold of the front door and onto the outside porch. He instantly stops to rest against the outside wall of the house beside the front door.

Two HISSING SOUNDS break the outdoor silence, and two holes emerge in Milo's torso - one through his jacket, below his heart and one into the area above his waist bandages.

Milo GROANS and falls flat on his ass, but his head and back are still leaning against the house. He looks at his new wounds and realizes he has just been shot. He looks confused and angry. His hands are at his sides, and he is trying to get them up to where he can grab his chest.

A man comes walking out of the darkness now. The man is young, Caucasian, with slick, black hair and is wearing a black wool shirt and black slacks. The man is also wearing black, leather, driving gloves and holds a semi-automatic handgun fitted with a silencer in his left hand.

Milo opens his mouth as if to speak, but all that happens is blood running over his chin and from the corners of his mouth.

The man in all black strides to right in front of Milo where he pauses. The man raises his silenced semi-automatic, aims at Milo's chest and then looks confused at the multitude of Milo's injuries.

MAN

Holy shit. It looks like you finally picked the wrong folks to fuck with. Hell, I could have turned around and gone home instead of tailing you all day, which by the way, you never noticed.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

I guess you're not the best
anymore. From the looks of you,
I'm just the last bit of Karma
kicking your ass
tonight, Milo.

Milo coughs more blood from his mouth. He motions his mouth wanting badly to speak. He hacks his throat a bit.

MILO

Wh...why?

The man with the gun smiles wide and lends Milo a short laugh. The man turns his face back to a focused look. He is sneering at Milo.

MAN

For Joey, you fuck, and for leaving
him in a filthy, dark alley! I bet
you snuck up on him like a fucking
sewer rat too. You know his wife
found him first? I bet you planned
it that way.

Suddenly, car HEADLIGHTS break the darkness. A car approaches up the gravel drive at a fair speed.

The man turns his attention to the approaching car, and starts walking towards it aiming his gun at it.

ANOTHER HISSED SHOT FIRES. The bullet from the man's silenced semi-automatic enters the windshield of the approaching car.

The car still advances up the gravel drive and seems to accelerate now.

THREE HISSED SHOTS FIRE. All three of the man's shots enter the windshield of the car again.

A person leans from the passenger side window of the car with a handgun pointed towards the man in black. This person in return FIRES the handgun several times, and two of the shots tear huge holes through the shirt of the man in black.

The man in black falls to his knees on the gravel ground. He SCREAMS OUT in pain. His slicked back hair is now a mess about his face.

The car stops suddenly. The driver of the car and the passenger who did the shooting from the car both step out quickly. The car's headlights and engine are still on.

The two men who emerged from the car are Antonio, Milo's lookout man and Milo's Boss. They're wearing dark colored suits, and both have handguns that they point at the man in black as they advance towards him.

The man in black looks up to who has approached him.

The Boss and Antonio step away from the car, stop in front of the man in black and start FIRING many rounds into his chest.

The man in black is knocked to the ground from the massive gunfire.

The Boss and Antonio both grab clips from the back of their pant's waistbands. They reload their guns with the new clips and put the old clips in their pant's pockets.

ANTONIO

I'll check the perimeter.

THE Boss turns to Antonio.

THE BOSS

(stern)

Fuck the perimeter. Get back in the car, and keep the engine running.

Antonio doesn't look happy but nods his head and gets back into the driver's seat of the car.

The Boss, although an old man, strides up to the front porch of the house where Milo sits. The Boss kneels before Milo looking for a sign of life in his eyes. The Boss keeps his gun at the side of his leg. He also peers just a bit into the Tolliver house through the open front door.

THE BOSS (cont'd)
Jesus, son! You lost it this time
didn't you?

Milo tries to clear his throat again.

MILO
I...gave...'em hell.

Milo grins big.

THE BOSS
I bet you did, boy. I bet you
did.

The Boss takes a good look at all of Milo's injuries. He grimaces and shakes his head slightly. He can't believe his eyes.

THE BOSS (cont'd)
You definitely look like hell.
...Please, tell me that after all
of this you found my stuff?

Milo gurgles as he tries to speak again.

MILO
Bad...lead...Why...you here?

The Boss frowns for Milo.

THE BOSS
You didn't call.

Milo laughs as best he can.

The Boss tries to share in the laughter, but he simply can't do it.

THE BOSS (cont'd)
I've got everyone else loose in the
city, so I got Antonio to drive me
out after you.
(MORE)

THE BOSS (cont'd)

I knew for sure that you would be
in the hotel room, having a drink
and just waiting to give me the
good news ...I thought you'd be
kicking back with a bottle. That's
the only other reason I can
remember you forgetting to call
me...I'm so sorry this happened to
you, son. I wish it wasn't damned
near sun-up
and I had gotten here sooner.

Milo starts to close his eyes and stops his laughing. His
face turns stern. He opens his eyes again with a serious
focus that seems to speak for him.

The Boss bites his lip a little then takes a few hard
swallows.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

Yeah...I know.

The Boss stands up and aims his handgun at Milo's head.

Milo closes his eyes, and he smiles again. He motions his
mouth as if he is trying to speak one last time.

The Boss waits until Milo can get out his last words.

MILO

Reeves...means...se..vere.

The Boss FIRES a single shot into Milo's head killing him
instantly.

Milo's body falls limp to the porch on its left side.

The Boss puts his gun away and pauses for a moment, again
looking into the Tolliver house through the open front door.
The Boss focuses on the many bloody footprints that lead from
inside the house and stop where Milo is on the porch.

The Boss takes a few deep breaths, turns and strides off back to his car. He enters back into his passenger side and takes his seat.

CUT TO:

INT. - INSIDE THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Antonio turns to the Boss with raised eyebrows. Antonio looks very confused and concerned.

ANTONIO

I don't get this, boss. Did we
just set-up, Milo?

The Boss keeps a stern face looking forward through the windshield towards Milo's body on the porch.

THE BOSS

No.

The Boss turns to Antonio with a pissed and disappointed look.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

I don't rat-fuck people like
that...and fuck you for thinking
it...No. This is just one bad case
of the wrong place at the wrong
time.

The Boss turns back to look out the windshield at the grisly scene before them.

ANTONIO

Well, shouldn't I at least go check
the house?

THE BOSS

No. I saw enough to know that Milo
did his usual damage.

(MORE)

THE BOSS (cont'd)

There's no way a single fucking thing in that house is still alive, and frankly I think I'm better off not knowing anything else as far as details go. ...Let's get the hell out of here.

The Boss starts to shake his head a bit in disbelief.

THE BOSS (cont'd)

I got a feeling this whole thing's a lot worse than it looks like on the surface.

Antonio grimaces some and looks out through the windshield to Milo's lifeless body. Antonio puts the car into gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE FRONT OF THE TOLLIVER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Both of the doors to the car shut, and the car pulls forward, quickly does a U-turn and speeds off out of sight.

The lights from the car disappear into the many trees past the gravel drive and into the darkness of night.

A moment later and Foda stumbles out onto the front porch. She is dragging an I.V. tower on the ground behind her, and the needle is taped and inserted in her left wrist.

Foda is dressed only in a hospital gown that's stained with blood near the same area of her stomach that she is holding firmly with her right hand. There is blood trickling down her legs to the ground. She falls to the ground beside Milo's body. She looks very drugged and drowsy, but she tries her best to make a real grin.

FODA

I...found you...again.

Foda grabs Milo's bloody, mangled mess of a right hand and brings it up to her mouth.

She pulls his fingers apart and quickly opens her mouth,
GNASHES her teeth and BITES HARD into Milo's index finger.

CUT TO:

DARK SCREEN - END CREDITS ROLL TO MUSIC.