

BLOOD MANOR

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INT. BLONT MANOR

THANKSGIVING NIGHT 1995

A boy lays in the bed of his dark room as a man and woman can be heard arguing just outside of his door. The boy pulls his blankets up about his head to shield himself.

WOMAN

Do you really think that was necessary?

MAN

The boy needs to learn that there are consequences to his actions. A stern hand will steer him.

WOMAN

Really, is that what your father gave you?

MAN

Damn right, I've come to appreciate it now. I wouldn't be the man I am now...

WOMAN

Is that supposed to be a defense for or against?

MAN

You bitch, I should have left you with your white trash family where I found you. I was warned about mingling with the likes of you.

WOMAN

I was warned too. Your brother warned me about your family.

MAN

Oh yes, of course, my dear brother Derek. Champion of the commons; his blood is as blue as mine. Where would he be without the benefits of the Blont name.

WOMAN

At least Derek has gone out, gotten a career of his own. He's not here suckling off everything that your family has stolen.

MAN

Oh really, I think you better check his bank accounts.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, you probably already have. Right under my nose.

WOMAN

You are out of your mind.

MAN

Derek, Derek, Derek, that's all I hear. Wait a minute, now it's finally making sense. How long has it been going on?

WOMAN

How long has what been going on?

MAN

Don't play me for a fool!

WOMAN

You are a fool! There is nothing between me and Derek.

MAN

I'm just doing the math. Kid's turning ten. Can it be the little bastard is really a little bastard?

A loud slap could be heard.

WOMAN

I suggest you curl up with your scotch, I don't want to see you in my bed tonight you son of a bitch.

Only moments pass before the woman enters the room, turns on a lamp and, sits on the edge of the boy's bed. The boy like a turtle coming out of its shell slowly brings his head from under the covers. He speaks in a frightened voice.

THE BOY

Mommy, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be bad.

The woman leans over and kisses the boy on the forehead and smiles.

WOMAN

You were wrong. You do see that don't you?

THE BOY

Yes.

WOMAN

Well, that's all that matters. You made a mistake. Children make mistakes. What is important is that you learn from the mistake and don't do it again.

THE BOY

I won't Mommy, I won't ever do it again.

WOMAN

I know you won't dear.

THE BOY

I'm sorry for making daddy so angry.

WOMAN

Your father should never have put his hands on you. You were wrong but he was wrong too.

THE BOY

Are me and daddy gonna be punished by the Vendactor man?

WOMAN

The Vendactor man?

THE BOY

Jimmy said that the Vendactor man punishes all of the bad Blonts.

WOMAN

Don't you worry about that...Vendactor man, he's just someone the townspeople made up to scare you.

THE BOY

But why, why would they do that?

WOMAN

Some of the townspeople don't like your family. But it's not your fault, all you can do is be a good person, okay. Now goodnight.

The woman kisses the boy once more, turns off the lamp, and leaves the room, closing the door behind her.

INT. BLONT MANOR

HOURS LATER

The boy is awakened by loud sounds outside his room, it sounds like a struggle and something hitting the floor hard. There is brief silence then he hears the scream of his mother. He curls up and hides under the blankets.

THE BOY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was bad.
I'm sorry.

He hears the sound of someone walking outside of his room getting closer and closer, then the steps stop. After several moments he finally gets up enough nerve to peek his head from under the covers. His door slams open and there stands a tall man with a large knife dripping with blood. The man is dressed in all black and his face is covered by a black ski mask that only reveals his eyes.

INT. THE OFFICE OF DR. BYRON MURRY MORNING PRESENT TIME

DR. MURRY, a man in his late forties, sits in a big comfortable office chair just off from the head of THOMAS BLONT, a tall fit man of twenty-five, who lays on his back on an overstuffed leather couch. The room is semi-dark, Dr. Murry finds this environment was best for achieving the deepest hypnosis of his patients.

DR. MURRY

Is there anything else? Does he have long hair? Can you tell his race? Is there anything familiar?

THOMAS

No, he is all covered except his eyes. His eyes! They just look so evil. I don't want to be here! I don't want to be here!

DR. MURRY

Okay Thomas, relax, you are no longer in your bedroom. It's the next day, where are you?

THOMAS

I'm in the dirty room. There are no windows and there are spider webs all over.

DR. MURRY

Who is with you, Thomas?

THOMAS

No one, it's just me. I can't tell if it is day or night. I don't know how long I've been here. But wait there's a rainbow.

DR. MURRY

A rainbow?

THOMAS

There are lights, green, red, yellow, blue, very relaxing. Uhh... Now there's a bright white light it hurts my eyes. It's a policeman's flashlight. He's asking me if I'm okay.

DR. MURRY

Okay, Thomas, I'm going to count backward from five, when I reach one, you are going to awake feeling the best you have ever felt. Five... four...three... two... one.

Thomas sits up on the couch while Dr. Murry stands and walks over to a wall and turns on the lights in the room. Dr. Murry then walks over to his desk and presses a button on his office phone.

DR. MURRY (CONT'D)

Janice, send in MRS. BLONT, please.

Dr. Murry sits in another large office chair behind his desk and signals for Thomas to join him in one of two seats across from him. As Thomas sits, LYNN, a very attractive blonde, in her twenties, enters the room and sits in the other seat. Dr. Murry looks over his notes before speaking.

DR. MURRY (CONT'D)

Well, we are definitely making progress. The rainbow lights are new. But still no more details of this man or where you were, how you got there.

THOMAS

Or how I escaped. I just don't know Doc. That month it's like it's been cut from my memory. All these years, I've been content, not knowing, I've actually been happy I don't remember. Now that the Manor has been put on the market, I keep having nightmares.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

All the prospective buyers are saying they want to tear it down and build something else.

DR. MURRY

Have you considered my suggestion?

THOMAS

I don't know Doc, I haven't been back to that Manor.... You know since.

Thomas collapses in his seat like a scared child. Lynn reaches over and embraces him, pressing her head to his.

LYNN

Doc, going back to this place would be too much for him.

DR. MURRY

I don't think so. He needs it for closure. He has a lot of unresolved emotions that are tied to that place. The fact that it may be sold added with that it may no longer exist at all, this may be what triggered all these nightmares. Once it is gone there will no longer be an opportunity for him to face his demons, so to speak and he may be haunted for the rest of his life.

THOMAS

My uncle believes I should never return there.

DR. MURRY

Dr. Blont is one of the most brilliant psychiatrist living, no doubt. But I have to believe he is letting his personal feelings get in the way of his judgment in your case. There's a reason why psychiatrists don't usually take on loved ones as patients.

THOMAS

I just don't want to end back up in that..... You just can't imagine how horrible.....

DR. MURRY

Unfortunately, I know first hand, I did my residency in an institution. The last place I want is for one my patients to be, is in one of those. You survived five years in one and you've been discharged now for over ten years. You've been able to exercise most of your demons but there seems to be one more, hence the nightmares. If that place is gone forever without you ever confronting..... Running from your fears resolves nothing, it will always be there, hiding somewhere in the corner of your mind. When it does surface, well many aren't able to handle it.

THOMAS

That's what I'm afraid of, going there, being hit by all those memories.

DR. MURRY

You would be confronting your fears on your terms, instead of running from them. Even a marathon runner will come to a finish line. Exhausted, it wouldn't be very difficult for him to be overtaken at this point. I just don't want your fears to overtake you.

THOMAS

Well, I guess we could make a weekend of it. Me and Lynn, what do you say babe?

LYNN

Yeah, hey, we could invite a few friends to come along, you said the place is gigantic.

THOMAS

I don't know....

Lynn looks up from Thomas to Dr. Murry.

DR. MURRY

The strength of numbers Thomas. It's a lot easier to face fears when you are not alone.

(MORE)

DR. MURRY (CONT'D)
It may be beneficial to have
friends with you.

INT. THOMAS AND LYNN'S LATE MODEL LANDOVER MINUTES LATER

Lynn can't help but notice that Thomas seems to be struggling with his thoughts as he drives from Dr. Murry's office. He is quiet and distant.

LYNN
What's on your mind babe? Second thoughts? We don't have to do this. Maybe the nightmares will stop.

THOMAS
No, no, it's not that. It's just, it's over a six-hour drive there. The thoughts of being in a car with BRIAN that long.

LYNN
What's up with you and Brian? It seems the two of you haven't been the same since the wedding. A wedding that he was your best man. Wait a minute that busted lip that Brian was sporting, I always thought you guys weren't coming clean about that.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. A LARGE HOTEL SUITE THE NIGHT BEFORE WEDDING

The room is dimly-lit, and heavy bass, dance club music plays, BRIAN BOWMAN, a tall thin man in his twenties dances tight with a scantily dressed girl, that has the looks of a professional. Three more guys, TED CANNON, SAMMY BURNS, and JACKSON PETERS are also present, all of which are in the same age range as Brian and Thomas. All of them also dance tightly with scantily dressed women. Thomas sits alone in a chair sipping on a drink, visibly uncomfortable with the proceedings. Brian stops dancing and confronts Thomas.

BRIAN
Come on, dude, this is your bachelor party, live it up.

THOMAS

Brian, I told you, no girls.

BRIAN

Come on dude, what Lynn doesn't know won't hurt her.

As Brian talks, the girls wheel around a giant cake.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, I understand you want to remain faithful. Hey, I get it, Lynn is a great girl, remember I introduced you two. You said no girls. I should have respected your wishes. But we've gone through all of this. One lap dance can't hurt anything. Heck, you can say you didn't even see what was coming, plausible deniability.

Brian covers Thomas's eyes with a blindfold.

THOMAS

Okay, I guess that will be okay but that is as far as it goes, right.

BRIAN

That's it, that's is as far as it goes, buddy.

Thomas can hear the guys whistling as the occupant of the cake bursts out. The occupant is helped down the cake by the girls. The occupant, wearing a red bikini and red high heel shoes, dances their way to Thomas. First, they sit in Thomas's lap gyrating their buttock on Thomas's stomach, then they flip around and straddle Thomas and press their chest against Thomas's face. Something wasn't right.... Thomas removes the blindfold and realizes that he is being straddled by a man. Thomas angrily and violently tosses the man to the floor and stands.

THE OCCUPANT

Hey, what the fuck!

The guys are all standing about laughing, some of them have their cell phones out recording the event. Brian steps up closer to Thomas.

THOMAS

Well, you said no girls.

Thomas punches Brian in the mouth with a gigantic blow that drops him to the floor.

Before Brian could recover, Thomas is attacking, kicking him in the mid-section. It takes all of the other guys to pull him away and restrain him. Brian, mouth bloodied, looks up at the raging man being restrained.

BRIAN

What the fuck is wrong with you man? It was just a joke. They must have let you out of that crazy house a little too early.

After Brian's statement, Thomas has a huge increase in strength and pulls all the men forward towards Brian, who fearfully, crab walks backward. Then a calmness comes over him and the men can feel his body relax.

THOMAS

Okay, I'm alright now. Get your damn hands off me! Erase those damn videos or I'll shove those damn cell phones up your asses sideways.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THOMAS AND LYNN'S LATE MODEL LANDOVER

THOMAS

The idiot drank too much, fell bust his lip, end of story. Just one of a series of immature actions that let me know I've outgrown him as a friend.

LYNN

Well, SAND loves him, so until my best friend outgrows him as well.

THOMAS

Yeah, I get it, still, this isn't going to be a very pleasant trip.

LYNN

If it will cut the tension, I'll make sure he is in Sammy's car.

THOMAS

Sammy?

LYNN

Don't tell me you have a problem with Sammy as well?

THOMAS

No, but I am wondering, how many people are you planning on inviting on this little trip.

LYNN

All our close friends of course. Come on, none of us have ever stepped foot in a mansion.

THOMAS

Well, from what I remember it's nothing to write home about. How do you know who will be able to come?

LYNN

They are all free and can't wait to go.

THOMAS

Wo...wait a minute, how did they know? How long have you been planning this trip?

LYNN

Dr. Murry has been suggesting you revisit the Manor for weeks now. I knew you would eventually realize what you had to do.

THOMAS

Well.... Okay, but we do have one other problem, Uncle Derek. He has the keys and given the way he feels about this idea, it's going to be a battle to get them from him.

LYNN

I've been a bad girl. Remember, a few weeks back we were over at your uncle's for dinner. Then I had to go back a day later because I lost an earring.

Lynn pulls a set of keys from her purse.

LYNN (CONT'D)

I lifted a set of keys in his basement on a hook marked Manor. Had copies made and replaced them.

THOMAS

Who... Who am I married to?

LYNN

Well, I would tell you but then I
would have to kill you.

Lynn leans over and kisses Thomas on the cheek.

INT. THOMAS AND LYNN'S LANDOVER

MORNING THE WEEK-END

Four hours into the six-hour drive, Thomas is happy that Brian is in the trailing vehicle, with the rest of the guys and not with him but he was concerned about one of his passengers. SANDRA LAWSON, MEREDITH JANSON he knew but this RACHEL WEST was a stranger.

THOMAS

You alright back there Rachel?

Thomas speaks a bit louder than his normal voice to be over the voices of the other women chattering amongst themselves and the car radio playing pop music. Rachel was seated in the third row of seats, which was generally for smaller passengers.

RACHEL

Uh.... Yeah, I'm okay.

All the other girls look at each other.

THOMAS

I know it's a bit cramped back
there.

Rachel smiles at Thomas's reflection in the rearview mirror.

RACHEL

Well, I guess that's one advantage
of being small.

THOMAS

I'll be pulling over for gas soon,
you'll be able to get out and
stretch your legs a bit.

RACHEL

That will be great.

THOMAS

So, tell me more about how you and
Jackson met.

RACHEL

Well, there isn't much to tell.
I'd seen Jackson at the studio a
few times and we started to talk
and hit it off.

THOMAS

Studio? You mean that production
studio that Jackson's company was
contracted to remodel a while
back.... It was Malice Event....

RACHEL

Malice Intentions.

THOMAS

Malice Intentions, yeah that's
right. That's one hell of a name.

RACHEL

Well, we specialize in providing,
effects, props for horror movies,
and such.

THOMAS

Really, anything I might have seen?

RACHEL

Sure, Snake Head, The Devil's
Hand...

Thomas shakes his head no.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Bottom Feeder, Cerebral Damage, The
Commencement....

THOMAS

Wait a minute, that last one.
Something about an evil spirit
being released from a ceremony or
something. We saw that one didn't
we babe, it was scary as hell?

Thomas asks Lynn who was seated next to him in the front
passenger seat. Lynn and the other girls have discontinued
their conversation and seem to be very interested in the
conversation between Thomas and Rachel.

LYNN

Yes, it was very scary.

Rachel is now very excited, she was like a child that had finally gotten their parents' praise for what they deemed a great accomplishment.

RACHEL

I did nearly all the makeup for that one!

THOMAS

So you are a makeup artist?

RACHEL

Well, yes.

There was a noticeable drop off in enthusiasm with this answer from Rachel. Lynn was quick to intercept.

LYNN

Will you stop giving the girl the third degree.

THOMAS

I wasn't.....

LYNN

Where did you meet Jackson? Where do you work? What's next, you want her social security number or her credit score?

THOMAS

It's not like that. I was just making conversation is all. I didn't want her to feel alienated or something. You three don't seem to be involving her in any conversation.

LYNN

That's cause we don't want to be pushy, like some people.

SAND

Hey, that's my jam! Could you turn that up!

Sandra suggests from the second row of seats. Thomas turns up the song and three of the girls begin swaying to the beat. All but not Rachel, she seems to display a forced smile and deliberately looks away from Thomas's reflection in the mirror.

EXT. BLONTVILLE MAIN ST

A FEW HOURS LATER

The black Landrover leads Sammy's white BMW sedan down the main street of this sleepy midwestern town that would appear to be frozen in time from the fifties, if not for a few updated stores. Thomas looks around with just as much wonder as the other occupants of the two cars.

SAND

Must have been cool, living in a town with your family's name?

THOMAS

I was five when I left. All I remember was a feeling of not belonging.

LYNN

The kids do a lot of mean things to you? Kids can be so mean at that age.

THOMAS

Not really, to be honest, I was kind of a little bastard. The parents feared my family, so I got away with murder. I was alienated, but it wasn't me they picked on...

Sandra's cell rings. She puts it to her ear, then starts to laugh loudly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Please share the hilarious thoughts of Brian.

SAND

Huh, how you know it's Brian?

THOMAS

Well, I don't know. Maybe because he's called you every five minutes.

SAND

Yeah, well it's nothing.

THOMAS

No, no it's obviously pretty funny, why don't you share?

Sandra begins, she speaks in a very soft tone, trying not to increase any kind of tension.

SAND

Well, he said if he grew up in a town like this he would have gone nuts too.

Dead silence falls over the car.

SAND (CONT'D)

Which in retrospect isn't that funny.

THOMAS

Oh, why not? Sounds funny to me! Oh in case you didn't already know, Rachel, I've spent some extended time in a mental institute!

There is uneasy tension throughout the car as Thomas's temper surges.

LYNN

Come on babe, it's just a silly joke. You know Brian makes them all the time, he doesn't mean anything by them.

THOMAS

No, he doesn't mean anything by it, he's just being Brian, right.

It only takes a few minutes for the two cars to drive through the sleepy town, with all the townspeople they pass gazing at them like they were from another planet. Surprisingly though, they did look like normal people dressed in the latest fashions with the latest model iPhones pressed to their ears.

As they approach the other end of the town, there it was, mounted on top of a hill overlooking the rest of the town, Blont Manor. Although they were a good mile from its gates Blont Manor was quite an imposing sight. It wasn't in the clouds but it was high enough on a cloudy day to make it seem that way. It was easy to see why the townspeople, living in their modest homes were intimidated by its presence. It was a large four-story Victorian-style home, painted white with green paint framing the seemingly infinite windows.

The two vehicles pull up to the chained, padlocked gates that guarded the drive to the manor. The black painted iron swinging gates have a large plaque on one side. The plaque spells in raised metal letters, "BLONT MANOR", but painted in red paint, is the word Blood over BLONT.

Thomas gets out of his car walks to the gate and fumbles through the keys until he finds the key to unlock the lock on the gate. Only Brian gets out of the other car and approaches Thomas.

BRIAN

Blood Manor..... huh? These people must really have some built-up hostility toward your family.

THOMAS

Well, either that or it was done by someone with some kind of fucked up sense of humor. That seems to be going around.

This reference couldn't be ignored by Brian, as Thomas stares him coldly in the face. Thomas violently pushes one side of the gate to Brian, slightly brushing his face. Brian grunts at the sudden glancing blow.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that buddy. How about swinging that over that way, there should be a hook.

BRIAN

Sure.

As the cars pull up to the front of the large structure, what strikes everyone is how well kept up, not only is the manor itself is but the lawns and shrubbery as well. The young people get out of the vehicles and start unloading their baggage.

LYNN

No way! This place could be on a magazine cover or something. From how you and your uncle spoke of it I expected.....

THOMAS

Frankenstein's Castle?

LYNN

To be honest.... Yes.

THOMAS

Me too. You have to remember the last time I set eyes on this place I was ten. Uncle Derek did say that he had contracted someone to keep it in decent shape.

SAND

Decent? You kidding me, I'm waiting for Kim and Kanye to come out of there. Why in the world would anyone want to tare this down?

Brian walks over to Thomas from his unloaded bags.

BRIAN

Could I talk to you for a second?

THOMAS

Sure.

BRIAN

Over here.

Brian steers Thomas out of earshot of the others.

THOMAS

Oh, this must be deep. What's going on buddy you need a kidney or something?

BRIAN

Come on man, you know what this is about.

THOMAS

I do?

BRIAN

Things haven't been the same between us since..... well you know.

THOMAS

Yeah, and.

BRIAN

Ok, I admit, I went a little too far, but you have to admit your response was a bit overboard as well. We've been playing jokes on each other since college but we've never taken it personally.

THOMAS

I'm sorry, but someone suggesting I should be in a crazy house seems a bit personal to me.

BRIAN

Remember our sophomore year? The Halloween party? You dressed up like Hannibal Lecter, with the restraints and I was dressed as an orderly leading you about.

This actually brought a smile to Thomas's face.

THOMAS

Yeah, that was a great night.

BRIAN

So what gives, you never were so sensitive then.

THOMAS

It was the way you said it that night. Like you meant it.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, with a bloody mouth and bruised ribs, I wasn't empathetic to your situation at the time buddy. But I'm sorry, can we move past this?

THOMAS

Yeah.... And I'm sorry about kicking you.

BRIAN

What about that wicked hook?

THOMAS

You deserved that.

The two laugh and slap hands.

BRIAN

We okay, then.

THOMAS

Yeah, we're okay.

BRIAN

Oh, I could just give you a big sloppy wet kiss.

Brian jumps on Thomas and wraps his legs around him. Thomas pushes him off.

THOMAS

Get off me, you freak.

They, along with the rest of the group, which witness the event, share a loud joyous laugh.

The group gathers at the front double doors of the Manor as Thomas fumbles through the keys again to find the ones to unlock the doors. Finally, he unlocks the doors and the group pours into the large open foyer.

INT. BLONT MANOR THE LARGE FRONT ROOM

Thomas seems to be frozen as he looks about and up the large stairwell that leads to the upstairs. There are paintings and photos hung about the walls mostly, of his ancestors and the decorations look as if they had walked back in time to the 19th Century. He is so overtaken by memories that at first, he doesn't notice that Lynn is speaking to him.

LYNN

The place is so clean, I don't see a speck of dust. You think the maid service your uncle has hired can swing past our place.

After not getting a response from her playful comment Lynn realizes that her husband isn't listening to her. She shakes him by his arm to get him out of his trance.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Thomas.... Babe?

THOMAS

Uh.... Yeah.

LYNN

I was saying the place is so clean. You would never know that no one has lived here for almost twenty years.

THOMAS

Yeah, uncle Derek made sure of that, he's contracted a team to come through two or three times a week to maintain the manor and the grounds, all these years.

SAMMY

Wow, that must have cost a pretty penny a place this size.

THOMAS

Yes, quite expensive. So with me and him being the only heirs and neither of us with any plans of ever returning here to live here again, it only makes sense to sell it. Although, seeing it again, I must admit I am a bit torn.

LYNN

Well, at least you have one last weekend here. Let's make it a good one.

THOMAS

Yes, well before we begin this glorious weekend of relaxation.... fornication... and other forms of recreation.

Thomas looks over and smiles at Jackson who pats a small duffel he carries strapped over his shoulder.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's time I gave you all a little history lesson on Blont or as someone has seen fit to rename it, Blood Manor. Uh... We seem to be missing a few.

JACKSON

Rachel and Meredith were about to burst, Brian rushed them off to a bathroom.

THOMAS

Oh... Boy, this is a big place. I hope he got them to one in time.

BRIAN

In time for what?

Brian replies, returning with the girls, just in earshot of Thomas.

THOMAS

You were able to find a bathroom pretty quick.

BRIAN

Two, in fact. These big turn of the century manors are all pretty much built the same.

Lynn shoots Brian a look.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What?

Lynn quickly moves attention from Brian.

LYNN

So, you were about to give us a history lesson.

THOMAS

On or about the late 1800s, Langston Blont foundered this little township. And by foundered, I mean he lead an army of men that slaughtered, ran off, and raped the peaceful Native Americans that already lived here. And no I didn't misspeak by not saying they raped the women, these were men that believe in equal opportunity, they raped the women and the men. You will find a portrait of this outstanding gentleman up there at the head of the stairs. Feel free to spit on it as you pass it.

Everyone begins to laugh.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Below his portrait, you will find the portraits of two fine lads, Arthur and Cedric Blont. It is from Cedric's loins that my ancestors descended. Arthur never had a chance to create offsprings, his neck was stretched at the ripe old age of 13 years by the order of the three years older Cedric for the stabbing of their father Langston, although many say it was Cedric himself that had committed the crime. Cedric oversaw the completion of the building of this glorious estate that his father had started. He was the father of my great grandfather, who's photo you will find on that wall.

The group follows Thomas to the wall and gaze at the photo.

SAND

It's eerie, he kind of looks like you.

THOMAS

Yes, this is probably why he is my namesake. Thomas Blont, before him the Blont name was only hated by the innocent Native Americans that were displaced. But Thomas Blont was able to use the power of status to create untold wealth at the expense of all the other settlers. He was the elder child of six siblings, you might begin to see a pattern here.

LYNN

Firstborns.

THOMAS

Yes, only the firstborns have prevailed in the Blont family. All of the younger siblings have met with some kind of demise.

LYNN

Except, your uncle.

THOMAS

Yes, uncle Derek. Although he claims superstitions are ridiculous, he had the good sense to move away from this place as soon as he could and has never looked back.

BRIAN

So what? You really believe this place is cursed or something?

THOMAS

Hmmm..... I don't know. I just know the history of this place speaks for itself. Great grandfather Thomas Blont was a hell of a guy. Collecting taxes from the farming villagers, he was able to start a bank. From this bank, he issued funds, in mortgages and high-interest loans to the people. Funds which originated from their nearly empty pockets.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

He had a piece of every store, factory even the churches paid their dues to him. Meanwhile, all of his siblings were falling like flies. Two died, drowning in the lake while fishing. One brother supposedly shot himself. Another brother had a bit too much moonshine to drink and wrapped his new Model T around a tree. The last to die was his only sister strangled by her husband in a drunken stupor on their wedding night, right up there in her room. Brian and Sand's room for the weekend.

BRIAN

Thanks, buddy.

THOMAS

Don't mention it. Funny thing, her husband claimed right up to the noose that he didn't remember killing her. Thomas begot Linus an only child like myself. Linus my grandfather had three children, my father Aaron, Derek, and the youngest, my Aunt Pamela. She died not long after her young husband was killed in the Vietnam War. She committed suicide in the bathtub, slit her wrist. She supposedly was so distraught over his death that she wanted to end it all.

JACKSON

What do you mean, supposedly?

THOMAS

Well reportedly, she spent the nights following her husband's death in town wowing many of the townsmen, most nights not even returning home. Bringing much shame to this proud family. Not seemingly to suffer from grief at all but celebrating newfound freedom. It was strange that she was suddenly overcome with grief and killed herself.

BRIAN

Let me guess, in the bathroom that adjoins our bedroom.

THOMAS

Of course not, this place was built long before there was anything like adjoining bathrooms. You will be sharing the bathroom with Sammy and Meredith your bedrooms are on opposite sides of the bathroom.

SAMMY

Say what?

THOMAS

Anyway, as you all know my parents were murdered, stabbed to death. My father, in his parlor room, my mother just outside of my bedroom door. She was trying to get to my room to warn me....

Thomas is hit by strong emotion thinking of his mother's death. Lynn embraces him to give him the strength to continue.

LYNN

You ok?

THOMAS

Sure, almost finished. The murderer, a drifter named Simon Whittaker kidnapped me after his heinous crime and did God knows what to me before I was able to escape, cause I don't remember. Weeks later, when he was finally apprehended, he never spoke of why he spared my life, kidnapped me, or what had transpired between us during the week I was held, hostage. But he did confess to it all. Killing my parents and kidnapping me, before hanging himself in a prison cell.

Thomas's entire audience is overcome with empathic sorrow of Thomas's experience.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Which brings us to why we are here. Hopefully being here after all those years will jog my memories of that week I was missing.

JACKSON

If this place is cursed, who cursed it?

THOMAS

Ah yes, the curse. Some feel it was the Native Americans. But most believe it was a family from New Orleans. You see, the Creole family included a young teenage daughter, that had great beauty. All the men desired her and all the women were jealous of her. As you might expect, this led to added problems for a family not of pure white descent at the turn of the century. It all came to a head one night after the father was accused of striking one of the other villagers. Langston Blont lead the village men to the family's farm where they burned and killed everything and everybody. Although it has been said that after having their way with the daughter, Langston ordered that she be freed. This act of what he considered compassion is what has cursed not only this manor but the town as well. Cause it is believed that that girl used black magic to enact revenge.

LYNN

The Vengdactor man.

THOMAS

Yes, the Vengdactor man. A shadowy figure conjured up by the girl to enforce her vengeance. Nearly all the tragic deaths of Blonts have been accompanied by some claiming a sighting of this figure. What's more, although the Blont family has suffered tragic deaths, the family thrives financially, while just about all the townspeople suffer from financial hardship.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Leading some to believe that some kind of evil pact has been made. It all boils down to, being a Blont isn't the most popular thing in this town.

JACKSON

You, you don't really believe this curse crap, do you?

After a rather long pause, Thomas answers.

THOMAS

No, of course not, although I am holding out that there may be some truth behind that fat man in a red suit coming down the chimney.

The whole group shares a large laugh.

INT. BLONT MANOR MASTER BEDROOM

MINUTES LATER

Lynn is unpacking their bags, while Thomas walks about the very large room still furnished exactly as his parents had left it. He walks over to the north side of the room and opens two connecting doors. The doors swing open to reveal a large balcony overlooking the back yard. It was at least 50 yards of well-kept flowers with a tennis court. Thomas walks out to the edge of the balcony and leans on the stylish stone waist-high guard rail.

THOMAS

Wow, you should see this. It's just as when I was here last, nothing has changed.

LYNN

No thanks, I'll pass on strutting out on the balcony of an over 100-year-old house, that's three stories high.

THOMAS

It's perfectly safe. This place has gone through several renovations over the years and the labor put into keeping it up is quite evident.

LYNN

Yeah well, I still think I'll admire the view from here.

THOMAS

Hmmm. Looks like the wall has been compromised just past the tennis court and there looks to be car tracks.....

LYNN

That's not all to be compromised master Blont.

THOMAS

Huh..

Thomas turns about to see Lynn laying on the large king-sized bed. Her legs are spread eagle and she is slowly pulling up her dress over her waist.

LYNN

We have to hurry while the Mrs. is down in the garden and before the butler misses me in the kitchen.

Thomas begins loosening his belt and unfastening his pants as he walks back into the room towards the bed. He lays on top of Lynn and delivers a passionate kiss but before he can continue the door that emptied into the rest of the house opens. Brian and Sand come walking in.

BRIAN

I told you, look at this, they even have a balcony. Our little stuffy room barely has room to turn around in. Oppps....

Brian and Sand cover there faces, while Thomas and Lynn readjust their clothing.

LYNN

You two ever heard of knocking?

SAND AND BRIAN

So....sorry.

THOMAS

Well you know, if the room isn't satisfactory there is probably a fleabag hotel back there in town.

BRIAN

No, our room is fine. Although....

THOMAS

Out!

Thomas throws a pillow at the two, issuing them from the room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Tell me again why we brought them along.

LYNN
Because they are our best friends.

THOMAS
Ok, but if they interrupt us one more time.....

LYNN
Well if they do, they better just enjoy the show.

Lynn reaches up and pulls Thomas back on top of her and they continue their make-out session. Only moments pass before Lynn violently rises, tossing Thomas to the side with super-human strength. Making animal-like grunting sounds she heads for the room exit.

THOMAS
Lynn, what's wrong?

Lynn doesn't answer she hurries out the door and down the hall to the master bath with a confused Thomas right behind. She enters and kneels at the toilet and unloads all the contents of her stomach.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Jeeze!

LYNN
Those damn burritos!

THOMAS
Who knew? Eating microwaved burritos from a convenience store freezer was a bad idea.

LYNN
Okay, okay you were right.

THOMAS
It was the burritos?

A loud bell echoes throughout the whole house. Thomas's attention leaves Lynn.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Well, either we have visitors or
the guys are down there playing
with the doorbell.

Thomas turns attention back to Lynn to see she has continued
with emptying her stomach.

INT. BLONT MANOR FRONT DOOR MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Jackson open the door to see an older gentleman of his eighties dressed surprisingly formal for the townspeople they had observed driving through the small town. But even more surprising was who was accompanying the man, sporting a sheriff's uniform, which included a badge, sidearm, drill sergeant's hat, and dark mirrored shades, about the most stunning woman either of the men have ever seen. Although JESS O'KEEFE looked like she could have stepped out of central casting for the perfect twenty-something African American beauty, she was all business. LENARD LOTT was also all business he pressed forward towards Brian and Jackson quite forcefully for an elderly man.

BRIAN
Whoa..Hey, old man, you just can't
push your way up in here.

Brian puts up his hand with his palm out to stop Lenard from coming any further in the house. When his hand contacts Lenard's chest, Lenard looks down at his hand then sharply back into Brian's face.

LENARD
I suggest you move your hand aside
if you wish to keep it young man!

Not wanting to escalate the situation any further, Brian dropped his hand and stepped back, plus Jess moving her hand to her revolver influenced his decision quite a bit.

JACKSON
You know where we are from you just
can't burst into someone's home,
even if you have a badge.

JESS
That so?

BRIAN
That's right, you need something
called a warrant.

JESS

What about trespassing? You know the unlawful entry of the property without permission. Don't make any sudden moves!

Jess enters the house just behind Lenard, with her hand on her weapon she is ready to draw it at any moment's notice. Jackson and Brian are very aware and make sure that they give her no reason to do so.

JACKSON

Hey, sister take it down a notch, no need to get all Dirty Harry.

JESS

Ain't ya sista, brotha!

BRIAN

Relax there Deputy O'Keefe, is it?

Brian reads Jess's name tag in a very relaxing tone.

JESS

Sheriff O'Keefe.

JACKSON

Damnnnnn, you mean like, the sheriff? You are THE SHERIFF.

JESS

That's right. You got a problem with that!

JACKSON

No problem, just saying, looks like we are doing pretty good in this town.

JESS

What the fuck you mean we? I already told you, I ain't your....

BRIAN

There is no need to get excited, Jackson was merely trying to defuse the situation by referencing you and he.....

JESS

Are you really mansplaining to me, being black, mutha-fucka! You look real familiar to me. What's your name?

Brian is quite nervous now that nothing has calmed Jess at this point.

BRIAN

My name is Brian, Brian Bowman.
I'm not from around here. I assure
you, you don't know me.

JESS

You sure about that? I never
forget a face.

BRIAN

I'm sure, believe me, I would
remember meeting you. And we are
not trespassing, we have permission
to be here.

LENARD

From who?

THOMAS

From me.

Thomas has cautiously approached the group hearing the tail end of the altercation.

LENARD

Who are you to give..... Thomas?

THOMAS

Yes, Thomas Blont in the flesh.
And you are Mr. Lenard. Wow, you
haven't aged a bit, sir.

Thomas shakes the old man's hand.

LENARD

Well, I don't know about that but
you sure have turned into quite a
handsome young man, the spitting
image of your grandfather.

JESS

So, you have returned.

THOMAS

No! There's no way! Jess! Talk
about blossoming! I should have
returned here years ago.

Thomas embraces Jess in a tight hug before any protest could be given.

LYNN
Years ago, huh?

The women and Sammy have now joined the group gathered at the home's entrance.

THOMAS
Jess, this is my wife Lynn. Lynn this was my best.... No, this was my only friend growing up here.

LYNN
Nice to meet you. Funny, my husband never told me he had such an attractive friend.

THOMAS
We were ten years old for God's sake.

The two women shake hands.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The rest of this Motley Crew are our good friends, Sammy, Sand, Meredith, Rachel....

Thomas points out all his guests.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
And you've already met Jackson and pee in his pants, Brian over here.

The group shares a big laugh.

BRIAN
Almost.

JESS
Sorry about coming on so strong but I find it's best when dealing with guys it's best to let them know who's the boss.

Rachel gives Jackson a sharp elbow to his ribs to wipe off his big grin.

THOMAS
Sheriff, huh?

JESS
Yeah, my dad became sheriff before he retired.

THOMAS

Deputy O'Keefe. Your father was a good man, he was the only lawman with enough backbone to stand up to my abusive father.

JESS

Apparently, the town agreed. Not long after you left, he was elected sheriff. After he retired, I ran, and here we are.

THOMAS

Speaking of which, I appreciate you keeping an eye on the property but this is rather dramatic don't you think?

LENARD

Sorry, Thomas, when I saw the gates had been opened I called the sheriff. Your uncle hadn't told me there was going to be a visit and I'm the only one that opens the gates for the workers. There have been recent vandals as I'm sure you gathered from the gates.

THOMAS

It is to be expected, our family isn't exactly the most popular in town.

LENARD

Yes, but I have noticed little things in the house.... I don't know maybe it's just my age catching up with me. Not to mention at the back of the property....

THOMAS

The fence breach. I saw it from the master bedroom balcony. So you think somebody actually entered the manor?

LENARD

Suppose not. None of the doors or windows have been broken in and I can't say that anything is missing.

(MORE)

LENARD (CONT'D)

It's just, I've cared for this place for your family for nearly my whole life, and here recently things at times aren't in their right place.

THOMAS

Well, it was probably just the cleaning crew, not many could be as meticulous as I remember you to be.

LENARD

Hmmm..... possibly.

JESS

Well, it's good to see you again Thomas and, to meet you all. Lenard and I have to be going, things to do.

Jess ushers Lenard to the exit while taking another good look at Brian as they leave.

JACKSON

What's the hurry sheriff? Cat up a tree or something?

JESS

Yeah, that's right. The cat isn't going to get his own self down, is he? Maybe I'll catch you folks in town, later?

THOMAS

Yeah, maybe.

Thomas closes the door after the two exited.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Boy, buddy she seemed about ready to run you in or something.

LYNN

Yeah, wonder why?

BRIAN

Who knows, maybe I remind her of an old boyfriend or something.

JACKSON

Doubt it. I don't think you are her type.

RACHEL

Oh, so you think you are!

JACKSON

No.... No, that's not what I was saying. I'm just saying, I was getting more of a vibe that she was more than glad to lay eyes on Thomas here.

THOMAS

Typical, you get in hot water, then try to turn things towards me. Well forget it, mister, I'm very happily married and I wasn't the one grinning at her from ear to ear. Speaking of which, anything short of a fire, we don't want to hear from any of you for the next hour or so.

BRIAN

He really means five minutes and that includes climbing the stairs to the third floor.

Thomas turns around from the stairs and gives Brian a one-finger salute then he and Lynn continue their climb. Sand gives Brian a playful shrub.

SAND

You are one to talk.

BRIAN

Hey, you know I'm good for 15.

SAND

Yeah, if it includes you running around this house five times, then creeping up the stairs.

BRIAN

Really, well we will see about that.

The two run upstairs.

INT. DR. DERICK BLONT'S OFFICES ON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS 1 HR
LATER

DR. DERICK BLONT, a man in his late fifties hurriedly returns to his office trying to get away from a student who is debating a grade.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Monday. At 7 pm, not before.

Dr. Derick dismisses the student at the doorway to his office not letting him in. Dr. Derick enters and closes the door behind him as if he was holding off a lethal threat from the halls. He smiles and greets MRS. PAULIE, his longtime receptionist, secretary and prepares to rush to his private office.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)
Morning, Mrs. Paulie. These little entitled brats are driving me crazy.... I know, odd thing for a psychiatrist to say.

Mrs. Paulie laughs at the comment.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)
I'll need every minute of this three-hour class break to recover, so please no phone calls and definitely don't let any of those brats in.

Dr. Derick has opened the door to his private office and is about to enter when Mrs. Paulie is finally able to speak.

MRS. PAULIE
Oh... Before you start your break. You did get a phone call from Mr. Lott.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Well.... Thank you, Mrs. Paulie. May be good news.

Dr. Derick hurries into his office closing the door behind him. Dropping his briefcase beside his desk he runs around and rests himself in the large executive chair. He lifts the phone receiver of the phone on his desk and pushes one button to dial a number he has on speed dial. He then leans back in the chair preparing for what he believes to be good news.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)
Mr. Lenard, I take it we finally got an offer?

LENARD
Well, no. They actually liked the price.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Liked! We are practically giving
the place away.

LENARD
Yes, but the problem is the
destroying of the place with it
being a historical landmark and
all.

DR. DERICK BLONT
They could care less about it being
a historical landmark, those cheap
bastards just don't want to foot
the bill of the destruction. Okay,
okay tell them we will pay for the
destruction.

LENARD
You.... But...

DR. DERICK BLONT
What's most important is that that
place is gone, no matter what the
cost, but they must adhere to the
confidential agreement. As far as
anyone is to know, it will be their
decision to bulldozer that place.
No one especially Thomas is to know
any different.

LENARD
Speaking of Thomas, he is the
reason that I contacted you.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Thomas. Whatever for?

LENARD
He and a group of his friends are
at the Manor.

DR. DERICK BLONT
He.... Thomas is at the manor?
Who the.... Why did you give him
the keys? How the hell did he know
where you lived?

LENARD
I didn't give him the keys and he
didn't break-in, so apparently, he
had a set.

DR. DERICK BLONT

Okay, okay, just get back up with that development company and give them our offer, I'll deal with Thomas.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM BLONT MANOR

TWO HOURS LATER

Thomas awakes from what seems to have been a long sleep. He stretches and yawns, it only takes moments for him to realize that something isn't right. There is a warm liquid on his hand, he raises his hand to observe it, but the room is too dark for him to identify it. He sits up in the bed and realizes now that he is sitting in the liquid. He taps the sleeping Lynn's shoulder lightly, then he begins to shake her violently.

THOMAS

Lynn, what's this in the bed?

Lynn won't wake, but finally, after all the shaking, her body rolls off the edge of the bed and falls to the floor with a loud clunk. Her head remains, eyes wide open staring at Thomas. Thomas screams at the top of his voice at the horror. But the horror has just begun as stepping out of the shadows towards the bed is a tall dark figure carrying a shiny object. As the figure gets closer, Thomas is able to identify it as a man dressed in black with a black ski mask and he is carrying a large, sharp knife with blood dripping. Thomas looks at crazed, evil eyes that pierce his soul through the eye holes of the mask. The man moves closer to Thomas and raises the knife to ready for a downward stroke. Thomas wants to move but he is frozen in fear. Thomas again screams as the man, now right above him swings the knife downward.

LYNN

Thomas! Thomas!

Lynn shakes Thomas after verbal calls don't seem to work alone. Finally, she is able to wake him. He is trembling as he curls up in a fetal position.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Nightmare?

THOMAS

Yeah, worst one yet. I don't know; being back here, maybe it's not such a good idea.

LYNN

Say the word, babe. We can pack up and be out of here.

THOMAS

Yeah.... But we got all our friends here now, they are all looking forward to this weekend away.

LYNN

We could drive up the coast, there's lots to do there, we could do some rock climbing and maybe even some hang gliding.

THOMAS

Yeah, that could be fun! But no, I'm through running from this thing, I'm going to face it head-on.

LYNN

That's my man. I've never known you to shrink from a challenge.

THOMAS

Tell you what, go gather up the gang. Tell them, we gonna see what passes for nightlife, in this one-horse town. I'm gonna jump in the shower.

LYNN

Great! Take your time, I'm gonna come join you.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

MINUTES LATER

Thomas wrapped in a towel walks the short distance from the master bedroom to the master bath. He stops in his tracks, thinking he hears something behind him. He turns around but nothing is there.

THOMAS

Hello.

He writes it off as nerves and his imagination then turns and continues to the bath. He enters the bathroom and shuts the door. He pulls back the curtain around the bathtub to reveal the shower controls. Steam emerges as he adjusted for plenty of hot water, removes the towel, and steps in. Thomas goes about the business of pre-rinsing and soaping up.

After his face is covered with soap, he feels a cool breeze, which makes him believe the bathroom door had been opened. He clears the soap from his face and can see through the shower curtain that someone is in the bathroom.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That was fast. You sure you told everyone.

There is no answer, the figure just stands there. With some of the soap running in his eyes, Thomas rinses his face to clear his vision.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Lynn?

Still, there is no answer. Just as he is about to pull the shower curtain to get a better view, his body is shocked by a rush of cold water. He shrieks, then pulls the shower curtain to see who had flushed the stool. When he opens the curtain he finds that no one was there, he was alone in the bathroom. While he has the shower curtain open, Lynn enters and shuts the door behind her.

LYNN

Well, this is new, since when did you start leaving the bathroom door open when you shower.

THOMAS

I didn't, I shut the door.

LYNN

I don't think so. It was wide open.

THOMAS

Wait a minute, were you just here?

Lynn disrobes and joins Thomas in the shower.

LYNN

Just here?

THOMAS

Someone was just here and flushed the toilet.

LYNN

I just got here and everyone else is downstairs. Have you already been sampling some of Jackson's wacky weed?

Thomas laughs a bit to cover up his uneasy feeling.

INT. BLONTVILLE THE BAR NAMED LAST CALL JUST PAST 10 PM

The gang has invaded the bar and are mixing with a few of the locals playing pool and singing karaoke as Thomas and Lynn sit drinking at a booth. On the stage singing "Islands in the Stream", are Brian and Sand. Jackson plays pool with one of the three deputies that have accompanied Jess, trying to milk him for information about the sheriff.

LYNN

This isn't bad. I expected a lot worst.

Lynn takes a drink of her diet-coke as she looks about the large one-room bar.

THOMAS

What were you expecting? A mechanical bull and a chewing tobacco spitting contest?

LYNN

No....

Lynn giggles a bit.

THOMAS

Well, I was.

The two laugh.

LYNN

Well, were you expecting her?

Lynn references Jess, who was laughing and drinking across the room, at the bar with her deputies.

THOMAS

We aren't going to start that again, are we? I told you I haven't laid eyes on her since we were 10.

Almost on queue, as if she could sense the two talking about her, Jess looks the couple's way. Jackson walks to her from the pool table and exchanges a few words interrupting the connection.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey, you think Jackson may have slipped Rachel something to make her sick, so she wouldn't be here?

LYNN

Although, I wouldn't put it past him. Rachel ate one of those burritos too.

THOMAS

Speaking of which, are you feeling better?

LYNN

Yeah, this diet-coke seems to be settling my stomach a bit.

JESS

Is that why you aren't drinking?

Jess has walked upon the two and caught the end of their conversation. The two are a bit startled not noticing her approach.

LYNN

Well, that and I'm the designated driver of this bunch tonight.

JESS

Mind if I join you for a bit?

THOMAS

Well....

LYNN

Sure. I would love to hear all about you and Thomas growing up in this loving town.

Lynn moves over, clearing an area for Jess to sit next to her, across from Thomas.

JESS

Well, I wouldn't exactly call it loving.

Jess is barely seated before Jackson walks over to the booth, with his eyes clearly focused on Jess.

JACKSON

Don't you get too comfortable over here, after I've finished schooling deputy Larry over there, you're next.

JESS

Ok.

As Jackson finally walks away from the three, never even acknowledging Thomas and Lynn, Jess turns to the two.

JESS (CONT'D)

Am I wrong or didn't you say he was here with someone?

THOMAS

Rachel.

JESS

Where's Rachel?

LYNN

Well, she isn't feeling too well, something she ate.

JESS

Hmmm. And the other two?

LYNN

You are quite observant, must be part of your law enforcement training.

JESS

Well, I can count. Learned that probably in Kindergarten.

LYNN

Sammy and Meredith are back at the Manor catching up, so to speak.

The three laugh.

JESS

Here's to catching up.

Jess and Thomas touch their beer bottles to Lynn's glass of diet-coke.

JESS (CONT'D)

So tell me, how'd you all meet up?

THOMAS

College. Me and Brian were Frat brothers and he introduced me to Lynn, the love of my life.

JESS

Uhhh.... So sweet. And so the rest of the crew, college as well?

THOMAS

Well, Jackson and Sammy, yes. Meredith and Sand grew up with Lynn in Vegas. Rachel is Jackson's latest.

JESS

So, how's Vegas? I always wanted to go.

LYNN

Are you asking me as the sheriff? No offense, I'm beginning to feel like we are in an interrogation.

THOMAS

Oh, come on, Lynn.

JESS

No....No. I know how she feels. I've often been told that I don't know how to turn it off, instead of conversate, I interrogate. I can't tell you how many guys are put off by that, it's probably why I'm still single.

THOMAS

Well, that and because this town is filled with in-breeds.

The three laugh.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Remember Buzz Joyner?

JESS

Sure, I'm surprised that you remember him though.

LYNN

Who is this Buzz Joyner?

THOMAS

Buzz Joyner was this meathead we grew up with. He was a big bully. He especially liked messing with Jess the only black girl in our grade.

LYNN

Oh, so he was one of those.

JESS

To be honest, it was probably hard feelings from my dad locking his dad up a few times for DUI's and disturbing the peace. At any rate, Thomas over here ended his bullying once and for all.

LYNN

Really?

JESS

Yes. You see, Thomas and I were the outcast, we always sat together at lunch, apart from the other kids. One day Buzz came over to our table and offered me his chocolate pudding, cause of him hating all things chocolate.

THOMAS

Yeah, he offered it by dumping it over her head leaving the bowl turned over on her head like a cap.

LYNN

What? What a bastard!

JESS

Well, your husband wasn't having it. I'd never seen anybody react so fast. He had stood, taken the bowl from my head and I'll never forget what he said when he smashed it against Buzz's head, "She appreciates the pudding, but you should keep your bowl."

LYNN

Wow! I'm so proud of you.

THOMAS

Yeah, well unfortunately it didn't end there.

JESS

Yeah, Buzz was not only knocked out, he required 10 stitches.

THOMAS

I was suspended and my dad introduced me to his latest belt. Well, that was the last time he beat me, Vengdactor man saw to that.

JESS

Vengdactor man?

LYNN

That's what he calls him, Simon Whittaker.

JESS

Don't give him that power. That disillusioned psycho. Don't be like these backward thinking locals saying he was some kind of vengeful entity. He was a man and just a man, a drunkard drifter.

LYNN

Was your father the one to get the confession?

JESS

Well, it wasn't like you think. He just walked into the station one day and turned himself in. He confessed to the whole thing, the killing of Thomas's parents and kidnapping Thomas. Funny thing though, dad said he claimed he had no memory of what happened after he took Thomas.

THOMAS

Probably just trying to set the grounds for an insanity plea.

JESS

Yeah, but maybe he was really insane. Dad said before he killed himself, he was talking about seeing rainbows.

THOMAS

Rainbows?

JESS

Yeah rainbows.... That mean something to you.

THOMAS

I recently underwent hypnosis and I remember a dark, dirty room and a rainbow of lights from when I was taken. Uhh.... You will have to forgive me. This is a subject that I really don't want to talk about.

JESS

Sure, I understand.

Thomas tries to change the subject.

THOMAS

Hey, whatever came of that waste of sperm Buzz Joyner?

JESS

Well, actually I married him.

THOMAS

You married.... Hey, I'm sorry about calling him....

JESS

Don't sweat it. We've been divorced for some time now. He left town afterward, there is even a rumor going about town that, I offed him.

They all laughed.

LYNN

You didn't, did you?

JESS

Now, who's doing the interrogating?

They continue to laugh.

THOMAS

So what is your dad doing these days after his retirement?

JESS

Well, he and my mom moved down south bought a place and they tell me waiting, for grandkids.

THOMAS

Texas? I know your dad was a ranger before you'll moved here.

JESS

Actually, they've gone back to live near my mom's family in New Orleans.

THOMAS

New Orleans?

Sand and Brian interrupt, returning from karaoke, Sand ushers Brian to scoot over so she can sit. Jess begins to get up to make room for Brian but he stops her.

BRIAN

I got to go and release some of this beer.

SAND

So what were you three over here talking about?

LYNN

My husband the hero, here.

THOMAS

Well, I don't know about, a hero.

LYNN

Really, well what do you say Jess?

JESS

Definitely, a hero.

Thomas's cell rings, he looks at it and displays an exhausted face.

LYNN

Again?

THOMAS

Yep.

LYNN

Just put it on vibrate.

THOMAS

What will that solve? He's just going to keep calling. I've got to face up to him just like I'm facing up to this town.

Thomas ushers Sand to let him up from the table then he heads for the front exit of the bar with his cell to his ear. Sand sits back down looking over her shoulder first for Brian.

JESS
Is everything okay?

SAND
Sure, just wondering how long it takes to pee?

JESS
Actually, I was referring to Thomas he seemed upset.

LYNN
Yeah, it's his uncle, he was against Thomas ever returning here after what happened and all.

JESS
Hmmm.... That's understandable. Your friend a smoker?

SAND
Yeah, why?

JESS
When he left the bathroom, he went out the back exit to the smoking area. That law enforcement observant training thing and all.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO LAST CALL MOMENTS LATER

Thomas paces back and forth on the sidewalk conversating with his uncle, with his cell to his ear.

DR. DERICK BLONT
You should have told me about these nightmares. I'm quite sure I would have come up with a better solution than going back to that dreadful place.

THOMAS
Maybe uncle Derrick but Dr. Murry....

DR. DERICK BLONT
Dr. Murry? DR. Byron Murry?

THOMAS

Yeah, he spoke of you, apparently, you two have worked together or something.

DR. DERICK BLONT

Worked together? An ant and a bulldozer can do the same thing, they can both move dirt, in that aspect, I suppose you could say we were colleagues. I wasn't all that impressed with him then and even less now, suggesting you revisit that place.

THOMAS

It's just after the hypnosis?

As Thomas paces the sidewalk, something catches his eye, down the alley between the buildings. It's a couple engaged in a vigorous make out session, against the wall, near the back entrance of the bar. The man is unmistakably, Brian, with his lips locked with a server from the bar.

DR. DERICK BLONT

Hypnosis? That quack hypnotized you? An idiot like that could have done nearly irreversible damage.....

THOMAS

Look, uncle Derrick, I got to go, something has come up.

Thomas's attention is taken totally from his uncle to the show in the alley. He disconnects his call and stands with his hands on his hips, staring down the occupied couple. Only moments pass before they realized that they were being observed. Brian looking up and seeing Thomas, violently jerks away from the barely legal redhead. He begins re-stuffing his shirt into his pants, the whole time looking at Thomas. Thomas shakes his head and precedes back into the bar.

INT. LAST CALL

MOMENTS LATER

Thomas comes into the bar and walks back to the booth where his friends sit. He seems visibly upset. He gets Jackson's attention and waves him over. At about the same time Brian reenters from the back entrance with the young redhead following him, with only Jess and Lynn noticing.

THOMAS

I think we better call it a night.

LYNN

Your uncle upset you?

THOMAS

Not really. I'm just a bit tired,
all the driving in all.

JACKSON

The night is young. Maybe I'll
stay behind, I bet all kind of
things go on in this town after
hours.

Jackson eyes down Jess as he speaks.

JESS

If I were you I would go with your
friends, about the only thing to
get into around here after hours,
is jail. Not a pleasant place to
be on a weekend with the judge not
issuing releases until Monday.

BRIAN

I agree with Jackson, this may be a
bit too early.

THOMAS

You sure about that, buddy? You
look a little tired to me, you've
been quite busy today.

Thomas looks Brian directly in the eyes transmitting a secret
message. Brian reads it loud and clear.

BRIAN

Yeah, you're right, I am a bit
tired.

Jackson still protests.

THOMAS

Jess, it's good to see you again.
Maybe we'll talk again before we
leave.

JESS

Sure.

The group exits the bar with Jackson looking back in a silent
plea. Jess returns to where her deputies gather.

DEPUTY LARRY
A quick game, sheriff?

The young deputy stands at the pool table with a cue stick in his hands.

JESS
Naw, actually I'm going to head back to the station. I need to do a little research on an old case. Tammy come over here.

Jess signals the redhead, who is completely taken off guard by Jess summoning her. She walks over to her slowly knowing that she wasn't going to like the conversation.

TAMMY
Sheriff, if you want a drink, you are right at the bar.

JESS
I think we both know, that's not what I want you for.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BLONT MANOR

MOMENTS LATER

For various reasons, the short 5-minute ride from the town to the Manor was a quiet one. Finally, the silence is broken when Thomas, from the passenger window, spots a figure in the attic window looking down on them arriving. The dim attic light seems to reveal the figure of a man.

THOMAS
What are those dummies doing up there? It may not be safe, they may fall through the floor or something.

LYNN
Up where?

Thomas looks at Lynn amazed that she doesn't see the figure.

THOMAS
Up there in the attic.

LYNN
Sorry, babe, I don't see anything.

THOMAS
What do you mean you don't see anything?

Thomas looks back up to the attic window, it is dark, there is no light and no figure.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The light is off now.

LYNN
The light?

THOMAS
The light, didn't you guys see?

Everyone in the car looks at Thomas as if he was from Mars and shake their heads no.

INT. BLONT MANOR

MOMENTS LATER

The group enters the manor, with Thomas in the lead. Thomas goes to the foot of the stairs and yells upward.

THOMAS
Sammy, Meredith what are you doing
up there?

A voice could be heard from the kitchen on the ground floor.

SAMMY
Hey dude, no need to yell.

Everyone follows Thomas to the kitchen. In the kitchen, Sammy and Meredith sit at the dining table surrounded by a large cloud of smoke. Sammy takes a giant pull from the joint and passes it to Meredith.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Like, dude why are you all
dramatic?

JACKSON
Hey, how'd you get in my shit?

RACHEL
I got us a bit. Didn't think you
would mind, after all, that is why
you brought it.

Rachel replies as she comes from the frig with an arm full of cold cuts and bread.

JACKSON
Yeah, I guess.

Thomas is very excited now, not really caring about the weed.

THOMAS

Look, forget the weed for a second!
Who was just up in the attic?

MEREDITH

Attic? No way! Hell, I'm afraid
to go to the bathroom by myself in
this place.

SAMMY

Yeah, you aren't gonna catch me in
no scary attic.

THOMAS

Well, someone was up there!

Thomas runs to the ground floor parlor room, grabs a poker from the side of the fireplace, then precedes up the stairs. Fueled by excitement, he clears the stairs to the second floor then to the third. Lynn, Jackson, and Brian are finally able to catch up with him as he unfolds the ladder from the lowered attic door. A man on a mission he climbs the ladder not paying attention to the voices of his friends.

LYNN

Thomas, wait!

Thomas is almost to the top of the ladder, he pulls the string for the light but there is no light. He yanks the string again, nothing. Brian climbs the ladder behind him.

BRIAN

Light not working? Here take this.

Brian hands a Bic lighter up to Thomas. Thomas flicks the lighter to reveal the cluttered attic. He turns about in all directions to see the full range of the lighter, before stepping off the ladder onto the attic floor. He holds the lighter up to the dusty bulb.

THOMAS

It's blown.

LYNN

Can't be. You saw the light.

Lynn yells from the foot of the ladder.

THOMAS

Stay where you are, with no light
it could be treacherous up here.

Thomas walks the narrow path through all the junk in the attic to the window and looks down at the drive, where the cars are parked, Brian follows.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Could have sworn I saw.....

BRIAN
You know, I've seen an episode or two of Columbo.

THOMAS
Oh really?

Brian scratches his head and does his best Columbo impression.

BRIAN
Well, you see sir. If you would observe there is another window across the room over there. There's a full moon tonight, perhaps the moonlight shined through that window to this one. The light casts a shadow from some of this scary looking crap in this attic and.....

THOMAS
And I saw what I thought was a figure of a man up here. That's actually not a bad theory.

BRIAN
Ah sir, just one more thing before I go.

THOMAS
Get out of here!

The two laugh.

INT. A COFFEE CAFE' IN THE CITY OVER 500 MILES AWAY
SECONDS LATER

Dr. Murray smiles and chats with a young pretty barista before taking his coffee and collecting her phone number. He is happy and quite pleased with himself as he strolls to his Mercedes across the parking lot. He doesn't hear that he is being tracked by a much larger man, from behind. As he reaches his car, it unlocks automatically, with his key fob in his pocket.

He pulls up the door handle but that is the last thing he remembers as he goes unconscious from his head being slammed to the roof of his car.

EXT. THE TOP PARKING AREA OF A PARKING GARAGE 30 MINUTES LATER

Dr. Murray is rudely awakened by a splash of cold liquid in his face. He opens his eyes to realize that he is laying on cement ground with a towering Dr. Blont standing over him. Dr. Blont tosses an empty big gulp 7-11 cup the seems to go forever. It is now, that Dr. Murray realizes that he is high above the street level on the top of the parking garage. As he slowly sits up he also realizes that the parking lot is empty except for his car and that he is positioned very close to the edge. Even though there is a waist-high cement guard rail it was very scary to look down at the street below. After tossing the cup over the edge, Dr. Blont reaches down and picks up a tire tool.

DR. DERICK BLONT

It was cherry, I seem to remember you loved that flavor.

DR. MURRY

You must be out of your mind!

DR. DERICK BLONT

Maybe. Or maybe you are, coming up here to jump?

DR. MURRY

Jump? Come on Dr. Blont, you can't be serious.

DR. DERICK BLONT

Aren't I? You messed with family! My only family! What did you think would happen?

DR. MURRY

Messed with your....

DR. DERICK BLONT

Go ahead, say it. Say you didn't know Thomas was my nephew and I'll crack your head open like a melon.

DR. MURRY

Of course, I knew. But all I'm doing is helping him.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Helping him?

DR. MURRY
Yes, helping him. Helping him to
overcome his fears.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Helping him overcome his fears?
Sending him, a former
institutionalized patient to an
uncontrolled environment without
any kind of supervision. Is that
something you learned in night
school?

DR. MURRY
You always were a smug son of a
bitch, looking down your nose at
me. But we both know you have
something to hide, don't we?

DR. DERICK BLONT
Oh really, what do I have to hide?

DR. MURRY
I got Thomas to remember not only
some dark room but also a rainbow
of lights. The same rainbow of
lights that his parents' killer
seemed to remember before he
suddenly killed himself.

DR. DERICK BLONT
And, what does that have to do with
me?

DR. MURRY
You can't play dumb Dr. Blont, your
inflated ego won't allow that. The
spiral light projector you used to
use to achieve deep hypnosis.

DR. DERICK BLONT
I'm hardly the only psychiatrist to
use such a device.

DR. MURRY
Well, if you couple that with a few
pharmaceuticals coming up short at
the institution round about the
time, your brother and his wife
came up dead.

(MORE)

DR. MURRY (CONT'D)

One being, Benzodiazepine. It can be used to also achieve deep hypnosis.

DR. DERICK BLONT

So what? You propose I killed two people. Hypnotized Thomas to forget I killed them. Then hypnotized a stranger to be the fall guy. I did all of this while being on shift at the institute a mere what, 500 miles away at the time of the murders. All of which were verified by several doctors and patients including yourself. Is this the nonsense you are proposing?

DR. MURRY

Ok... Ok, I haven't got the specifics, maybe you hypnotized the drifter to kill them I don't know but the authorities would be interested in what I have to say.

Dr. Murry's skin begins to crawl as Dr. Blont suddenly steps closer.

DR. MURRY (CONT'D)

No! No! You can't kill me!

DR. DERICK BLONT

Kill you? I'm not going to kill you. You don't have anything to substantiate any of the crap you just spewed. I, on the other hand, have evidence the ethics board would find very interesting, I doubt very much if you would ever be able to practice again.

DR. MURRY

What... What are you talking about?

DR. DERICK BLONT

After Thomas told me that he was seeing you, something clicked. Something that had been right in front of me the whole time, but it didn't fall into place until Thomas said your name. I got on my computer and pulled up a photo of your original staff from when you first started your practice.

(MORE)

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)
I guess I don't have to tell you
what I saw?

DR. MURRY
No.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Depending upon what happens at that
manor this weekend, not practicing
may be the least of your worries.

DR. MURRY
What do you mean?

DR. DERICK BLONT
What I mean is, your greed,
thinking you would be able to get
your hands on my family's millions,
may have opened up a can of worms
that may not be able to be closed.

DR. MURRY
I don't care anything about your
money, that's not why I....

DR. DERICK BLONT
I know why. You are a weak man,
you always were; easily
manipulated.

DR. MURRY
It wasn't like that. I need to
call.

Dr. Murry starts feeling his pockets, searching for his cell.
Dr. Blont produces it from his own pocket.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Looking for this.

DR. MURRY
Give it to me, I need to call...

DR. DERICK BLONT
No phone calls. You are going to
go there and personally convince
Thomas that this was a bad idea and
leave that dreadful place.

DR. MURRY
Ok.... Ok, but let me call first.

DR. DERICK BLONT

No phone calls. Things could only get worst if someone desperately employed some half-baked contingency plan. Not to worry, you'll be there in no time, if we leave right away.

DR. MURRY

We?

DR. DERICK BLONT

That's right, we. You didn't really think I would trust you to handle this on your own, did you?

INT. BLONT MANOR GROUND FLOOR PARLOR ROOM MOMENTS LATER

All of the group sit in the large room some on the furniture others on the floor drinking and smoking from Jackson's supply. They are laughing and discussing the adventures they have had in their short life spans. Thomas seems a bit aloft which hasn't gone unnoticed by Lynn.

LYNN

Thomas, you alright? You seem a little off since we left the attic.

MEREDITH

Really, since we left that bar.

Brian is quick to intercept.

BRIAN

Give the guy a break, this is his first time back in this place in 15 years, he's bound to be overwhelmed.

Thomas looks at Brian before speaking.

THOMAS

Yeah, that's probably it, a lot of memories, some things are so shocking, that they can never be unseen.

Jackson reaches out to hand Thomas an especially fat joint. It is already lit and smoking.

JACKSON

You haven't smoked any yet. You gotta try this, got this from a one-eyed Jamaican. He smothered it in behind his glass eye, in his eye socket.

They all laugh.

BRIAN

You're full of crap, man.

Thomas waves it off.

THOMAS

I don't know maybe I shouldn't in my state of mind.

BRIAN

Heck, then give it to me.

Brian reaches for the joint but Jackson pushes him back.

JACKSON

You can wrap your own. I'll personally wrap yours when you supply a weekend at a million-dollar mansion. Come on man, I promise after you smoke this you won't have a care in the world.

Reluctantly, Thomas finally accepts the fatly wrap joint and takes a giant pull.

THOMAS

Whew, that's some strong stuff.

Thomas coughs a bit, then offers the joint to Lynn, who hasn't smoked or drank anything other than diet coke to this point. Lynn takes the joint but does not take a pull.

EXT. LENARD LOTT'S HOME

MOMENTS LATER

Jess knocks on the front door of the moderate, one story, modern home. She is in full uniform and holds a folder. Finally, after about a two-minute wait, the door is answered by Lenard dressed in a robe.

LENARD

Sheriff? Do you know what time it is?

JESS

Sorry, Mr. Lenard, I know it's late
but I don't think this could wait.
Besides, I have good news, that I
think you would want to hear.

The old man, after a few moments of thought, invites Jess in. She walks in and starts to look about the place like she had just entered a crime scene. She looks at the many photos displayed on the walls. The photos are mainly of Lenard and his wife and children, but there was something odd about the photos that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

JESS (CONT'D)

This is a nice place. You've been
here, what, five years now.

LENARD

Yes, since my Rosa passed. The
kids were grown and moved on,
didn't make any sense to keep that
old big place.

Jess opens the folder and read.

JESS

Yes, the place on Greene Ave.

The action of opening a folder and reading the location of his old home seemed to upset Lenard.

LENARD

What is this, sheriff? You said
you had something I wanted to hear.

JESS

Relax Mr. Lenard, I do. It's
just.... Could we sit at a table,
I've got a few things I want to go
over with you.

Very suspicious of Jess's intentions, Lenard takes a moment to think, then leads her to his dining room table. She quickly takes a seat, lays the file on the table, and opens it. Lenard doesn't sit, he turns on the heat beneath a kettle of water and places two empty cups and saucers on the table.

LENARD

Coffee?

JESS

None, for me thanks.

Lenard removes one of the cups and saucers, placing them back in the cabinet.

LENARD

So, what's this good news, that couldn't wait till a decent hour to be delivered.

JESS

Please have a seat Mr. Lenard and I can explain.

Lenard finally sits across from Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

The good news is, I think I know who has been messing around up there at Blont Manor.

Lenard now leans forward with excitement.

LENARD

You do?

JESS

Yes, and I think you weren't imagining things when you felt things had been moved about.

LENARD

I knew it!

JESS

I had a little talk with, Tammy Bell, our town welcome wagon for any breathing male. She admitted to me that she became quite familiar with one of Thomas's friends a few weekends back.

LENARD

So, he has been here before and likely up to the manor but for what purpose?

JESS

That, I don't know but I'm working on a theory, I could use your help.

LENARD

How could I help? Do you believe I had something to do....

JESS

No.... No, never, you obviously love that place. My theory is that this all ties into the deaths of Thomas's parents.

The kettle whistles, Lenard gets up takes it from the stove and pours hot water in his cup, places the kettle back on the stove on a different isle, turning off the original aisle. He sits and stirs the liquid in his cup with a teaspoon.

LENARD

How?

JESS

You see, I was talking to Thomas a little earlier and he said some interesting things. It seems that he remembers now, that he spent some time in a dark dirty room before he was found weeks later wandering near the skirts of town.

LENARD

Okay, and...

JESS

My dad talked about things that bothered him about those murders in the years that followed.

Jess begins shuffling through the papers in the file until she comes to one page. She pushes the page in front of Lenard to read.

JESS (CONT'D)

After speaking to Thomas, I opened the file with the evidence from the murders. Simon Whittaker's confession was there of course but what was really odd was that just before his suicide he remembered this same room as Thomas.

LENARD

That is odd. I seem to just remember he said he was seeing rainbows before his death.

JESS

That's just what the sheriff's department released to the public.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

But as you can read here this was his whole statement. The room with rainbow lights, just like Thomas.

LENARD

I see. But I still don't understand, how could I help you in this matter?

JESS

You remember, Paul and Melisa Tyler?

LENARD

Paul and Melisa?

JESS

They bought your old place.

LENARD

Oh yes, sure, nice young couple from out of town.

JESS

You didn't know this but about a year ago the fire department got a call from them. Their little son was doing a little exploring and would you believe it, he fell into an underground bomb shelter.

LENARD

He did. I hope he is alright.

JESS

Sure, he is perfectly fine, he got a few scratches and bruises, fire department had to fish him out of there. The stairs were rotten and collapsed.

LENARD

I still don't see....

Lenard suddenly realizes the direction that Jess was going.

JESS

Yep, bomb shelter, dark dirty room a lot of similarities. No one knew back then that you had a bomb shelter on your property, Mr. Lenard.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

Just think, all that time spent searching for Thomas and he may have been right in there the whole time.

LENARD

Are you accusing me of something? On the night of the murders I....

JESS

You were participating in an all-night church meeting, with several witnesses, yes I know. It's right here in your statement.

Jess pushes another paper towards Lenard.

LENARD

Then what's this foolishness.

JESS

It's just a few things in your statement that don't add up.

LENARD

Don't add up?

JESS

After you discovered the bodies and that Thomas was missing at 9 am. It was 11 am before you walked into the sheriff's department and reported the crime.

LENARD

I explained that. That's a large estate, I spent that time searching for Thomas.

JESS

Yes, I saw that in your statement. What's odd is that you didn't call the sheriff from the manor. They could have assisted you with the search.

LENARD

I was under a lot of stress, I had just found the mutilated bodies of people that were very dear to me. I wasn't thinking straight, I should have called instead.

JESS

Yet, you called Dr. Blont.

LENARD

Huh? You are mistaken, the sheriff's department informed Dr. Blont.

JESS

That's what they thought at the time. Problem is they made a call to Dr. Blont at 12:08 pm. He called the airport to reserve an airplane ticket at 9:15 am.

LENARD

Ok, so maybe I did call him. I don't really recall. What difference does it make? Especially now? If it was such a big deal, why didn't anyone mention it back then?

JESS

Well, you see these discrepancies were discovered in the midst of verifying Dr. Blont's alibi, before it could be addressed Thomas had been found. Then the alleged killer had turned himself in and confessed.

LENARD

Alleged? Wasn't he able to give specific details of the murders?

JESS

Yes, he did, details that weren't even in the papers.

LENARD

So what's this alleged business?

JESS

You know my father became quite obsessed with the case, he always thought there was more to it than some drifter happening by. Mr. Blont was killed with a rage, he received several stab wounds, many postmortem. Mrs. Blont was killed much more compassionately, a single cut across her wrist. There was no struggle, possibly while she slept.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

Nothing was stolen and no murder weapon was ever recovered.

LENARD

I think it was well established that he was out of his mind.

JESS

Boy was he. You know back then there was only woods on the backside of the Blont estate. Acres and acres of woods. My dad writes in his report here, about all the hours spent searching them for Thomas. Yet, that crazy Simon Whittaker chose to track through all those woods, instead of just walking right through the front gate.

LENARD

The gates may have been closed.

JESS

Now, Mr. Lenard, even I remember as a child, the Blonts never closed that gate. It was their way of saying to the townspeople, you are welcome. Now, back to Simon Whittaker. Did you know, that before his death he had become violently ill up there at Whitehurst Prison?

LENARD

Really?

JESS

Yeah, nearly died.

LENARD

That's a shame.

JESS

You'll never guess what made him sick.

LENARD

Well, don't leave me in suspense.

JESS

A small patch of poison ivy on the prison grounds. A small patch nearly did him in.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

Yet, he made it through the woods on the backside of the Blont estate, which was full of the stuff, without so much as a rash.

LENARD

How could you possibly know that? He didn't turn himself in until weeks later.

JESS

His allergy to poison ivy was so bad, there was no way he could have survived that kind of contact without hospitalization. There is no record of any hospital treating him.

LENARD

So he walked in the gate and entered through the front door.

JESS

There was no break-in. You, yourself stated, the Blonts locked the front door and windows but kept the back opened because there was no reasonable access from the back of the property.

LENARD

I'm sorry sheriff, I just don't see what any of this proves, a lot of circumstantial evidence, that could be dismissed by coincidence and chance.

JESS

You're right of course, I don't have any hard evidence, there's no way I could get any prosecutor to give me the time of day with what I got. Now, if you could fill in some of the spaces for me with a statement, that would go a long way.

LENARD

No offense sheriff but why the hell would I do that? Even if I could?

JESS

You know DNA is a funny thing. As you probably know, it is uniquely different for everyone. Can you imagine that everybody on the planet has an unique DNA? The same can be said for fingerprints. What if, for the sake of argument, Thomas's fingerprints or DNA is found in the bomb shelter of your old property? That would be quite interesting wouldn't it? Let's also suppose that the fingerprints or DNA of Simon Whittaker were also found there? Hmmm.... now that would be more than just interesting but wouldn't necessarily be connected to you. But if the fingerprints or DNA of Dr. Blont were found there? Now we have a problem, there is no reason these three people should be in your bomb shelter by coincidence. If you hadn't sold that property, there is no way I could attain a warrant to enter that bomb shelter. You sold the property, Mr. Lenard. Paul and Melisa Tyler are good friends of mine, I'm pretty sure they will allow me to send my forensic team down in that bomb shelter.

LENARD

That old bomb shelter, good luck finding anything down there other than dust and spiderwebs.

JESS

You'd be surprised, Mr. Lenard. For the most part, it's been sealed all those years, probably only opened that one time by a curious boy. Bomb shelters' main purpose was to remain sealed, to protect survivors. I bet you, it would be the same as if we entered it, say 15 years ago.

Lenard is silent.

JESS (CONT'D)

Here's the thing Mr. Lenard, you've got until my team goes into that shelter and collects evidence that you were somehow involved in the death of the Blonts. After that I can't help you, the charges fall where they may. So, what's it going to be? You want to talk to me now or take your chances of serving a pretty long sentence. Let's face it, a year could be a life sentence for a man of your age.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM BLONT MANOR

MINUTES LATER

Thomas lays on the bed and Lynn sits beside him, Thomas is feeling the effects of Jackson's weed and seems to be in almost a dream-like state.

LYNN

You sure you don't want to come back down. Meredith brought her Ouija board and....

THOMAS

Hell no! Are you guys crazy? An Ouija in this place.

LYNN

Where's your sense of adventure?

THOMAS

I'll be waiting right here for my adventure when you return scared and trembling.

LYNN

Well, we will see about that.

Lynn kisses her husband, then leaves the room closing the door behind her. It's not long afterward, that Thomas is aware of a scraping like sound. At first, he ignores it but the consistency of the sound finally warrants investigation. He sits up in the bed and tries to locate the direction of the sound. It seems to be coming from behind the closed doors of the balcony. He gets off the bed and walks to the doors. He stands there a moment before he slams the doors open. There was nothing there. He walks out on the balcony, out to the guard rail, and looks down at the yard, nothing. He turns around 180 degrees to head back into the bedroom.

Something off to the left side of the large balcony catches his eye. It is shiny and reflects off the moonlight, it's a large knife scraping the side of the house. Holding the knife is a man dressed in all black wearing a black ski mask.

Thomas makes a mad dash for the room, the man swipes at him with the knife as he passes. It only takes a moment for Thomas to reach the door across the room, that empties into the hallway. Sock foot, he exits the room and slides to the floor like a baseball player sliding into home base, on the slippery wood floor. He looks up to see the man approaching, meticulously from inside the room. Thomas wastes no time getting to the stairs and galloping down several steps at a time.

Thomas is now on the second floor and is about to proceed down the next flight of stairs but climbing the stairs from the first floor is the man. Thomas doesn't stop to process how this could be, he just knows that he needs to keep moving. He runs to the first bedroom door he comes to, his old bedroom. Brian and Sand had claimed it. Not bothering to knock, he enters, shutting and locking the door behind him. He turns to see Sand in bed with the covers up to her neck.

THOMAS

Sand, wake up! He's here!

Thomas runs to the bed and tries to wake Sand, only now does he notice her blueish hew, he pulls back the cover to see that she is bleeding from several stab wounds from her neck down to her chest.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh my, God!

Thomas's attention is suddenly averted to the long drapes that hang about the window. At first, it seems to be a motion from behind them as if someone was standing behind them, then something shiny pierces them from behind and rips downward violently. The masked man uses his knife to cut the drapes and steps out from behind them. Thomas runs to the door and leaves the room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Help! He's here!

Thomas hears the door mechanism of the bathroom next to the bedroom working and is about to sprint away. Brian exits pulling up his pants.

BRIAN

What's going on?

Thomas runs to him and puts his hands on his shoulders.

THOMAS

We've got to get out of here!

BRIAN

Get out of here?

THOMAS

The Vengdactor man is real. We've got to find Lynn and whoever is left and get the hell out of here!

BRIAN

Vengdactor man? Buddy you just had a little too much of that wacky weed. Don't sweat it, you aren't the only one, Sand hasn't budged since she laid down. Let me wake her. She's gonna get a laugh out of this.

Thomas tries to hold Brian back from entering the room.

THOMAS

Don't, don't go in there, he is in there. Don't go in there!

Brian yanks his arm from Thomas's grasp.

BRIAN

What's wrong with you man? You're definitely on a bad trip.

Brian walks into the open door of the bedroom as Thomas observes from the hallway, pleading for him to stop.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Sand, wake up. You think you had some bad effects. Wait till you hear Thomas. Sand? Wake up.

Brian walks up to the bed and is horrified to see his girlfriend brutally murdered.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the hell! What have you done?

Brian turns from the bed and faces Thomas in the hallway.

THOMAS

Me? I haven't done anything. That's how I found her.

BRIAN

Then who? Who could have done this?

THOMAS

I told you the Vengdactor man.

BRIAN

The Vengdactor man? The Vengdactor man isn't real Thomas.

As Brian talks and slowly walks away from the bed, Thomas sees something sliding from under the bed behind him. Finally, the man is from under the bed and stands up behind Brian.

THOMAS

He's behind you!

BRIAN

There is no one behind me.

Brian turns around and Thomas sees the man make a violent swing of the knife at the upper portion of Brian's body. Brian swings around to face Thomas once more. Blood gushes from the fresh cut across his throat as he falls to the floor. The masked man stares Thomas down, then begins to move forward. Thomas wastes no time, he heads for the stairs and proceeds downward to the first floor.

Jackson, Lynn, and Rachel are startled as Thomas comes running into the parlor.

JACKSON

Man, you scared the hell out of us. We'd just asked the Ouija board...

THOMAS

Forget that damn Ouija board, we've got to get the hell out of here!

The three sitting on the floor, look up at Thomas but do not move.

JACKSON

Hey, what's wrong with you man? You look like you have seen a ghost.

LYNN

You have another one of your nightmares?

THOMAS

This is no nightmare. This is for real. Brian and Sand.....

LYNN

Brian and Sand, what?

THOMAS

They are dead.

JACKSON, LYNN, RACHEL

Dead?

THOMAS

Yes, they were murdered by the Vengdactor man.

RACHEL

What's this nonsense? You people really take pranks to another level.

THOMAS

This is no prank. We have all got to get out of here now! Where's Sammy and Meredith?

RACHEL

Sammy said he heard something from upstairs awhile back.

JACKSON

He left, I believe he just got a little spooked from the board, but nothing like you. Meredith is in the kitchen, I think.

The four are suddenly aware of something bouncing down the stairs from the second floor. All four move to the foot of the stairs and are horrified to see what is, Sammy's decapitated head rolling on the floor. They all scream at the top of their lungs.

THOMAS

Now, do you believe me?

JACKSON

This shit isn't happening! I should have kept my black ass home, nothing good ever happens to black people in the country.

The four move to the front door to discover another horror. Meredith hangs on the door like a hood ornament stabbed through the heart. Screaming, they open the door to the manor and head out. But in the middle of the sprint to the car, Thomas makes a realization.

THOMAS

Damn, the key fob. I left it in the bedroom.

LYNN

I got mine. It's in my pocket.

Lynn runs ahead of the group to the car and gets in the driver's door as it automatically unlocks. She is positioned behind the steering wheel before noticing the knocking of the other three to be let in the car. Finally, she unlocks the doors and lets them in. She pushes the start button, the engine whines but does not start. She gives Thomas, seated in the front passenger seat a desperate glare and tries again, with the same result.

THOMAS

What the hell is going on? This thing always starts.

JACKSON

Someone must have tampered with it.

RACHEL

Who?

LYNN

I believe he is a good candidate.

Lynn refers to the masked man exiting the house and heading for their car. They all stare in terror as he moves closer.

THOMAS

We're okay, keep your doors locked.

Suddenly, all the doors in the car unlock.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why'd you unlock the doors?

Thomas looks at Lynn with utter terror on his face.

LYNN

I didn't.

Thomas locks the doors back, only to see them almost immediately unlock again.

THOMAS

What the hell is going on?

JACKSON

You know what this means, don't you? He has the other key fob.

The man continues to approach the car at a walking pace.

LYNN

What are we going to do?

JACKSON

There's only one way. Someone has to occupy him while the rest get away. My cell is on the floor in that parlor room, get the girls there, and call for help.

Jackson exits the car and tackles the man at a full sprint. They both hit the ground and engage in a deadly struggle, the man trying to stab Jackson. The other three exit the car and start for the manor. Thomas first angles toward the fighting men to intercede, but Lynn manages to persuade him to continue to the manor. Rachel leads the pack but suddenly stops in her tracks, she pulls a key chain from her pocket. Not only are her keys connected, so is a small pepper spray.

RACHEL

I forgot I had this.

She starts running back towards the struggling men before Thomas or Lynn can stop her. At the moment, Jackson seems to have gotten the advantage, he is on top and holds the man's knife hand to the ground. Rachel gets within a foot of the struggling men, trips, and falls to the ground. When she falls she accidentally activates the spray. The pepper mist cloud encompasses Jackson's face. Instinctively, he puts his hands to his face, as he yells in pain, from his burning eyes. The man uses this opportunity to plunge the knife into Jackson's mid-section. Rachel screams and tries to get up to run away but the man grabs her foot, he holds her in place as he crawls up to stab her in the back. The man then looks up and stares at Thomas and Lynn, who witness the events from the entrance to the manor.

It takes every bit of Lynn's strength to pull her husband into the manor, he simply stands there staring back at the man.

LYNN

Come on Thomas, it's too late for them. We've got to get in.

Lynn manages to push the tranced like Thomas into the manor, then she closes and locks the door.

RACHEL
We've got to get to Jackson's cell
and....

Rachel is suddenly aware that she is talking to no one, Thomas has gone.

LYNN
Thomas! Thomas!

She proceeds to the parlor and finds Jackson's cell on the floor next to the Ouija board. Only now does she see Thomas approaching from the kitchen with a large knife of his own.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Thomas. What?

THOMAS
I went to the kitchen. It's time
we fought back.

LYNN
Thomas... I...

THOMAS
Have you called for help yet?

Lynn seems dumbfounded.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The cell. Have you....

LYNN
Oh, yeah.

Lynn begins fumbling nervously with the cell.

LYNN (CONT'D)
It's locked. I don't know his
passcode.

THOMAS
I could go up and get mine. Wait,
you can emergency call without a
passcode.

LYNN
Yeah, that's right.

Just as Lynn is about to dial 911, she is grabbed from behind by the masked man.

He has one arm hooked about her throat and his other hand grips a knife. Lynn replies in a low voice.

LYNN (CONT'D)
He has a knife!

The masked man plunges the knife into her side and she falls to the floor. He then stares down Thomas, who now appears to have a crazed look in his eyes. The man steps toward Thomas then tries to run away. Thomas moves with cat-like speed and is upon the man within seconds. He throws the man to the floor, then slowly presses the knife into the man's stomach. The whole time he stares into the man's terrorized eyes, with an unblinking emotionless glare.

THE MASKED MAN
No!.... Somebody help!

Leaving the knife in place, Thomas rises like he is in a spell. Then stands and begins walking up the stairs. Lynn runs to the masked man and squats at his side. Jackson, Rachel, and another masked man enter the front door, while the others come from the back of the parlor.

JACKSON
Well, I would say that was mission accomplished. You see that dude, the way he's walking, he's definitely headed back to the looney bend. Well, damn girl you really outdid yourself with this one, that looks real as hell.

Lynn removes the mask from Sammy's face to reveal blood flowing from his mouth, indicating an internal injury.

RACHEL
That's not my work.

LYNN
He's really been stabbed.

Brian removes his mask and joins Lynn at Sammy's side.

BRIAN
No way! We were only using fake knives.

LYNN
Thomas got his hands on a real one.

Sammy makes gurgling noises unable to form words with his throat filled with blood.

BRIAN

Hang in there buddy, we're gonna get you some help.

JACKSON

Yeah, give me my cell, I'll make the call.

LYNN

Wait a minute, we got to think about this thing.

MEREDITH

Think about what, he's dying.

LYNN

We've got to clean up all this fake blood and crap first. How are we gonna explain all of this? The sheriff is already suspicious of us, thanks to stupid here thinking with his little head.

SAND

What do you mean by that?

LYNN

I mean he had one job, come here and get us set up for this weekend but he couldn't keep his hands off the local sluts.

Sand begins wildly punching at Brian, as he covers up defending himself.

SAND

You son of a bitch!

Still hanging from the door Meredith makes her plea.

MEREDITH

Who gives a fuck! Sammy is dying over there, we've got to get him some help.

LYNN

We will, we've just got to get stuff straight around here.

MEREDITH

He may not have time for us to do that, he needs help now.

LYNN

As long as the knife stays in place, his bleeding is under control.

MEREDITH

When did you become a fucking doctor? Get me down from here so that I can get Sammy some help.

JACKSON

She's right, give me my cell, he needs help now.

LYNN

Have you all forgotten why we are here? The millions and millions of dollars. I'm sorry Sammy got hurt. Everything is going as planned, we are all about to reap more money than we have dreamed of. Are you willing to throw it all away now?

JACKSON

You one cold, bitch.

LYNN

Yes, I am. The question is, what are you?

Lynn tosses Jackson his cell. He looks at it, then back at Lynn, before turning about and addresses the rest.

JACKSON

Ok, everybody, the sooner we get all this stuff cleaned up, the sooner, we can get Sammy some help.

MEREDITH

You are all out of your minds. Get me down from here.

SAND

Sorry, they are right. We're going to have to leave you there, for just a little longer.

Satisfied, her team was back on the same track, Lynn pulls her own cell from her hip pocket and made a call.

INT. DR. MURRY'S MERCEDES

MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Murry nervously drives on this joyless long road trip, with Dr. Blont, with very little conversation. He hears his cell phone ring in Dr. Blont's possession then over the car's infotainment system, then finally, the infotainment displayed, "call from Lynn". Dr. Blont smiles and looks his way.

DR. DERICK BLONT

Looks like your girlfriend wants to check-in. Aren't you going to answer?

Dr. Murry looks at Dr. Blont but says nothing.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)

What? You don't want me to listen in? Don't matter much, we're almost there.

INT. BLONT MANOR THIRD FLOOR PARLOR

MOMENTS LATER

Thomas sits on the floor with his legs beneath him as if he is praying. He is in the corner of the room before a large wide, full-length mirror that is mounted to the wall. He extends his palm to the mirror at just below its lower half, in the center. He presses and a small circular section of the mirror depresses, then he turns it clockwise 90 degrees. A mechanical mechanism can be heard, then the whole mirror slides to the side to reveal a hidden compartment. In this compartment mounted to the wall is a metal 16th-century helmet. Beside it, is a metal nesh head-dressing, both the helmet and head dressing are black. Also hanging in the compartment are a variety of deadly medieval weapons but his focus is upon one that is not deadly. It is a handheld tool with several 18-inch length, thick leather straps attached to one handle.

FLASHBACK 20
YEARS PRIOR

INT. BLONT MANOR THIRD FLOOR PARLOR

NIGHT

Five-year-old Thomas stands before his father and the open compartment. He gives Thomas a history lesson of the family and their heritage.

AARON BLONT

Only the firstborn of the Blont family are privileged to access this locker, Thomas.

(MORE)

AARON BLONT (CONT'D)

It is an honor, it is also a curse and a responsibility. Langston Blont wore this helmet when he lead his men to claim this land from the savages. This helmet became a symbol of their nightmares, they thought it was sent from the dark great hunting grounds of their ancestor's spirits and cowered to its presence. This is the reason why they were so easily dispersed by a much smaller force. They weren't far from wrong though, this armament like the Blont family is both cursed and blessed. You see Thomas, with every blessing, there must be an opposite and equal curse. The Blont family has been blessed with limitless wealth and fortune. But only the bloodlines of the firstborn. The firstborns will always be males and his siblings will always tragically parish, that is the price that has to be paid. Responsibility to continue the bloodline requires great discipline and obedience. Unfortunately, you have not been displaying either. I have exhausted all my ability to teach you these qualities, now it's time for Vengdactor man to do the teaching.

Thomas tries to leave but the hands of another man standing behind him grab his shoulders from above on both sides. Only the hands and the pants legs of the man can be seen. Aaron Blont dawns the nesh headdress, then puts the helmet on over it. His face can no longer be seen and strangely it seems, he is no longer Aaron Blont but some kind of dark force. He removes the dreaded whipping tool from the wall and faces Thomas.

PRESENT TIME

INT. BLONT MANOR THIRD FLOOR PARLOR

MOMENTS LATER

Thomas still facing the whipping tool, stands, dawns the head dressing and helmet. Vengdactor man then makes the choice of the lethal battleax.

INT. BLONT MANOR GROUND FLOOR FRONT ROOM

MOMENTS LATER

The group has cleaned up all the theatrical makeup and fake blood. Sand sits in the parlor at the fading Sammy's side, trying to comfort him, while Lynn paces back and forth trying to get Dr. Murry to answer her calls. Brian and Jackson are finally taking on the task of lowering the angry Meredith from the front door so that her makeup can be cleaned off. Rachel stands behind them with rags and cleaning solution to get the job done.

MEREDITH

Oh my God! You've got to get me down! You've got to get me down, now!

BRIAN

What do you think we are doing?

Meredith's eyeballs seem to have increased to the size of golf balls, as she sees what the others can't, facing away from the staircase. Vengdactor man charges down the stairs with the battleax. Meredith begins violently jerking to free herself, which actually hinders the process of the men trying to free her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

How in the hell are we supposed to get you down?

JACKSON

Yeah, calm the hell down.

Rachel is able to hear or feel the approach from behind, she turns and sees the charging Vengdactor man and darts off to the parlor. Jackson and Brian are not as fortunate, with their backs to the action, they pay the price. Jackson is immediately impaled from behind by the battleax, the blade goes all the way through, penetrating his chest. He falls forward, on the hanging Meredith, before sliding to the floor. The stunned Brian falls to the floor on his butt and freezes for a moment as the Vengdactor man struggles with pulling the battleax from Jackson's body. Finally, his flight or fight reflexes kick in. First, he backpedals crab walk style, then he is on his feet and in a full sprint towards the kitchen. His actions were too late, as the thrown battleax splits his skull.

Vengdactor man patiently walks to Brian's body and retrieves his tool. He turns around quickly and looks in the parlor, then walks briskly towards the room, past the front door, seemingly ignoring Meredith. Meredith wimples with terror but tries to contain herself not to draw his attention. Vengdactor man only sees the dying Sammy laying on the floor.

He turns about, scanning the room for the others but sees no one. The gurgling Sammy captures his attention. He walks over and stands over him. He just stands there looking down at him for a moment. Sammy reaches up with a hand, Vengdactor man drops the battleax. He bends and stretches his arm down as if to take Sammy's hand, instead he pulls out the knife. Blood gushes from Sammy's chest and he passes immediately. Vengdactor man stands there for a moment admiring his work, then he suddenly readjusts his grip on the knife, turns, and throws it at the staircase. The handrail of the far side of the staircase is impaled barely missing Lynn, the trailing of the three fleeing girls.

Vengdactor man picks up the battleax and is again on the move, walking at a fast pace towards the staircase. He suddenly stops at the foot of the steps and turns to face the front door. Meredith, witnessing his actions has tried to stay as silent and still as possible but now realizing that he has turned his attention her way, she shrieks and starts jerking violently.

MEREDITH

Thomas, don't do this. Thomas,
please don't do this!

Vengdactor man walks slowly towards Meredith. Vengdactor man is tall but Meredith is hung high enough that he looks up at her, as he steps up to within inches of her.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Please Thomas. You don't want to
hurt me. Please....

Tears run down Meredith's cheeks as she pleas for her life. Vengdactor man again drops the battleax and grips Meredith about her shoulders. He seems to have super strength, as he easily lifts her from the hook attached to the door that fastened to the apparatus she wears. He slowly and gently lowers her until her feet touch the floor.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Thank you, Thomas.

Several moments pass as Vengdactor man looks down in Meredith's face holding her at the shoulders. She finally makes the realization that he isn't going to release her. She begins struggling, punching, kicking but his arms are long enough to make her efforts useless. Quickly his hands move from her shoulders to the sides of her face. He begins to squeeze her face like he would an orange. Her blood filled, teary eyes bulge as her wailing arms and kicking feet slow. Finally, there is no more movement, and Vengdactor man drops her dead body like it was a bag of potatoes.

A loud gasp can be heard from the second floor, Vengdactor man turns and looks up to see the three women staring down.

The women turn around and begin to run down the hallway, Rachel and Sand stop in front of Thomas's old bedroom, while Lynn continues to run.

RACHEL

No! In here!

Lynn stops and joins the other women as they enter the room.

Vengdactor man wastes no time climbing the stairs to the second floor. He almost walks past the open bedroom door but stops suddenly and turns to face the doorway. Holding the battleax against his right shoulder at the military, right shoulder arms, he slowly enters the room. He stops at the entrance and slowly rotates his head, taking in all of the room. He moves slowly into the room and walks until he is beside the bed. Once he is at the side of the bed, he suddenly drops to the floor and looks under it. Seeing nothing, his movements now are much more violent. Laying the battleax on the bed, he pulls out the dresser and looks behind it. He opens a footlocker at the foot of the bed then tosses it. He stops and stares at the closed closet on the other side of the bed. He picks up the battleax from the bed and swings it striking the door splitting it in half from top to bottom, then he throws the halves aside. He steps into the small closet with only a few of Sands garments hanging about, otherwise, it is completely empty. He turns around and steps out of the closet, moving slowly again. He makes one more survey of the room rotating his head in both directions then he briskly heads for the door to exit the room. He brushes his knee as he passes the bedpost at the foot of the bed then after taking about two steps he stops in his tracks. After a few moments, he turns back around and faces the bed.

The women have managed to remain quiet throughout Vengdactor man's search of the room. Hidden in a special compartment behind the headboard designed for this weekend's events, they nervously observe Vengdactor man through a two-way mirror that replaced the original headboard mirror. Vengdactor man steps closer to the bed, he looks down at the floor and observes that the foot of the bed has left a groove of about six inches in the carpet, from being slid from its original position. The frightened women put their hands over their mouths as he now looks back up at the bed and stares directly into the mirror. He readjusts the battleax as if he is about to go on the attack and moves even closer to the bed. Suddenly, he stops and turns his head as if he has heard a sound from somewhere else in the manor. He turns and runs from the room.

INT. BLONT MANOR FRONT DOOR

AT THAT MOMENT

It takes the strength of both Dr. Murry and Dr. Blont to push open the door. Once they have, they are horrified, as they step in the house to find the door was blocked by two dead bodies.

DR. MURRY

Oh my God!

DR. DERICK BLONT

Looks like your little plan didn't go as well as you thought. You idiot, what made you think that you had a grasp of the human mind.

The men walk into the house far enough to observe two more dead bodies.

DR. MURRY

Do you think they are all....

DR. DERICK BLONT

Dead? Probably, including your little girlfriend.

DR. MURRY

We have to call the authorities, there may be survivors.

DR. DERICK BLONT

We will, but first, we have to assess the situation.

DR. MURRY

Assess the situation? Are you as mad as your nephew? There are people dead!

DR. DERICK BLONT

I realize that but have you stopped to consider who is responsible. Thomas, mentally unstable, traumatized from youth under the care of a mental health care professional. Or is it the mental health care professional himself, who seems to have set up a situation to provoke a delusional response? Here, take your cell, you make the call.

Dr. Blont hands Dr. Murry his cell, Dr. Murry puts the cell away in his pocket, then looks back to Dr. Blont.

DR. MURRY

Okay, what do we do? I don't see Lynn and perhaps some of the others among the dead here?

DR. DERICK BLONT

We make a search of this place first. The dead here obviously aren't going to get any deader. We locate who may be still alive to include Thomas. From there we make some well thought out decisions to minimalize this mess you made here. Meanwhile, I'll get us some help.

Dr. Blont makes a phone call on his cell.

INT. THOMAS'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

MINUTES LATER

It's been a while since the women were terrorized by Vengdactor man's search of the room. They haven't moved from their hiding place in the bed headboard.

SAND

You think he's gone?

LYNN

Don't know, I doubt it.

RACHEL

What have you'll gotten me into? Nobody told me that this guy was this fucking nuts.

LYNN

Stop your bitching! You knew what we were doing. You are here for the same reason as the rest of us, to get paid.

RACHEL

Well, a hell of a lot of good, money is going to do for us dead!

LYNN

You're not going to die. We are going to get out of here. You hear that?

SAND

Hear what?

LYNN
Shhhh..... He's coming back.

Dr. Murry and Dr. Blont pass the doorway. Lynn begins to leave, but Sand holds her back.

LYNN (CONT'D)
It's Byron.

SAND
You can't go out there.

In the hallway the men formant a plan.

DR. DERICK BLONT
You search this floor, I'm going up and search.

DR. MURRY
You mean, you want to split up.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Yeah, it will be a lot faster that way. The faster we find them the better chance your little girlfriend will be found alive.

DR. MURRY
Yeah, but.

DR. DERICK BLONT
But, what? This is your little experiment, you've been meddling with Thomas's head for how long, months?

DR. MURRY
I was trying to help him.

DR. DERICK BLONT
Really? Trying to ensure that he was reinstitutionalized. You are a trained professional, surely you can reason with your patient.

DR. MURRY
Ok.... You are right it will be faster if we split up.

Dr. Blont walks past the room doorway again and starts up the staircase to the next floor. Lynn turns to the two girls and suggests a course of action.

LYNN

I've got to warn Byron. He has no idea, the state of Thomas's insanity.

SAND

The dead bodies down there probably gave him some hint.

LYNN

Ok, but we just can't stay here.

RACHEL

Why not? We can just stay here till the police come.

LYNN

Have you called the police?

RACHEL

No, my cell is in the room down the hall.

LYNN

So, why would the police come?

RACHEL

The Dr. probably has already called.

LYNN

Probably? You want to bank your life on probably?

SAND

So, what do you suggest?

LYNN

You two get out of here, go get some help.

RACHEL

How are we supposed to do that?

LYNN

Sammy's car. We didn't disable it. And I happen to know that he always carried his keys on him. He didn't want Meredith to get a hold of them.

SAND

That would mean that we would have to.....

LYNN

Take the keys off of him.

SAND

Uhhh.... I don't know if I
could...

RACHEL

I could. But what about you?
You're not coming?

LYNN

I've got to make sure Byron is ok.

The girls cautiously leave their hiding spot. They quietly creep to the doorway, Lynn and Sand embrace in a hug, before Rachel tugs at Sand's arm to move. Sand and Rachel move quickly down the stairs, while Lynn goes the opposite direction down the hallway in search of Dr. Murry. After the two girls reach the base of the stairs on the first floor, they pause for a brief moment to assess the situation. They look about in all directions several times before making their next move. Finally, Rachel hand signals for Sand to stay put while she approaches Sammy's body. She reaches and searches his hip pockets until she locates his keys. She holds them up to display to Sand, her discovery. She then waves to Sand to follow her to the open front door. Sand does as she is motioned and joins Rachel at the front door, she closes her eyes as she steps over her dead friends' bodies.

Outside now, the girls sprint to Sammy's car, it only takes moments for them to be in and locking doors. Rachel, in the driver's seat, puts the key in the ignition and takes a deep breath. She turns the key and it starts first try. The girls are elated and celebrate, then an, "Oh hell!", look comes over Rachel's face as she makes a realization.

RACHEL

This is a standard.

SAND

Yeah.

RACHEL

I can't drive a standard.

SAND

Well, I can. So, let me just scoot
over.....

Rachel makes another realization, when she sees, from the rearview mirror, Vengdactor man charging from the side of the Manor.

RACHEL
Oh shit! We don't have time for
that!

Before Sand can respond, Vengdactor man is upon them trying to open the driver's door. Both of the women scream in terror.

SAND
Press the clutch!

RACHEL
The clutch?

SAND
The pedal furthest to the left!

Vengdactor man, not able to open the door swings the battleax at the driver's window, shattering it.

SAND (CONT'D)
Press the damn clutch!

Rachel presses the clutch.

RACHEL
Now what?

Sand throws the gear shift in first.

SAND
Press the gas!

The engine roars loudly as the nervous Rachel presses the accelerator to the floor.

RACHEL
It's not moving!

Vengdactor man winds up for another swing.

SAND
Take your foot off the clutch!

Rachel quickly releases the clutch, the car jerks like a wild bull, the wheels squeal, as it takes off like a rocket. Very quickly, Vengdactor man is several yards in their rear. Surprised by the sudden explosion of speed, Rachel begins to lose control of the car. It begins to veer off the driveway onto the lawn, she applies the brake to get the car back in control. The car's engine stalls.

RACHEL
What the fuck!

She immediately turns the ignition key, the car jerks forward, but won't start. Vengdactor man closes in on the stopped car.

SAND

You've got to press the clutch again, then start it.

Vengdactor man is closing in, he is now only a few feet from the car. Rachel follows instructions and the car starts.

RACHEL

Ok, same as before. Press the gas and release the clutch.

Vengdactor man manages to only split the trunk of the car with the battleax as it speeds off from him towards the gate. This time expecting the burst of power, Rachel maintains control of the car and steered it onto the road. Still, in first gear, the car's engine roared at an unhealthy high rpm.

SAND

Okay, we are going to shift to second now. I want you to press the clutch and

Sand looks over to Rachel and only now realizes the battleax had made contact with her. Rachel's left arm was nearly severed and her blood gushes in pulses from the beat of her heart. She is unconscious and her head leans to the side over her shoulder as she releases the steering wheel. Sand grabs the steering wheel, but it is too late, the car veers off the road nearly hitting an oncoming vehicle, and crashes into a tree, ejecting both of the women.

INT. BLONTVILLE'S SHERIFF OFFICE

MINUTES LATER

Jess and Deputy Larry sit in her office discussing what has been a somewhat frustrating day for the young lawman. She sits in the same chair that her father previously occupied, sometimes sharing details of troubling cases to his inquisitive young daughter as she sat in the chair across from his desk. The same chair that Deputy Larry now sat and for the same reason, not really for feedback, but someone to talk to and bounce their own ideas off out loud.

JESS

I'm telling you, that old goat knows something.

DEPUTY LARRY

Seems like a harmless old man, to me.

JESS

Harmless, my ass. He played me like a violin. I thought I was pumping him for information, the whole time he was pumping me, for what I knew. You should have seen his face when I brought up that bomb shelter. I would never play poker against this guy.... Hell, he had a royal flush the whole time and I couldn't read him. Damn bastard knew that the Tylers had that shelter filled in with cement the whole time, cause he hired the construction crew that did the job.

As Jess continues her rant, a curious call comes over the state police radio on her desk.

DISPATCH

Code 901, on Blont Drive.

JESS

You hear that? Blont Drive.

Jess grabs the hand mic from the radio and speaks.

JESS (CONT'D)

Dispatch, this is Sheriff O'Keefe, over.

DISPATCH

Go head sheriff.

JESS

The code 901, on Blont Drive? Are there any injuries?

DISPATCH

Officers on the scene report two fatalities, female.

Jess is a little taken back, by the report of the deaths.

JESS

Any id's confirmed?

DISPATCH

Only the vehicle, a 2015 BMW registered to Sammy Burns.

Jess stands and puts on her weapon belt. Deputy Larry looks at her with a bit of concern.

DEPUTY LARRY

What's going on?

JESS

Sammy. He is one of the people up at Blont manor with Thomas and one of the cars they drove up there was a BMW.

DEPUTY LARRY

Ok, call it in, you've had a long day.

JESS

I may be able to id the bodies.

DEPUTY LARRY

Ok, let's roll.

JESS

Nope, the only place you are rolling off to is home. I can't stand another one of those side-eyes from Frannie.

DEPUTY LARRY

Frannie never gave you any kind of side-eye.

JESS

Don't tell me. Our last Christmas party, I could feel her eyes burning on me.

DEPUTY LARRY

Eyes were probably burning on you, that night in that red dress but I hardly believe they were my wife's.

JESS

Anyway..... Get your butt home to your family, I can handle a simple accident id on my own.

DEPUTY LARRY

You sure?

JESS

Yeah. I'm good, see you tomorrow.

INT. BLONT MANOR THIRD FLOOR PARLOR

AT THAT MOMENT

Vengdactor man storms, deliberately and angrily, into the room and makes a beeline straight to the opened secret compartment. He stares at all the weapons at his disposal, almost in an admiring fashion. He doesn't even notice Dr. Blont sitting in the chair across the room near the window.

DR. DERICK BLONT

You must believe me when I say. I had no idea the horrors you must have been exposed to.

Hearing Dr. Blont's voice, Vengdactor man turns around quickly from the compartment, gripping the battleax tightly, ready for action. But seeing Dr. Blont seems to calm him, he freezes and loosens his grip on the weapon.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)

Seeing the collection of brutality there. God knows what Aaron told you. I always knew that there was something about this room. He and my father often locked themselves in here for hours, never allowing anyone else in. He must have done the same to you, filling your head with the same madness that was passed from my father and from his father and his father before him, generations of nonsense that has been mistaken for curse.

Vengdacter man tenses as Dr. Blont stands and walks towards him.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)

We can break the cycle. Once it comes to light, how you have been manipulated, from a young child, no court will be able to deny a temporary insanity plea. Under my supervision, you will have to be institutionalized again of course. But it's nothing we haven't gotten through before. I'll have you out and living a normal life again in no time. I'll have this dreadful place torn down and when you are out, I'm going to vet your friends to keep you away from money-grubbing slime.

Dr. Blont has calmed Vengdactor man, talking to him and approaching him slowly. He now places his hands on Vengdactor man's shoulders, he relaxes and drops the battleax to the floor. He begins to weep and buries his head into Dr. Blont's chest.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)

We've got a long difficult journey ahead of us, but I promise you, we will get there, together. The first step must be made by you. You've found security when threatened and now betrayed by falling back into whatever madness Aaron has drilled into you. You must break away from it, then you can grow, I will help you find a more healthy way of dealing with the ugly that life will throw your way. But it all begins with you removing that guise. Discard it, become Thomas again, a caring, loving, gentle, bright young man with a bright future.

Dr. Blont releases Vengdactor man and takes a step back from him. Vengdactor man raises his head to look Dr. Blont in the face, then he reaches up with both hands and begins removing the metal helmet. He holds the helmet above his head with only the metal dressing now covering his face.

There is a sound from the hallway. Dr. Murry now stands in the doorway with his arm around the shoulders of Lynn. She leans her head into him and stares at Vengdactor man. Suddenly, Vengdactor man replaces the helmet. With lightning speed, he retrieves the battleax and throws it across the room, before Dr. Blont is able to utter his protest.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)

No! Thomas! No!

It was too late, the battleax sails across the room and finds its target, Dr. Murry's chest, barely missing the screaming Lynn's head. Eyes still open, Dr. Murry falls backward to the floor. Weeping and screaming, Lynn looks down at her dead lover then back up at Vengdactor man. She takes off running down the hall.

Vengdactor man wastes no time, he removes a short Viking type sword from the compartment. But before he can proceed Dr. Blont steps in his path and puts his hands on his shoulders, to stop him.

DR. DERICK BLONT (CONT'D)
 Thomas, you must stop this.....
 You.....

Dr. Blont can say no more, his mouth fills with blood from being internally injured as Vengdactor man runs him through with the sword.

EXT. BLONT DRIVE

MINUTES LATER

Observing the skid marks of a single vehicle, those of the vehicle that swerved to avoid contacting the BMW, Jess walks from her squad car to the BMW now attached to a large tree a few yards off the side of the road. State police accident investigators and patrolmen are on the scene examining the wreckage. Jess approaches Sgt. PATTERSON, an investigator that she has worked with before.

JESS
 Rough one, huh?

SGT. PATTERSON
 Sheriff? How are you doing?
 Haven't seen you for a while?

JESS
 Fine. And yourself?

SGT. PATTERSON
 Can't complain. But, yeah this is pretty brutal, airbags deployed, but what can I say, when will people learn to fasten those seatbelts.

JESS
 So, there were two fatalities, both females?

SGT. PATTERSON
 Yep, ejected. They are over there, EMT's are about to carry them away.

The sergeant points at two sheet covered bodies that lay on stretchers a few yards from the wreckage.

JESS
 Mind if I take a look? I may be able to ID them.

SGT. PATTERSON

Sure, but I know I don't have to tell you, these can be pretty gruesome.

Jess uncovers one of the bodies, lifting the sheet to expose her upper torso. Sand's head has significant injuries and there is other bruising consistent with auto accidents.

JESS

Just spoke to her a few hours ago, her name is Sandra. Don't know her last name.

Jess recovers Sand and moves on to Rachel, she uncovers her upper torso. As with Sand, her head and torso had injuries consistent with an auto accident, but with one noticeable difference, her left arm was cut to the bone.

JESS (CONT'D)

Rachel..... I think, never really spoke to her.

SGT. PATTERSON

Thing about this one, upon initial examination, we didn't detect any kind of fractures. The other one had several fractures.

JESS

So you believe she was impaired?

SGT. PATTERSON

That would be consistent with the witness's statement..... Said no attempt was made to avoid them.

JESS

Yeah, only one set of skid marks, I saw that. What I don't understand is, why would an assumingly, unimpaired person allow a severely impaired person to drive them anywhere?

SGT. PATTERSON

You got me.

JESS

And there's this.

Jess refers to Rachel's nearly severed left arm.

SGT. PATTERSON

Yeah, that is puzzling, although the working theory is that perhaps it is from the glass of the shattered driver's door window.

Jess recovers Rachel's body and walks to the car with the sergeant. Jess examines the door and begins to make her observations.

JESS

Doesn't it strike you as odd that the majority of the glass is on the interior, while all the other broken glass is exterior?

SGT. PATTERSON

Yeah, but it's not anything I haven't seen before. You know with vehicles sometimes flipping and spinning, things can end up in illogical places.

JESS

Yeah, but the tracks of the car are pretty straight forward, they ran off the road, right into this tree.

SGT. PATTERSON

Good point.

JESS

Not only that. Look at all this blood inside the car here. If the cut happened in the accident and they were ejected immediately....

SGT. PATTERSON

Why is there so much blood in the car? That's a damn good question. If you ever want to stop being a big fish in a small pond, we definitely have a spot waiting for you on our investigative unit.

Jess smiles at the appreciation of her investigative skills as she walks to the back of the wreckage, where she makes another observation. She rubs her hand across a slash into the trunk that measured more than twelve inches long.

JESS

What do you think caused this?

SGT. PATTERSON

Don't know? Doesn't seem to be accident-related, maybe from a previous accident, perhaps.

JESS

It would have to have been very recent. There is no rust, plus I observed this vehicle earlier today, I would've remembered seeing such an ugly gash. I just got a gut feeling that this involves more than just a simple accident.

SGT. PATTERSON

What are you thinking?

JESS

It may be nothing. But I need to head over to Blont manor anyway to inform these girls friends of their deaths and get their full names, I just may be able to get the answers to some questions.

SGT. PATTERSON

I could send some officers with you.

JESS

Naw, I'll call you if I need you. These are city folk, they will clam up if encountered by a lot of officers. A friendly familiar face might just loosen their tongues.

INT. BLONT MANOR THIRD FLOOR

AT THAT MOMENT

Vengdactor man is on a rampage, he goes from room to room throwing furniture and items about looking for Lynn. Lynn, petrified, can hear all the commotion, lies silently on the floor of the attic in a fetal position. Her hands over her mouth to ensure she makes no sound. Finally, she realizes she has her cell, she eases her hand into her pocket and removes her cell. Not wanting to make any kind of sound she slowly moves the cell to her face and presses 911.

INT. BLONT MANOR KITCHEN

AT THAT MOMENT

A man's hands open a kitchen cabinet that is full of spices. He presses the right side of the middle shelf and all the shelves of spices rotate on a hidden lazy-susan to reveal the backside. Mounted there are several switches, the man presses the one labeled signal block and a red light turns on.

INT. BLONT MANOR ATTIC

AT THAT MOMENT

Lynn listens on her cell and hears the 911 operator.

911 OPERATOR

911 Operator, what's your emergency?

Lynn whispers in the cell, not wanting to be heard by Vengdactor man.

LYNN

My husband is trying to kill me.

Not hearing any response, Lynn repeats her statement a bit louder this time.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You hear me? My husband, Thomas Blont, is trying to kill me. We are at Blont Manor and.... Why aren't you?

Lynn pulls her cell from her face and sees there is no signal. She stands and stretches out her arm, nothing works, there is no signal.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Come on! You've got to be kidding me!

EXT. BLONT MANOR

AT THAT MOMENT

Jess drives up the drive and notes the vehicles parked at the manor. There is now a late modeled Mercedes that she wasn't familiar with. But what really grabbed her attention was a vehicle that she was very familiar with. She exits her squad car and begins examining the vehicles. She walks up and looks inside the late modeled Lexus SUV.

JESS

Should have known you would be here.

Seeing nothing unusual, Jess moves on to the Mercedes, calling in the license plate in the radio mike she carries. She begins observing different factors, like the driver's seat was very close to the steering wheel, while the front passenger seat was a lot further back.

INT. BLONT MANOR ATTIC

AT THAT MOMENT

Lynn is exploring different areas of the attic extending her arm to get a signal with no luck. Finally, out of the corner of her eye, she glances out of the front window. There was Jess, looking into the vehicles parked out front. She jumps up and down waving her hands like she was doing jumping jacks, trying to get Jess's attention, but she doesn't dare yell. Nothing seems to be working. Finally, she moves to what appears to be an old crate that was positioned right beside the window. She moves aside a wood plank that conceals a control panel, with a digital display.

LYNN

How the hell does this damn thing work?

She begins pushing and turning the available buttons and dials, nothing happens. Finally, out of frustration, she kicks the crate, then a boxing training torso, with a light illuminating behind it, extends from the crate and faces the window.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Yes!

Lynn begins again jumping and waving her hands, this time from behind the torso, still not getting Jess's attention.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Come on! Ok, I'll give you something to look at!

Lynn pulls at the torso, ripping it from the makeshift apparatus, then she uses all of her strength to swing the torso, throwing it at the window. The torso breaks the window and sails out onto the front drive barely missing Jess.

JESS

What the fuck!

Jess looks up to see the figure jumping and swinging their arms at the attic's broken window. She draws her weapon and advances toward the manor's entrance.

INT. BLONT MANOR

MOMENTS LATER

Jess enters the front door of the manor with both hands on her service .45 caliber, clip loaded, sidearm. She immediately knows there is trouble when she has to step over two bodies in the doorway. She surveys the area and realizes that to her left in the parlor, there was another body and one-off to her right towards the kitchen.

JESS

What the fuck happened here?

Jess presses the mic, to call for backup, but it doesn't seem to be working. Only wasting a few seconds attempting to use it, she reaches in her pocket to produce her cell.

JESS (CONT'D)

No signal! No damn way!

She pauses for a moment, then decides her course of action is to continue forward.

INT. BLONT MANOR ATTIC

AT THAT MOMENT

Laying on the floor, Lynn has cracked the attic door enough, to peek through, below. Periodically she sees Vengdactor man passing below, radically searching. At this point, he doesn't know Jess is in the manor, but suddenly he stops just below the attic door and looks the direction of the stairwell. Lynn realizes that he must have heard the movement of Jess and was about to go after her. She stands and leaps on the door. The attic door abruptly and violently opens, coming down and striking Vengdactor man, knocking him to the floor, flat on his butt. Lynn comes down as well, her landing was a little harder than she expected and she turns her ankle.

Vengdactor man sitting dazed on the floor is still able to dive forward and grab Lynn by the injured foot. She falls to her knees, flips over, and stomps Vengdactor man's head with her free foot, forcing him to release her.

LYNN

Watch out! He has a sword!

Lynn stands to run but realizes it will be a short journey as she hops on the injured foot. She heads for the master bedroom. Still, a little dazed, Vengdactor man gets to his feet and heads to the master bedroom. He scans the bedroom but doesn't see Lynn. He walks out onto the balcony and looks around, there was no one there. He doesn't see Lynn hanging onto two of the runs of the guard rail, dangling below.

JESS

Freeze!

Jess has entered the bedroom doorway and has her weapon pointed at Vengdactor man. He turns about and faces her and at first, he does freeze, but then he starts to move forward.

JESS (CONT'D)

I said freeze! And drop that weapon!

Vengdactor man does not comply, he continues to move slowly towards Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to tell you again!

Suddenly, Vengdactor man charges Jess. She fires three quick rounds and he drops sliding to the floor. With her weapon still drawn she approaches him on the floor.

LYNN

Help! I can't hold on any longer!

Hearing, Lynn's yell, Jess holsters her weapon, leaps over Vengdactor man's body, and runs to the balcony. She leans her body over the side of the guard rail and offers her hands to Lynn.

JESS

Take my hands, I'll pull you up.

Lynn releases the runs one at a time and grabs Jess's outstretched hands. Jess uses all her strength to pull her up. Still not across the guard rail, Lynn is high enough to support herself with her feet on the balcony's edge, easing the strain on Jess.

LYNN

No! Watch out, behind you!

Jess quickly turns around and with both of her hands holds off the sword hand of Vengdactor man, which he was swinging with a downward motion. She then kicks him hard in the groin, he drops to his knees and releases the sword. Jess then reaches for her weapon, but Vengdactor man grabs her hand as she draws it from the holster. With his other hand, he grabs her by the material of her uniform just above the waist, lifting her above his head and flipping her into the bedroom. Jess releases her weapon as it slides across the floor about six feet further than she traveled. With the air being pushed from her body, she crawls on her belly towards the gun. Vengdactor man picks up his sword, stands, and walks quickly to stand over the struggling woman.

He waits until she is just about to reach the weapon before he runs her through with the sword in the back. He stands there for a moment, admiring his work, then makes a realization. He turns around suddenly and sees Lynn standing on the edge of the balcony on the outside of the guard rail.

Vengdactor man charges the balcony. Lynn decides she would rather take her chances on the three-story fall than facing him and releases the guard rail. Vengdactor man does not allow her to fall, he grabs her arm, just before she plunges and plucks her from the air. He lifts her with one arm and swings her onto the balcony. She stands, now with an injured arm as well as an ankle, and tries to hop away. Vengdactor man, like a man-eater cat, closes in on his prey, in no hurry he wants to enjoy this kill. Lynn hopelessly continues to try to hop away, but Vengdactor man ends the journey, just as she is at the doorway, he kicks her hard behind the knee of the injured leg. Lynn falls to her knees. Finally, giving up, Lynn rolls over and sits on her butt, and makes one last plea to Vengdactor man.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Thomas, please! You loved me once,
I know.

Vengdactor man looks down at her and leans his head sideways, then after a few moments of hesitation, he raises the sword high above his head to deliver a mighty plunge into the woman. Several shots are fired and Vengdactor man falls to the floor. Jess kicks the sword away from him across the floor. With her weapon still in her hand, she removes the metal helmet, then the metal dressing from Thomas. Still not quite dead, he looks up at her, with eyes that somehow seemed innocent.

THOMAS

Jess? What's.....

Thomas drifts off into darkness with his eyes open.

JESS

You alright?

LYNN

Me? How about you? I saw him stab
you.

JESS

My vest took the worst of it,
still....

Jess is finally aware of the moisture from the blood draining from her wound. Her breathing becomes labored and her vision begins to go dark.

She falls to the floor, but just before she loses consciousness, she sees the legs of a man walking up from behind Lynn.

INT. SHERIFF OFFICE

MORNING THREE MONTHS LATER

Jess paces back and forth in the office, periodically peering out the large storefront window. The deputies, silently, look at each other puzzled at her actions. Finally, deputy Larry, sitting at the reception desk breaks the silence.

DEPUTY LARRY

Sheriff, why don't you calm down, have a seat. You know the doctors would have a fit, about you even being here this early. You were only released a few days ago.

JESS

You don't have to tell me when I was released.

Realizing her response was a bit harsh, Jess walks back her comment.

JESS (CONT'D)

Look, I appreciate your concern. I appreciate all your's concerns, well wishes, prayers, and support during my recovery, I really do. But I am not crazy!

DEPUTY LARRY

No one believes you are crazy.

JESS

I would have to be. There is a big difference between a cloth ski mask and some kind of medieval helmet.

DEPUTY LARRY

You had lost a lot of blood and you were in a coma for the better part of a month.

JESS

And so I dreamed up everything that happened to me at that manor, yet my memory of everything that lead up to that is accurate.

DEPUTY LARRY

Sheriff, no helmet, nor sword was ever recovered and the manor has been thoroughly searched.

JESS

So, you are telling me that all that carnage was committed with a large kitchen knife and a hatchet.

DEPUTY LARRY

Those were the weapons found on scene.

JESS

Well, I'm telling you, that is bull shit! There is something else going on here! Some kind of cover-up. If you could have seen Thomas's face. He looked up at me as if he didn't even know where he was.

DEPUTY LARRY

Well, looks like she is here.

Deputy Larry points at the front window.

EXT. BLONTVILLE MAINS ST.

AT THAT MOMENT

A black large SUV parks, just in front of the one-story building, with the sign "Law offices of Pickner, Grey, Brown, and Associates". A man in a standard black suit and tie exits the driver's door of the vehicle and walks around to the back door on the opposite side. He opens the door and a pregnant Lynn steps out. Jess walks briskly across the street from the sheriff's office toward the vehicle. Lynn sees her approach and halts in her preceding towards the office. She smiles warmly at Jess, opens her arms wide, and embraces her in a hug.

LYNN

Thank you.

Tears run down Lynn's cheeks as she releases Jess from the hug only to grip both her hands.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You saved me. I'm sorry I haven't been able to thank you before now, with you being in a coma and all.

JESS

I only wish I could have gotten there sooner, perhaps other lives wouldn't have been lost. What do you think got into Thomas? I mean, when I removed that helmet, it was like he didn't.....

LYNN

Helmet?

JESS

The helmet, the helmet he was wearing when he slaughtered your friends.

LYNN

You mean the ski mask?

JESS

Oh, I see. And the weapon he used, a kitchen knife?

LYNN

And that hatchet, he probably got it from the tool shed.

JESS

Okay, I get it. I knew it when you rode up in that big chauffeur-driven SUV.

LYNN

Uber black, girl. You haven't lived until.....

JESS

They paid you off. Or they have something on you or maybe both. I know there is something else going on here. Nobody else seems to remember the helmet and there is no evidence it ever existed. Why didn't my cell work, I couldn't even get a signal out on my radio. I'm going to get to the bottom of this, I don't care how long it takes.

LYNN

You do that if you must. If I were you though, I would do exactly what I'm going to do after today.

(MORE)

LYNN (CONT'D)

Put this town and that dreadful manor in the rearview mirror and never look back.

Lynn gave Jess one more warm embrace, then turns and walks into the lawyer's office. Lynn was still standing there when the late model Lexus SUV pulled up and parked only seconds later. Lenard and a very light-complexioned young African American man exit the vehicle and stop before her.

LENARD

Morning sheriff, it's good to see you out and about this morning. See you are still not back on duty, though.

Lenard refers to the fact that Jess wears a tee shirt and jeans.

JESS

Good morning to you too Mr. Lenard. Nope, I won't be back for a few more weeks yet. And who might this be?

LENARD

That's right, you never have met my children have you? This is JASON, my oldest, a few years older than you; and single.

JASON

Dad.

JESS

Your son?

It finally clicked in what was odd about the photos on Lenard's wall. Jason grabs Jess's hand with a firm grip.

JASON

It's nice to finally meet you, I've heard so much about you, frankly, it's hard to believe it all.

JESS

Really, well I haven't heard anything about you.

JASON

Seeing you. It's like wow, how could someone, as lovely as you, single-handedly face down, take down a crazed killer and survive to tell about it.

JESS

Well, I survived, thanks to your dad, if he hadn't arrived and applied first-aid before the paramedics, I wouldn't be standing here today.

JASON

Your father always bragged that you were a warrior as well as one hell of an investigator.

JESS

My father? You know my father?

JASON

Sure. When he retired, I see him almost every day, down in New Orleans.

LENARD

Yes, I'll be joining him down there soon with Jason taking over, looking after the manor. Son, why don't you go on in. I believe the sheriff has a few questions for me.

JASON

Ok, I got a feeling that we are going to get to know each other real well in the near future.

Jess politely smiles, as Jason turns and enters the office. Now she turns her glaze to Lenard.

JESS

So, my father knew.

LENARD

Of course. He knows our people come in many hews. I'm frankly surprised you didn't.

JESS

Is this the reason you kept your children in New Orleans?

LENARD

Hmmmm. Partially, there are so few of us in this town. Your father even considered sending you down there, but he couldn't bear being separated from you, plus you are tough, always were. But truth be told, the main reason my children are in New Orleans, is to get an education.

JESS

Education? There is nothing wrong with the schools up here.

LENARD

What they learned can't be taught by these schools. And it is all so beneficial.

JESS

Beneficial?

LENARD

Yes. Not only for me and my family but yours as well.

JESS

My family?

LENARD

Come now sheriff, surely you must be mystified of how your father the only black deputy on a small force in a small town, populated by over 90 percent white people, was elected to sheriff. Then you a black woman as well.

JESS

Wait a minute, what are you saying?

LENARD

I'm saying you need to make a phone call to your father. He may be able to answer a lot of the questions you are asking. Ah, I best head in, they are waiting on me.

Lenard refers to the office door cracking open and someone peeking out.

LENARD (CONT'D)
 Good day, to you sheriff.

INT. THE LAW OFFICE

MOMENTS LATER

Lenard enters the mid-sized meeting room, which smelled of the rich leather that covered the eight expensive executive chairs that surrounded the ten by three-foot table. He lightly touches the seated Lynn's shoulders from behind as he greets her, then he walks around the table and sits next to his son. Next to Lenard and Jason sits, Associate, JEFFERY TOWNS, a man in his late fifties, next to him, at the table's head, sits Senior Partner, THEODORE GRAY, a man in his eighties. Across the table from Lenard and Jason sat Lynn and her lawyer, PEGGIE WRIGHT, a young woman in her thirties.

THEODORE GRAY
 Okay, now that the trust executor is present, I believe we can now begin. Mrs. Wright, you have had time to review the documents.

PEGGIE
 It's Ms., by the way, and yes, it's just some of these stipulations..... well they are quite odd.

THEODORE GRAY
 Well, odd or not, they are quite clear are they not?

PEGGIE
 Yes, quite.

LENARD
 If I may? When does Mrs. Blont plan on moving in?

LYNN
 Scuse me? Move-in? What the hell are you talking about?

THEODORE GRAY
 Ms. Wright, have you briefed your client on the details of the trust.

PEGGIE
 Well, actually, no. She just arrived, but I assumed she knew.

LYNN
 Knew what?

THEODORE GRAY

You and your child will only be awarded funds from the Blont estate trust as long as you reside at Blont manor. The 200 thousand you received for your confidentiality is yours to keep, but you will receive no further funding.

LYNN

No! No! This can't be.

LENARD

Yes, Mrs. Blont, it is a family tradition that hasn't been broken for over 100 years. It seems Langston Blont wanted to ensure his family roots remained firmly planted here in Blontville. Each generation has adhered to the trust's stipulations and family fortunes have flourished.

PEGGIE

It looks like to inherit anything from the trust, you and your child will have to live in the manor until his 18th birthday.

LYNN

That can't be. Thomas left here when he was 10.

THEODORE GRAY

Yes, that is true. For that reason, Thomas Blont was no longer a beneficiary of the trust.

LYNN

I don't understand, how could that be? He received regular funds.

LENARD

They weren't directly from the trust. Dr. Blont made them available to him from his awarded funds, he didn't leave the manor until he was twenty.

THEODORE GRAY

Upon his death, all his funds reverted back to the trust.

LYNN

You mean, I have to live in that, I
have to raise my child in that....

Lenard quickly moves around the table to comfort Lynn as she begins to weep.

LENARD

It's not going to be like you
think, that manor has been the home
for many generations of the Blont
family. Sure, it's seen its share
of pain and even tragedy, but it's
seen its share of love as well.

Lenard stands above Lynn with his hands caressing her shoulders. He spins her chair around and looks her in the eyes, then down at her baby bump.

LENARD (CONT'D)

May I?

Lenard refers to Lynn's belly, she nods, yes. He puts his hands on either side of her belly, then looks back up at her face with a wide smile.

LENARD (CONT'D)

Yeah, he is a strong fellow.

LYNN

Actually, I don't know the sex yet.
I'm getting an ultrasound next
week.

LENARD

It's a boy. First-born Blonts are
always boys. I'm sorry I haven't
been able to do this officially
until now. Welcome. Welcome to
Blont manor.

Lenard explodes with a burst of satanic laughter.

INT. BLONT MANOR THIRD FLOOR PARLOR

20 YEARS PRIOR

Lenard's laughing face is still zeroed on. Panning down from his face to his hands, he holds the struggling young Thomas in place. The boy cries cause he knows what is to come. Vengdactor man holds the whipping weapon firmly with his right hand, pounding it into his left, readying it for action. Lenard continues to laugh satanically.

The End.