

PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE
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FADE IN:

INT. THIRD FLOOR OF THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN -- NIGHT

MIKE PEDINI, aka, KING GEORGE, reaches the third floor of the Adams Country Inn and stops. He gazes over at a large painting hanging on the wall.

GEORGE stares, stumbles, and falls backwards onto the floor. He looks at the window at the end of the hall where BLUE LIGHTS flash in. A loud KNOCK is HEARD on the front door of the inn.

GEORGE gets off the floor and moves halfway down the hall.

FOOTSTEPS and VOICES are heard from the first floor stairwell. George backs up, turns and sees the window. He looks back at the stairwell.

GEORGE
THIS IS NOT HAPPENING! PLEASE, NO!

George turns, runs to the end of the corridor and SMASHES through the window.

EXT. BACKYARD OF ADAMS COUNTRY INN --6 DAYS AGO-CONTINUOUS

George HITS a large branch which SHATTERS his WRIST and BREAKS his ARM. He SHRIEKS in pain as he hits another branch and DISLOCATES his SHOULDER. He hits the ground where he awkwardly lands on his leg and SNAPS his ANKLE

George falls backward and strikes his head on a stone. He looks up with complete terror in his eyes and passes out.
Fade to black.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD HOSPITAL -MORNING-PRESENT DAY

Inside a white walled hospital room lies Pedini/George, a 43 year old salt and peppered haired man on a white sheeted bed with a cast on his left wrist, another on his right ankle, his right shoulder in a sling, and half his head bandaged.

George suddenly wakes and blinks wildly.

Sitting near George is Massachusetts State Trooper Detective SEAN GILLIS and FBI Special Agent JOHN CONROY (53), a slightly overweight man with brown hair, gray sideburns, wearing large horn rimmed glasses.

George glances over at the detectives, then over at a painting of a small village on the water where a junk boat anchors on a long dock.

GILLIS (36), a tall, thin redhead with a marine style haircut turns on a tape recorder.

GILLIS

Good morning Mr. Pedini or is it King George? It is Wednesday March 4, 2012, I am Mass State Trooper Detective Sean Gillis alongside FBI Special Agent John Conroy. Mr. Pedini, have you been read your rights?

PEDINI/GEORGE looks over to the detectives as he lays back on the bed. He nods as he coughs.

GILLIS (CONT'D)

Would you rather be called Michael, Mr. Pedini, or George.

GEORGE

Doesn't matter.

GILLIS

Special Agent Conroy, I know you have questions.

CONROY

First things first, why George?

GEORGE

Anonymity. I didn't want anyone to know my name and vice versa. We were not friends.

CONROY

And the other's names?

GEORGE

I tried to make it easy for them. I thought, who loves jewels? Kings love jewels. Let's see, there was me, George, the King of England during our Revolution.

George chuckles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Pretty ironic, the king who went mad.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Then there was, King Arthur, King Louis, King Edward, King James, and I don't mean that ass who left Cleveland high and dry. And King Henry, that's pretty ironic too.

GILLIS

Why?

GEORGE

You'll figure it out. I told your
chiefs I'd tell you everything.
Believing me is another story.

The detectives turn to each other then back over at George as he stares at a second painting on the wall of an Asian landscape in which two islands connected by a bridge, where two men fish as they watch a family picnic.

CONROY

Have you ever been involved in this
type of crime before?

GEORGE

I used to be an electrical engineer. I was very good at it. Too good. I burned myself out. I worked for a government contractor in Boston. One day I found out I had designed an electrical guidance system that was put in missiles and bombs. The company said it was for the Shuttle. When I found out I was responsible for the deaths of thousands throughout Bosnia, Iraq, and now Afghanistan, I had a semi-breakdown. Drank too much, took too many pills to alleviate the tension and headaches. Finally, I walked away from it all, picked up my wife and kids and moved to Maine where I bought a small roadside seafood diner and fishing business.

GILLIS

Fishing business?

GEORGE

Yeah, three boats, all fully equipped and missile free! Tough living but it was honest and no one was getting blown up! One day Arthur called and said he had a plan that could supplement the bills. He raised my curiosity. I met the others and now, here I am.

CONROY

Where would you meet?

GEORGE

We'd meet four, five weeks prior to a job, in the city we were going to hit. We would never stay in the same hotel together and we'd meet at a separate place to plot our strategy.

GILLIS
Strategy?

GEORGE

Two guys would case the store during the day. Two the next day and the final two the following day. We'd do this for a week or two then get back and look for common themes and occurrences. We would study when the guards would show up, when lunch was, when were the busiest and slowest times during the day, and when shipments arrived. We'd shop, separately of course, check out camera and security locations. I'd go on line or underground to find blueprints and schematics. We'd make the necessary arrangements and then a week later pull it off.

INT. A LARGE SEDAN 2 BLOCKS FROM STEINBURG JEWELERS --6 DAYS AGO-- MORNING

In the driver's seat of a large sedan on a cold, overcast day in the Back Bay section of Boston sits ARTHUR. He stops the car at a red light.

Arthur looks over at LOUIS, HENRY, dressed as a bald cop, and EDWARD, who is dressed in a hacidic Jewish rabbi outfit. The light turns green.

ARTHUR
Does everybody know what they're doing?

The men nod. Arthur looks at JAMES, who is dressed as a catholic priest.

HENRY, EDWARD, AND LOUIS all check their revolvers. HENRY taps George on the arm.

HENRY
You gonna check yours?

GEORGE
Never used it before, why start now?

The sedan stops at another light. Henry, LOUIS, and EDWARD, get out of the car carrying brief cases.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Remember, be out front eight minutes after I walk through the door!

They all nod and walk away from the car.

Arthur looks over at a tense George.

ARTHUR
Calm down man, it will go like
clockwork.

GEORGE
I don't feel right about this one,
Arty! I feel it's been rushed.
Henry and Louis are too gung ho.

The sedan stops about 100 feet from the jewelry store. JAMES gets out of the car. George hands him an empty brief case.

JAMES
That's because they really need this job.

GEORGE
I know but, desperation usually leads to mistakes.

James taps on the car and walks away.

LOUIS and Henry walk into the jewelry store.

INT. STEINBERG JEWELERS, BACK BAY -- MOMENTS LATER

EDWARD walks into the jewelry store. He nods at the YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD.

Arthur turns and shakes George's hand. James walks into the store.

The OLDER SECURITY GUARD smiles at James.

OLDER GUARD
Father.

JAMES
My son.

James walks to a display case.

INT. SEDAN IN FRONT OF STEINBURG JEWELERS -- 6 DAYS AGO-CONTINUOUS

George taps Arthur's arm.

GEORGE
Do yourself a huge favor, get rid of all their numbers and vanish for as long as you can.

ARTHUR
I plan on it.

George buttons up his coat and gets out of the car. Fade.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD STATE HOSPITAL -PRESENT DAY-MORNING

Gillis looks over at Conroy, then back over at George.

GEORGE

We figured once every six months in different states would keep you guessing. The first two or three were easy pickings. You didn't have a clue we were serial jewel thieves. Then the fourth we waited nine months. Did it work?

CONROY

Unfortunately George, it did. We had ideas but they never panned out. You had us baffled.

George smiles as he leans forward. He stretches his neck.

GEORGE

After a heist, we'd meet our fence. We would split 60-40 with him and then go our separate ways.

CONROY

So, you hit Vermont, six months later, Connecticut, again, six months later, Maine, then nine months to hit Rhode Island, four months, New Hampshire,

GEORGE (interrupts)

New Hampshire was supposed to be the final job. For me, I was retired, I always told the guys I'd do only four jobs. Why get greedy? We made 800 grand each for the first two jobs and over 900 for the next two. My business was secretly paid for and I still had over a million left for retirement. But they asked me to do one more job. Arthur set up a well thought plan. We'd do the job early to catch you off guard. We did the job, walked with almost 500, and said goodbye one last time.

Conroy looks back down at the report then over at George.

GILLIS

Let me get this straight, you were finished with the robbery life?

GEORGE

100% finished!

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I never wanted to step into another jewelry store for the rest of my life. No one had a clue or was harmed.

George smiles at the detectives as they affirmatively nod.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

About five, six weeks ago I got a call from Arty saying Henry and Louis had issues they wanted to bring up.

GILLIS

Issues?

P.O.V. FLASHBACKS OF HENRY, LOUIS, JAMES AND JOHN --
CONTINUOUS

A montage of LOUIS, Henry, and EDWARD gambling hard and fast at casinos and other private gambling parties, all the time losing. Louis buys a cheap, worn out PROSTITUTE.

James drinks as he tries to do his bills and job estimates at a desk.

Henry shoots up heroin in his hotel room.

Louis snorts crystal meth then bugs out and starts fights. Edward and Louis with a huge bag of cocaine in front of them, do shot after shot as COKE WHORES watch.

Arthur gets calls in the middle of the day and night.

GEORGE (V.O.)

The usual suspects began creeping back into the picture. The assholes gambled too much, spent too much on whores and heroin. Snorted too much coke and crystal meth. Five day stay overs at expensive hotels. Basic things fuck ups do everyday. They pissed through their money and were almost broke. They wanted another score. Arthur resisted but that fat, black bastard Louis said if he got arrested he may say the wrong thing if immunity was involved.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD HOSPITAL -PRESENT DAY-MORNING --MORNING

GILLIS

They were blackmailing Arthur?

Again, George slightly chuckles.

GEORGE

They said there's honor among thieves.
I don't think so, at least with those
ingrates there wasn't!

GILLIS

And you came back?

GEORGE

You may or may not believe me, but
Arty was a good man. He was an
electrician and a hell of a mechanic,
who worked his ass off all his life.
And, he never screwed over anyone
but himself. James was basically a
decent man who's been fighting the
bottle for years. His construction
company was just about to take off.
The others were fucking everything
up so Arty set up a meeting.

INT. HOTEL ROOM AT COPEY PLAZA IN BOSTON-5 WEEKS AGO

Inside an expensive suite at the Copley in downtown Boston
EDWARD, Henry, and Louis sit at a table drinking shots and
beers as they play cards. EDWARD, as well as Henry, appears
to be geeked up on meth.

Across the room Arthur and James sit next together on a
leather couch with their arms tightly crossed.

James turns, takes a large gulp of wine, then assumes his
prior position. A knock is heard. Arthur gets up, walks to
the door, opens the door, tightly hugs George, and rolls his
eyes. George nods over at James then walks over to the table.

GEORGE

Gentlemen, what the fuck is the
problem?

HENRY

We want to do another job.

GEORGE

I thought we decided we were done.

LOUIS

We had a revote. We...

GEORGE (interrupts)

Who's we? You and Henry?

EDWARD

And me!

GEORGE

Why? Let me guess?

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You pissed through all your money.
We've already discussed this!

HENRY
Things have changed.

GEORGE
What's changed? That's the problem.
You two assholes haven't and now you
brought numb nut's into the equation!
We went along with the plan but you
two idiots...

HENRY (interrupts)
HEY! I resent that!

Henry gets up. Edward does the same. George gives Edward a cold, hard stare. Edward quickly backs down.

GEORGE
The deal was we never meet again.
But you apes are going to blackmail
us.

HENRY
We never said we were going to...

GEORGE (interrupts)
Telling Arthur you might mention his
name if and when you fucked up
again...

LOUIS (interrupts)
We didn't come here to provoke or
argue.

GEORGE
You're doing a hell of a job!

LOUIS
We already have a store in place.
It's a no brainer.

GEORGE
A no brainer from you fuck ups?
Thanks but no thanks, and don't even
think about blackmailing me.

George points over at Arthur. He shakes his head in disgust at the men sitting at the table and begins to walk away.

HENRY
Whattaya gonna do?

GEORGE
You really don't want to know.

HENRY

Now, who's threatening who?

GEORGE

No threat, Henry. But if you cross...

EDWARD (interrupts)

Sounds like a threat to me.

GEORGE

You're too fuckin stupid to know
what's a threat and what isn't!

JAMES

Time out. You said something about
it being a no brainer?

James looks over at Louis. George turns to James in dismay.

GEORGE

Are you kidding me?

JAMES

George, let's hear him out.

George looks over at Arthur, who shrugs his shoulders.

ARTHUR

Looks like we're outnumbered.

A shocked George stares at Arthur. Seconds later George looks back at the table.

GEORGE

Never expected this. What the fuck
you have?

Henry hands everyone a folder. They open the folders and look at various pictures and surveillance photos.

LOUIS

There's a place in Boston.

GEORGE

Here? You know the ratio of police...

HENRY (interrupts)

Cops won't be the problem. It's in
the Back Bay.

P.O.V. STEINBERG JEWELERS, BACK BAY -- CONTINUOUS

HENRY (V.O.)

Two security guards, one's about
sixty, the other, not the brightest
bulb on the tree.

(MORE)

HENRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The older one gets there at 7:25,
the other about a minute before eight.
They take separate lunches, one at
noon, the other at 12:30.

GEORGE (V.O.)
So, they eat and are a little
lethargic afterwards. What time do
we walk in?

HENRY (V.O.)
1:30, before the commute. Four woman
working the showroom, one manager, I
think he's the owner.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Morning deliveries?

HENRY (V.O.)
Here's the strange thing. We've
been casing this place for two weeks
and every Thursday at ten a delivery
arrives in the front. Then an hour
later another delivery comes in but
this time, from the back of the
building and only the owner goes to
the car hands the passenger an
envelope and in return receives a
small black case. Very hush, very
quick. Last week Edward was in the
store...

INT. HOTEL ROOM AT COPLEY PLAZA IN BOSTON-5 WEEKS AGO --
CONTINUOUS

Edward looks up at George and Arthur.

EDWARD (interrupts)
I saw the owner with the same case
immediately go to a safe in the back.

ARTHUR
Another fence? From within? Mob?

LOUIS
They were pale, white dudes.

GEORGE
Hmm, laundering stolen or dirty
diamonds? Could be Russian or Eastern
European, and this happened on back
to back Thursdays?

HENRY
Like clockwork, if you don't believe
us, check it out yourself.

GEORGE

Here's the deal. I'll check out the store, the pick ups and the surveillance and if, that's if, I think it's safe enough, then we'll do it. But boys, this is the last one. No more, no matter. Agreed?

The men look at each other and nod.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You blow all your money don't come looking for us. If you do, I'll personally make sure you pay, even if means using all my money to find you. Deal?

Again, the men look up at George and nod.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD HOSPITAL -PRESENT DAY-MORNING

Gillis writes something down in his notebook.

GILLIS

Then what?

GEORGE

I got back to them and four weeks later we hit the store.

EXT. FRONT WALK OF STEINBERG JEWELERS--6 DAYS AGO -- AFTERNOON

George checks his watch. It reads, 1:29. He brushes back his medium length hair and strokes his beard. He walks to the front door holding a brief case. He opens the door.

INT. STEINBERG JEWELERS, BACK BAY -- CONTINUOUS

George walks in through the large glass doors of Steinberg Jewelers and nods over at the OLDER SECURITY GUARD near the door. He looks over and notices FOUR FEMALE SALESPEOPLE behind display cases.

In front of two of the cases FOUR OTHER WOMEN point at various jewelry pieces as they softly talk to the SALESPERSON. Next to one of the WOMEN looking at watches stands Henry.

Edward gazes at the ruby, sapphire, and emerald display case as James talks softly to the SALESPERSON at the diamond display.

Louis looks down at the gold display case where the YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD stands to his left. George looks up at the store clock as he walks to the diamond display.

GEORGE
Excuse me, Miss.

The SALESPERSON, an attractive woman in her early 40's, looks up and smiles. George smiles.

SALESPERSON 1
Yes sir, what can I do for you?

GEORGE
May I speak to the manager?

SALESPERSON 1
Is there a problem?

GEORGE
Hopefully not. I was in here last week and I bought this.

George pulls out a box with his left hand. He opens it. The salesperson looks down at the necklace inside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's not really right for my wife.

SALESPERSON 1
Sure, one moment.

GEORGE
Thank you.

The salesperson walks to the back of the room.

George smiles and nods at Louis, who moves two feet closer to the YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD.

SAUL STEINBERG, a short curly haired man in his early 50's walks over to George, who smiles and nods over at Henry. George turns and smiles at STEINBERG.

STEINBERG
Yes sir, how may I help you?

GEORGE
Are you the manager?

STEINBERG
Actually, the owner. Is there a problem with the piece you purchased?

GEORGE
No, no, not at all. It's very lovely.
It's just, how can I say this...

George reaches into his right pocket, pulls out a GUN, and points it at Steinberg. Simultaneously, Edward turns, grabs the YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD, and points a gun at his head.

The other men pull out their weapons as a SALESPERSON SHRIEKS. Henry grabs the OLDER SECURITY GUARD, who raises his hands. George looks around the room at the terrified customers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We just need a few minutes of your time!

STEINBERG
Oh, my.

GEORGE
Ladies and...

George looks down at the GUARDS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, everything will be perfectly fine as long as you do as you are told. Please take out your phones and place them on the floor in front of you. Then please sit down on the floor.

Edward and Henry duct tape the SECURITY GUARDS hands. Louis walks over to the cameras and sprays them with black paint.

James walks behind the display cases and motions the ladies to move and sit on the floor. The customers put their purses and pocketbooks in front of them.

One CUSTOMER still stands. George walks over to her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Miss, you really don't want these men to frisk you.

The CUSTOMER looks over at a smiling Louis. She sits and throws her purse in the middle of the pile.

Edward and John gather the people and place them in a circle.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Thank you very much. James...

James goes into the back of the store and turns off all the display alarms. He nods to Henry, Edward, and Louis, who SMASH the display cases.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Everyone calm down. We will be out of here in five minutes. We don't want to hurt anyone. As a matter of fact...

Another case is SMASHED. The men open up their briefcases and begin to put jewelry inside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We honestly don't want to bother you. We're not here to take your jewelry and purses. I'm sorry we have to be an inconvenience to you but it's your misfortune that you happen to be here. We are only withdrawing from the store, which I assume is fully insured. Is that correct, sir?

George turns to Steinberg, who sheepishly nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Excellent! Nothing will be taken from you and the store will get their money back, minus a deduction and price hike in insurance. So, calm down and relax. All will be fine.

George grabs Steinberg's arm and begins to walk to the safe. They stop in front of the safe.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Sir, please open...

STEINBERG (interrupts)

I, I I...

GEORGE (interrupts)

Don't have the combo? Please! If you don't, then I have to bring your salespeople here and trust me, it won't be pretty.

A shaken Steinberg looks over at the terrified salespeople. He begins to dial the combo. The safe opens.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Louis comes over and begins to remove jewelry from the safe.

INT. STEINBERG'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

George, with Steinberg still on his arm, walks to the office.

GEORGE

Now, if you would kindly open the smaller safe.

STEINBERG

What, what safe?

George smiles at a nervous and shaken Steinberg as he scans the room. He sees Steinberg's nameplate on the desk. Louis walks in.

GEORGE

You know the one where you put the items that came in at noon.

STEINBERG

Items? I haven't...

GEORGE (interrupts)

Saul, do not patronize me! Every Thursday at noon you receive a private shipment out back. You take it, hand over an envelope, walk back to your office and shut the door. Does that sound about right?

STEINBERG

I, I, I...

GEORGE (irritated)

Saul, this very, large, angry man will shoot you in three seconds if you do not open the safe.

A frightened Steinberg turns to a grinning Louis.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

One, Saul! Two...

Steinberg turns to George and walks to the other side of his office. George lightly taps Steinberg on the head. Steinberg dials the numbers. The safe opens.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Smart move, Saul. Now, that wasn't too difficult.

STEINBERG

You don't know what you're getting into. Take everything out front, but please, these people...

GEORGE

Russian? Serbian? Or Albanian?

STENBERG

Russian! They're crazy! They will kill me!

GEORGE

No they won't. They'll see the news and realize you were robbed by the same guys who've been robbing stores throughout New England.

Steinberg turns as George reaches into the safe and pulls out a large satchel.

STEINBERG
You're the guys...

GEORGE (interrupts)
They'll figure out it was a random
hit. They'll be pissed but will
realize they have a good thing going
with you and let you off the hook.
My, this is heavy!

STEINBERG
They will find you and kill you.

GEORGE
We'll take our chances. Please sit.

Steinberg sits. Louis duct tapes his arms and legs.

Steinberg tries to speak but his mouth is taped. A GUNSHOT is HEARD. George looks up as he hears SCREAMS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

George rushes out of the room and sees the OLDER SECURITY GUARD, lying on the ground bleeding from his shoulder. George rushes to the GUARD. He checks the wound.

GEORGE (to Henry) (CONT'D)
What the hell did you do?

HENRY
The old bastard was reaching for his phone.

George rips off the GUARD'S belt and places it above his shoulder and tightens it.

GEORGE (to older guard)
I don't know who's dumber? You,
trying to be a hero, or the idiot
that shot you? You'll be fine, the
bullet went straight through. Keep
this tight. Help will be here in
five minutes.

George stands and looks around the display area. He picks up his briefcase.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Sorry for the inconvenience. All
will be fine as long as you stay
where you are. Have a nice day.

George leaves the store and walks to the right where Arthur is parked. The men follow. George scans the area for police. They get into the car. The car pulls away.

INT. LARGE SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

As Arthur drives down the street, he takes a quick right then a left. SIRENS are heard. George turns to Henry.

GEORGE (irritated)
What the fuck was that all about?

HENRY
I told you, he was going for his phone.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ! He's pushing 70! You should have whacked him in the head!

EDWARD
He wasn't that close...

GEORGE (screams)
SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU IMBECILE! IT WAS A FUCKING PHONE! AIM THE FUCKING GUN AND TELL HIM TO PUT IT DOWN! IF HE DIES, WE'RE FUCKED!

HENRY
I thought...

GEORGE (yells)
THAT'S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM! YOU DON'T THINK!

George, in total disgust, looks out the window. The men open their brief cases, remove the satchels and put them in one case. They hand it over to James.

George takes out the satchel from the private safe and looks inside. His eyes widen.

ARTHUR
What?

GEORGE
You're not going to believe this.

George leans over and dumps the satchel into James' case.

The men look up in shock as dozens and dozens of diamonds fall onto the velvet bottom.

HENRY
Holy shit! There must be 3, 4...

JAMES (interrupts)
Try about 7!

ARTHUR
Million! No fucking way!

JAMES

And with what we got from the safe
and cases, which looks like around
four, I'll figure it out later but
we're talking about a ball park figure
of, eleven million.

GEORGE

That's one hell of a stadium!

EDWARD

Where'd the diamonds from?

GEORGE

From someone we don't want to meet!

Arthur takes another left and pulls up to a S.U.V. on the side of a back road in East Boston. He parks the car two spaces behind the S.U.V.

ARTHUR

Let's go.

The men get out of the car and walk to a black S.U.V. Arthur starts the S.U.V.

GEORGE (to men) (interrupts)

Let's finish this.

The men begin to remove, scarves, hats, coats, jackets, fake beards and mustaches, wigs and vests stuffed with materials that made them look fatter than normal. They pack all the clothes and disguises in a large black plastic bag.

Arthur pulls out a small packet and places it on the black bag. He sprays lighter fluid throughout the sedan. Arthur sets a timer on two minutes on the small packet and shuts the door. He gets into the truck and pulls away.

A quarter mile up the street the men turn as the sedan's interior explodes and melts everything inside.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS --6 DAYS AGO

The door to DR. JULIE NEILSEN'S office opens. Out walks nine year old ANNIE HART, a cute little girl wearing a dress and holding a stuffed elephant.

Walking behind her is DR. JULIE NEILSEN, an attractive 40 year old redhead wearing a stylish business suit. She gives ANNIE a small hug and waves to AMY HART, a 38 year old brunette wearing jeans, a flannel shirt and work boots.

A frowning ANNIE saunters over to AMY, who gently hugs her.

AMY

How did it go, sweetie?

ANNIE looks down at her stuffed animal.

ANNIE

Dr. Neilsen gives me the same look
you and daddy give me.

AMY

What look?

ANNIE

The look when you don't believe me.

Amy looks over at NEILSEN, who motions her to come over.

NEILSEN

Mrs. Hart, a moment please.

Neilsen walks back into her room. Amy turns to Annie.

AMY

Sweetie, I have to speak to Dr.
Neilsen for a minute. Put on your
boots and wait here.

Annie frowns as she puts down the elephant. Amy walks into
Dr. Neilsen's office who gestures her to sit. Amy sits.

Neilsen sits, then stands. She becomes more animated.

Annie picks up her elephant and tightly hugs it.

Amy responds to her by using her own hand gestures. She
looks down at the carpet. Neilsen also becomes more excited
with her gestures and posture.

Amy rubs her temples and speaks.

Neilsen writes something down on her note pad and hands it
to Amy, whose eyes begin to well up. Neilsen hands Amy a
pamphlet and lips, "I'm sorry".

Amy nods as Neilsen crosses her arms and begins to speak
again. Amy stands and leaves the office. Neilsen gazes
over at Annie.

Amy wipes her face and approaches Annie.

ANNIE

I told you she was mad. And now
you're mad.

Amy lifts Annie off the ground.

AMY

Oh, honey, she's not mad. And I'm
not mad. Come, let's go home.

ANNIE

But you don't believe me. Why?

AMY

It's starting to snow harder. When we get home, you can make a snow angel.

ANNIE

Can we?

AMY

You can. I have to help daddy with dinner.

ANNIE

But, can we?

Amy frowns then smiles as they walk out of the office.

EXT. MASS PIKE -- 6 DAYS AGO-CONTINUOUS

The black minivan pulls over to the side of the highway.

Arthur and George quickly get out of the van. George moves to the front, Arthur, to the back where they both simultaneously remove small drills, unscrew the license plate and take it off. A new plate appears.

They run to the side of the woods and throw the plates into the woods. They pat each other on the back and run back into the van. It pulls away.

INT. STEINBERG JEWELERS, BACK BAY--6 DAYS AGO -- LATE AFTERNOON

Detective Gillis walks past the tv and cable crews and into Steinberg Jewelers where several POLICEMEN interview WITNESSES.

In one corner of the room Steinberg is being interviewed by Agent Conroy.

On the other side of the room Boston City Detective LEVI WILSON, a 40 year old, in shape black man, interviews the YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD.

The men stop and turn as the older security guard, is wheeled out to the ambulance.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS comb the area and begin to pick and prod through the glass and debris.

Yellow tape is strewn throughout the store.

Gillis sees Conroy and Steinberg and strolls over to them. They shake hands.

GILLIS

Special Agent Conroy, I had a feeling
we'd see each other soon.

CONROY

Detective Gillis, this is Saul
Steinberg, the owner.

GILLIS

Mr. Steinberg, any ideas?

STEINBERG

Not really. The main guy came in
alone, asked to see me, pulled out a
gun. They did their thing then left.

WILSON walks over to the three men. He turns to Gillis.

WILSON

We're checking cameras now. Doesn't
look good! They sprayed them with
paint then disabled the alarm system.

CONROY

Just like the others.

STEINBERG

So they were the serial robbers?

GILLIS

How do you know?

STEINBERG

The main guy mentioned it to me.

CONROY

Why?

STEINBERG

Ah, I said they wouldn't get away
with it. He said they got away with
it before.

Conroy, Gillis, and Wilson look at each other then back over
at Steinberg.

CONROY

Anything else that may be of
importance?

STEINBERG

He was very polite. Almost charming
to the salespeople and customers.

GILLIS

Charming?

STEINBERG

He claimed he didn't want to hurt anyone and didn't want a penny from them, other than five minutes of their time.

GILLIS

What about the shooting?

STEINBERG

That was strange. The main guy was really upset. He was embarrassed. He did all he could for the guard. Made him comfortable, set up a tourniquet for him, and he apologized to him for the inconvenience.

CONROY

Thank you, Mr. Steinberg, if we have any more questions...

STEINBERG (interrupts)

I'll be in my office calling my insurance company.

The detectives turn and look at all the glass and debris on the floor. They turn and look over at the group of witnesses.

GILLIS

Whattaya think?

CONROY

Definitely our boys. Six guys enter the same way. The leader, very cordial and sophisticated. Very little evidence. Very clean, very professional.

Conroy turns to Wilson.

CONROY (CONT'D)

See if you can check the outside cameras and the ones on the streetlight. Maybe we'll get lucky.

WILSON

Will do. Anything else?

CONROY

For shits and giggles, scan the surrounding four blocks. Who knows, someone may have seen something out of the ordinary.

Wilson nods as he walks to the front door.

CONROY (CONT'D)
Damn it! I should have known they
weren't finished!

GILLIS
How could you? They quickened the
pace by almost half.

CONROY
Shit! The final state in New England.
They may be done.

GILLIS
Why?

CONROY
It's just a hunch but I think this
was their last job. I think we're
going to need some help finding these
guys.

Conroy looks around the store.

CONROY (CONT'D)
Sean, these guys haven't made a
mistake yet and seriously doubt they
will. The leader, he's an obsessive
planner. He's been two steps ahead
of me for three years!

Wilson walks back to Gillis and Conroy.

WILSON
An interesting occurrence just took
place in East Boston. I just received
a call, a green sedan parked...

Conroy smiles.

CONROY
Spontaneous combustion?

WILSON
What?

CONROY
The car's inside caught on fire and
burned from the inside out.

GILLIS
Their M.O.?

CONROY
It's probably burnt to a crisp, but
who knows, perhaps we catch a break.
You two check it out then meet me at
H.Q. later.

Gillis and Wilson turn and leave the store.

Conroy bends over and looks at the glass. He glances over at Steinberg, who is on his cell phone pacing the office and being very animated in his gestures.

Conroy looks over at the witnesses and walks over to them.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD HOSPITAL -PRESENT DAY-MORNING

George smiles.

GEORGE

I had you baffled.

CONROY

Yes, George, I was stumped and frustrated. Your plan was picture perfect.

GILLIS

What happened next?

INT. BLACK MINIVAN DRIVING WEST ON THE MASS PIKE--6 DAYS AGO--LATE AFTERNOON

The snow starts to pelt the minivan. Arthur turns on the wipers to the next level. George dials his cell phone.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

GEORGE

John, this is George.

JOHN (O.S.)

Good afternoon, George. I take it everything went well?

GEORGE

Better than we thought! We have more laundry than expected.

JOHN (O.S.)

That's marvelous. How much more?

GEORGE

The original pick up is between four and four and a half.

JOHN (O.S.)

Very nice, but what do you mean, original?

GEORGE

Seems the proprietor was doing a little dry cleaning on the side.

JOHN (O.S.)
Hmm, how much cleaning?

GEORGE
About seven, maybe more.

JOHN (O.S.)
My, that's a hefty dry cleaning bill!
These clothes must be very dirty?

GEORGE
Have you heard through your network
about any dirty rocks coming this
way via the former Soviet Union?

JOHN (O.S.)
No, but I'll look into it. I think
it will be fine but put the second
load of wash in it's own laundry
bag. You estimate the total bill
will be eleven?

GEORGE
Yes.

JOHN (O.S.)
You've never been wrong before. I'll
get back to you early in the morning.

GEORGE
We may be late, the storm's getting
worse and will probably slow us down.

JOHN (O.S.)
Perhaps we can meet somewhere. I
like to take a nice drive in the
country every once in a while.

George shuts off the cell phone. He smiles at the men.

GEORGE
This time tomorrow we'll all be set
for life!

The men smile back at him and pat him on the shoulders.

INT. THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS--6 DAYS
AGO -- LATE AFTERNOON

Amy Hart walks through the back door of the Adams Country Inn.

She steps into the large, modern cooking area where CRAIG HART, a short, stocky 45 year old man wearing a white chef's jacket with the Adams Country Inn insignia printed on the right breast pocket, stands whisking, and stirring a large pot on the stove. He turns as the door shuts.

AMY
Smells good, what are you cooking?

CRAIG
I'm making a nice creme of mushroom soup from the leftover morels, buttons, oysters and the shiitake from last night's dinner.

Amy reaches over Craig's shoulder, takes a spoon and tastes the savory soup.

AMY
Oh, honey, you out did yourself.
That's deeelliccious!

Craig turns and notices Amy's red eyes.

CRAIG
I take it things didn't go well.

Amy whimpers. She hugs Craig who tightly holds her.

AMY
I don't know what to do.

Craig sits her down on a stool near the kitchen counter.

CRAIG
What did Dr. Neilsen say?

AMY
She talked to the school psychologist and was told Annie is the smartest 3rd grader in the school. Genius level but she has intense fantasies.

CRAIG
The older she gets the less...

AMY (interrupts)
Dr. Neilsen says she's getting worse! For almost an hour Annie was telling her stories about Charlotte. What they do, how they always play together. She called Charlotte her best friend.

CRAIG
So she's introverted and a little antisocial. That happens with really smart kids...

AMY (interrupts)
Are you getting this! She speaks to no one in her class! The other kids think she's strange.

(MORE)

AMY (interrupts) (CONT'D)
Have you ever seen Annie go to a
birthday party or invite friends for
an overnight?

CRAIG
Not since we bought the inn. But...

AMY (interrupts)
Our baby's not getting better! She
still gets great grades but her
intensity and comprehension is way
down.

CRAIG
Come on, we've all had imaginary
friends when we were young...

Amy stands.

AMY (irritated)
Are you listening to me! Her teacher,
the school psychologist, and the
best shrink in the area are all saying
her delusions are getting worse and
more severe by the week!

She looks up and tosses Craig the note from Dr. Neilsen.

AMY (CONT'D)
Dr. Neilsen wants to medicate her
with antipsychotic drugs!

Craig looks at the prescription note. Amy begins to cry.

CRAIG
Medicate? Anti...

AMY (resigned)
Now, do you understand? And these
meds aren't for little children!
It's what you give to schizophrenics!

CRAIG
Schizophrenics? No way! My
daughter's not...

AMY (calmly)
Craig, honey, darling, you've talked
to Annie.

Amy walks to the kitchen window.

AMY (CONT'D)
Look at her.

Craig stands and walks to the window. He puts his hand on her shoulder as they watch Annie run and jump in the snow as she laughs and talks to herself.

Annie lies down and begins to make a snow angel as the snow comes down harder by the minute.

AMY (CONT'D)

She's having a full conversation with, herself! Dr. Neilsen says Charlotte is so far entrenched in her psyche that she thinks Annie's state of reality is diminishing.

CRAIG

What's next?

AMY

If the meds don't work, they may have to take her.

CRAIG

Take her? Over my dead body!

AMY

It's the last resort. They're worried Annie's going to harm herself or one of the other kids, or even her family.

CRAIG

Us?

AMY

Dr. Neilsen thinks Annie's paranoia will grow and she'll harm the people she sees everyday. We don't believe her so she doesn't trust us. She'll start to think we're going to harm her in some way.

Craig he watches Annie get up from making a snow angle.

Annie laughs and high 5's the air. Craig looks over at Amy and tightly hugs her.

ADAM POPE, Craig's 22 year old groundskeeper and maintenance man, walks into the kitchen.

ADAM

Is everything Ok?

Craig wipes a tear away from Amy's face. Amy does the same to Craig. Craig straightens his stance as he turns to Adam.

CRAIG

We're fine.

ADAM

I just finished shoveling the front walkways. Do you want me to start plowing the driveway?

CRAIG

Adam, I'll think we'll just close up for the night. The storm's getting worse. No one's coming out tonight.

ADAM

But the...

CRAIG (interrupts)

Take the rest of the night off.

ADAM

Ok, I'll put the closed sign on the front post.

CRAIG

That'll be great.

Craig walks back to the window. He puts his arm around Amy. Adam turns to the door but stops and turns to the Harts.

ADAM

Is Annie going to be ok?

CRAIG

We hope. We're going to take a new approach. Get some rest. There will be a lot to do around here tomorrow.

Craig pats Adam on the back. Adam leaves. Again, Craig hugs Amy. Amy wipes another tear from her face.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Maybe we should take the kids away for a few days. Go skiing up north.

AMY

Sounds great.

CRAIG

We'll leave tomorrow. Close the inn for a few days.

Amy nods as she turns and kisses Craig on the lips.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

It's going to be fine. It will all work out. I love you.

AMY

I love you. I don't want to lose my baby.

CRAIG

Me neither.

Craig looks out the window and sees Annie playing on the swing. He whispers.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Me neither.

He turns and hugs Amy.

Annie jumps off the swing and looks over at a new snow angel being made. There are no footprints within twenty feet of the the angel. Fade.

INT. BLACK MINIVAN DRIVING WEST ON THE MASS PIKE--LATE AFTERNOON

Arthur stares straight ahead at the snow pounding the windshield. He looks down at the speedometer.

ARTHUR

Not good. We may have to pull over and wait the storm out.

JAMES

We can't do that! They'll be checking all the major hotels.

HENRY

We just can't pull over in a rest area.

ARTHUR

Do you want to try driving through this fucking storm?

GEORGE

Everyone, just calm down. Let's think for a minute. Chances are they're checking out hotels throughout the metro west and right about now expanding their web to Western Mass.

LOUIS

How about a B & B?

HENRY

You want a drink now?

LOUIS

No, you stupid fuck! A bed and breakfast place.

JAMES

Like an inn?

LOUIS

Yeah!

GEORGE

Six men walk in on a stormy night?
Not too suspicious.

LOUIS

Why can't six business men driving
to New York or Buffalo stop and forget
about the storm until morning?

JAMES

Why not? Sounds reasonable.

ARTHUR

It could work. But everyone has to
be on the same page.

LOUIS

If something goes wrong, we'll make
them an offer they can't refuse.

Louis smiles as the men in front turn and look at him.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I always wanted to say that!

GEORGE

We wait it out, get up early when
the snow ends and meet the Fence.

The men nod to each other.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not too crazy about this but we
are running out of options! Arthur,
find us a place to crash.

ARTHUR

Not the appropriate word for tonight!

Arthur points to the glove compartment.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

There's a map and a Zagarts book for
Western Mass. Find me an inn.

George takes out the book. He opens it up.

INT. BOSTON CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, BACK BAY PRECINCT --6
DAYS AGO-LATE AFTERNOON

Conroy walks down a hallway that leads him to the Detectives office. He sees Gillis and Wilson's staring at a laptop.

CONROY

Anything interesting?

WILSON
Not really. We checked surveillance
in and around the jewelry store.

Wilson clicks the mouse on the laptop.

EXT. FRONT OF STEINBERG JEWELERS-EARLIER

The screen turns to several images in front of the store.

WILSON (V.O.)
These were taken two minutes prior
to the robbery on streetlights leading
to the store. There's our sedan.

The sedan pulls up to a light. Three men get out. The image turns to the next streetlight where one man gets out of the car.

INT. STEINBERG JEWELERS--EARLIER

Another image clicks on. Three men walk into the building. Moments another man opens the front door and walks in.

CONROY (V.O.)
Let the party begin.

WILSON (V.O.)
They're well positioned.

CONROY (V.O.)
Like I said, they know their shit!

Suddenly, the screens go black or become filled with static.

WILSON
That's all we have inside the store.

Again, Wilson clicks.

EXT. FRONT OF STEINBERG JEWELERS-CONTINUOUS

Images from a streetlight appear in time lapsed movement.

WILSON (V.O.)
The driver waited precisely eight
minutes to come back.

GILLIS (V.O.)
He learned the timing of the lights.
Amazing!

The men walk out of the store, get into the car and drive away.

More time lapsed images appear of the car. It takes a left at a light and the images go black.

INT. BOSTON CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, BACK BAY -- CONTINUOUS

WILSON

That's the last image we got.

GILLIS

The fuckers knew which streetlights
had surveillance cameras!

CONROY

We know they went to East Boston.
So keep...

WILSON (interrupts)

We did but six blocks around the
burned out car had no cameras.

GILLIS

Shit! We don't have a clue which
way they went.

CONROY

Or what they're now driving.

WILSON

Could have taken the Ted Tunnel, or
go north. Or taken the Tobin, the
Expressway, the Pike?

GILLIS

Which basically means we lost them.
Son of a ...

CONROY (interrupts)

Guys, check all the toll cameras,
match them up with any type of S.U.V.
or van that would hold six big men
that came out of the East Boston
area. Maybe we'll get lucky.

WILSON

Like finding the proverbial, needle
in the haystack.

CONROY

Or hoping for a guardian angel.

Gillis joins Conroy as they walk to the door.

INT. BLACK MINIVAN PARKED AT THE FRONT OF THE ADAMS COUNTRY
INN ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

The black minivan pulls in front of the entrance of the Adams
Country Inn and stops. In front of the minivan a sign reads,
"CLOSED, NO VACANCY". Arthur looks over at James and George.

ARTHUR

Looks like we're shit out of luck.

HENRY

No vacancy! It's a fuckin' blizzard!

GEORGE

Hey Einstein, it's part of the sign.
Did you read the first word?

HENRY

Fuck you, George! I'm reading...

GEORGE (interrupts)

Didn't they teach you in juvenile
detention to read the entire sentence?

JAMES

What do we do?

ARTHUR

We can't drive much further. I could
just barely see the last five miles.

EDWARD

What about one of the motels we passed
right off the pike?

GEORGE

We can't do that. If, by chance,
they caught us on the toll cameras
those are the first places the Feds
would look for on a night like this.

LOUIS

I'd say we go in and ask politely
for six rooms. If they say no, then..

HENRY (interrupts)

We take it over for the night.

GEORGE

I don't think so.

HENRY

Why not? We explain to the owner
that we're only be there until morning
or whenever the snow lets up.

ARTHUR

Guys, it's getting darker by the
minute and the snow's really piling
up. You heard the weather on the
radio, a foot more of snow coming!
We either chance it here or at one
of the motels.

George looks over at Arthur, shakes his head and lightly
taps the windshield. He looks down at the satchel of diamonds
and brief case.

GEORGE (to the men)
Ok, we try to rent out some rooms
and if it doesn't go that way, promise
me, no one inside gets hurt?

The men nod. George turns to Arthur and James who both nod.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm not crazy about this, but we are
running out of options.

The minivan pulls down the long driveway. The van stops in front of the front foyer of the inn. It takes a quick left and down a slope where a maintenance truck sits in front of an ice covered river.

Arthur backs the van up near the truck about six feet from the edge of the river.

Arthur, George, and Henry get out of the truck and walk up the hill.

INT. KITCHEN AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN -- CONTINUOUS

Craig, Amy, Annie, and CRAIG JR.(17) sit at the kitchen counter eating a Cobb salad, fresh bread, and soup.

Craig looks up as the front doorbell RINGS. They all look out to the entrance way. Again, the doorbell RINGS.

ANNIE
Daddy, I thought you said Adam put up the, Closed, sign?

CRAIG
He did. How could anyone make it down the driveway in this weather without getting killed?

Craig wipes his face, gets up, and walks out of the kitchen. He walks through the hallway, the large dining area and into the entrance way. The bell rings a third time.

INT/EXT. FRONT FOYER OF THE INN -- CONTINUOUS

Craig opens the door and sees three well dressed men standing under the foyer shaking off snow. George looks up and smiles as Henry reaches into his pocket.

GEORGE
We're terribly sorry to interrupt you, but me and my associates are in a bit of a jam.

CRAIG
Sorry, we're closed, due to the storm.

GEORGE

I figured as much, but we're on our way to Buffalo from Boston but the it's just too severe to drive. We were hoping if you could possibly put us up for the night or until the storm subsides?

CRAIG

Like I said, I'm sorry. I sent all my cleaning people home early and the rooms haven't been made up. Have you tried one of the hotels up the road?

GEORGE

Sir, look.

George walks to the side where Craig steps forward and sees the blizzard like conditions of the storm.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I seriously doubt we can make it there without spinning out and getting in an accident.

Amy walks to the entrance way.

CRAIG

I really can't help you...

AMY (interrupts)

Craig, what is it?

Amy looks at the men. At the same time Louis, James, and Edward get out of van and begin to walk up the hill.

CRAIG

These gentlemen are going to Buffalo and the storm's...

AMY (interrupts)

There are several motels off the Pike.

GEORGE

Yes, maam, like I was just telling your husband, I don't think we can get to the Pike without getting stuck. It would be a blessing if you would allow us to stay...

AMY (interrupts)

We really aren't prepared for guests.

GEORGE

It would only be three, four hours.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We'll stay in two rooms so you don't
have to prepare anything.

Amy notices three more men coming up the hill. She turns to Craig. George sees the nervousness on their faces.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
These are my other associates. Six
of us, all in a minivan. It's pretty
uncomfortable in there.

The men walk up to the door and nod to the Harts.

CRAIG (to George)
How about I get you to the main road.
I'll plow in front of you until we
reach a motel?

GEORGE
Thank you, but we don't want to
endanger you. If you could please
let us stay...

Henry turns to George.

HENRY (interrupts)
Forget it, George, they're not letting
us stay. Now, we do my plan.

GEORGE
Henry, no. Please sir, just let
us...

A worried Amy turns to George, then Henry.

AMY
What's going on?

Henry pulls out a gun. Louis does the same.

HENRY
This is, sweetheart...

Henry pushes George and Arthur out of the way.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The men enter the inn.

HENRY
We gave you a chance, but now this
is what we're gonna do.

Amy SHRIEKS as Louis POINTS the gun to her head. George turns to Louis, then at Henry.

GEORGE
Jesus, Henry! What the fuck?

Louis grabs Craig and pushes him into the reception area. Henry grabs Amy. The men BARGE into the inn. CRAIG JR. appears.

CRAIG JR.
Mom, Dad, what's...

Edward turns and points a gun at Craig Jr.

GEORGE (to Edward)
No, No, Edward, put it down!

HENRY
Sorry, George, your plan didn't work.
Now, we go to Plan B. My plan.

Annie appears at the reception doorway.

ANNIE
Daddy! Mommy!

Amy sees Annie, pushes Henry out of the way, rushes over to Annie and tightly hugs her. Henry rushes over to Annie but Craig stops in front of him.

CRAIG
Leave my wife...

Henry SMASHES Craig in the face with the pistol. George GASPS as he watches Craig hit the floor.

GEORGE (screams)
NO! HENRY! STOP!

HENRY (screams)
I WILL WHEN THEY DO!

George bends over and WHISPERS to a bleeding Craig.

GEORGE
Just do as they say and everything
will be all right.

Louis smiles as he grabs Amy and Annie. Edward slams Craig Jr. into the wall. James pushes Edward.

JAMES
Edward, he's a kid!

EDWARD
He's bigger than me!

JAMES
He's going nowhere. Leave him alone.

Edward lets up on Craig Jr.

Louis leads Amy and Annie into the large living room parlor. He stops and stares at all the antiques in the room.

The parlor is furnished as if it was still in the Revolutionary War period. Paintings depict scenes from the 18th Century and beautifully painted portraits of various Aristocratic people hang on the walls.

Louis pushes the girls to a small sitting couch. George carries a bleeding Craig to a rocking chair.

GEORGE (to Arthur)
Arthur, find some towels to help
stop the bleeding.

CRAIG
Who are you? Why...

GEORGE (to Craig) (interrupts)
Why didn't you listen to me? This
didn't have to happen.

Edward leads Craig Jr. to a chair. He, along with Louis and Henry, pull out two rolls of duct tape and tie up the Harts.

Louis looks over, smiles and winks at Craig Jr.

LOUIS
Hey, pretty boy, try to move and
I'll do more than hurt you. When I
was in the can I had many young,
strong boyfriends like you.

A fearful Craig stops struggling. He looks over to a horrified Amy. Louis turns to the girls and winks at Annie.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
And I like my girls young and pretty.
The younger the better!

Amy grabs Annie and makes her look away.

Edward pushes Craig to the radiator, handcuffs his right hand to it and tosses the bloody towel to him. Henry smiles as he claps his hands.

HENRY
Now that I have your attention.

Henry turns, sees a wine rack and takes a bottle from it. He takes out a knife and begins to open it. A visibly shaken James does the same.

HENRY (CONT'D)
As my astute colleague was saying,
we mean no harm. But sometimes,
actions speak louder than words.
Hell...

Henry waves over to George to stand.

HENRY (CONT'D)
George, you're the wordsmith around
here. You tell them.

George stands. Henry gulps a large portion of wine.

GEORGE
I'm terribly sorry for their actions.

HENRY (yells)
FUCK YOU, GEORGE! It had to be done!

GEORGE
No one had to be hurt!

George turns to the Harts.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We only need to use your place for a
few...

He turns to the grandfather clock that sits in the corner of
the parlor. It reads, 8:10.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Eight to ten hours. We don't want
anymore problems but if you don't
comply, these animals will do more
than hurt you.

Again, Louis winks and licks his lips at Craig Jr.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Everyone stay calm, try to relax and
we'll be gone before you know it.

CRAIG
Like you're going to let us go free?

Arthur and George both turn to each other. James takes a
large gulp of wine.

GEORGE (to Craig)
I give you my word.

ARTHUR
Me too!

JAMES
Make it three!

Craig nods to the three men.

CRAIG
I believe you but...

He turns to Louis, Edward, and Henry.

HENRY (to Craig)
As long as you're cool, we're cool.

GEORGE
Listen! We don't want to be here
anymore than you want us here. We
have an early meeting down the road.

Craig nods. He turns to Amy, who nods back. George pats Craig on the shoulder as he hands him a clean towel.

ANNIE (to men)
I don't think that's going to happen.

The men turn and look over at Annie, who is taped to the chair next to Amy. A strange look appears on her face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Charlotte's not going to let them
get away with this.

AMY
Annie, stop it! Don't...

ANNIE (interrupts)
Mommy! She's not going to let them
hurt us!

Henry moves over to Amy and Annie.

HENRY
Who's Charlotte and where's she
hiding?

CRAIG
You won't understand.

Henry turns, walks over to Craig and grabs him by the throat. George tries to intervene.

GEORGE (yells)
HENRY, STOP!

HENRY
Where is she?

Craig begins to GASP for air. Amy SCREAMS.

AMY (screams)
THERE IS NO CHARLOTTE! IT'S HER
IMAGINARY FRIEND!

GEORGE

Her what?

Craig, now covered in his own blood, breathes heavily.

CRAIG (gasping) (to George and Henry)
Her imaginary friend. My daughter,
is not well.

Again, George pushes Henry away from Craig. He looks over to Annie, who gives him a disturbing cold, hard stare.

ANNIE

She's not happy.

George walks out of the room.

INT. LIBRARY AREA-- CONTINUOUS

George walks into the library area, a large room with desks and benches surrounded by thousands of 1st edition, rare, and new volumes of books and encyclopedias.

George sees a side table with decanters and glasses on it. He grabs a decanter and pours a drink.

Henry walks into the library and grabs George.

HENRY

What the fuck is she talking about?

GEORGE

You heard her father. She's not well. If you don't believe him, check the house.

Henry walks back into the parlor.

INT. PARLOR ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

HENRY

Edward, James, Louis, check all the rooms. See if you find anyone or anything strange.

The men leave the parlor. Henry turns and walks over to Annie who is held tightly by Amy.

HENRY (CONT'D)

If this is some sort of a joke...

Annie smiles as she looks up at the pictures on the wall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD HOSPITAL -MORNING, 6 DAYS LATER.

Gillis and Conroy look over at each other, then back at George, who shrugs his shoulders.

GEORGE
If Henry only played it cool, I
wouldn't be here.

GILLIS
Would you have let them go even though
they saw your faces?

George nods and stares hard at the detectives.

GEORGE
I became a thief. I didn't become a
murderer! Only if she...

GILLIS (interrupts)
She?

GEORGE
The girl's friend, Charlotte.

CONROY
What about Charlotte? You said the
father said she was an imaginary...

GEORGE (interrupts)
Would I be here in this bed, with
you in front of me if she wasn't
there?

GILLIS
But, no one...

GEORGE (interrupts)
Things aren't always what they appear
to be and what can't be seen aren't
always delusions!

The confused detectives stare at each other. Fade.

INT. THE PARLOR ROOM-6 DAYS AGO-- ONE HOUR LATER

Henry gazes over at the portraits and other paintings on the walls. He turns to Craig, who has finally stopped bleeding.

HENRY
Is this shit really that old?

Craig nods. Henry turns to the furniture.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Even the tables and chairs?

CRAIG
All authentic, mid to late 18th
century.

HENRY
It must be worth a shit load!

Edward, Louis, and James appear at the parlor entrance.
Arthur walks up to the men.

ARTHUR

Anything?

EDWARD

We checked every room. Not even a
mouse.

JAMES

Some of these bedrooms are great.
Old style beds, big showers, hot
tubs, no tv's...

HENRY

No tv's?

JAMES

Just like the 1700's.

HENRY

But they have hot tubs. I don't
think Washington had a hot tub at
Monticello.

ARTHUR

Jefferson lived in Monticello, dumb
ass!

James hands Arthur a pamphlet.

JAMES

Check this out. This is rated one
of the top country inns in America.

HENRY

For real?

Craig looks up from his bloody towel.

CRAIG

Actually, we're number six but our
food was ranked number two! We were
beaten by an inn in Central Virginia,
near Monticello.

HENRY

Really. Where's the food? I'm
starving.

Craig looks down at his handcuffed hand.

CRAIG

The chef is a, little tied up at the
moment.

HENRY

You're the chef? I thought you were
the owner?

CRAIG

I'm both.

HENRY

Hell, Louis, take our master chef to
the kitchen and have him make us
something to eat.

CRAIG

I don't have much in supplies.

HENRY

That's the great thing about you
guys. I watch those cooking shows
on Bravo, they can walk into an empty
kitchen and make a four course meal.

Henry uncuffs Craig, who rubs his chaffed wrist.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Go to work! Louis, if he makes a
move you don't like, put one between
his eyes.

Louis smiles as he looks over at Amy.

LOUIS

With pleasure.

They leave the parlor. James takes a huge gulp of wine.

HENRY

Hey! Easy on the vino!

JAMES

You should see the wine cellar in
the basement. Amazing! I'm going
upstairs to use one of the hot tubs.
My sciatic's really kicking. I'll
be back in thirty.

Henry nods. James walks into the library.

INT. LIBRARY AREA-- CONTINUOUS

James walks over to the table in the library. He reaches
inside the cupboard and pulls out a bottle of tequila.

GEORGE (to James)

James, the booze, be careful.

James smirks as he looks down at George's now empty glass.

JAMES
Pot calling the kettle black, Georgie?

George looks down at his bourbon as James pats him on the back, leaves the room, and begins to walk upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM--10 MINUTES LATER

James pulls off his shirt as he walks over to the bubbling hot tub. He checks the heat of the water, nods, pulls a large glass full of tequila, takes off his pants, and gets into the water. He sighs as he lays back into the water.

James reaches over, takes a huge gulp of tequila, grabs a bible, and opens it up. Again he sighs.

JAMES
Aahh, this doesn't suck!

James gets to a passage about redemption and lip reads it. He stops, takes another gulp of tequila, and looks back at the bible.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hmm, where's the part that talks
about revenge being served best when
it's cold?

The door to the room shuts. He looks up from the bible.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hey, this room's taken!

He lip reads another passage then lays back and closes his eyes. His head FALLS into the water.

James comes up and gasps for air. Again, his head is pushed back into the hot water.

James STRUGGLES as he tries to get his head out of the water, but something holds him down. He begins to push up with all his strength.

He raises his arms, wildly KICKS his feet, and again pushes up but to no avail. He screams in HORROR but the sounds of the jet streams MUFFLE his shrieks. His eyes WIDEN as his body goes limp. The TEMPERATURE on the thermostat RISES.

INT. LIVING ROOM PARLOR--ONE HOUR LATER

George looks back at the grandfather clock which now reads, 9:45. He looks over at Henry and Louis sucking down soup and inhaling French dip sandwiches.

Arthur sits near the window. He stares out at the raging snowstorm.

ARTHUR
It's still coming down strong.

GEORGE
Has anyone seen James?

EDWARD
He's upstairs in a hot tub.

GEORGE
That was over an hour ago.

HENRY
He was hitting it heavy. He probably fell asleep. He's been in AA for some time, he's out of drinking shape.

GEORGE
Great, that's all we need, another drunk.

George gets up and eyes Arthur to follow him, Arthur moves away from the window.

ARTHUR
You might need a hand carrying him...

HENRY (interrupts)
Just let him sleep it off.

George and Arthur walk out of the parlor and up the stairs.

Henry points to Edward, who nods as he gets up from a chair.

INT. STAIRWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Arthur and George walk up the stairs.

GEORGE
Arty, this is wrong. Henry's a psychopath and he's taken control...

ARTHUR
I know but it's calm now.

They reach the top of the stairs. They turn and see Edward walking behind them.

EDWARD
I thought you...

GEORGE
Right. Henry didn't send you?

EDWARD
No, he didn't...

ARTHUR (interrupts)
Sure, Edward. Over here, this room.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

They walk past one room. They open the next room. It's completely dark.

GEORGE
Not here.

They walk to the next room down the hall. A light shines from the bottom of the door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

George opens the door.

GEORGE
Age before beauty.

Arthur gives George the finger as he walks past George.

Edward looks over at the wall and sees the same portrait of the little girl that hangs down in the parlor. He scratches his head as he follows Arthur and George.

The men look around the room. They see a shirt and pair of pants on the bed next to an empty wine bottle. They hear the hot tub in the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They walk into the bathroom and look over at the hot tub.

EDWARD
There's no one, what's that smell?

They move closer to the tub and see James' body on the bottom of the now boiling tub.

GEORGE (yells)
Shit!

Edward reaches into the tub and immediately pulls away. Arthur does the same.

ARTHUR (yells)
OOWWW!!!! The water's scalding hot!

George reaches over, grabs a large towel wraps it around his arms, reaches into the water and grabs James.

George howls in pain as the boiling water hits his arms and hands.

Arthur grabs another towel and helps George pull James out of the water.

James' skin begins to peel and sloughs off his body. The men shriek in horror as pieces of James fall into their hands.

Arthur turns and throws up on the floor.

Edward runs out of the room.

George, near James' body on the floor, heaves and gags as he smells the burnt flesh.

Henry runs into the room.

HENRY (yells)
WHAT THE HELL?

Once again George gags as he looks over at a half bottle of tequila near the edge of the hot tub.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

George runs out of the bathroom and over to a visibly shaken Arthur.

Edward stares at the same portrait as he saw earlier but the picture has changed from a portrait of a young girl to an 18th century landscape.

GEORGE
Shit! Shit! Shit! The empty bottle of wine, the tequila. James must have passed out.

ARTHUR
What about the temperature of the water? No fuckin' way he could have gotten into that water!

The men walk back into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Henry takes a gulp of the tequila. An animated George takes the bottle from Henry, puts it back on the table, and looks at the tub.

GEORGE
He reaches for the tequila, inadvertently hits the switch, takes a shot, lays back into the warm water, passes out, and becomes a corned beef dinner.

ARTHUR
No way! He wasn't...

GEORGE (interrupts)
Arty, he's been pounding wine ever
since we got here. And he moved to
the hard stuff!

HENRY
They say tequila is, vino de Mexico,
the wine of Mexico, and it will always
kill the gringos!

Edward turns and runs out of the bedroom.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Henry steps out of the bedroom and YELLS to Edward.

HENRY
Where the fuck are you going?

EDWARD
Something strange is going on and I
don't want to be a part of it. The
keys? Where are they?

ARTHUR
What?

Edward reaches Arthur and throws him against the wall.

EDWARD (frightened)
The keys to the van!

He pulls out a gun.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Give Me the fuckin' keys!

Arthur reaches into his pocket and hands the van keys to
Edward. George and Henry walk into the hallway.

GEORGE
Edward, what's going on? Take a
breath...

EDWARD (interrupts)
I'm getting out of here.

HENRY
No you're not.

Edward aims the gun at all the men as he steps backwards.

EDWARD
Come now if you want to leave.

GEORGE (interrupts)
There's a blizzard going on out there.

EDWARD
It's better than the inferno in here!
The girl's right, someone's here.

He rushes down the hallway. Arthur runs to stop him.

Edward turns and hits Arthur in the side of the head with the gun. Arthur falls.

George watches the action. He runs to Arthur.

GEORGE (yells)
Edward! Arthur!

He runs over to Arthur as Edward runs down the stairs.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCEWAY--CONTINUOUS

Edward runs out of the inn and down the snowy hill.

INT. LIBRARY AREA-- CONTINUOUS

Henry runs down the stairs and into the library.

Henry looks over at the brief case on the library table.

HENRY
The jewels are here. He'll be back.

EXT. THE ICY SHORE NEAR THE RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Edward opens the van door and STARTS the engine. He puts the van in reverse. He SNAPS it into drive but the engine screams and doesn't move. He puts it back in reverse then again into drive.

Suddenly, the car flies BACKWARDS and inches closer to the edge of the river. He JAMS on the brakes and looks at the steering wheel in total dismay.

EDWARD (frightened)
What the...

Edward throws the van in reverse then back to drive. The wheels spin as a HAND is pushes the van towards the river. Edward SCREAMS as the van is shoved into the river where ice begins to BREAK. He opens the door. Ice cold water seeps into the van.

INT. THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN -- CONTINUOUS

George and Arthur hear the scream and run out of the inn.

EXT. RIVER BANK AREA BEHIND THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN --
CONTINUOUS

Edward tries to close the van door but an ARM pushes against him. Again, he screams.

He jumps over to the passenger side and out of the van where he lands on solid ice.

He groans and breathes a sigh of relief. He looks around as he hears the ICE cracking. He looks down.

EDWARD (screams)

NO!

The ice under Edward SHATTERS and SPLINTERS. He FALLS into the frozen water and DISAPPEARS.

Edward SCREAMS as he comes up from the darkness of the water.

George and Arthur slip and slide down the hill.

Edward tries of push himself to a solid piece of ice but a HAND from under the water reaches up, grabs him, and pulls him back under.

GEORGE (yells)

HOLD ON, EDWARD! WE'RE COMING!

Edward, GASPING and CRYING for air, rises to the top only to be taken under again by a HAND from below.

George carefully walks on cracked and broken ice as he looks into the murkiness of the river. Henry reaches the edge as Arthur begins to step on the ice. The van begins to go under.

ARTHUR (yells)

WHERE'D HE GO?

A third time Edward RISES from the water but only for a second as he is pulled down the river.

George sees Edward and begins to bang on the ice. He notices the current taking Edward down river. Again, he KICKS down on the ice.

GEORGE (yells)

HOLD ON EDWARD! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

George reaches over for a large BRANCH and breaks it off its tree. He begins to SMASH at the ice with the BRANCH as Arthur has joined him in kicking the ice.

Edward, under the ice, looks up in horror at the men. He BANGS on the ice from the bottom. Edward begins to float down the river. He BANGS on the ice a final time as George and Arthur watch him disappear into the darkness.

INT. THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS--6 DAYS AGO--2 MINUTES LATER

George PUSHES the front DOOR so hard it SMASHES against the WALL. Louis gets in his face.

LOUIS
What the fuck?

George pushes Louis away as Arthur holds Louis and motions him to be silent.

George walks into the parlor and grabs Craig by the shirt and throws him against the radiator. He lets up on his hold and calmly looks at a terrified Craig.

GEORGE
What, the fuck, is going on?

CRAIG
I don't know what you're talking about!

George looks over at the rest of the Hart family and smiles. He looks over at a distraught Arthur.

GEORGE (to Craig)
One more time, what's going on?

CRAIG
I really don't know!

GEORGE
Then how and why did two of my guys just die within the past hour?

Craig shrugs his shoulders. George turns, looks over at a SMILING Annie, leaves Craig, and walks over to Annie.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Why the smiles?

Annie keeps on SMILING as Amy tightens her hug on her.

AMY
She hasn't done anything.

George looks down at Annie. He drops to his knees.

GEORGE
Sweetheart, what's your name?

AMY
Her name is Annie.

George gestures Amy to be quiet without ever losing eye contact with Annie.

GEORGE
Annie, what's happening here?

ANNIE
I told you but you wouldn't listen.

GEORGE
I heard you before, who's Charlotte?

ANNIE
My best friend in the whole world.

George looks over at Craig, who motions George to come over.

George and Arthur walk over to Craig where Arthur hands him a bottle of water.

CRAIG
Thank you. My daughter, can we talk privately?

Craig looks over to the library.

HENRY (to George)
You're not uncuffing him?

GEORGE
If it can help us.

Henry shakes his head and hands Arthur the key. Henry aims his gun at Craig's head, who cowers as Arthur and George lead him to the library. Henry looks over at Amy, Annie, and Craig Jr., then back at Craig.

HENRY (to Louis)
Any moves, your family gets three bullets in the head. Louis, one yell from me, start with the boy.

A terrified Craig Jr. stares over at his father, who gestures him to stay calm.

INT. LIBRARY AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN-- CONTINUOUS

The men enter the library and sit at around the large table.

GEORGE (to Craig)
How's the head?

CRAIG
How would you feel after you've been pistol whipped?

GEORGE
Sorry about that.

HENRY (to Craig)
I'm not! You heard me and you didn't think I meant it.

ARTHUR
Enough! What about your daughter?

CRAIG

Annie's extremely delusional. She's not totally living in the real world. This morning my wife took her to a leading psychiatrist who prescribed antipsychotic medication.

GEORGE

Antipsychotic...

CRAIG (interrupts)

My same reaction. Her delusions are getting more frequent and worse by the day.

ARTHUR

Is it about her imaginary friend?

CRAIG

She's beginning to justify her emotions and actions. She may have to be institutionalized.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

ARTHUR

But she's so adamant about her friend.

CRAIG

Annie's even created this far fetched story. She totally believes it. The doctor's worried that she may harm herself or her family.

HENRY

What's the story?

CRAIG

I don't know where to start. It's something about the British and the Revolutionary War.

Henry gets up and moves to the library door.

GEORGE

What are you doing?

HENRY

Getting the kid! Let her explain. That's one way to see what she's hiding.

CRAIG

There's nothing for her to hide! Annie's a sick, little girl.

Craig stands. Henry eyes him to sit. George puts his hand on Craig's shoulder.

INT. PARLOR ROOM--CONTINUOUS

Henry walks to the parlor and over to the sitting couch. He pulls out a knife.

AMY

What are you doing? CRAIG?

CRAIG (O.S.)

Calm down Amy! They only want to speak to Annie.

Henry cuts the duct tape from Annie and the couch. He picks Annie up and carries her into the library.

INT. LIBRARY AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN-- CONTINUOUS

Henry throws Annie down on a chair next to Craig.

ANNIE (to Henry)

You touch my mommy or my brother and you'll regret it!

HENRY

Sure kid, whatever you say.

CRAIG

Honey, tell the men about Charlotte.

ANNIE

Why? They're going to find out soon.

The thieves looks at each other then back at Craig.

CRAIG

Annie, who's Charlotte?

ANNIE

Why now, daddy? You never wanted to talk about her...

CRAIG (interrupts)

Baby, it's different now.

ANNIE

Now you're going to believe me?
It's too late!

Henry reaches over the table and puts his face inches from Annie, who doesn't flinch.

HENRY

Enough of the bullshit, kid! Who the fuck is Charlotte?

Annie moves closer to Henry. She smiles.

ANNIE
She's your executioner.

Henry stares back at a stone cold Annie. He turns and slams his fist on the mahogany table. He goes to reach Annie but George grabs him by the shoulder.

GEORGE
Back off.

Henry grits his teeth as he leans back in the chair.

Annie turns to Craig and smiles.

ANNIE
No worries, daddy! Charlotte told me we're all going to be fine.

Henry leans forward. Again, George grabs him, this time pushing him out of his chair.

Henry pushes George away as he moves to another table where he takes a guzzles down a glass of wine.

GEORGE (to Annie)
Annie, have you talked to Charlotte?

ANNIE
I talked to her a little while ago.

GEORGE
What did she say?

ANNIE
She told me about the man who wanted to leave. How he went down the river.

The surprised men look at each other. George turns to Annie.

GEORGE
Annie, tell us about Charlotte. Who is she and where's she from?

Annie turns to Craig, who rubs her head.

CRAIG
It's ok, honey. You can tell us.

ANNIE
Ok. She's upstairs getting Adam's attention.

CRAIG
Adam? How?

ANNIE
She's turning the lights off and on.

INT. ADAM POPE'S ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT A QUARTER MILE FROM THE COUNTRY INN -- PRESENT DAY-CONTINUOUS

Adam, sits in his recliner watching Poltergeist. He looks up from the tv screen and moves to the living room picture window. He frowns as he sees lights flickering off and on in one of the bedrooms in the inn.

Adam picks up the phone on an end table and dials.

INT. THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS--6 DAYS AGO -- CONTINUOUS

The phone RINGS in the reception area. Everyone looks over at the phone. Annie smirks.

ANNIE
That's Adam. He's seen the light.

GEORGE (to Craig)
Tell him you have a faulty switch
and you're about to shut off the
breaker.

George runs out of the room.

Craig picks up the phone.

CRAIG
Hey Adam, what's up?

ADAM (O.S.)
How did you know it was me?

CRAIG
Um, I read the caller ID.

ADAM (O.S.)
When did you get caller ID? Anyway,
I was sitting here and saw one of
the rooms flickering like a strobe
light.

CRAIG
Oh, it must be the switch. It
happened earlier. I thought I fixed
it.

ADAM (O.S.)
Do you want me to come by and see...

CRAIG (interrupts)
No, I'll shut the breaker and call
the electrician tomorrow.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

George opens the bedroom door and hits the light switch. It still flicks off and on.

He looks around the room and notices the same portrait of the little girl that hangs in the parlor.

He walks to the lamp and rips the chord out of the plug.

The room goes dark. George walks out of the room but doesn't realize the portrait has been changed back into a landscape picture. He walks down the stairs.

INT. PARLOR ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

ADAM (O.S.)

It's off now.

CRAIG

Yeah, I, pulled the breaker.

ADAM (O.S.)

You sure you don't want me to take a look at it. I'm only watching a movie.

CRAIG

No, it's fine. There shouldn't be a problem. I'll see you in the morning. Be here around...

George enters the library and raises eight fingers.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Eight.

ADAM (O.S.)

Eight? That late?

CRAIG

Sleep in. We have no deliveries until noon and with all this snow, you're going to need all your strength.

ADAM (O.S.)

Are you sure?

CRAIG

I'll see you tomorrow, kid.

Craig hangs up the phone.

George stops and stares at the same faded portrait of a blonde little girl in a light blue dress that hangs in the parlor. He looks over at Annie.

GEORGE

Annie, is Charlotte the little girl
in this picture and the one in the
parlor and bedroom upstairs?

ANNIE

She's everywhere.

Craig turns to George.

CRAIG

There's only one portrait of Charlotte
in the house.

Craig points to the portrait.

George gets up and takes a closer look.

GEORGE

Excuse me.

George leaves the Parlor. The bewildered group look at each other.

INT. A GUEST ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE INN --
CONTINUOUS

George turns and runs up the stairs, through the hall and into the dark bedroom. He walks over to the picture, pulls it off the wall and returns to the lighted hallway.

He looks down at the picture, which is now a picture of a mother and daughter, with dark hair, playing in a park during the 1700's. George blinks. The painting stays the same.

He shakes his head as he goes back into the bedroom, puts the painting on the wall and walks down the hallway.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

George looks around the hall and notices the pictures on the wall and on the wall of staircase.

Some of the paintings are of men participating in equestrian events, grand ballroom galas, and various landscape portraits.

INT. LIBRARY AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN-- 6 DAYS AGO

George walks into the library.

GEORGE

I thought I saw something. I was
wrong.

Again, George sits next to Annie.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Annie, what happened to Charlotte?

ANNIE
Her family was raped and murdered...

The men look over in shock at each other then over at Annie, who nonchalantly stares back at George.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
In 1777.

Arthur's jaw drops.

ARTHUR
Did you say 17...

ANNIE (interrupts)
77!

Henry rolls his eyes. George looks back at Craig, who shrugs his shoulders.

CRAIG
At least she's consistent.

GEORGE
Maybe too consistent. Annie, why were they murdered?

Annie turns and snarls at George.

ANNIE
And raped! Charlotte's dad was a cousin of Mr. John and Mr. Sam Adams.

HENRY
The beer guy on tv?

GEORGE
No, Henry, not the beer guy. Go on, Annie.

P.O.V. FLASHBACK TO 1777 AT THE ADAMS HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The inn, then a country home for John and Mary Adams, is set in the same place as the inn but with a smaller second floor and the carriage houses and outside guests quarters are not yet built.

The farm land is quadruple the size and the barn overlooks the river. The river flows more freely with a huge garden close to the shoreline.

JOHN and MARY work out in the field and garden as CHARLOTTE plays with her dolls on the front porch. Young JAMES FRANCIS, a 15 year old, tends to the animals in the barn.

The sky begins to turn to gray as the wind blows the multicolored leaves off the trees.

MARY turns and hears soldiers coming up the road.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Charlotte's mom and dad built this house. She also had a brother, James Francis...

ARTHUR (V.O.)

Just like your family...

ANNIE (V.O.)

On a cold, November day, Charlotte, her mom, dad and brother were attacked and captured by nine British soldiers and a captain on their way to Fort Ticonderoga. They thought her father was hiding General Knox.

GEORGE (V.O.)

General Henry Knox, one of Washington's main men?

Again, Annie nods.

ANNIE (V.O.)

The men, led by a real mean captain, a Captain Fletcher, tied up Mr. Adams and James Francis and beat them over and over again. The captain thought that since he was an Adams, he knew more than he was telling them. Captain Fletcher, was getting angrier and meaner by the minute. He raised the stakes by having the soldiers rape and beat Mrs. Adams and Charlotte in front of them. Mr. Adams was so distraught.

INT. LIBRARY AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN--6 DAYS AGO

The men look at each other in complete shock and horror.

GEORGE (to Annie)

Annie, how old are you?

ANNIE

Nine and a half.

GEORGE

Your grasp of the language is amazing.

ANNIE

Mr., everyone thinks I'm crazy, but I'm just really, really smart.

CRAIG (to George)

Genius numbers off the charts!

GEORGE
Annie, please go on.

INT. FLASHBACK TO 1777 AT THE ADAMS HOUSE -- NIGHT

ANNIE (V.O.)

The men raped and beat Charlotte and her mom and then raped James Francis, all the time forcing Mr. Adams to watch the ordeal. Mr. Adams tried to fight but to no avail. He finally made up a story of General Knox but by then Captain Fletcher realized he now was lying and didn't know anything at all. He slit Mr. Adams' throat in front of his wife and children. They took James Francis and after another night of more beating and raping, cut off his head. They kept the girls alive for two more days and when the soldiers were done with them they cut up Mrs. Adams into little slices and buried Charlotte alive down in the basement.

INT. LIBRARY AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN-- 6 DAYS AGO

Again, the men stare at each other in complete silence and dismay. Arthur turns to Annie with sadness in his eyes.

ARTHUR
Is her body still down in the
basement?

P.O.V. FLASHBACK OF TEN YEARS AGO, THE INN -- AFTERNOON

The Adams house, now a country inn for the past 50 years is going through another renovation, this time the job being done by the new owner, Craig Hart.

CONSTRUCTION MEN work on the outside lawn and guest house areas. MEN work in the basement looking at design plans and digging through a section in the corner of the basement.

CRAIG (V.O.)

About ten years ago, just before we moved into the inn, I was putting in a new wine cellar and came across her remains. The state archeologist was sent in and through carbon aging and recorded dates confirmed that it was the remains of a child from the mid to late 1700's. They buried the remains in the small cemetery out back of the old barn area.

INT. LIBRARY AREA OF THE COUNTRY INN-- 6 DAYS AGO

George looks at everyone in the room.

GEORGE

So, like Lazarus, she has risen?

HENRY

Who?

ANNIE (to George)

Yes. I read scripture with my mom
and sometimes with Charlotte.

GEORGE

Has anyone else seen Charlotte?

ANNIE

Only me, she's my friend and I'm the
only one she trusts!

George lightly touches Annie on the arm.

GEORGE

Thank you Annie. You can go sit
with your mom.

Annie stands then suddenly turns.

ANNIE (to George)

Sir, Charlotte doesn't understand.
You don't seem bad.

GEORGE

No, we're not bad. We're just...

ANNIE (interrupts)

In the wrong place at the wrong time?

George nods as he looks over at Arthur then at Craig.

Annie turns and points to Henry.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

She says you're a very bad man.

Henry gets up from his chair.

HENRY

Get out of here you crazy, little
bitch!

Annie smiles at Henry as she walks out of the room.

The men stare at each other in awe. Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG

Now you understand when I say my
little girl is ill?

ARTHUR

She's convinced the story's true.

GEORGE

She does believe. But we know true
faith can be a scary aphrodisiac.

Henry grabs a bottle of wine and gulps down the last of it.

HENRY

She's as loony as they come! She
should be in a rubber room! Anymore
wine in here?

ARTHUR

Not in here but there's a whole cellar
full downstairs.

Henry looks at Arthur smirking at him. He sits back down.

HENRY

Fuck you!

He gives the men at the table the middle finger. Fade.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD HOSPITAL -PRESENT DAY-LATE
MORNING

The room is silent. George blankly stares over at one of
the pictures on the wall. Conroy turns away from the window.

CONROY

Quite an alarming story, George.
Did you believe it?

GEORGE

I didn't know what to think. Part
of me was thinking, shit, this kid
is really fucked up! But another
part of me was like, how could a ten
year old make up such an intense and
disturbing story that involved all
the historical knowledge she was
giving us. Hell, I'm a history buff,
but man, that type of studying from
a little girl was damn near hard to
believe.

GILLIS

We'll check out the facts of her
story, but nowadays with the Net,
kids can justify their stories and
thoughts more than ever.

GEORGE
My exact thoughts, until...

CONROY (interrupts)
Until what?

GEORGE
Until Henry got thirsty and the lights turned on again!

INT. PARLOR ROOM OF THE COUNTRY INN-- 6 DAYS AGO- 5:15 AM

The room is quiet except for the ticking of the grandfather clock.

George skims through a country inn magazine while Arthur reads a cook book.

Annie sleeps on Amy's lap and Craig Jr. soundly sleeps in a rocking chair.

Craig Sr., still handcuffed to the radiator, looks over at his family. He looks over at Louis who lustily stares at the two girls. Henry gets up and walks to the empty wine rack.

Henry looks down at the three empty wine bottles on the coffee table. He eyes Craig.

HENRY
Any booze up here?

Craig points to the cellar door to the right of the parlor. Henry looks over at Arthur then at Louis. He walks to the door.

LOUIS
You going down there?

HENRY
Why not?

Louis puts on a fake, frightened face.

LOUIS
What about the Boogie Man? I don't know, aren't you scared?

Henry shakes his head at Louis as he walks out of the parlor.

HENRY
Another fuckin' comedian!

INT. WINE CELLAR -- CONTINUOUS

Henry turns the basement corner as he steps on the last stair. He turns on a light switch.

The basement is split into three areas. To the left of the basement is a large storage area where equipment, tools, and old furniture sit.

Near the furniture, to the right, lie several paintings and portraits among the antiques. Straight ahead from the stairs is the large furnace, massive water heater, and several washer/dryer units.

To the left of the stairs is a short walkway which leads into a large wine cellar.

Henry walks down the walkway and opens the door. Inside the room, Henry stares at the 100's of bottles of wine meticulously placed on cedar holders and shelves.

Henry nods to himself as he walks up one of the three aisles. He reaches an area at the back of the cellar.

His eyes widen as he scans a 10x12 room that is furnished with a sitting couch, a couple of rocking chairs and a small recliner all in front of a wood stove.

To the side of the stove is a big pile of split wood where a large double sided ax sits wedged inside a log.

Henry smiles as he pulls a dusty bottle off one of the shelves. He reaches over to a table near a rocking chair and picks up a corkscrew.

HENRY

Sweet! I could get lost in here.

As Henry wipes off some dust from one of the bottles, the wine cellar door shuts. He opens a bottle of wine. He looks at the label as he picks out another bottle from the shelf.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Chateau Blah, Blah, Blah, from the
Blankety Blank Vineyards. Hmmm, it
looks old so it must be good.

He looks down at the wine glass shelf and shakes his head as he takes a large swig of wine from the bottle. Henry frowns as he looks at the bottle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Must have to breathe for a little
bit. Allow the tannins to expand.

He places the bottle on the table. He smiles to himself as he opens up another bottle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shit, Pat, you sound like such a
cork dork!

He takes a large gulp of the newly opened wine.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Now that's a good grape!

He tosses the corkscrew on the table and takes another swig of wine. Henry walks over to a rocking chair, sits down, takes another large gulp, and closes his eyes. He opens his eyes and looks at the wood stove and pile of wood.

HENRY (CONT'D)
A couple of cigars and an Oxy, that would be heaven.

He takes another gulp and again closes his eyes. The room begins to SPIN. As he opens his eyes he lets out a loud SCREAM as excruciating pain vibrates from the side of his head.

He grabs the side of his head but is met with force by another HAND, which is holds the CORKSCREW and SCREWS it in His head.

The HAND pushes Henry's hands away as blood spurts all over the chair and floor.

Again, Henry screams as he pushes himself off of the chair and onto the split logs that lie on the floor.

Henry tries to take the corkscrew out of the side of his head but he is PUSHED from behind and as he tries to regain his balance, the logs move and his feet give way.

He is THROWN forward and his head lands with unusual force on the AX BLADE. Henry YELPS one final time.

INT. LIVING ROOM PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

A SCREAM is heard from the basement. Arthur turns to George, who stands. George looks over at Louis, who stands.

GEORGE

INT. FRONT HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

George and Louis run to the basement door. They struggle to open the door which is locked.

GEORGE
What the hell?

Louis pushes George to the side of the door.

LOUIS
Get out of the way!

He pushes the door. The door stays locked.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Why would Henry lock the door?

He moves back and SLAMS into the door. The door SMASHES off its hinges.

INT. WINE CELLAR -- CONTINUOUS

The men run down the stairway, turn and gasp as they see Henry's body slumped over a pile of wood. They run to the body and again wheeze as they see Henry's head almost chopped off and the ax protruding out of his neck.

George gags as he turns and sees blood flowing on the floor and logs thrown throughout the room. BLOOD seeps out of Henry's neck and begins to cover the corkscrew.

EXT. TWO POLICE VEHICLES ON A SCENIC OVERPASS 500 YARDS FROM THE COUNTRY INN-- 6 DAYS AGO

A police cruiser and a police SUV sit side by side on the side of a scenic overpass a 1/4 mile from the inn.

In one car, OFFICER RICH NOONAN, a 27 year old, slightly chubby, out of shape white man with a bad military haircut, sips on a coffee while he eats a donut.

In the SUV sits SERGEANT VINNY GUARINO, a 55 year old, portly man, also sips on a coffee. He looks at the overpass as the snow begins to stop.

GUARINO
It's about time! Looks like it might be a nice day.

NOONAN
Like I'm going to know! Two doubles in a row, no school today. So much for getting a few hours sleep this morning!

GUARINO
Ahh, the joy of parenting.

Guarino looks up and sees a BLINKING LIGHT coming from the inn. He points over to the inn.

GUARINO (CONT'D)
That's strange.

NOONAN
Must be a short in the wiring.

GUARINO
Maybe, the place is over 250 years old.

NOONAN
But it still had to be recently coded.

GUARINO
I'll take a look.

NOONAN
I'll be here.

Guarino nods as he pulls away. Noonan reaches over, grabs another donut, bites into it and closes his eyes. Fade.

INT. LIVING ROOM PARLOR -- 6 DAYS AGO

George paces the floor.

Arthur sits with his head in his hands.

Louis stares over at Amy and Annie.

George turns to Arthur, then over at Craig.

GEORGE
He lost his footing and fell on the ax. It was an accident.

ARTHUR
What about the hole in the side of his head? Explain that!

GEORGE
He was drinking pretty heavy the past couple hours. Maybe, he sat in the chair, leaned back, stabbed himself in the head, got up quick, lost his balance and fell onto...

ARTHUR (interrupts)
What did he stab himself with? There were no broken glasses or knives around the body, only a corkscrew.

Louis chuckles.

LOUIS
He did like screwing.

He stares over a Craig Jr.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I like screwing.

GEORGE
Louis, what the fuck?

LOUIS
Maybe the chick stabbed him?

ARTHUR

Chick?

LOUIS

Yeah, her friend.

GEORGE

Louis, not a good time for a psychotic meltdown.

LOUIS

As good an explanation as yours!

George turns away and walks to the window. He sees a POLICE SUV pull into the driveway. He turns to the group.

GEORGE

Shit! We have company.

Arthur stands and looks out he window. He begins to pace.

ARTHUR

Great! What do we do?

GEORGE

We stay calm.

George walks over to Craig and UNCUFFS his hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Listen, we'll be out of here in less than an hour. Get rid of him and life will go back to what it was.

CRAIG

With what's been going on, how can that possibly happen?

There is a knock on the door. Craig looks at George as he rubs his wrist.

GEORGE

Trust me, one hour. You'll never see me again.

Another knock is heard.

CRAIG (to George)

Trust you? You've held us hostage all night! That's a good one.

The doorbell RINGS. Craig walks to the door. He stops and turns back to George.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I can't, for the life of me, figure you out.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Maybe Annie's right, you seem to be
a decent man. Hell, if we weren't
in this predicament, I might have
liked you.

Craig turns and opens the door.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Arthur and Louis hide behind the library and parlor doors.
Guarino appears on the porch.

GUARINO

Good morning, Craig.

CRAIG

Oh, hi, Vinny. How's it going?

GUARINO

All things considered, a calm night.
You're up early?

CRAIG

Yeah, I couldn't sleep. I decided
to start making the bread early.

GUARINO

Any finished? You know how much I
love your bread.

CRAIG

Just kneading the dough as we speak.

Guarino looks down at Craig's red hand.

GUARINO

You burn yourself?

Craig looks down at his hand and rubs it with his other hand.

CRAIG

Almost. I spilled a little hot water
on it when I was making tea.

GUARINO

Anyway, I noticed your third floor
light was blinking off and on.

George lightly bangs his hand on the parlor wall.

CRAIG

Really?

GUARINO

Yeah, are you having problems with
the wiring? You have to be careful
with old houses like these.

CRAIG

You're right. Adam Pope saw something
and called me earlier in the night.
I thought I shut the breaker off.
Thanks, I'll check it again. Sorry
to be rude, but the yeast is about
to rise..

GUARINO

I understand. Just keep an eye on
it. We don't need any accidents
this morning.

CRAIG

I will and when I'm done, I'll come
by the station and drop off a couple
loaves of sourdough.

GUARINO

That'll be great. Sourdough's my
wife's favorite.

Guarino smiles as Craig shuts the door.

George and Arthur both heave a sigh of relief.

Craig walks back into the parlor where Louis grabs him and pushes him to the radiator.

CRAIG

Hey! I just saved your ass!

GEORGE

Louis, what the hell are you doing?

Louis cuffs Craig back to the radiator. A CRAZED SMILE appears on his face as he looks over at Craig Jr. then over at the girls.

LOUIS

Who wants to take a walk upstairs?
You know, I like young men as much
as I like young girls.

GEORGE

Louis, what are you...

LOUIS (angry) (to George)

George, shut up! I'm tired of
listening to your shit!

Arthur pulls out his pistol. Louis smiles as he walks over to Arthur.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You're a good guy, Arthur.
(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I've never had a problem with you and, you wouldn't hurt a flea. Me and Henry were brought in to case the places and be the muscle. And I'm flexing it right now.

Arthur sheepishly drops his head as he gives his gun to Louis. He walks out of the room.

INT. THIRD FLOOR OF THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN -- MOMENTS LATER

Arthur walks into the flickering room and pulls the wire out of the outlet. He leaves the room.

INT. PARLOR ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Louis turns to George.

LOUIS

And I know you're too smart and charming to carry a piece. So, who's taking a walk with Uncle Louis?

Amy tightens her grip on Annie.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Maybe your little friend will come out of the woodwork and we can have a threesome?

GEORGE

Stop it!

Louis aims his revolver at George.

LOUIS (irritated)

I said shut the fuck up! I'm tired of you and your condescending mouth.

GEORGE (calmly)

Louis, please listen to me. I'm going to call the Fence and we'll be out of here soon enough. You can go to New York, Bangkok, wherever, and have as many little boys and girls as you can possibly handle...

LOUIS (to Annie)

And I like her.

GEORGE

Louis...

LOUIS (interrupts)

This is the last time I tell you to shut the fuck up. Next time and we'll be burying you out back.

He winks at and smiles Craig Jr. who again turns away.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
And You are so fuckin' cute and I
bet you're a virgin.

Louis looks over at a frightened Craig.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I have an idea. Why don't I bring
you upstairs so you can watch me
fuck your kids? It will be just
like the story your daughter told
us. Where did she get that idea
from? Watching you?

AMY
WHAT ABOUT ME?

LOUIS
What about you? I'm not into used
meat!

AMY
Am I used meat or is it you're afraid
to take on someone who knows what
they're doing?

LOUIS
Afraid of you? Why would I be afraid,

AMY
Because I know what a good screwing
feels like and deep down you know
you can't give it to me nice and
hard!

Louis grins as he walks over to Amy, who pushes Annie behind her.

LOUIS
I never fail to satisfy.

AMY
Maybe you think you do, or maybe
they're lying to you?

LOUIS
They never lie. I am the best.

Amy reaches over and begins to rub Louis' large stomach.

AMY
Then maybe you should put your actions
where your mouth is? Or, are you
too scared?

Louis smiles as he feels the other men staring at him. He turns back to Amy and pulls her up towards his chest.

LOUIS
You're a mean girl.

AMY
Baby, you haven't seen mean until you've been with me. What are you going to do about it? I bet you can't make me be good.

He pushes Amy to the middle of the parlor.

LOUIS
Let's go...

Amy looks over at a terrified Craig.

Annie screams.

LOUIS (yells) (CONT'D)
SHUT THAT LITTLE BITCH UP!

Amy turns, walks back to Annie and hugs her.

AMY (calmly)
Annie, honey, go sit with your brother. I'll be back soon.

LOUIS
It's gonna be later than sooner!

Amy walks over to Craig Jr. and kisses him on the forehead. She turns to Craig and mouths, "I love you".

Craig rattles the handcuffs on the radiator.

LOUIS (to George) (CONT'D)
Call the Fence.

GEORGE
Louis, please don't do this.

Again, Louis aims the gun at George. He smiles and waves as he pushes Amy out of the parlor.

CRAIG (to George)
I helped you. You have to help Amy.

George shrugs his shoulders as he dials the cell phone.

GEORGE
I think the best chance we have is with your wife...

CRAIG (interrupts)
But he'll...

GEORGE (interrupts)
He's melting and not thinking sane.
Hopefully, she'll buy us time before
he kills us all.

George walks over to the window.

JOHN (O.S.)
Good morning, George.

GEORGE
How fast can you get here?

JOHN (O.S.)
Problems?

GEORGE
A few.

JOHN (O.S.)
Where are you?

GEORGE
The Adams Country Inn in Tuckersfield,
Mass, about 90 minutes from Manhattan
on the New York border.

JOHN (O.S.)
Hold on, I'm putting it on my G.P.S.
We already left. Here it is, we'll
be there in an hour.

GEORGE
John, if you can make it here in
half the time, I'll give you six and
a half instead of six!

JOHN (O.S.)
You really are in a hurry! Will I
be involved in anything out of the
ordinary?

GEORGE
Just call me when you're five to ten
minutes away.

JOHN (O.S.)
I shall see you in 35. By the way,
I checked the laundry problem.
Everything seems fine.

GEORGE
Good. Hurry.

George hangs up the cell phone. He looks over at Craig and Arthur, then over at the stairs.

INT. A GUEST ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE INN -- MOMENTS LATER

Louis shuts the door.

Amy sits on the bed and begins to unbutton her flannel shirt. She scans the room looking for a weapon.

Louis grabs Amy's hands.

LOUIS

Stop!

AMY

Only trying to help.

LOUIS

I don't need any help!

He reaches down, touches her shirt lightly then rips the buttons off her shirt.

Terrified, but not willing to show her fear, Amy smiles.

AMY

So, you like it rough.

LOUIS

Oh yeah, the rougher the better.

What about you?

Amy leans back on the bed. She smirks.

Louis unbuttons his shirt.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Ever been with a brother?

AMY

No.

LOUIS

You're in for a real treat! Brothers are the biggest and best. And I'm the best brother...

AMY (interrupts)

Enough of the self complimentary bullshit! Time to prove it.

Louis smiles as he rips off his t-shirt, showing off his huge medicine ball belly. He begins to take off his belt. Again, Amy looks around the room. He pushes her back onto the bed.

LOUIS

2nd thoughts?

AMY
Not at all, big boy. I just wanted
to shut off...

LOUIS (interrupts)
Hell no! I like the lights on!

Louis straddles Amy.

She moves backwards to the bed post.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
I thought you liked it rough?

AMY
I do, but...

Louis grabs Amy, reaches for the nightstand light, rips the chord out and ties it to Amy's left hand to the bedpost.

She quietly shrieks.

He smiles as he licks his lips.

LOUIS
That's what I like!

AMY
What?

LOUIS
Finally, fear in your eyes.

Louis turns and rips the pillow case off the pillow. He ties it around Amy's right hand to the bedpost.

Amy kicks at Louis but misses.

AMY
No!

He grabs her by the hair.

LOUIS
We're you just bull shitting me
downstairs? Such a loss to gag that
pretty mouth?

Louis reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small roll of duct tape. He tapes her mouth shut.

LOUIS (smiles) (CONT'D)
Now you look good.

He rips her bra off and pulls down her pants. Amy wildly looks around the room.

She sees a shadow in the background. Louis pulls down his pants and shorts.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I told you that you never had anything like this before. Growing up in North Carolina the girls used to call me the Lizard King

Louis begins to stroke himself.

Amy looks down and groans as her eyes become wet.

He smiles as he leans forward and spreads her legs.

Suddenly, from behind Louis, she sees a silhouette appear. Long blonde hair appears from Louis' side.

Amy's eyes widen as she recognizes the blue eyes and face.

Louis groans as he positions himself between her legs. He starts to thrust and penetrate.

Amy moans in pain.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Like I said, you're gonna really like it!

Again, Amy's eyes widen. She nods to Louis but stares at CHARLOTTE, who gestures her to be quiet.

CHARLOTTE smiles as a large 18th century sword is revealed. CHARLOTTE whispers in Louis' ear.

Louis FLICKS his hand to his ears, as if swatting a mosquito, and starts to pump his hips.

A SWISHING SOUND is heard. Louis abruptly STOPS and TURNS as his eyes widen as he looks down at a horrified Amy.

Unexpectedly, the front of the sword PENETRATES through Louis' stomach and midsection.

BLOOD SPURTS from Louis' mouth.. He stops moving.

CHARLOTTE moves to his side and loosens up the wire on Amy's left hand.

Both Amy and Louis stay rigid, too scared to move as CHARLOTTE unties Amy's right hand.

CHARLOTTE lightly takes off the tape from Amy's mouth. Amy stares at her, so petrified she can't move.

Louis gurgles and begins to babbles as blood spills from his mouth.

CHARLOTTE moves inches from Amy's face.

CHARLOTTE (whispers)
He stabbed you. It's your turn to
stab him.

Charlotte moves away.

Amy blinks and looks up.

Charlotte is no longer in the room.

Amy Gets up and sees the portrait of Charlotte on the wall. Again, she blinks, this time the portrait displays a "Mona Lisa" smile on her face.

Amy pushes away from a still rigid Louis, grabs her shirt and moves behind Louis.

She pulls the sword out of Louis, who again gurgles blood.

Amy looks back at the smiling portrait.

She leans over and whispers into Louis' ear.

AMY
I hope it's going to be as good for
you as it's going to be for me!

Amy raises the sword and with one swipe HITS Louis. His head falls off his body.

She looks at the bloody body then at Louis' head where a look of horror is etched on his face.

Amy turns and gives her own, "Mona Lisa" smile at the portrait. She stands and walks out of the bedroom, all the time carrying the bloodied sword.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK REST AREA A 1/4 MILE FROM THE COUNTRY INN -- 6 DAYS AGO

The police SUV pulls up to the cruiser. Noonan looks up and points to the inn where the lights again flicker.

NOONAN
Sarge, I thought you were going to tell them about the blinking lights?

GUARINO
I just did. Craig said it was a circuit breaker...

Guarino turns and sees the flickering lights.

GUARINO (CONT'D)
What the hell? It was just black up there.

NOONAN
Maybe the breaker popped out again?

The light keeps on blinking off and on, but this time more sporadically and at times the light stays on longer than the previous flickering.

A surprised look appears on Guarino's face as he looks up at the third floor.

GUARINO
It's not blinking. It's more like
flashing.

NOONAN
Sarge, what are you talking about?
I'm watching the same lights as you.
It reminds me of smoke signals...

GUARINO (interrupts)
That's it!

Noonan looks over at Guarino who stares fiercely at the lights.

They blink off and on, then stop for a second, then go back on, then off again.

GUARINO (CONT'D)
Dot. Dash. Dash. It's Morse Code!

NOONAN
Morse code? They didn't teach us
Morse Code in college or...

GUARINO (interrupts)
Get in college boy.

Noonan gets out of the cruiser and jumps into the truck.
Guarino looks up in shock.

GUARINO (CONT'D)
What the hell? The lights just
spelled S.O.S.!

NOONAN
S.O.S? Are you sure?

GUARINO
That's why, Noonan, you'll always be
a patrolman.

The SUV pulls out as the the BLUE LIGHTS are turned on.

EXT. A MERCEDES SUV DRIVING ON THE PARKWAY--6 DAYS AGO --
MORNING

John and his driver, Ben, sit quietly as the darkness begins to give way to the light of the morning.

John, holding an attaché case with the letters JET engraved near the handle, takes a sip of coffee.

BEN

Looks like it's going to be a nice day.

JOHN

Indeed. I love the first few hours after a snow storm. It's all so...

BEN (interrupts)

White. Did you know shrinks and doctors say the color white symbolizes death?

JOHN

I was going to say clean. Sterile. A fresh, new start to a new day.

BEN

I guess so, but it's so white..

JOHN (interrupts)

Benjamin, such the eternal pessimist. How long until we reach Tuckersfield?

BEN

Fifteen, twenty minutes. Roads aren't as bad as I thought they might be.

JOHN

Fantastic. After our meeting, like the storm, we can clean off our slate and have a fresh new day to conquer.

Ben nods. John turns to the passenger window and looks out at the snow covered landscape.

INT. THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS--6 DAYS AGO--MORNING

George looks up at the grandfather clock.

Arthur hears a sound from the hall, turns where he sees a bloody Amy, staring blankly into the parlor holding a bloody sword.

ARTHUR (screams)

GEORGE!

Everyone in the parlor room turns and stares at Amy.

CRAIG (screams)
AMY!

He pulls against the radiator. Craig Jr. and Annie scream in horror.

George stands. He tosses the keys to Craig, who unlocks the handcuffs.

ANNIE (screams)
MOMMY!

Amy turns and stares at Annie. She drops the sword on the hardwood floor.

Craig rushes to her and tightly hugs her rigid body. Arthur runs out of the room and upstairs.

A shocked George turns and looks over at Annie.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Arthur reaches the bedroom and rushes inside. He gags as he sees Louis' bloodied head on the floor staring at his headless body on the bloodied bed. He picks up the pistol.

ARTHUR (screams)
GEORGE! GEORGE!

George turns and runs out of the parlor.

INT. PARLOR ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Amy pushes away from Craig, who looks at the children.

CRAIG
Amy, honey, take the kids and run.

Amy touches Craig's face. She lightly smiles.

AMY
We're safe.

Annie runs to Amy and tightly hugs her legs. Amy drops to her knees and wipes her daughter's tears away.

AMY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry I didn't believe you!
I'm so sorry. I'll always believe you.

A confused Craig turns to Amy, who strokes his cheek.

AMY (CONT'D)
She's not sick. She's real. She's real.

Amy reaches up and puts her arms around Craig. Fade.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

George stops as he sees Louis' head and body.

An astonished Arthur stares at the headless body.

GEORGE (yells)
ARTY! WHOA! What the...

George walks over to the bed, sees the wire and pillowcase tied to the bedpost. He turns.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
How did she get...

ARTHUR (frightened)
We gotta get out of here before she...

GEORGE (interrupts)
Arty, calm down and get...

ARTHUR (interrupts)
Mike, this place, the guys, these
weren't accidents! She's alive!
Edward was right. We need to leave!

GEORGE
Just take a breath. There has to be
an explanation?

ARTHUR (frightened)
Look around! Do we really need one?

George turns and scans the room. He walks over to the window where he sees a light flickering off the snow on the ground. He cranes his neck to the third floor. He turns to Arthur.

GEORGE
I thought you said you unplugged the
third floor bedroom lights?

ARTHUR
I ripped the fuckin' wire out of the
wall and snapped it in half! What's
going on?

GEORGE
I'm going to find out.

George leaves the room and runs upstairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

George rushes into the blinking room,, sees the broken wires pushed into the outlet. He takes the bulb out and smashes it against the wall. He turns, runs down the two flights of stairs and enters the parlor.

INT. PARLOR ROOM OF THE COUNTRY INN--CONTINUES

George grabs Amy.

GEORGE

What happened?

AMY

I, I, I really don't know!

George tightens his grip.

GEORGE (screams)

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW!

YOU KILLED LOUIS!

AMY

No. No, I didn't! She did it!

Again, George tightens his grip on Amy's shoulders.

Craig reaches over and tries to push George off Amy.

GEORGE (screams)

WHO?

CRAIG

George, calm down! There's...

Amy grabs George by his shoulders and stares into his eyes.

AMY (yells)

CHARLOTTE! NO, I DID, SHE LET ME
LOSE AFTER SHE STABBED HIM! SHE
SAVED ME FROM THAT ANIMAL! HE WAS
WAS GOING TO DO TO US WHAT THEY DID
TO HER!

George turns and looks around the room. He turns to the window as he sees blue lights coming up the driveway. He rubs his head as he looks over at the wall and notices the portrait of Charlotte no longer hangs on the wall.

GEORGE

Where's the painting?

CRAIG (to George)

What?

GEORGE

The Picture! Where's the portrait?
Shit, Arty!

He runs out of the parlor and up the stairs. Craig rushes to the window and sees the POLICE LIGHTS. He grabs the children.

CRAIG
Go, run to the police!

Annie stops him.

ANNIE
Daddy, don't worry. She's stopping them.

CRAIG
What? Amy?

Craig looks over at Annie who nods and reaches for his hand.

ANNIE
Craig, I saw her. She spoke to me!
We're safe.

Arthur reaches the mid area of the hallway of the second floor. He scans the hallway as blue lights reflect from the window. He sees the portrait of Charlotte on the wall.

Dumfounded, he backs up from the painting as Charlotte begins to STEPS out of painting. He SCREAM in terror as he runs to the end of the hall.

Charlotte stares at Arthur as she walks towards him.

He fires three shots at Charlotte.

The BULLETS sail through her body.

Again, Arthur SCREAMS.

INT. HALLWAY STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

George stops halfway up the stairs as he hears the bullets.

GEORGE (yells)
ARTY!

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Charlotte throws Arthur against the wall.

He looks up, holds the gun to Charlotte's face but screams in pain as the gun is turned on him.

George rushes to the top of the floor and sees Arthur pointing the gun at himself.

Arthur, with pure horror on his face, looks over at George and stares wildly at him. Tears roll down his face as he struggles with the invisible opposer.

ARTHUR
George, make her stop!

The gun fires into Arthur's head.

GEORGE (screams)
NO! NO, ARTY!

George turns and sees the portrait of Charlotte. He runs down the stairs.

INT. PARLOR ROOM-- CONTINUOUS

George runs into the parlor. He grabs Craig.

GEORGE (yells)
WHERE IS SHE?

He turns to the picture on the wall, lifts it up and smashes it on the back of the chair. The painting falls to the carpet as the frame is splintered in pieces.

EXT. FRONT FOYER OF THE INN -- MOMENTS LATER

Police SUV pulls under the foyer. Guarino and Noonan get out and rush to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

George looks over at the Harts ,who stare in shock at the painting. He looks down and sees an empty canvas.

Annie shakes her head over at George.

ANNIE
It's your friends she doesn't like.
Don't worry, she won't kill you.

George runs into the library.

INT. LIBRARY AREA-- CONTINUOUS

George looks over at the picture of the Adams family. Charlotte is now missing from the picture. George runs up the stairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

George runs into the hallway where he sees Arthur in a pool of his own blood. He runs to the body and hugs Arty's head.

GEORGE
Oh, Arty, she gave us a chance. We should have believed...

George looks up as a SIREN is HEARD. He does a double take at the portrait when he realizes it's an empty canvas.

He stares wildly at the painting to the left of the bedroom door.

It's a picture of the inn's first floor which shows a small blonde child opening the front door and walking into the parlor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What the...

He stares back at the painting where now the child looks into the library then begins to walk up the stairs.

George backs away from Arthur as he sees flowing blonde hair.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No! No!

He stands and bumps into another picture on the wall. The painting has become a picture of the second floor hallway. The girl reaches the top of the stairs.

George looks away from the picture and sees the small girl. Her hair has an aura around her body. George wildly blinks.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Charlotte?

A Mona Lisa smile appears on her face as she steps forward.

George stumbles and runs up to the third floor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR OF THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN -- CONTINUOUS

George reaches the top and runs down the hall and stops in front of a painting. The painting shows Charlotte moving down the second floor hall.

She reaches the stairway and begins to walk up the stairs. Again, George STUMBLES and FALLS on the floor. He looks up and sees another picture on the wall where it shows Charlotte on the third floor. He turns and sees Charlotte smiling as she walks down the hall. Again, he stumbles backwards.

GEORGE

No, no! Stay back!

George turns and looks at the large window at the end of the hall. He stares back at Charlotte, who is now fifteen feet away. He SCREAMS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

THIS IS NOT HAPPENING! PLEASE, NO!

Once again Charlotte smiles. George turns, runs to the end of the hall and jumps through the window.

EXT. BACKYARD OF ADAMS COUNTRY INN -- CONTINUOUS

He falls through the air feeling as if he's floating. He hits a large pine tree next to the inn.

He SLAMS into a branch with his arm. His wrist SHATTERS.

George SCREAMS in pain as he hits another branch where his SHOULDER DISLOCATES.

Again, he SCREAMS as he hits the ground where he lands awkward on his leg and SNAPS his ANKLE.

He hits his head on a stone in the snowy ground.

He groans as he looks up and sees Charlotte sitting next to his mangled body.

Charlotte shakes her head as she reaches into his jacket and pulls out the satchel of diamonds. She lowers herself to his face and whispers.

CHARLOTTE

I told her to tell you to leave.
You're a nice man. I won't harm you
anymore.

George looks up in complete horror as he tries to scream but nothing comes out of his mouth.

Charlotte pats his bloody head.

He passes out. Fade.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD STATE HOSPITAL - EARLY AFTERNOON

Gillis and Conroy stare in awe over at George, who stares out the window. He turns to the detectives.

GEORGE

Next thing I knew, I woke up in the hospital, apparently 2 1/2 days later.

GILLIS

You have no recollection of what took place in the E.R.?

GEORGE

Sorry, no. What?

CONROY

Let's just say you had a major psychotic breakdown.

GILLS

It took two officers and two orderlies to sedate you.

George looks away from the detectives. He looks at his injuries.

Conroy looks down at his notes.

CONROY

The owner and his wife deny the incident ever happened.

GEORGE

Everything I said is true. Why would I lie?

GILLIS

An insanity plea?

GEORGE

I know I'm going to jail. I robbed a jewelry store and got caught. But I am not crazy!

CONROY

We'll have to wait and see what the doctors and specialists have to say.

George shakes his head, throws his good arm in the air and turns away.

CONROY (CONT'D)

We did find your fence.

GEORGE

Where? Good, he'll confirm my story.

CONROY

There's one problem.

George looks over at Conroy who looks at his notes. Fade.

EXT. THE MERCEDES SUV A HALF MILE FROM THE COUNTRY INN- SIX DAYS AGO, EARLY MORNING

John looks over at the G.P.S. He points to it.

JOHN

It should be right up here, around the bend, about a half mile away.

John looks out at the snow covered trees.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No wonder George and the boys had to stop off for the night.

BEN

The roads aren't bad. The state did a decent job plowing.

JOHN

Yes, but be careful of the black ice. It will get you every time. There it is.

John points to Adams Country Inn as the SUV turns the bend. Ben nods. John shakes his head as he looks into the woods and sees two police cruisers and an ambulance.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Keep driving.

Ben pulls the SUV over and turns the car around. Again they pass the country inn.

Another police cruiser, with its sirens blaring and lights flashing, passes the SUV.

The SUV pulls over.

The cruiser turns into the inn's entrance way. The SUV passes the entrance way.

BEN
Should I turn around?

JOHN
Let's have breakfast then come back.
If it looks bleak...

The SUV passes the scenic overpass. Ben reaches over to the G.P.S.

John looks up in shock as a blonde girl stands in the middle of the road. He reaches for the wheel.

JOHN (yells) (CONT'D)
BEN! THE GIRL!

Ben looks up and sees an empty road.

BEN
What girl?

John grabs the steering wheel and quickly turns it. The SUV swerves away from Charlotte.

SUV swerves out of control, hits a guardrail, then flips over and rolls down the embankment.

The Suv comes to a complete stop at the end of the embankment but now the vehicle leans over the gorge below.

Ben is unconscious as a shaken John looks over the front of the SUV and sees only air.

The car tilts back and froth.

John takes out his cell phone and begins to dial 911. He looks up and drops the phone.

Charlotte stands next to the window and smiles as she reaches through the glass and unlocks the door as a horrified and speechless John looks on.

Again, Charlotte smiles as she takes the briefcase and shuts the door. John blinks.

She is nowhere to be seen. The SUV tilts forward.

John screams out as the SUV falls off the embankment and into the gorge below. Fade

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM AT PITTSFIELD STATE HOSPITAL - PRESENT DAY-EARLY AFTERNOON

Conroy looks up from his notes.

GEORGE (to Conroy)
Did you find the money?

CONROY
No money was found. Only two bodies.

GEORGE
Doesn't make sense. He said he had it with him.

George squints over at the landscape picture on the wall.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Did you see that?

GILLIS (to George)
See what?

George points to the picture

GEORGE
That! In the picture!

Conroy takes off his glasses and stares at the picture.

CONROY
I see a picture of a boat docking on an island.

GEORGE
You can't see the girl getting off the boat!

GILLIS (to George)
George, what girl?

George looks away and stares over at the other painting. His eyes widen as he sees the girl from the other picture move past the family having a picnic near the river.

GEORGE (yells)
WHAT ABOUT THAT?

Gillis turns along with Conroy. Gillis stands and moves next to George to get a better look.

GILLIS
What about what?

GEORGE
You don't see...

GILLIS (interrupts)
George, here's what I see. I see a family having a picnic near a river. I see two men fishing off a bridge. I see no girl walking off a boat.

George stares back at the painting. The girl, now with flowing blonde hair, walks closer to the edge of the painting. She becomes larger. She becomes Charlotte.

George shakes and rattles the bed as he screams hysterically.

GEORGE (screams)
SHE, IT'S CHARLOTTE! SHE'S COMING
TO GET ME!

The confused detectives stare at each other as George uncontrollably shakes.

Charlotte begins to crawl out of the painting.

George incoherently screams.

Gillis tries to push him back onto the bed but is met with too much force.

GILLIS
George, relax! It's only a painting.
There's nothing...

GEORGE (interrupts)
SHE'S HERE TO GET ME! WHY CAN'T YOU
SEE HER! AAAAHHHH!

Conroy stands and grabs George's good arm.

Charlotte is now completely out of the painting. She gives George another Mona Lisa smile and moves a step closer.

George pushes Conroy away, grabs Gillis' gun with his and screams.

Gillis sees his holster is empty.

GILLIS (yells)
GEORGE, PUT THE GUN...

George aims the gun at Charlotte.

The detectives jump out of the way as he FIRES the entire clip into the wall.

Gillis grabs George's arm as Conroy jumps on him.

A blank stare consumes George's face as he body goes rigid. Gillis and Conroy look over at the wall.

They both stare madly as the bullets have made a silhouette of a small person on the wall. Fade.

INT. PITTSFIELD STATE HOSPITAL-SIX WEEKS LATER- AFTERNOON

Gillis and Conroy stare through a two way mirror at George who sits in the corner of a white padded room with no furniture inside. He talks to himself in some gibberish language that is totally incoherent to the detectives.

GILLIS

What do you think?

CONROY

I've tried not to think about it.

GILLIS

At least he's not catatonic anymore.

CONROY

He's much worse. He's down here in the basement where he lives a living hell inside his head.

They look through the glass.

George, seeming to feel their eyes on him, looks over at the glass, shakes his head and again starts to talk incoherently to himself.

GILLIS

Do you think he'll ever tell us where the diamonds are hidden?

CONROY

I don't think he knows where they are.

GILLIS

We found the store jewelry. He must have hidden...

Conroy turns away from the window and glares at Gillis.

CONROY (interrupts)

This case is closed.

A moment of silence.

GILLIS
Question, what happened in his room?

Conroy looks one last time at George. He turns and shrugs as George looks up at the glass with sadness in his eyes.

CONROY
Sean, the case is closed. I've tried to forget about that day. We'll probably never find the diamonds or the fence's money. Just let it rest.

The detectives walk out of the room.

George glances away from the glass.

GEORGE (semi-incoherent)
Why didn't you just kill me? Why didn't you just kill me?

Tears run down his face. Fade.

INT. LIVING ROOM PARLOR-SPRINGTIME

The parlor room is quiet as the sun shines through the window where it glistens on a new portrait on the wall. It is a family portrait of the Hart family.

Amy and Craig in the back with Annie and Craig Jr. in the front. In front of Amy is a blank space where Amy seems to be touching a small set of shoulders. Fade.

EXT. RIVER BANK AREA BEHIND THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN --
CONTINUOUS

Along the river bank near the old carriage house, the Hart family is having a picnic.

Craig Jr. and Adam swing and jump off a rope into the river.

Craig lays back on the blanket and takes a sip of wine. He turns to Amy who looks over at the swing that hangs over the river.

She smiles as Annie pushes an empty swing back and forth. She smiles and waves over at Amy, who wears a leather necklace with a huge carat and a half diamond on it.

Amy stands, waves and smiles at Amy and Charlotte who both are wearing the same necklace as Amy. The girls wave, smile and laugh as Annie pushes Charlotte higher and higher.

Charlotte turns back from the river and gazes over to a small cemetery on the other side of the barn.

INT. SMALL CEMETERY BEHIND THE ADAMS COUNTRY INN --
CONTINUOUS

The cemetery is desolate with only two dozen gravestones inside the fenced area. The grave of Charlotte Adams is shown.

Inside the coffin lies bones of a little girl, a small satchel and a brief case with the Engraved initials J.E.T. near the handle.

THE END

