THE BOUND MAN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The city is abnormally desolate. A bad part of town.

A MAN, concealed by shadows, trudges through the slushy winter snow. The street is lined with abandoned buildings. Peppered in, are small businesses.

He stops. Lights a cigarette. Continues on. In store window-- a modest TELEVISION sits. A NEWS REPORT.

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ON THE TELEVISION

An anchorman at a news desk.

ANCHOR ...Convicted felon and murderer--(static) It's believed that he's responsible for the deaths of twelve people in the Chicago area in the past eighteen months...

The Anchor's VOICE fades into INAUDIBLE DIALOGUE as MUFFLED MOANS and GROANS become prominent.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

A dirty room with cement walls -- a basement.

In the center of the room-- a man is hunched over in a chair-bloodied, mouth duct-taped, hands bound behind his back.

He begins to open his eyes... A HAND pats him on the cheek. Then a SLAP!

The hand belongs to TIMOTHY, 40's, dress shirt and tie. He wears a five o'clock shadow and moves in close.

TIMOTHY I was beginning to think you'd never wake up.

EMERY, late 20's, locks eyes with him. He shakes violently in his chair. Muffled YELLS. Sweat carries blood down his back.

TIMOTHY I saw you on the news. They're looking for you... They're not going to find you. Timothy rolls up his sleeves.

TIMOTHY We both know... I have to make you pay for what you did.

Emery twists and turns, to no avail.

TIMOTHY How many lives have you ruined? In your so-called profession. Destroying families.

Timothy steps back, takes a deep breath.

TIMOTHY You want to die quick? Not gonna happen... You're in my hell now.

He points at Emery.

TIMOTHY You took everything from me. You don't-- fuck with a man's family!

Timothy lunges forward, connecting with a violent right hook.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A Christmas tree sits in the corner of a quaint living room--Presents arranged beneath. Christmas Eve.

> EMERY (0.S.) Get down on the fucking ground! I said get down!

A family frozen with fear-- LISA, early 40's, and her two sons, CONNOR, 18, and DANIEL, 16, kneel on the ground.

Emery holds a pistol on them. He glances around the room.

TIMOTHY (O.S.) Come on, now. Where'd you go...

The living room fades into the abandoned building ...

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Emery opens his eyes again ... Timothy is nowhere to be seen.

He looks to his right. Nothing... To the left... He's met with a fist to the face.

TIMOTHY

It's not my intention to kill you. Yet. Let's have a little fun, huh?

Timothy grabs a NIGHTSTICK from the floor. He cracks Emery in the knee with it. Emery SCREAMS-- still muffled by duct tape.

Timothy pulls a PICTURE from his pocket. He shoves it in Emery's face.

TIMOTHY You see them?... Look at them!

He jerks Emery's head back by the hair.

TIMOTHY

My beautiful Lisa. Connor. He was a slugger. Captain of his baseball team. Daniel just got his driver's license. And now they're gone.

Timothy paces back and forth.

TIMOTHY You wouldn't understand. You're not a family man.

He circles Emery.

TIMOTHY It's a father's responsibility to take care of his family. Keep them from harm. And if he fails to protect them, it's his duty... to avenge them!

Timothy bashes the nightstick across Emery's face.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lisa and her boys cower as Emery holds them at gunpoint.

LISA Let us go... Please.

EMERY What did I tell you? Just shut up and stay down!

A NOISE in the distance-- a car pulls into the driveway. Emery turns to the window.

Connor lunges at him, knocking the PISTOL from his hand.

They scuffle. Emery takes Connor down quickly and with efficiency.

Daniel jumps to his feet, raises a fist at Emery. Emery turns quick, presses the pistol against the boy's forehead.

Daniel pauses... He lowers his fist slowly.

EMERY That's what I thought.

Connor, with a split lip, puts his arm around his mother.

CONNOR It's gonna be all right, mom.

TIMOTHY (O.S.) (hazy) ...Hey, come back to me...

The door behind Emery bursts open.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Emery opens his eyes to find himself in the abandoned building yet again.

TIMOTHY You'd think a big, strong guy like you could take a shot to the face. You're not gettin' soft on me, are ya?

Timothy takes a swig from a bottle of booze. He pulls a police BADGE from his shirt pocket.

TIMOTHY This used to mean something. Yesterday you and I were a cop and a madman. But today, we're just two men. Today, this badge means nothing.

He tosses it to the ground-- next to Emery's foot. He takes a swig from a bottle of booze.

TIMOTHY You kicked the door in and took my wife and sons from me. The only things I ever loved.

Timothy pours a stream of alcohol over Emery's head. He flings the bottle across the empty room, shattering it.

Timothy reaches into his back pocket, revealing -- a large hunting KNIFE. TIMOTHY See this? My wife bought this for me. Our ninth anniversary... Timothy stares, reminiscing. Content for a moment. TIMOTHY And because of you, our last together. What do you think you deserve? Timothy bends down. He moves the knife up Emery's leg. TIMOTHY Is this the foot you used to bust down the door? Maybe I should cut it off. Emery shakes in his chair, trying hard to jar himself loose. Timothy takes the knife, moves it up Emery's shirt. TIMOTHY How 'bout I gut you?... You won't miss it. You're gutless anyway. Timothy slices into Emery's stomach. He grabs Emery by the jaw, stares him dead in the eye. TIMOTHY No... I'm going to cut out your heart. Just like you did mine ... Maybe then you'll know. He drags the knife down the Emery's cheek. TIMOTHY Maybe then... you'll feel the pain that I feel. Silence for a moment... Emery's eyes widen. Fear and pain. Timothy raises the knife, drenched in blood. TIMOTHY So... how does it feel?

Blood flows from Emery's chest. He closes his eyes.

Droplets of blood fall from the seat of the chair-- a puddle forms, covering the police badge.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT - LATER

Timothy strides down the sidewalk. He reaches the store window with the television set. He stops. Lights a cigarette. He continues on his way.

TELEVISION

The same newscast from before.

ANCHORMAN ...Convicted felon and murderer--

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

The following scenes are silent -- only the Anchor's V.O.

It's an extremely dark night. At the end of a walkway, lies a suburban home. It's just as dark.

Emery KNOCKS on the front door... No answer.

ANCHOR (V.O.) It's believed that he's responsible for the deaths of twelve people in the Chicago area in the past eighteen months.

He peeks through the window-- too dark to see anything.

He makes his way around the house and to the

BACK PORCH

Emery gazes in through the broken glass door, to see-- A body being pulled across the floor.

Emery speaks into a walkie on his shoulder. He pulls his gun from its holster-- He is a police officer.

ANCHOR (V.O.) Police are also searching for missing Chicago police officer, Vince Emery.

He pushes open the door, enters the--

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN (FLASHBACK)

He makes his way toward a

STAIRCASE

And continues down to a closed door. He opens it to find ...

ANCHOR (V.O.) Emery rose to local fame when he apprehended Lisa, Daniel and Connor Rickman last month.

INT. HOUSE - FURNISHED BASEMENT - (FLASHBACK)

A woman and her two teenage boys sit on the ground opening Christmas presents.

Emery aims his weapon. He motions for them to stay on the ground. They don't want to listen. He YELLS at them.

Emery takes a look around the room...

A couch along the wall-- a couple sits.

Upon further inspection, their flesh is deeply lacerated, and their Christmas sweaters plastered with blood.

On a fireplace mantle -- PICTURES of the happy couple.

Emery looks back at the mother and her sons. This is not their home.

ANCHOR (V.O.) The three are members of the murderous family nicknamed The Slaughterhouse Four.

Emery quickly turns his attention to the window-- headlights shine through.

Connor lunges at him, jarring the gun loose. They scuffle. Emery takes Connor down.

> ANCHOR(V.O.) Officer Emery took them into custody after an anonymous tip. They are currently being held in the Metropolitan Correctional Center and are awaiting trial.

Emery turns quick, the barrel of his gun meeting Daniel's forehead. Daniel backs down.

ANCHOR (V.O.) But, the father, Timothy Rickman is still at large.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Timothy walks down the street.

ANCHOR (V.O.) He is presumed armed and extremely dangerous.

INT. HOUSE - FURNISHED BASEMENT (FLASHBACK)

Police officers rush in to Emery's aid, guns drawn. They cuff the family members.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Timothy approaches a parked car. He opens the driver's side door, gets in. The car disappears into the darkness.

ANCHOR (V.O.) If you have any leads as to the whereabouts of Timothy Rickman...

INT. HOUSE - FURNISHED BASEMENT (FLASHBACK)

An officer comes to Emery, pats him on the back.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Emery, still bound to the chair, lies on his side -- The police badge now completely engulfed by the pool of blood.

ANCHOR (V.O.) ...or Officer Emery, please contact the Chicago Police Department.

CUT TO BLACK.