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FADE IN:

1 EXT. BUSINESS ALLEY - EARLY EVENING

1

A rough looking group of four, dressed mainly in black, are gathered near the back door to one of the businesses, smoking, drinking, and carrying on. As a car approaches and comes to a stop, RACHAEL, the lone female of the group, steps forward. She watches as BILL, a middle-aged man wearing a business suit, steps out of the car and approaches them.

RACHAEL  
You bring it?

Bill stops and pauses for a moment to light a cigarette. He then reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out an envelope. He tosses the envelope to her. Quickly she opens it and flips through the stack of hundred dollar bills inside.

BILL  
Don't worry, it's all there.

RACHAEL  
(smiles deviously)  
Just checking. You never know who  
you can trust these days.

Bill grunts softly.

BILL  
You know what to do, right?

DAVID, one of the guys, speaks up.

DAVID  
Don't worry about it, pops. We got  
everything covered.

The other two guys, JAKE and PETER, snicker in the background. Bill just glares at the guys.

BILL  
I hope so, for your sakes. Any fuck-  
ups and I'll be back.

RACHAEL

Trust us. You want a scene? We'll  
give you a scene. After all,  
trouble is what we do best.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

2

REBECCA sits before a mirror putting the last touches of her  
make-up on. She is dressed in an elegant evening dress.

REBECCA

(shouts)

You'd better hurry up, dear, or  
we're going to be late!

When her husband, RICHARD, doesn't answer, she gets irritated  
and cries out louder.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Richard, can you here me? You're  
going to be late for your own show  
if you don't hurry!

Still no answer. Rebecca gets up and walks quickly through  
the house toward the basement door. She hesitates for a  
second before knocking.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Are you down there, hon? We need to  
get going.

MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS sound from the other side of the door.  
Rebecca hears the DEAD-BOLT SLIDING back just before the door  
flies open. Richard glares at her from the doorway.

RICHARD

(irritated)

I thought I told you never to  
disturb me when I'm working!

REBECCA

But I-

RICHARD

But what? You know the rules!

Rebecca looks at the floor as tears start to roll down her  
cheeks.

Richard's face softens as he brushes her tears away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. You know how I get so  
involved when I'm working.

Rebecca takes a deep breath to calm herself down.

REBECCA  
I know. I just want this night to  
be special for you.

Richard kisses her softly and gives her a hug.

RICHARD  
With you by my side, how can it  
not?

A twisted smile comes over Rebecca's face.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ART GALLERY ENTRANCE - EVENING

3

Richard and Rebecca approach the entrance to the gallery.  
Richard glances at his watch and smiles as they reach the  
door.

RICHARD  
See! Two minutes to spare. Plenty  
of time.

Rebecca nudges Richard into the gallery.

REBECCA  
Okay, smartass. You've made your  
point.

CUT TO:

4 INT. GALLERY - EVENING

4

SHARON, the gallery owner, rushes toward the door when she  
sees Richard and Rebecca enter.

SHARON  
It's about time you showed up! The  
natives are starting to get a  
little restless.

She grabs Richard's hand and pulls him to the center of the  
room.

SHARON (CONT'D)

(clears her throat)

Attention, everyone. Thank you for being so patient. Now, without further adieu, let me introduce the star of tonight's show, the talented Richard Benoit.

The crowd cheers in response.

RICHARD

(bowing)

Thank you everyone. Now, I only have two rules for tonight: have lots of fun...and spend lots of money.

A brief laugh flows through the crowd before Richard steps into the gathering to mingle. He sends a loving smile to Rebecca before disappearing from view.

CUT TO:

Bill walks up to Rebecca, who is standing off to the side watching her husband interact with his guests. He is carrying a couple of glasses of champagne and offers one to her.

REBECCA

Thanks.

BILL

It must be tough living the life of an artist's wife.

REBECCA

(shrugs)

You get used to it.

Rebecca discreetly pulls a key out of her small purse and passes it to Bill.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Is everything all set?

BILL

Yes.

REBECCA

Good. Tonight that sick fuck finally gets what's coming to him.

BILL  
 (smiles)  
 And then, when the world finds out  
 what he's done, his work will be  
 worth a fortune.

CUT TO:

A couple standing before a large painting are commenting to each other about it. Richard comes up behind them.

RICHARD  
 I certainly hope you're enjoying  
 the presentation.

MAN  
 Very much so! Your work is  
 fabulous. How do you achieve such  
 richness and vibrancy?

RICHARD  
 (smiles as he puts his  
 arms around their  
 shoulders)  
 Why, I'm afraid that's my little  
 secret. If I told you, I'd have to  
 kill you.

The couple exchange nervous glances with each other before cautiously moving to another exhibit.

CUT TO:

5 INT. GALLERY ENTRANCE

5

The group of four enter the gallery, a stark contrast to the well-dressed patrons already there. Rachael catches Bill's eye for a second and smiles before turning away. She grabs a drink from the tray of a passing server and gulps it down.

RACHAEL  
 Let's get this party started right!

Immediately they begin to roam about, shouting and disrupting the show.

Two of the men break off and begin to study one of the more abstract paintings on the wall. They both simultaneously turn their heads sideways in an amusing display.

DAVID  
 You know...I just don't get it?

PETER  
(shrugs)  
Beats the Hell out of me.

The other two approach one of the sculptures on display of a naked woman sitting with her arms outstretched.

RACHAEL  
(giggling)  
Look, Jake, I think she wants you.

Jake walks toward the statue holding his crotch in an obscene gesture.

JAKE  
Hey, baby, I got something for you.

Richard turns around just in time to see the exchange.

RICHARD  
(shouts at the couple)  
Careful! Don't touch that!

Jake grabs the statue's hand and rubs his crotch on it. As he does so, the hand breaks off accidentally.

JAKE  
Oops. My bad.

He drops the hand on the floor beside him and looks up at the ceiling whistling softly. Just as he's about to walk away from the display he notices a thick, red fluid dripping from the end of the statue's wrist.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

A closer look reveals bone and tissue jutting from the broken appendage. He bends down to inspect the hand on the floor and sees the same thing.

A woman standing nearby starts screaming in horror, creating a panic among those gathered.

CUT TO:

Bill stands near the front door, watching the scene with a devious smile on his face. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out his cell phone and dials 911. He sends a wink toward Rebecca before walking out of the gallery.

CUT TO:

As the panic rises to a frenzy, people scramble toward the exit. During this commotion, a number of other pieces get knocked over and smash to the floor. Human blood and tissue splatter from the impacts, turning the gallery into a grisly display.

A look of horror passes over Richard's face as he spins around, watching his world come crumbling down. He spies the hallway leading toward the back entrance and starts running toward it. Just as he reaches the hall he turns to see Rebecca screaming hysterically. She spots Richard and yells out to him.

REBECCA

My God, Richard! What have you done?

Instead of responding, Richard quickly turns and runs down the hall toward the back door.

CUT TO:

6 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE, BASEMENT DOOR - EVENING 6

Bill pauses at the basement door for a second before using the key to open the door and start down the stairs.

A few minutes later Richard runs into the house and hurries toward the basement door. Quickly he opens the door and starts down the stairs. A CLICK is heard as he locks the dead-bolt on the other side.

7 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - EVENING 7

A police car quickly pulls into the driveway, stopping behind Richard's car. Rebecca jumps out of the backseat and rushes to the front door. Before she opens the door, she pauses to look down the street, where she sees Bill's car. A brief SIGH of relief escapes her lips before she opens the door. The two officers accompanying her enter the house first. Rebecca follows right behind.

CUT TO:

8 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE, BASEMENT DOOR - EVENING 8

Rebecca pounds on the door frantically, calling out to her husband.

REBECCA

Richard, please, open this door!  
You've got to let us in!

After a minute with no answer, the 1ST OFFICER urges Rebecca out of the way.

1ST OFFICER

(yells)

Mr. Benoit, this is police! We  
order you to open this door!

The officers wait for a few seconds, nod to each other, and proceed to kick the door open. The first officer begins to descend slowly down the stairs with his gun drawn in one hand and his flashlight in the other. The 2ND OFFICER turns to Rebecca.

2ND OFFICER

Stay here until we know what we're  
dealing with.

Rebecca does as instructed and waits by the door while the 2nd officer descends to join the other.

CUT TO:

9

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

9

As the officers reach the bottom of the stairs they are hit with an overwhelming stench that causes them to CHOKE. The 2nd officer finds a light switch on the wall at the base of the stairs and flips it on. Both men GASP in horror as they look around the room.

Vials and beakers filled with various liquids line a table on the far end of the basement. Scattered among them are an assortment of utensils and tools, including a number of surgical instruments, most of them covered with a dried red substance. A clothesline stretched above the table holds, what looks like, human skin hanging to dry.

When the officers move closer they see a large box on the floor next to the table filled with dismembered body parts, topped with a severed head.

1ST OFFICER

Holy shit! We got ourselves a  
regular Doctor Frakenstein here.

2ND OFFICER  
 Either that, or another Jeffrey  
 Dauhmer.

At that moment Rebecca reaches the bottom of the stairs and looks in astonishment at the gory scene surrounding her. Her hand moves up to cover her mouth as she starts trembling.

1ST OFFICER  
 Please, Mrs. Benoit, you shouldn't  
 be down here.

Then she spots a small cement mixer CHURNING slowly in the corner of the basement. Below it lay a large coffin size box full of cement. Rebecca walks slowly toward the box.

A loud gasp escapes her lips when she sees the tip of a man's nose and the outline of a pair of glasses peering up through the cement. Dropping to her knees, she cries out.

REBECCA  
 Richard! No!

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER THAT EVENING

10

Rebecca stands by the window looking intently toward the driveway. She freezes in terror when she hears Richard's voice behind her.

RICHARD  
 Hi, dear. You waiting for someone?

Rebecca turns around slowly, her eyes wide with fright.

REBECCA  
 (voice shaky)  
 But how? I saw you dead...covered  
 in cement!

RICHARD  
 Why don't I let Bill explain that  
 to you?

At that moment Bill enters the living room, drying his hands on a dish-towel. He smiles teasingly at Rebecca.

BILL

It's all really very simple.  
Everything that has happened today,  
all the blood and gore, the horror  
and fright...it was nothing more  
than a set-up; a publicity stunt,  
if you will.

A pained look of confusion crosses Rebecca's face. Her lips start quivering.

REBECCA

I don't understand?

RICHARD

(irritated)

You're really not very bright, are you? None of it was real! Don't you understand? Chicken guts and hamburger, that's all it was!

REBECCA

But...but why?

RICHARD

Think about it! All of the great artists in history, Van Gogh, DaVinci, Matese, they all became famous after their deaths. Top that with the world's love and fascination with anything morbid, and my work will soon be worth a fortune.

Richard pulls a gun out from his waist and points it at Rebecca.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I just have a couple loose ends to tie up and everything is all set.

Quickly he spins the gun around and points it at Bill.

BILL

What the hell is this?

RICHARD

Sorry, friend. I got the sense that you enjoyed fucking my wife a little too much during this whole process.

BILL  
 (pleading)  
 Listen, Richard, I only did what I  
 had to in order to make this work.

RICHARD  
 So am I.

He then pulls the trigger and shoots Bill in the chest. As his body slumps to the ground, Rebecca starts screaming. He then returns the gun to center on Rebecca.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 You know, the sad thing about all  
 this is how easily you betrayed me.  
 After everything we have been  
 through, how could you think that I  
 could do something so horrible?

Rebecca starts pleading frantically.

REBECCA  
 Please, Richard, don't. I'm sorry.  
 I'll do whatever you want.

RICHARD  
 See, that's just it! I can't trust  
 you anymore. So, basically, that  
 leaves dying as the only thing left  
 you can do for me.

Without hesitation he pulls the trigger and shoots Rebecca in the head. With a smile on his face he walks up to his wife's dead body and crouches down beside it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, dear.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. DRIVEWAY, RICHARD'S HOUSE - MORNING

11

Richard exits his garage carrying a large box toward the back of an open moving truck. As he places the box on the truck, amidst a number of other items, an arm flops down the side of the box. Nonchalantly he places the arm back inside the box and closes the rear door to the truck. Whistling happily he walks around to the front of the truck and gets in. Sharon is sitting in the passenger's seat.

SHARON  
 Everything all set?

RICHARD  
Everything's perfect!

He reaches over and kisses Sharon passionately.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Here's to a wonderful future  
together!

He then starts the truck and pulls out of the driveway.

FADE OUT.