

FADE IN:

1

INT. GARAGE- NIGHT

1

Three people sit unconscious with their backs to one another, tied to their chairs.

The woman, LIV (mid 20's, nicely dressed) starts to wake. She notices her restraints and struggles to break free.

JARED (late 20's, swimming in a borrowed blazer) slowly begins to wake up, still reeling from the drugs.

Finally, RICHARD (late teens, pizza delivery uniform) opens his eyes and immediately begins screaming.

They try to calm him down, but fall silent as large, booming footsteps slowly shuffle just outside the door.

The door opens and a man, LOCKJAW (30's), walks in wearing nothing but boxers, some slippers, and a ski mask.

His headphones blast teen pop music, and he walks right past them towards the washer.

He is carrying a laundry basket in one arm and is using the other hand to eat a slice of pizza. The basket is full of ski masks and black clothing.

Richard is now uncontrollably sobbing. Lockjaw hears the commotion, turns, and locks eyes with Liv. He screams.

The hostages scream back. Lockjaw trips over himself, throwing the laundry basket in panic. He sprints to the door and out of the garage.

The three hostages steady their breathing and look at one another in utter shock and confusion.

The door cracks open and Lockjaw peeps through.

LOCKJAW

Whoever you are, I don't have it!  
Or, I do have it, but I lost it!  
Or... I don't know what it is! What  
is it? What do you want from me?!

The hostages stare, stunned. He notices their restraints.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Oh, right! Let me put myself  
together, here. Uno momenticio.

Lockjaw enters. He reaches for one of the black sweaters on the floor and puts it on. Richard, facing the opposite direction, keeps trying to see what is going on.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)  
I forgot I had guests! How  
Embarrassing. Here I am just doing  
my delicates.

JARED  
Hey, man we've all been there.  
Caught with your pants down!

LOCKJAW  
HA! That's a good one! I'm not  
wearing any pants, you're right! Oh  
man, I'm so glad you came by!

RICHARD  
I really wish I hadn't.

LIV  
I can't remember how I got here,  
actually, what do you-

LOCKJAW  
Hey, no shame in the remembering  
game. I know the feels. Just to jog  
my memory, what are your names  
again? For my notes.

LIV  
I'm Liv. That over there-  
(gestures to Jared)  
is Jared.

RICHARD  
I'm Richard. Nice to meet you all.

Lockjaw writes the names on his palm, excitedly. There is hardly any space.

LOCKJAW  
Liv... Jared... Dick.

Jared chuckles, mouthing the word "dick" to himself.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)  
And you can call me Lockjaw!  
(clears throat)  
Name usually gets a bigger reaction  
then that, it's quite a story.  
(MORE)

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Anyways, let me just get myself situated here, and we'll clear this up, yeah? Sorry about that!

The group begins to take a breath, showing slight relief.

Lockjaw drags a large metal table towards them. The table is littered with instruments of torture and a file labeled "Super Top Secret".

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Now, I'm going to ask some questions. Answer correctly, and maybe you'll live.

JARED

And if we get the answer wrong?

LOCKJAW

I... I'm going to torture you until you die. I thought that was clear. Was that not clear?

LIV

It was pretty clear.

LOCKJAW

Great! A volunteer. Where were you on the night of January 16th?

LIV

Um... That's my friend Emily's birthday. We threw her a party.

LOCKJAW

Wow, great.

LIV

Did I... answer it wrong? That's really what I was doing, I-

LOCKJAW

No, no I believe you. I'm just realizing I was not invited. Thanks, Emily. Okay, moving on.  
(To Richard)  
Where were you on January 16th?

RICHARD

I was taking care of my mom, same as always. She got sick last October and I've been working 3 jobs and taking care of her ever since. I'm all she has.

Liv and Lockjaw simultaneously melt, Jared rolls his eyes.

LOCKJAW

(On the verge of tears)

Please... Tell me absolutely everything about your mom. She sounds amazing. Reminds me of my mom, except she was a total bitch and I did not like her.

(still to Richard)

Where were you on January 16th?

The hostages look at Lockjaw in confusion. Jared clears his throat. Lockjaw shifts slightly to point at Jared.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Where were you on the night of January 16th?

JARED

I was uhh... building houses for Habitat For Humanity. And, looking for the cure for epilepsy. Big deal down in... the habitats. For humanity.

LOCKJAW

Cool cool cool. So,  
(Looking down at his palm)  
Jard. Did you forget what happens when you get the answer wrong?

Lockjaw reaches for a tool at the table.

JARED

Okay! I'm sorry, I've always been a nervous test taker. I mean, the whole sick mom thing, come on... I was probably at home. I'm unemployed, I don't have anything going for me. Tonight was my first night out in months.

LOCKJAW

And what were you doing at home?

JARED

Honestly? I was probably eating pizza and watching TV.

Lockjaw looks at Jared expectantly.

JARED (CONT'D)

I may have jerked off once or twice, if you must know.

LOCKJAW

I must. Follow up question: why go out tonight after all these lonely, disgusting months?

JARED

(looks towards Liv)  
I had a date.

LOCKJAW

Ooo, tea! Spill, how did it go?

JARED

I think it went very poorly.

LOCKJAW

I'll ask around, see if I've got anybody I can set you up with! Oh man, interrogation takes it right out of me. Let's make a little snack, yeah? How do we feel about taquitos?

The group nods. He walks towards the door, then turns back.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Remind me, what was I doing again?

RICHARD

Umm... taquitos?

LOCKJAW

Right! Thanks, Jared.

Lockjaw exits.

RICHARD

It's Richard.

LIV

Okay, we need to get out of here, now. This guy is fucking insane.

JARED

Hey, don't be rude to the guy.

LIV

Oh, I'm sorry! Excuse me for being rude to the guy who literally tied us up in his torture chamber.

(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

How dare I disrespect our gracious host?

RICHARD

Something seems wrong with him.

JARED

You guys don't have to bully him, he's making us taquitos.

RICHARD

No, like medically wrong. He keeps forgetting things about every two minutes. And that writing on his hand, I think that's how he tries to keep track.

LIV

Great, so we don't know why we're tied up, and neither does he. Shit. Well, he remembered to search our pockets. My keys are gone.

RICHARD

He took my stuff, too.

LIV

So much for "always be prepared". My self defense keychain would be sharp enough to cut this rope.

JARED

(Shocked to learn this)  
Why do you have weapons on your keys?

LIV

So that if I go on a terrible date with some dude from the internet, and end up drugged and tied to a chair, I can defend myself.

JARED

Alright then, let's find these keys.

RICHARD

Well, it's not like he's got our stuff hung up all nice and labeled. He's got memory issues, but he's not stupid.

They look around the room. The keys are hanging on a key rack that is clearly labeled KEYS.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I... sit corrected.

They begin shifting their chairs over towards the key rack. Their movement causes them to rotate 120 degrees.

Lockjaw opens the door, holding laundry detergent. Whereas before it was Liv who was facing him, he now stares at Jared.

JARED  
Hey, man if this is about any money I owe, I swear, once I'm on my feet-

LOCKJAW  
Oh! My god, I almost forgot you guys were in here! Don't sneak up on me like that, Dick.

Jared giggles again. Lockjaw returns to the torture table, picking up a tool, wiping off what looks like fresh blood.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)  
Alright, where were we?

RICHARD  
You... were going to make us some taquitos?

LOCKJAW  
(Slams down tool)  
Good idea, I'm starving. Sit tight!

Lockjaw leaves. They shuffle again, inching closer to the key rack. Lockjaw re-enters, now face-to-face with Richard.

RICHARD  
Look, Lockjaw, I really need to get out of here. If this is about those drugs, I swear, it's for my mom-

LOCKJAW  
Woah! What are you talking about? You slinging drugs? Good for you man, seller's market right now.

Lockjaw, amused, takes a bite of a mostly frozen taquito.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)  
Hey, how long are you supposed to microwave taquitos?

LIV  
Uh... Two minutes.

LOCKJAW

Thank you very much, m'lady.

Lockjaw leaves. They shuffle some more and are back to Liv. Lockjaw reenters, blissfully unaware that they have moved.

LIV

Look, sometimes I take dishes from restaurants. It was an accident at first and now it's like a sick little game I play with myself just to feel something. Olive Garden isn't going to miss one breadstick basket-

LOCKJAW

Wow, Liv. I'm speechless.  
(Picks up another bloody tool)  
You're kind of a horrible person.

The timer on the oven dings, catching Lockjaw off guard. He looks at his hands, remembering his taquitos.

Lockjaw exits to retrieve them. They shuffle over and finally reach the wall. Jared is seated closest to the keys.

He stretches towards the keychain with his tongue.

CUT TO:

Lockjaw opens the door and finds the hostages up against the wall, still tied up. He sets a plate of taquitos down on the washer.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Did I put you guys all the way over there? How uncomfy! There's a horrible draft. Plus I need you close to my torture table, you know, easy clean up.

He drags them all back to the center of the room. He picks up a hacksaw and wipes it with a rag.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

Confession. I can't remember exactly why you're here, but I think we can agree that you are all shitty people. So...

RICHARD

Wait! You're not going to let us die on an empty stomach, right?

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Taquitos are my preferred last meal, actually.

LOCKJAW

Hm... yeah, alright. I really feel like we're all vibing, right? Do you feel it?

Lockjaw pinches Liv's cheek, tussles Richard's hair, and nudges Jared in the shoulder with the blade of his saw.

LOCKJAW (CONT'D)

That's funny that you say taquitos, I have some in my freezer! Let me go make them. How long should I heat them up?

LIV

(through tears)

Two minutes.

Lockjaw walks to the door, oblivious to the plate of taquitos he left on the washer. He puts the saw on the keyrack and heads inside. Liv's keys are gone.

Jared hurriedly cuts at the binds with Liv's keychain.

They break free and grab their things. Liv brandishes her pepper spray and peeks into the house.

Jared goes to the torture table. He notices a secret folder and opens it. His look of fear devolves into sheer disappointment and annoyance.

2 INT. CAR-NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

2

Lockjaw is parked and reading his file.

He looks at the pictures of his targets. A man and woman. He pulls out a pen and rolls up his sleeve. He writes "male, dumb hair" and "female, seems friendly" on his arm.

He tosses the file on to the passenger seat, on top of a dart gun. The photos fall out of the folder and under the seat.

He pulls a taxi sign from the back seat and places it on top of his car. He puts the car in drive.

3 EXT. STREET- NIGHT

3

Lockjaw parks in front of a restaurant, where Jared and Liv stand awkwardly. They notice the taxi and walk towards it.

Jared fumbles to open the door for Liv, who glares at him. Standing behind them is the couple from the photographs, hailing a taxi.

CUT TO:

4 INT. CAR-NIGHT 4

Liv and Jared climb into the back seat. Lockjaw checks his hand, noting the descriptions and nods.

He faces forward with a gleeful smile. He puts his ski mask on and puts the car into drive. A dart gun goes off.

5 INT. GARAGE- NIGHT 5

Liv is sitting in the chair, tied up. Lockjaw is dragging Jared while on the phone, ordering a pizza.

6 EXT. HOME- NIGHT 6

The doorbell rings. Richard stands with a pizza box in his hand. His smile turn to a look of pure confusion.

Lockjaw has answered the door in full kidnapper garb, dart gun in hand. He realizes his mistake, and darts Richard immediately.

7 INT. HOME- NIGHT (END FLASHBACK) 7

Lockjaw is at his kitchen counter eating a plate of insanely dry taquitos. He burns his mouth and dances in pain.

Behind him, Liv motions that the coast is clear and they make a break for the front door.

Richard tries the door and is almost surprised that it is unlocked.

CUT TO:

Lockjaw hears the screeching of tires and goes to investigate. He sees that his front door is open.

He shrugs and closes it. He looks at his hand. The only legible note written on his hand says DO LAUNDRY.

BLACK OUT: