

BEN

Wake up, Charles.

CHARLES

I wondered when you were gonna show up. I see you've been getting more sun.

BEN

Iraq is lovely this time of year. When did you start sleeping with a bottle of scotch by the bed?

CHARLES

When the nightmares started. Have you come here to kill me, Benjamin?

BEN

We both know I can't do that.

CHARLES

Then why are you here?

BEN

I'm here, Charles, because you murdered my daughter.

CHARLES

Don't stand there, looking at me with those horrible eyes of yours and lay the blame for the death of that poor girl on me when we both know very well I didn't murder her at all, Benjamin. You did.

BEN

No, that's not true.

CHARLES

Yes, Benjamin, it is. You creep into my bedroom in the dead of night like a rat and have the audacity to pretend that you're the victim? I know who you are, boy... What you are. I know that everything you have you took from me. So... Once again I ask you: Why are you here?

BEN

I'm here, Charles, to tell you that I'm going to kill your daughter. Penelope, is it? And once she's gone... Once she's dead... then you'll understand how I feel. And you'll wish you hadn't changed the rules.

CHARLES

You'll never find her. That island's mine, Benjamin. It always was. It will be again.

BEN

But you'll never find it.

CHARLES

Then I suppose the hunt is on for both of us.

BEN

I suppose it is. Sleep tight, Charles.