

The Cinematic Works of Keegan Hakim



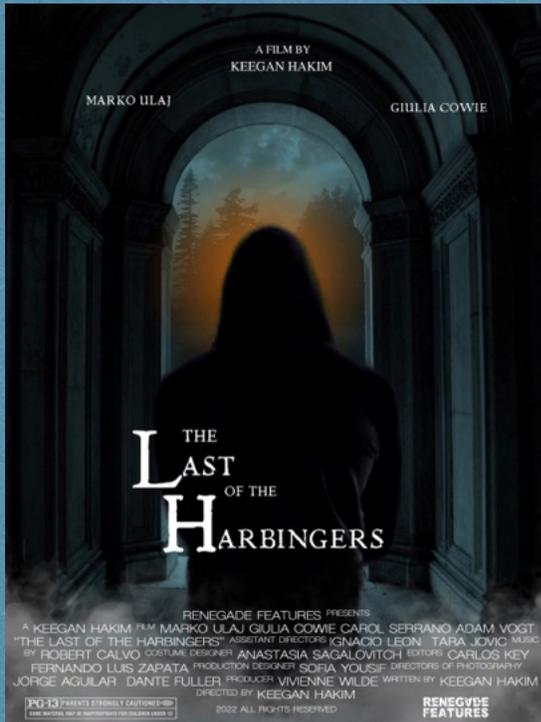
About Me

Based in New York City, I am a writer and director recognized for work across a diverse range of genres, including experimental, suspense, horror, drama, and comedy. My films deeply explore themes of love, death, and existentialism, with acclaimed works such as *The Last of the Harbingers*, *Hell is Other People*, and *Le Paquet*.

With an extensive portfolio of independently produced short films, my collaborations have included esteemed companies like Renegades Features and GiMP Productions. My work has earned prestigious accolades, such as the Columbia Film Production Award and the Best Director honor at the Film Paper House Festival. Driven by a strong passion for crafting thought-provoking narratives, I aim to create stories that captivate, resonate with, and inspire audiences.



The Last of the Harbingers (2022)



Genre: Mystery, Suspense, Psychological Thriller

Synopsis: A mysterious spiral symbol links unsettling events as Kleed is drawn into a psychological and supernatural mystery involving his father's dark past. Haunted by cryptic messages and a sinister paper boat, Kleed's search for answers escalates when he meets enigmatic figures tied to a deadly conspiracy. As his paranoia grows, he confronts hidden truths, risking his sanity in a desperate attempt to break free from the harbingers of his fate.



Behind-the-Scenes



Hell is Other People (2023)



Genre: Psychological Drama, Avant-Garde

Synopsis: Set in an undefined time and space, *Hell Is Other People* explores memory, loss, and existential entrapment. Juliet, haunted by her husband Oliver's absence, confronts a fragmented reality. Guided by *The Maid*, she faces her choices and ghosts of her past, symbolized by a journal, gold pen, and hyacinth. As time, memory, and identity blur, she seeks escape from a prison shaped by love, war, and regret. Inspired by avant-garde works, the film delves into dissonance and the inescapable self.



Behind-the-Scenes



Le Paquet (2022)



Genre: Comedy, Adventure

Synopsis: *Le Paquet* is a silent comedy about The Messenger, tasked by Mr. Edison to deliver a mysterious package to Mr. Lumière. Along the way, humorous obstacles arise, including a mix-up with a Stranger who accidentally takes the package. After a frantic chase through New York City, The Messenger retrieves it and completes the delivery. The package contains a Recorder, which Mr. Lumière dismisses, claiming, "movies will never talk," before demonstrating its sound capabilities. The film ends with The Messenger's bewildered reaction, marking the dawn of sound in cinema.



Behind-the-Scenes



Company Man (2024)



Genre: Science Fiction, Dystopian

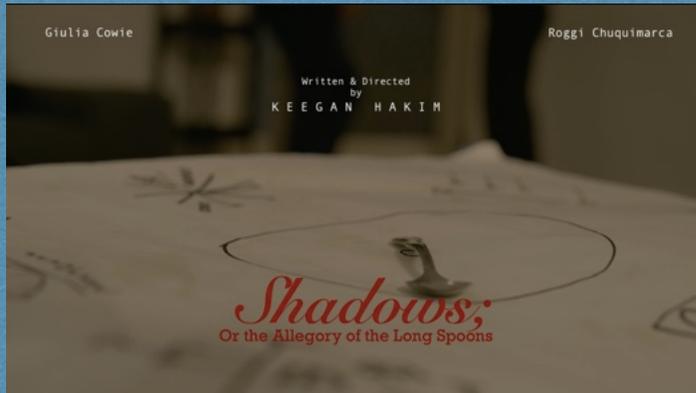
Synopsis: *Company Man* follows Jim, a corporate employee who undergoes a procedure to enhance his productivity. As his colleagues become emotionless and robotic, Jim begins losing his own humanity. Struggling between career success and his sense of self, he faces the dark consequences of sacrificing individuality for corporate gain. In the end, Jim must choose whether to reclaim his humanity or fully embrace the mechanized existence the company demands.



Behind-the-Scenes



Shadows; Or the Allegory of the Long Spoons (2024)

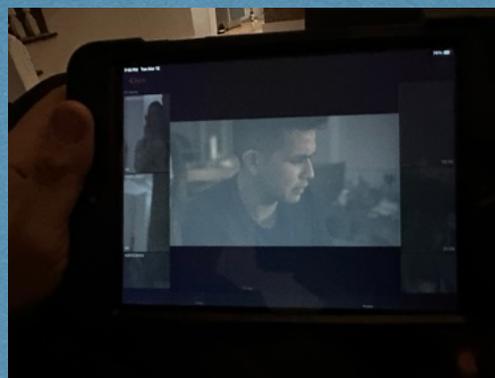


Genre: psychological horror, Supernatural

Synopsis: *Shadows; Or the Allegory of the Long Spoon* is a psychological horror about a mysterious game that slowly drives its players into madness. Lance and Laura play a strange board game involving a moving spoon, but after the game ends, Laura disappears. Lance returns to find disturbing clues, including eerie sounds and unsettling visions, and confronts the terrifying consequences of their dark obsession, leading to a chilling revelation that reveals everything.



Behind-the-Scenes



Screenwriting Samples

City Lights - *short film*

- **Genre:** Romantic, Drama. Comedy
- **Logline:** On a restless night in New York City, two strangers, Brad and Evan, embark on a journey to find a place to connect. Through the twists and turns of their conversations and the city's vibrant streets, they discover an unexpected bond that reshapes their lives forever.
- **Excerpt:**

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

The two boys stop near a water fountain in Washington Square Park.

BRAD

You don't understand—it's not just that; it's an experience, almost alive in its perfection. The way it feels in your hands, thin yet sturdy, holding everything together without a flaw. The balance is uncanny—every element in sync, the tang, the warmth, the textures—it's like it knows exactly what you need.

EVAN

It's just New York pizza?

BRAD

No, it's not. It's not just something you eat, it's something you feel. It stays with you. Once you've had it, nothing else compares. It's like tasting the city itself.

EVAN

Alright, relax, Julia Child.

BRAD

Who's that?

Evan laughs as he walks ahead.

BRAD

I don't get it?

EVAN

Of course not.

Brad catches up to him.

BRAD

Let me guess, Gray's Papaya (TBD) hot dogs are just... hot dogs?

EVAN

Never had one.

BRAD

What? No way!

The Minutes - *short film*

- **Genre:** Drama
- **Logline:** A mother finds herself in a desperate, silent struggle to save her son, whose inner turmoil has led him to the brink of death. As she searches for answers within their home, they are forced to confront the haunting past that has shaped their fractured relationship, ultimately leading to an emotionally devastating farewell.
- **Excerpt:**

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A pair of legs lie sprawled on the ground. An empty pill bottle rests in a limp hand. This is DANNY (25), slouched against the wall, his posture unnervingly still.

Mom's eyes fall on him, and she moves toward him quickly, her breath sharp.

MOM

DANNY!

(frantic)

Oh God, Danny! Hold on—please hold on!

She hovers over him, her hands moving wildly, unsure of where to start. A rush of panic floods the room, thick and paralyzing.

MOM

Oh God, no, no, no—

DANNY

(weakly, barely audible)

Mom?

MOM

Just... just hold on. Please.

Her hands shake as she pulls out her phone, dialing 911 with trembling fingers. Her whole body quakes, the weight of the moment sinking in.

DANNY

(weak, struggling)

Mom, don't—

MOM

What are you doing? What did you do?

She struggles to steady her hand, her voice a frantic blur. Danny looks at her, his eyes barely focused but steady enough to make a final plea. His voice is hoarse, and a faint but firm resolve underlies it.

DANNY
(barely a yell)
DON'T!

Mom stops, the phone slipping from her hand as her gaze locks onto him. For a moment, the frenetic energy leaves her, and something in his eyes grounds her. The chaos inside her stills.

DANNY
I won't make it, anyway.

Mom's voice cracks, a faint whisper of helplessness.

MOM
Danny, I—

DANNY
It's okay, Mom.

He looks around the basement, the weight of the room pressing down on him.

DANNY
Can you sit with me?

The Interrogation of Robert Crow - *Short Film*

- **Genre:** Crime Thriller, Psychological Drama
- **Logline:** In a small, claustrophobic interrogation room, two detectives face off with Robert Crow, a convicted criminal notorious for his cold, manipulative behavior. As they attempt to extract information about a missing girl, Crow plays a game of psychological chess with the detectives, revealing dark secrets and unsettling truths about their own lives, pushing them to the edge of sanity.
- **Excerpt:**

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – UNKNOWN

Dulinski steps in, his presence reasserting control. He sits down and opens the folder with deliberate movements, taking his time. He pulls out a photo from the folder and holds it up, his voice chillingly calm.

DULINSKI

(somber, yet forceful)

She's only 14. Did you kill her?

CROW

I don't think I like you much, Detective.

DULINSKI

Right. There are propositions here, of course. You come out clean and receive...

CROW

(interrupts, a smirk curling his lips)

I never killed a single person. Believe me, if I started, there would be none of you left.

DULINSKI

You let others do your dirty work.

Crow shifts his eyes downward to the table. His silence feels like a verdict.

DULINSKI

(leaning in, pressing)

Is she even still alive?

No response. The room is suffocating now, the ticking clock on the wall deafening in its regularity. Dulinski's frustration simmers just beneath the surface.

DULINSKI

I've taken the liberty of connecting your disposition.

(pause)

Your hearsay will be admissible.

Crow remains silent, his gaze unwavering.

DULINSKI

This isn't a game.

(pause, softer)

You remember what it was like to be 14? The safety of home? Parents tucking you in at night? She's a child.

Crow continues to look down. His expression remains unreadable.

DULINSKI

Fine, we can do this all night.

Dulinski leans back in his chair, his eyes fixed on Crow. The tension in the room rises. The ticking of the clock fills the space, heightening the discomfort. Dulinski's leg fidgets impatiently. Barlowe shifts his gaze down toward the table, lost in thought.

DULINSKI

(quietly, almost to himself)

What do you...

CROW

(cutting him off, dry)

Be a perfect peach, detective, and fetch me something to drink. The house serves sewer water.

Dulinski stares at Crow for a moment, his jaw tightening.

DULINSKI

(through clenched teeth)

Fine. Get him something to drink, Barlowe.

CROW

(disappointed, almost mocking)

Oh no, no. That's tasteless, Dulinski. Why do you pawn your duties?

Dulinski's chair scrapes violently as he stands, his frustration barely contained. He storms out.

The Corner - *Feature*

- **Genre:** Psychological Horror, Supernatural
- **Logline:** In a remote town, a troubled couple battles a monstrous creature they've unwittingly unleashed, forcing them to make unspeakable sacrifices as their dark pasts resurface, pushing them to the brink of madness and desperation— where the line between survival and damnation becomes impossible to cross.
- **Excerpt:**

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement door creaks open. Jewel grabs the lantern hanging at the entrance and descends the stairs, with Katie following closely behind.

JEWEL

I make him leave them all down here.

KATIE

(giggles)

Oh, I bet.

JEWEL

It's a bit of a mess. You know?

KATIE

I can only imagine.

They reach the bottom, where every corner is cloaked in darkness, the lantern's light flickering. Katie squints, straining to see through the dimness.

JEWEL

The lightbulbs all blew out.

KATIE

Blew out?

JEWEL

Yeah. Just like that.

Jewel sets the lantern down and steps aside, letting Katie look into the dim corner. Suddenly— BAM! A 2x4 crashes into Katie's head, knocking her down.

James bursts down the stairs, alarmed.

JAMES

What have you done?

JEWEL

What you couldn't. Help me put her on the table.

JAMES

Christ!

Together, they drag Katie's limp body onto the table. Jewel's eyes scan the room, locking onto a cleaver. She grabs it.

JAMES

Is she... dead?

Jewel checks for pulse.

JEWEL

She's dead.

Jewel grabs Katie's hand. Her fingers tremble, but she hardens. She raises the cleaver and swings it down, severing Katie's hand.

Katie's eyes snap open. Her agonized scream rips through the room.

KATIE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

JEWEL

(panicked)

Shit!

JAMES

Christ!

JEWEL

Hold her down.

Katie thrashes, her screams piercing the air.

KATIE

You fucking bitch!

Jewel and James struggle to keep her pinned.

JEWEL

Hold still!

KATIE

Ahhhhh!

JEWEL

(furious)

Hold still, you fucking cunt!

In a sudden burst of violence, Jewel slashes Katie's throat with the cleaver. Katie's body convulses, choking on her own blood before falling silent.

Both collapse to the floor, panting from the struggle.

JEWEL

Grab a bucket.

Strangers From Porlock - *Feature*

- **Genre:** Drama, French New Wave, Existentialism
- **Logline:** Two disillusioned strangers, haunted by past traumas, form a deep and introspective connection during a fateful night in New York City, exploring themes of love, loss, and the search for meaning in a fractured world.
- **Excerpt:**

EXT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

Nolan and Misty stand on the edge of the rooftop, looking out over the city. The wind whips around them, and a quiet tension hangs in the air. They're both lost in their thoughts, but there's an unspoken understanding between them.

NOLAN

(quietly)

You ever think about... where it all goes? What's the point?

MISTY

(sighing, looking at the stars)

All the time. Everything's just... slipping. Like there's nothing real, just... chaos.

NOLAN

(cynical)

Yeah, we're just actors in some film no one's watching. It all just... ends. And nothing is nothing.

Misty looks over at him, her eyes sharp, but tired.

MISTY

You ever wish it was just over? Like, maybe we're just meant to finally crash?

NOLAN

(pauses, glancing at her)

Well, it's easier than trying to figure it all out. But then... there's always that thought, right? What if there's something more? Something we can't see?

MISTY

(soft laugh)

What if it's all just an illusion? All these connections, these strangers. What if they're nothing but ghosts?

NOLAN

(slowly)

Maybe. Or maybe... maybe we just keep running in circles because we're scared shitless.

Misty's gaze hardens, her lips tight with unspoken emotion. She steps closer to Nolan, her voice lower now.

MISTY

You think it means anything, to even figure it all out?

NOLAN

(staring out at the city)

No. It means everything and nothing. It is full and empty. I don't even want to know anymore. The thought of knowing is debilitating.

MISTY

(softly)

Yeah. Me too.

The two stand in silence, each lost in their own world. The city stretches out beneath them, a dark sea of lights and noise that seems far away and unreachable. Finally, Misty speaks again.

MISTY

(quietly)

Maybe we're already dead. Just waiting for the end.

Nolan looks at her, his expression unreadable, and for a moment, the weight of their shared thoughts hangs in the air. The camera lingers on their faces, each one worn, distant, but strangely connected.

MISTY

(quietly)

Or maybe we're very much alive. That scares the hell out of me.

Nolan doesn't respond, but his eyes meet hers. There's an understanding there. A quiet, painful acknowledgment of their shared emptiness.