

SHADOWMAN

by
William C. Martell

Where shadows form you will find him...
There is no escape from the darkness.

William C. Martell
11012 Ventura Blvd #103
Studio City, CA 91694
818.497.2707
wcmartell@ScriptSecrets.Net

"Shadow Man"

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT

A quiet suburban street of apartment buildings.

A product placement perfect four door sedan pulls into a parking space directly in front of one of the buildings.

INT. FOUR DOOR SEDAN -- NIGHT

WALLY pulls to the curb and shuts off the engine. A handsome man in his late 20s with an honest face.

WALLY

Wish it didn't have to end.

DEE

I know.

His fiance DEE, a beautiful woman in her late 20s, in the passenger seat. She could model swimsuits for a living. Dee leans across and kisses him, a pretty good kiss.

WALLY

Don't want to rush you... but, well,
Barry was a long time ago.

(another kiss)

Let's set a date.

DEE

Wally, I...

WALLY

This is real, Dee. Let's find a
church. Or go to Vegas. Whatever
you want.

DEE

You've been so patient...

WALLY

June's right around the corner. How
about Saturday the 12th?

Dee laughs, nods, and kisses him again.

DEE

June 12th. But not Vegas.

WALLY

I'll talk to Reverend Ardell in the
morning, okay?

They kiss again, the Dee leaves and walks to her building.

INT. DEE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dee enters and flips on the living room light, spreading mix of light and shadows over her nicely decorated home.

DEE

Mrs. Dee Tourneur.

Sheds her coat and spends a moment looking at her engagement ring sparkling in the light.

INT. DEE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Using only the light spilled from the living room, Dee fills the tea kettle, sets it on the stove and fires up the burner. Pulls a cup from the cupboard, searches a tea canister for...

DEE

Red Zinger.

Pops the tea bag into her cup.

INT. DEE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dee hangs her purse on a hook near the door, kicks off her heels. She strips out of her dress, carefully hanging it in the dark closet. That's when she hears the noise behind her.

She turns to see shadow of a MAN sitting in her chair. Surrounded by darkness, only a silhouette.

DEE

How did you get in here?

The Man laughs.

MAN

Think I'd let a door get in my way?

He leans into a stripe of light. Dee recognizes him - that frightens her.

MAN

You gonna marry that loser?

DEE

Get out of here!

MAN

There she is! The bitter bitch who didn't want a second date.

He rises to his feet, casting his shadow over her.

MAN

Let it out, baby! That's your true nature - anger.

Dee backs to the wall... trapped.

The Man laughs, takes another step closer.
Another step.
Closer.

Dee's hand finds the light switch, hits it.
Light blinds the Man for a moment.
Dee makes a run for the door.

The Man snakes a leg to trip her.
Dee goes sprawling.

The Man towers over her.

MAN

You can't escape anger, bitch. It's
part of you. Part of me.

He pulls out a huge knife. It glitters in the light.

MAN

My momma used to say that there were
three things you could do with anger:
Forget it, Hold it in and let it
fester, or Let it explode.

Grabs a pillow from the bed. Dee notices that all of her
stuffed animals have been decapitated.

MAN

Use the anger. Night we went out,
you tried to hold it in... but it
seeped through. All that bitterness.
That pain. Now I'm here to end it.

The Man holds the pillow in one hand, knife in the other.

MAN

So that you can finally rest in peace.

Dee tries to escape, but he forces the pillow against face.
The tea kettle screams.

She struggles, but is soon dead. The Man drops the and picks
up the knife again - blade heading toward Dee's mouth...

There's a "bug" at the right corner of the screen: Trial TV.

INT. TV NEWS DESK -- DAY

Behind the news desk Becky Conway shows her teeth. A pretty
pit bull of a reporter, the nicer version of Nancy Grace.

BECKY

That reenactment lead to the arrest
of serial killer Bodeen Pike.

FOOTAGE: FBI Agents guide a handcuffed BODEEN PIKE to a waiting car. Pike looks more like Mr. Rogers than the serial killer from the reenactment.

BECKY

When the FBI raided the house that soft spoken Pike shared with his fifty-nine year old mother, they discovered her mummified corpse in an air conditioned bedroom upstairs, and seventeen severed human tongues in his refrigerator.

FOOTAGE: The neatest house in the world as FBI agents search.

BECKY

Pike also collected old 78 rpm recordings and self help books.

FOOTAGE: An old Victrola and stacks of records.

BECKY

With only thirteen known victims, mostly divorced women Pike met on internet sites or in church; that leaves four tongues unaccounted for.

FOOTAGE: Pike on trial.

BECKY

Pike, who never claimed innocence, was convicted of smothering the twenty two known victims, and sentenced to death by lethal injection.

Becky at the news desk shows her teeth again.

BECKY

Our in studio guest San Francisco D.A. Ellison Holt prosecuted the case. Was this a slam dunk verdict?

Crusading D.A. ELLISON HOLT gives a Clint-squint. Conservative of dress and action, he's Mr. Law & Order.

HOLT

This Bodeen Pike was a piece of work. Had the brass to plead innocent.

BECKY

Did you consider his innocence?

HOLT

After police found the tongues of the victims in a freezer in his home?
(MORE)

HOLT (CONT'D)

DNA testing proved they belonged to the victims. We also had fiber evidence and blood traces and... Let's just say we had no trouble making our case.

BECKY

But Pike claimed he was innocent.

HOLT

I'm in favor of legislation that would double the penalty for people who plead innocent just to give their attorney something to bargain with.

BECKY

His attorney, Charles Robson, is famous for winning death penalty cases --

HOLT

He lost this one.

BECKY

Should Pike have plead insanity?

HOLT

We had five experts ready to testify if they had. By legal definition, he was sane when he killed all of those women.

BECKY

Maybe we need to look into that definition.

HOLT

I'm in favor of removing the entire "insanity excuse" - you may be able to reform a sane killer, but a lunatic? A mother kills her children and didn't know that was wrong, so she skips prison and goes to a hospital? Do you really want people that crazy outside the prison system? Insanity in murder trials should be mandatory death penalty.

BECKY

You managed to win a conviction --

HOLT

I just presented the evidence.

BECKY

In the penalty phase, you made a passionate argument in favor of death.

HOLT

If we execute these scumbags, they'll never be able to commit another crime.

BECKY

Thank you, Deputy D.A. Holt.

Becky to the camera. A monitor shows a shot of the trial.

BECKY

Impact Statements from victim's relatives helped convince the jury to seek the maximum punishment.

FOOTAGE: WALLY TOURNEUR - fiancé of one of the victims, steps up to the podium. Well dressed (he manages a men's wear store) with a quiet intensity.

BECKY

Wallace Tourneur was engaged to victim number seven, Dee Bell.

TOURNEUR (V.O.)

I spent my whole life looking for Dee. She was clever and funny and... You killed her. We'd just set the date with Reverend Ardell - June 12th.

Pike smiles at him.

TOURNEUR (V.O.)

She was my entire future, now she's gone. I hope they take away your future.

FOOTAGE: LIZ KNAGGES, lesbian lover of one of the victims at the podium. Short hair, baggy clothes, sensible shoes.

BECKY

Liz Knagges was the domestic partner of victim number three...

KNAGGES (V.O.)

I hope they burn you alive!

Knagges has to be restrained by a BAILIFF.

KNAGGES (V.O.)

You couldn't stab her with your phallus, so you used a knife? All men are the same.

(MORE)

KNAGGES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hope you get gang raped every day
of your life before they flip the
switch and fry you.

FOOTAGE: SARA JEWELL, twin sister of one of the victims,
holds a large photo of her sister. Hippy dress with flowers
in her hair.

BECKY

Sara Jewell's twin sister Erica was
victim number five.

JEWELL (V.O.)

When a man would touch her, I felt
that touch. When a man kissed her,
my lips felt his lips. When you
killed my sister, I felt every
agonizing moment.

Pike laughs at this. The JUDGE pounds his gavel.

JEWELL (V.O.)

I still wake up screaming. I hope
you have the chance to feel that
pain, that agony.

She tries to spit on him, it falls short.

FOOTAGE: BARRETT GLOVER, Gay best friend of a victim.
Perfectly groomed, explosively emotional.

BECKY

Barrett Glover, best friend of victim
number eight.

GLOVER (V.O.)

What does The Bible say? An eye for
an eye. Blood for blood.

PIKE (V.O.)

Tongue for a tongue?

The Bailiff has to hold on to Glover.

GLOVER (V.O.)

God will judge you - and damn you.

FOOTAGE: Detective ROB LEWTON, handsome but edgy.

Becky's voice is strained when she introduces his clip -
they have some past relationship.

BECKY

Detective Robert Lewton's ex-wife
Ruth was the last victim.

LEWTON (V.O.)

My wife didn't want me to join the department - afraid I might be killed in the line of duty. We argued about the danger all the time... That's why we divorced. Now she's dead, and I'm alive. You killed her. My last words with Ruth were angry words. I can never apologize. Never.

As he speaks, his slow burn heats up to volcanic anger.

LEWTON (V.O.)

You should be glad I wasn't the one who caught you - you wouldn't have made it back to the police station.

FOOTAGE: CAROL DEWITT, mother of one of the victims. A middle-aged June Cleaver transformed into an angry Barbara Stanwyck. She has a large photo of her daughter, Jennifer.

BECKY

Carol DeWitt and her husband Ted lost their daughter to this monster.

DEWITT (V.O.)

Parents are supposed to die before their children. Not the other way around. Jennifer had just turned twenty five. Just got her feet back under her. Then you came along, and took her away from us. Wasn't a disease, wasn't an accident, it was a vicious depraved act of a subhuman piece of garbage. You tortured and maimed my daughter, but we're forbidden to do anything that is cruel or unusual to you. And that's too bad. I hope you suffer in those days before they put you to death. Then I hope you burn in hell for all eternity. What you took from us can never be replaced.

Becky gives it a beat, for the emotions to sink in.

BECKY

Bodeen Pike was sentenced to death by lethal injection. After numerous appeals have been denied, he will be put to death Saturday night at midnight, and we will be outside the walls of San Quentin Prison live.

ON THE MONITOR: photos of EMERY HUNTER, the Priest who tried to save Pike's soul... and failed; and Dr. LANCE ELLIOT, a psychiatrist studying genetic link in serial killers.

BECKY

Tomorrow, the day before the
execution, we'll discuss the death
penalty with Father Emery Hunter and
Dr. Lance Elliot.

Becky pulls out her ear piece, sips from a glass of water
and rolls her chair from the news desk... relaxing.

TECH CREW members move around the set as a commercial plays
on a monitor. Becky's producer, WADE RANDOLPH, approaches
her - a piece of paper in hand. Gray haired, paternal,
smiling, Randolph is the perfect southern gentleman.

RANDOLPH

Becky, darling, you are the luckiest
woman in the whole wide world.

BECKY

What is it this time, Wade?

RANDOLPH

He wants you.

BECKY

Who wants me.

RANDOLPH

Bodeen Pike. He's requesting you
witness his execution tomorrow.

BECKY

I don't understand...

RANDOLPH

Guess he's a fan. Only twelve seats
for the big show, one of them's yours.

Randolph hands her the request sheet, signed by Pike.

BECKY

Wade, I'm not sure about this...

RANDOLPH

First time for everything, darling.

Becky looks at the request, worried.

EXT. BECKY'S SUBURBAN HOME -- NIGHT

A nice three bedroom house in an upscale neighborhood.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The house is dead silent.

The bedroom is bathed in shadows.

Becky lays in bed reading a book on executions.

She flips a page, exposing a horrific electrocution photo.

Somewhere in the house, a door creaks open.

Becky stops reading.
Listens.

More noises.
Rustling the darkness.
Becky puts down her book.

BECKY

Hello?

Another noise - closer this time.
Footsteps in the hallway?

Becky looks at the ceiling light switch - near the door.
Can she get there and switch it on?
The door knob is twisting open.
Becky pulls the covers up.

Someone bursts into her room!
A shadow in the darkness rushing toward her bed.
Her five year old son PETER.

BECKY

Peter? You're supposed to be
sleeping.

PETER

I tried, mommy, but there are monsters
in my room.

BECKY

Monsters?

PETER

Under the bed AND in the closet.

Becky swings out of bed and gives Peter a big hug.

BECKY

That's a lot of monsters. Let's go
take a look, sweetie-pie.

She grabs Peter's hand, leads him out of the room.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Becky, flashlight in hand, flips on the lights. Typical 5
year old boy's room: snakes and snails and puppy dog tails.
Peter hides behind his mother... shadows are everywhere.

BECKY

I don't see any monsters.

PETER

They're hiding. Under the bed.

BECKY

Let's take a look.

She clicks on the flashlight, leans down to look under the bed. Peter stays by the door - scared.

BECKY

Come here, sweetie-pie. I won't let them get you.

Peter edges closer to his mother.
Becky shines the flashlight under the bed.
Lots of shadows under the bed - plus a couple of socks.

BECKY

See? No monsters. Just some stinky old socks.

She grabs the socks, making a big deal of holding her nose.
Peter looks at the closet door in fear.
Becky moves to the closet, flashlight ready.
She pops open the closet door, stabbing the light inside.

BECKY

No monsters here, either.

But there are a lot of shadows. The closet is a jumble of toys and heaped clothing.

Something seems to be moving under the clothes.
Peter backs up a step.
Becky grips the flashlight like a club.
Carefully pokes at the moving clothes.
Still moving.
Pulls the clothes aside, exposing...

A toy robot, legs and arms moving.

She turns the toy robot off.

BECKY

Just your robot, Peter. No monsters.

Becky hands the robot to Peter and takes a minute to straighten out the closet and remove pools of shadow.

PETER

The monsters are hiding, now, but when you turn out the light, they'll come out.

Becky hugs Peter and sits on the bed next to him. Peter grabs his teddy bear, adding it to the hug-fest.

BECKY
Is this about your dad?

PETER
(yes)
No.

Photo on the night stand of Becky, Peter, and ex-husband
SIMON holding each other close.

BECKY
You know your dad and I loved each
other very much, but sometimes love
wears out, like those those stinky
socks with the holes in them.

PETER
My teddy is worn out, but I still
love him.

BECKY
Your dad wants to come see you, but
he's been very busy, just like mommy.
He'll be here next weekend, promise.

PETER
Can I sleep with you tonight, mommy?

BECKY
Just for tonight.

They hug again.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Peter sleeps in Becky's bed, holding tight to her.

BECKY
Sweet dreams.

Becky kisses the top of his head, and clicks out the light.

INT. STUDIO -- DAY

The DIRECTOR starts counting backwards with his fingers...
pointing at Becky, who sits between her two guests.

BECKY
Tomorrow night at midnight, Bodeen
Pike will be put to death by lethal
injection. Here to discuss the death
penalty and how it relates to this
case, we have Father Emery Hunter
who has taken care of Pike's spiritual
needs while he's been incarcerated
in San Quentin.

EMERY HUNTER smiles, a friendly looking Priest in collar - you'd confess your deepest sins to him.

HUNTER

Rebecca.

BECKY

And Dr. Lance Elliot, a psychiatrist who has been studying serial killers and believes there is a genetic link.

LANCE ELLIOT gives a professorial nod, an ultra-intellectual dressed in a corduroy suit he's owned for 20 years.

ELLIOT

Thank you, Rebecca.

BECKY

Father Hunter, you've offered Pike spiritual guidance since he was convicted. How is that going?

HUNTER

Mr. Pike has been uncooperative to this point, but there's always hope.

BECKY

With only 24 hours left before his execution...

HUNTER

Barbaric. We are the only civilized country that still puts criminals to death. What if he is innocent?

BECKY

Do you think he is?

Non-answer from Hunter, so Elliot jumps in.

ELLIOT

I've interviewed Pike, the last thing he is, is innocent. I believe there is a genetic link between serial killers, and no religious conversion can change what is in their nature.

HUNTER

So we should just kill them all?

ELLIOT

Or ship them all to some remote island and let them kill each other.

BECKY

Lance Elliot's Psycho Island?

HUNTER

Killing Mr. Pike solves nothing.

ELLIOT

He'll never do it again.

BECKY

Doesn't turning the other cheek just gets you slapped twice.

HUNTER

By killing them, don't we just become them? Killers?

BECKY

Don't the victim's families deserve justice, Father Hunter?

HUNTER

Is this justice or revenge? Is there even a difference between the two? We want Mr. Pike to suffer and die. Does that sound like "justice" or "vengeance"? Vengeance belongs only to the Lord.

Elliot explodes - yelling at the priest.

ELLIOT

So your answer is rehabilitation? I've interviewed twenty seven serial killers and can tell you their minds are wired differently than ours.

HUNTER

They are still human beings.

ELLIOT

I'm not so sure. They may look like humans and act like humans - most are charming, likable. Friends are shocked when they're arrested because "Bodeen is the nicest man I know, he would never hurt anyone." Actual testimony from a co-worker who has known him for over a decade.

BECKY

You're saying these killers don't give off some obvious evil vibe --

ELLIOT

I'm saying that person you like most is most likely to be a sociopath. It's never the creepy people.

Father Hunter gets in Elliot's face - anger bubbling over.

HUNTER

That gives us the right to murder them?

ELLIOT

What else can we do? Once they taste blood, they just want more. Bigger and better kills. They begin as children, usually torturing animals --

BECKY

You don't think they can be cured?

ELLIOT

We can't even control them.

HUNTER

So we use a guillotine to decapitate them? Hang them? Electrocute them? You know there have been recorded cases of victim's eye balls catching on fire during an electrocution?

ELLIOT

That's why we gas them. More humane.

HUNTER

The Supreme Court may think otherwise. Prisoners writhe in agony from injections - that's why we strap them down.

Becky will be witnessing Pike's execution - is she prepared to watch a man die?

HUNTER

How can we, as a society, watch a man be put to death? How?

Becky covers her moment of weakness with a question.

BECKY

Will you be there tomorrow night to administer last rites?

ELLIOT

We'll both be there, but unless there's a last minute conversion, I don't think Father Hunter will be saying any official prayers.

BECKY

Don't think Pike will find religion?

HUNTER

Mr. Pike has taken up the occult. Reading books on black magic.

BECKY

Sounds creepy to me. That's all the time we have today. I'd like to thank my guests Father Emery Hunter and Dr. Lance Elliot.

Both smile - cut to commercial.

Becky rolls her chair back and pulls out her ear piece.

Elliot and Hunter shake hands, laughing with each other.

INT. RANDOLPH'S OFFICE -- DAY

Randolph is at his desk when Becky pokes her head in.

BECKY

Wade, I'm not sure about this thing tomorrow night.

RANDOLPH

It's the ultimate "get", darling. The big three would kill for a chair at the big show. They raffled off the press seat, George Laundry from the Post was the lucky one.

BECKY

That's what it is? A show?

RANDOLPH

No cameras, but you come here Monday and tell us all about it.

BECKY

Witness to the execution.

RANDOLPH

Don't worry, darling. You'll be fine.

Becky gives a false smile and leaves.

EXT. BECKY'S SUBURBAN HOME -- NIGHT

Becky and Peter sit on the front porch, a kid's suitcase next to them. Waiting. Peter holds tight to his teddy.

A car slows... then zooms past.

PETER

Where's daddy?

BECKY

I don't think he's coming, Petey.

Becky checks her watch, dials her cell phone.

BECKY
Simon, where are you?

SIMON (V.O.)
With a client. In Los Angeles.

She grabs Peter's luggage, heads inside. Peter follows, holding his teddy bear even closer.

BECKY
This was supposed to be your weekend with Peter, asshole.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

SIMON, Becky's ex, sits at a table filled with Japanese Businessmen, cell phone in hand.

SIMON
We talked about this over a month ago. I'll take him next weekend.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Peter tries to ignore the anger in his mother's voice. Concentrates on playing with the teddy bear.

BECKY
It's always next weekend, but that weekend never comes. He's your son.

SIMON (V.O.)
I don't know what you want from me Rebecca. I can't change my weekend.

BECKY
Neither can I. So Peter ends up with a sitter. Some college girl named Valerie. Not his mother, not his father, some complete stranger.

SIMON (V.O.)
How is this my fault?

BECKY
I took a three year leave of absence when he was born, put my life on hold. You won't even sacrifice a weekend for your son!

Peter pulls back from his mother's outburst as if struck.

SIMON (V.O.)
I am not one of your ambush subjects --

BECKY

I'm the one who has to bend. You
never try to meet me half way. Never!

SIMON (V.O.)

Those were your choices, Rebecca.

BECKY

Hate me all you want, but don't make
your son suffer. He needs a father.
Right now he doesn't have one!

Becky hangs up, turns to Peter and tries to smile. The anger
bubbling beneath the surface - barely in control.

BECKY

Looks like you're with Val again
tonight, sweetie-pie.

PETER

I don't like when you're mad at dad.

BECKY

Neither do I.

A photo on the fridge shows the family in happier times:
Becky, Peter, and Simon.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON -- NIGHT

Protesters outside the prison walls.

INT. WITNESS ROOM -- NIGHT

Saturday night. San Quentin Prison. The execution chamber.

On one side of the glass: a hospital bed and three IVs await
Bodeen Pike.

On the other of the glass: the witness room. A dozen seats,
set up like a jury box, facing the glass. Beyond that, a
small waiting area with a coffee urn and a box of donuts on
a table. Twelve witnesses mill around, plus some SHERIFFS
and a handful of OVS (Office of Victim Services) people.

Becky feels out of place, keeps looking at the glass.

GEORGE (O.S.)

There's donuts - Krispy Kreme.

Becky turns to see GEORGE LAUNDRY, aging newspaper reporter
for the Post munching on a donut and sipping coffee.

BECKY

Not really hungry, George. How'd
you get this gig?

GEORGE

Just trying to stay above the fold.

BECKY

Thought you were the Post hot shot?

GEORGE

Get a little gray in your hair and they want to stick you on a desk somewhere. Editing obits. Get to write up all my friends as they go. Thought I was the only reporter covering this?

BECKY

I'm his guest.

GEORGE

Really? You guys dating?

BECKY

Hardly.

Becky spots Detective Rob Lewton drinking coffee with Carol DeWitt, Ellison Holt and Wally Tourneur... tries to hide.

GEORGE

Divorce is final, right?

BECKY

I'm not interested in dating an older man, George.

Lance Elliot is talking with Liz Knagges and Barrett Glover. Father Emery Hunter is comforting a crying Sara Jewell.

Goth hottie KARLA O'KEEFE munches a donut as she approaches the glass and looks inside. Becky watches her finish her donut and use the glass reflection to fix her make up.

GEORGE

Miss Karla O'Keefe. Pike's pen pal. She wanted to marry him, but there wasn't enough time.

BECKY

What is she thinking?

GEORGE

That's he's innocent? That he's dreamy? That she never has to worry about him leaving his socks on the floor and the toilet seat up?

BECKY

All good points.

O'Keefe kisses the glass, leaving a big red lip print.

A SHERIFF'S OFFICER claps his hands twice.

OFFICER

Be seated. We're about to begin.

The other witnesses take their seats. Becky tries to avoid Detective Lewton as she finds her assigned seat. Fails.

LEWTON

Some family you haven't dragged
through the mud, yet? Someone's
life you haven't ruined?

BECKY

Detective Lewton.

LEWTON

Don't see any evidence for you to
steal. What are you doing here?

Becky moves away from Lewton and finds her seat.

Watching the window. Waiting.

The Sheriffs and OVS people stay in the back of the room...
by the coffee and donuts.

BODEEN PIKE is brought in, shackled... sneering.

A pair of GUARDS, a pair of DOCTORS and the WARDEN accompany Pike. The Guards unshackle him, but before they can strap him onto the hospital bed, Pike steps to the window. Looks over the witnesses and gives a smile.

PIKE

Looks like we have a full house.
(O'Keefe blows a kiss)
Hey, baby.

A Guard tries to grab him, but the Warden shakes his head.

PIKE

My momma used to say be careful what
you wish for. All you people have
been wishing me dead since they first
nabbed me. That's a powerful lot of
anger. Powerful lot of hatred.

(looks right at Becky)

You think I'm the monster? That
darkness inside me, is inside every
one of you. Same darkness. Same
anger. I'll be in your dreams...
and your reality. Because you can
kill my body, but you can't kill me.

(MORE)

PIKE (CONT'D)

(points to each)

You're here to watch me die, and
I'll be there to watch you die.

(laughs)

Wherever there is darkness, that's
where I'll be.

Pike takes a seat on the bed, lays down and allows them to strap him in. The Doctors alcohol swab his arm before inserting the three IV needles.

GEORGE

Worried about infections?

BECKY

Maybe malpractice suits.

Becky watches as one Doctor starts the IV drips. The first is sodium thiopental: a sedative, the second is pancuronium bromide: which causes paralysis, the third is potassium chloride: which stops the heart.

PIKE

You can't escape me.

The other Doctor monitors Pike's vital signs. A screen shows his heart rate, blood pressure, sinus rhythm, etc.

PIKE

I am the Shadow Man.

Pike's eyes drift closed.
For a moment his body shudders, twitching and bucking.
The Doctors hold him down.

Becky watches, frightened. A man is dying before her eyes.
Reporters always come after the dying - after the event.
This is the first time she has ever seen a man die.

Pike's body becomes calm...
The monitor shows his heart beat slowing...
Slowing....
Stopping.
Pike dies.

The Doctors manually check his pulse and heart beat.
Nod.
It's over.

Becky and the others stand up and leave the seats.

UNDER THE BED

Pike's shadow skitters away, joining the other shadows.
The shadows seem to move away.

Becky takes one last look at the glass before leaving.
The door swings shut - obscuring her view.

EXECUTION CHAMBER

When the Doctors remove Pike's body, it casts no shadow.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Becky walks to her car, surrounded by darkness.
Pulls out her keys and clicks the lock.
Beep.
Headlights flash...
Illuminating a figure by her car.

BECKY

What do you want?

LEWTON

My case files.

BECKY

You mean the FBI's case files.

LEWTON

The ones you lifted from my desk.

BECKY

That was a year ago. Old news.

LEWTON

Wasn't supposed to be news at all.
You fucked the whole investigation.

BECKY

The public has a right to know --

LEWTON

All the salacious details? How the
tongues were removed from the victim's
mouths while they were still alive?

BECKY

I give the public what they want.

LEWTON

You gave Pike what he wanted, too.
Made him a star. Showed him every
ace we had in our hand --

BECKY

He knew what you had.

LEWTON

He never knew I had an ex-wife, until
you mentioned her in your story.

BECKY

I was just doing my job.

LEWTON

You killed her as much as he did.
You said she fit his profile. You
dared him to kill her. How the fuck
can you sleep at night?

Lewton storms away, leaving her alone in the darkness.

Pike's laughter seems to echo through the parking lot.
Becky looks around for the source of the laughter.
She's alone.
She gets in her car and drives away.

INT. TV NEWS DESK -- DAY

The laughter still echoes in Becky's imagination as a Tech
adjusts her microphone. The Director counts backwards and
points at Becky.

BECKY

Convicted serial killer Bodeen Pike
remained defiant until the end.
Threatening to kill the twelve
witnesses to his execution.

(smiles)

But that was not to be. A pair of
doctors administered the three IVs:
Sodium Thiopental to sedate the
prisoner, Pancuronium Bromide, which
induces paralysis and Potassium
Chloride to stop the heart.

(beat)

Bodeen Pike was pronounced dead at
12:03 Sunday morning. He will kill
no more. The world is a safer place.

FOOTAGE: A tropical beach paradise... with Police searching
searching the sand for clues.

BECKY

Beginning tomorrow we will be covering
the strange case of Melissa Carson
who vanished on Spring Break along
with a dozen other students...

FOOTAGE: A warehouse converted into an arena surrounded by a
steel cage, also crawling with Police.

BECKY

Who was forced to fight Gladiator
style, to the death, in a steel cage,
for an audience of international
high rollers. New evidence in this

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)
shocking story is being uncovered
every day. And we're on the case.
(smiles)
This is Rebecca Conway for Trial TV.

Cut to closing credits. Becky takes off her earpiece and microphone, scoots back in her chair.

Wade Randolph is there to give her a paternal shoulder pat.

RANDOLPH
Did great, darling.

BECKY
I'm just glad it's finally over.

Becky leaves the news desk.

EXT. BECKY'S SUBURBAN HOME -- NIGHT

Becky's house - miles away from the gritty world she reports about every day.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Becky tucks in Peter, who keeps his eyes on the open closet door. She takes his worn Teddy bear and sets it next to him.

PETER
Can I sleep with you tonight, mommy?

BECKY
Don't you want to sleep with Teddy?

Peter looks at the closet.

BECKY
No such thing as monsters, sweetie-
pie. It's just your imagination.

Becky moves to the closet, turns to face Peter. Reaches her hand into the darkness between the hanging clothes.

BECKY
See - nothing in there. Just some
old clothes and smelly socks.

Peter sees some shadows forming near Becky's arm.

PETER
Mommy...

Becky pulls her arm out, closes the closet door.

BECKY
See? Nothing to be afraid of.

PETER

They're hiding under the bed, mommy.

Becky kneels down at the foot of the bed, puts her arm under the bed - feeling around in the darkness.

BECKY

Nothing down here.

Pulls her arm out... just in time.

BECKY

You're a big boy, now. With daddy
living in his own house, I need you
to be my man. Protect me. Okay?

Peter nods. Becky kisses him. Leans up.

PETER

Mommy? Can I use the night light?

Becky thinks about it for a moment, nods. Leaves for a moment (a scary moment for Peter, who keeps his eyes on the closed closet door), returns with a carousel night light. Plugs it in. Cartoon shadows chase each other on the walls.

BECKY

Better?

Peter nods. Becky gives him another kiss and leaves.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Becky lays in bed listening to Peter snore. Smiles at the sound. Soon, her eyes flutter closed and she falls asleep.

She dreams.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Peter fast asleep in his bed.

The closet door slowly creaks open.

Shadows inside.

The shadows begin to move.

To form a larger shadow on the floor near the closet door.

The shadow stretches until it is the size of a man.

Arms.

Legs.

A head.

It is the shadow of a man.

The shadow darkens, deepens.

From the darkness, the shadow becomes three dimensional,
forming into a man.

The shadow man rises to his feet.
Made of darkness.
The face of Bodeen Pike.
The Shadow Man glides to the bedroom door.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Becky's eyes flicker open.
A shadow covers her face.
She looks up at the face of the Shadow Man.

The Shadow Man has Peter's Teddy Bear in his hands.
Laughs and twists the head off.
The Teddy Bear bleeds stuffing.
Shadow Man puts the severed head on the pillow next to Becky.

PIKE
Know how long it took me to learn
that trick?

BECKY
You aren't real.

PIKE
At first I couldn't move nothing.
Had to make 'em do it themselves.
Now I can do anything I want.

BECKY
I'm dreaming.

PIKE
Dreaming of me? Makes me feel wanted.

BECKY
What do you want?

PIKE
You're gonna tell my story. That I
live, even after death, as the Shadow
Man. If you do this, I will come for
you last, after others are dead.

Pike laughs, then the Shadow Man blends with the other shadows
in the room... disappearing into the darkness.

INT. BECKY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Becky wakes up screaming.

Looks around the bedroom.
She's alone.
Listens, and can still hear Peter snoring.

BECKY
Nightmare.

Her breathing returns to normal, she switches on the light.
 Shadows disappear.
 She calms down.

The torn teddy bear head is on her pillow.

BECKY

No! No!

She rushes into Peter's room.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Peter sleeps. The Teddy Bear body on the bed next to him.
 The closet door is open.

BECKY

Can't be real. Can't be.

She closes the closet door and returns to bed.

INT. BECKY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Trial TV. Becky's office is piled with newspapers and magazines and notebooks. A stack of micro-cassettes threatens to fall over. Photos of Becky with government leaders and a few newspaper photos of her in action.

Becky looks at the Teddy bear head, lost in thought.

She grabs the phone and dials a number.

VOICE (V.O.)

San Francisco Post.

BECKY

Crime desk. George Laundry please.

VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry. Were you a friend of his?

BECKY

Excuse me? What happened?

Becky asks as she flips through the pile of newspapers on her desk to find today's San Francisco Post. Above the fold: fires, murders, war. She flips the paper over. Below the fold: city politics... and a small photo of George Laundry.

VOICE (V.O.)

He died last night. Drown in his bathtub. We're pretty broken up --

BECKY

Below the fold.

Becky hangs up the phone, reads the article. "Reporter drowns in bath." Continued on the page opposite the obituaries.

She spots something on the Obituary page: a photo of Barrett Glover, gay best friend of one of Pike's victims.

BECKY

Three days ago...

Becky spins to the computer, goes online and starts Googling.

INT. RANDOLPH'S OFFICE -- DAY

Becky stands across from Wade Randolph with a stack of computer print outs - newspaper articles.

BECKY

...Barrett Glover, gay best friend of victim number eight, pulls into his garage, leaves the motor of his brand new Hummer running. Carbon monoxide poisoning.

RANDOLPH

Despondent over his friend's murder. Pike was the only thing keeping him alive. Once Pike was gone...

BECKY

(tosses article at him)
Lance Elliot, suffocated in his psychiatry office closet, locked from the inside. He'd taped over every crack, sealing himself in.

RANDOLPH

Beats "Gay Man Killed By Hummer".

BECKY

Seriously, Wade.

RANDOLPH

Look, darling, I don't know what you're getting at - if the door is locked from the inside that kinda precludes foul play, doesn't it?

BECKY

Liz Knagges, lesbian lover of victim number three, heat exposure in the Mojave Desert. Just got out of her car at midnight and started walking.

RANDOLPH

Another suicide.

BECKY

(tosses article)

Father Emery Hunter, choked on his tongue in his church's confessional, surrounded by candles. Again, around midnight.

RANDOLPH

Where are you going with this?

BECKY

George Laundry, drowned in his bubble bath surrounded by burned out candles.

RANDOLPH

I've known George for over twenty years, would never have suspected him of being a bubble and candles kind of guy.

BECKY

Sara Jewell, found strangled in the exact same alley where Pike murdered her twin sister. Police believe she was mugged, though nothing was stolen. Time of death between 11pm and 1am.

She tosses the newspaper at Randolph.

BECKY

Knife marks on her tongue. Someone tried to cut it out.

RANDOLPH

Copycat?

BECKY

Twelve of us witnessed Pike's execution, now six are dead. Under unusual circumstances. Time of death for all seems to be around midnight. Pike was executed at midnight.

RANDOLPH

You want to follow it.

BECKY

I'm on that list.

RANDOLPH

Who do you think is next?

BECKY

DeWitt? Or maybe Deputy DA Holt.

Randolph shoos her out of his office... and onto the story.

EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

An ugly gray rectangular building on Bryant and 7th streets contains the offices of the DA as well as the Men's County Jail and overlooks the 101 freeway.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

A SHERIFF'S OFFICER unlocks the front door for Ellison Holt. Beyond the doors are metal detectors, an ex-ray machine, security desk with monitors, and an elevator bank.

SHERIFF

Burning the midnight oil again?

HOLT

No rest for the wicked, my friend.

The Sheriff locks the door behind him. Holt starts around the metal detector and the Sheriff stops him.

SHERIFF

Not so fast, boss. Gotta maintain protocol. Everyone goes through the big machine. Even the Mayor.

Holt stops. Puts his briefcase on the ex-ray belt. Puts all of the metal objects into the little dish. Walks through the metal detector.

The Sheriff hits the switch and the briefcase moves through the ex-ray machine - he looks at the contents - nothing.

When Holt finishes repocketing his metal items, the Sheriff hands him the briefcase.

SHERIFF

There you go, boss. Have a nice night.

HOLT

Don't work too hard.

Holt steps up the the elevator banks, presses the button.

INT. HALLWAY AT HALL OF JUSTICE -- NIGHT

A long dark hallway.

A couple of fluorescent lights flicker in the distance.

The elevator doors open and Holt steps out, swinging his briefcase and whistling. He walks down the long hallway to his office door - shaded gold leaf announcing his name.

Holt unlocks the door and enters.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM -- NIGHT

Holt passes through the empty reception room.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Corner windows overlooking the city (not the freeway). You could fit four normal offices here and still have room for the two sofas, private bathroom, wet bar.

Holt closes the door, drops his briefcase on the huge desk next to a bobble-head of himself and goes to the bar.

HOLT

Something to wet the old whistle.

Pours himself a Dalwhinnie 29 Year Old Scotch, takes a sip. Sits behind his desk, pops open his briefcase. Pulls out some papers and swivels around to look out the window as he sips his Scotch and reads the brief.

A reflection on the window of a man's shadow behind him.

Holt swivels around... Nothing there.
Takes another sip of scotch.

Sees a shadow moving in the corner of his vision.
Swivels slowly to face it.

HOLT

Hello? Anybody there? Alice?

Just shadows and more shadows.
One is moving!
The shadow skitters across the wall.

Holt spins to see the shadow of a man on the wall.

Looks across the room - no man to cast the shadow.
Gets out of his chair, looks for the source of the shadow.

HOLT

Who's there?

Looks back at the shadow as it moves across the wall at him.
Backs away from the shadow.
Hits the edge of his desk.
Drops his Scotch.

HOLT

Show yourself.

Looks across the room for the man casting the shadow...
But he's alone in the room.
Looks at the shadow on the wall again.

HOLT
Impossible.

Moves to the door and looks into the reception room.
Nobody there.

Behind Holt, the man's shadow becomes darker, taking form,
becoming three dimensional.

HOLT
Who's out there?

Behind Holt a three dimensional shadow of Pike forms. A man
made of darkness. Pike's gray black arms branch out. His
gray black face smiles... He laughs.

Holt slowly turns to face SHADOW PIKE.

HOLT
Impossible. Some sort of trick.

PIKE
Tricks? Hey, wanna see a trick?

Shadow hand reaches to the desk and picks up a letter opener.
It glitters in the light from the window.

PIKE
Know how long it took me to learn
that? Just pulling myself together --

HOLT
I saw you die.

PIKE
That's why I'm here.

Laughs and flips the letter opener in his shadow hand.

PIKE
You watched me, now I'm gonna watch
you. Only seems fair.

The letter opener slashes out at Holt, slicing open his hand.
Holt jumps back, shocked that an illusion can draw real blood.

Pike laughs again.

Holt realizes he's near the door, slowly steps back through
the door frame... slams the door... turns and runs.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM -- NIGHT

Holt runs through the reception room and out the office door.

INT. HALLWAY AT HALL OF JUSTICE -- NIGHT

Holt slams the office door behind him, runs for the elevator.
The long hallway seems even longer.
Shadows flitter on the wall behind him.

Holt reaches the elevator, pounds the button.
Laughter behind him.

PIKE (V.O.)
My momma used to say you can't run
away from what's inside you. Run
fast as the wind, but that fear inside
you runs just as fast.

Shadow Pike appears out of the shadows near the office door.
He walks down the hall, letter opener glittering in his hand.

Holt pounds on the elevator button.

HOLT
Get away from me!

Pike laughs.

Holt pounds the button one last time.
The elevator isn't coming.
Holt turns to face Shadow Pike.

PIKE
Still can't believe I'm back? You
put me away. You sent me to die.
All so that you could be mayor.

There's a wastebasket next to the elevator.
Holt grabs it...
Races straight at Pike...
Slams the wastebasket into Pike.
Knocks him aside - even though part of the wastebasket passes
through Pike!
Holt races past Pike, enters his office, slams the door.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM -- NIGHT

Holt locks the door from the inside. Races into his office.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Holt locks and bolts his office door from the inside.
Props up a chair under the door knob. Picks up his desk
phone, dials a single digit.

Doesn't notice the decapitated bobble-head.

HOLT
Security?
(MORE)

HOLT (CONT'D)

This is Ellison Holt, deputy District Attorney. I have an intruder here on...

The letter opener scoots under the door.

Holt sees a shadow peeking out from under the door. A man's shadow. The shadow slides under the door and puddles in the center of the room near the letter opener.

HOLT

Impossible.

The shadow becomes darker - denser - and forms into the three dimensional Shadow Pike... letter opener in hand!

PIKE

Momma used to say that nothing's impossible, you put your mind to it.

Pike's shadow hand grabs Holt's neck.
Holt beats the shadow arm with the phone.
Slams it again and again.
Until the phone slips right through the shadow arm!

Pike laughs, squeezes tighter on Holt's neck. Holt's face turns blue. He drops the phone.

The voice on the other end of the phone still talking.

Pike lets go of Holt's throat for a moment.
Holt gasps, opening his mouth wide to suck in air.
Pike reaches into the open mouth and grabs Holt's tongue.
The letter opener glitters for a moment...
Then slashes down at Holt's tongue.
Holt tries to scream as his tongue is sawed out of his mouth.

HOLT

Arghhhhhhhh!

The tongue falls to the floor. Followed by the letter opener, which sticks in the floor and quivers.

Holt tries to scream, but Pike grabs his neck with both hands. Squeezing.

The voice on the phone continues speaking - excited.

Holt drops onto his desk, dead.

Alone in a room full of shadows.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

A police car roars down the street, sirens and flashers.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE BUILDING -- DAY

A chaos of cops. UNIFORM OFFICERS crowd the lobby, the sleepy Sheriff from last night stands guard as a pair of PARAMEDICS pushes a gurney through the front doors... Becky right behind them, trying to blend in.

The Sheriff allows the Paramedics to by-pass the metal detectors and police tape and enter the elevator, but grabs Becky by the shoulder.

SHERIFF

This is a crime scene, ma'am.

BECKY

Look, I'm Rebecca Conway of Trial TV, and I have information about this crime.

Becky pulls out her press credentials.

SHERIFF

I know who you are.

BECKY

Who's in charge, here?

SHERIFF

Detective Robert Lewton.

A setback for Becky. She regains composure.

BECKY

Tell him I'm here and have information for him about District Attorney Holt.

Sheriff gives it some thought before grabbing his walkie.

SHERIFF

Detective Lewton?

(listens)

I have a Rebecca Conway downstairs.

(listens)

Yes. She says she has information about the murder. Wants to come up.

(listens)

Right.

(listens)

Yes, sir, I understand.

Becky smiles as the Sheriff returns the walkie to his belt.

SHERIFF

Sorry, ma'am, I didn't understand your connection to this case.

Becky starts to move past the Sheriff, but he grabs her. Hard.

SHERIFF

Detective Lewton says you're not allowed anywhere near the crime scene and I'm to make sure you leave the building at once.

Pushes Becky out the door. Becky holds up her hands.

BECKY

Okay, I'll leave. But I've got to have something to take back to my editor or he'll kill me.

SHERIFF

Out. Now.

BECKY

Who else was in the building last night?

SHERIFF

No one. He was here alone.

BECKY

Cleaning crews?

SHERIFF

Already left. Like you should have.

BECKY

Anyone without an appointment?

SHERIFF

Didn't get past me - like you. There was some crazy woman here, seven at night, wanted to go up. Sent her home.

BECKY

What did she look like?

SHERIFF

Punker girl with black fingernails. Had to get physical with her. I have to do the same with you?

BECKY

I'm leaving.

Becky backs to the doors. Sheriff returns to his post. When he isn't looking Becky sneaks to a stairwell, using a pair of CSI TECHS as cover.

INT. STAIRWAY -- DAY

Becky starts climbing the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY AT HALL OF JUSTICE -- DAY

Crowded with cops. Yellow crime scene tape blocks the kicked in door to Holt's office. A pair of POLICEMEN guard the door... beyond them, Robert Lewton studies the body of Holt.

Becky gets as far as the tape before the two Policeman grab her, hold her back.

BECKY

I have information about this crime.

Lewton hears her voice, turns away from the corpse.

LEWTON

I told them to throw you out.
(to Policemen)
Get rid of her.

Becky notes the kicked in door.

BECKY

The room was locked from the inside,
right? Holt was asphyxiated, probably
strangled. And his tongue was cut
out. Am I right?

Lewton gestures for the two Policemen to let go of her.

LEWTON

I'm listening.

BECKY

It's Pike.

LEWTON

He's dead. Remember? You were there.

BECKY

He said he'd be back.

LEWTON

A man's about to die, he says a lot
of crazy things to make himself look
brave and in control.

Nods for the two Policemen to take her away.

BECKY

Holt wasn't the first. Six of others
on the Death Jury have been killed.

Gestures for them to hold up.

LEWTON

What are you talking about?

Becky shrugs off the Policemen, pulls out her clippings, ducks under the crime scene tape.

BECKY

Monday night, Barrett Glover. Tuesday night, Lance Elliot, locked in his closet. Wednesday night, Liz Knagges. Thursday night, Father Emery Hunter, locked in his confessional, almost bit off his tongue. Friday night, George Laundry, locked in his own bathroom. Saturday night, Sara Jewell, strangled and someone took a knife to her tongue. Sound familiar?

Lewton looks through the clippings.

Becky looks around the crime scene, taking in the details. Holt dead on his desk. Tongue pinned to the wall with the letter opener. Decapitated bobble-head of Holt on the desk.

BECKY

Time of death for all: midnight.

LEWTON

Not Pike's M.O. - cut Jewell's tongue, but didn't take it out.

BECKY

Maybe there's a learning curve in the afterlife?

LEWTON

Maybe this is just more tabloid TV bullshit? Trying to make a story out of a weird coincidence.

BECKY

Rooms locked from the inside.

LEWTON

Not part of Pike's M.O.

BECKY

But a Pike copycat? Someone who may have been a little queasy with the tongue removal aspect and finally got over it with Holt?

LEWTON

Got a suspect?

BECKY

Maybe.

LEWTON

Someone murdered Holt, but these
other six are just coincidence.
Suicides, accidents, a robbery.
Another week in the big bad city.

He hands the clippings back to Becky, turns away.

BECKY

How did the killer get out?

LEWTON

We don't know.

BECKY

Why Holt and not these others?

LEWTON

Holt sent Pike to the death chamber.
What's the motive for killing your
other six? George Launders, the old
reporter, let's start with him.

BECKY

He said --

LEWTON

Get her out of here.

The two Policemen grab Becky and pull her away.

BECKY

There was a woman trying to see Holt
all day long yesterday. Crazy woman.

LEWTON

Pike dead and in drag, no doubt.

BECKY

Sheriff's Officer on duty last night
told me she had black fingernails.

Lewton turns back to face her.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE -- DAY

On the monitor: a woman with black fingernails tries to get
past the Sheriff. She's dressed in black, a goth babe.

Lewton hits the pause button, studies the face.

LEWTON

Karla O'Keefe. Pike's little pen
pal. Here a couple of hours before
Holt gets murdered. What are the
odds?

BECKY

How did she get out of the room?

LEWTON

I'll ask when we pick her up.

Lewton gestures for the Policemen to take Becky out of the Security Office into...

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE BUILDING -- DAY

The two Policemen drag Becky through the lobby to the doors. Lewton leaves the security office with the tape.

BECKY

It's not just Holt, the other six --

LEWTON

Nice talking to you.

BECKY

You're on that list, too!

The two Policemen drag Becky outside.

EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE BUILDING -- DAY

The Policemen let go of Becky. She straightens her clothes, looks down at the news clippings.

BECKY

So am I.

Turns and leaves the Hall Of Justice.

INT. BECKY'S SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

Becky watches a LOCKSMITH installing two new dead bolts on the front door.

LOCKSMITH

That ought to do it.

When he finishes he hands her the keys.

LOCKSMITH

You wanted one in your son's room?

BECKY

Yes.

LOCKSMITH

Inside or outside?

BECKY

People dead bolt their kids in their rooms?

LOCKSMITH

Kids can be little demons. Get at least one call a week to keep them locked up.

BECKY

Strange.

LOCKSMITH

Wait until he gets into high school.

They go to Peter's room and the Locksmith opens his tool box again, pulls out a drill and a dead bolt lock.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- DAY

The dead bolt lock is on the door. A hook next to the door has the keys on a ring with a miniature Snoopy on the end.

Peter sits on the bed, Becky stands by the door.

BECKY

Before you go to bed every night, I want you to take Snoopy, and uses this key to lock your door.

She demonstrates.

BECKY

Then put Snoopy back so that you know where to find him if you have to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night. Okay?

PETER

Okay.

BECKY

Don't let anyone in except me.

PETER

Mom, what's going on?

Becky sits down on the bed next to him.

BECKY

You know how there are bullies in school?

PETER

Bobby Driscoll.

BECKY

Sometimes, when they grow up, they're still bullies. They still want to hurt people.

PETER

Why?

BECKY

I don't know, sweetie-pie. Some people think they're just born that way. Other people think they learn to hurt people. From watching their parents or friends, or maybe someone hurt them when they were kids.

PETER

Their parents hurt them?

BECKY

Maybe. I like to think that we all have a choice to be a bully or not. When someone punches us, we can punch them back... or just walk away.

PETER

What if they chase us and keep on punching?

BECKY

That's why I put the lock on the door. You can always be safe here.

Peter nods, slightly skeptical.

PETER

Is there a bully chasing you, mommy?

BECKY

I don't know. Maybe.

Kisses him on the head and stands up.

BECKY

Now, I've gotta go to work. Val's on her way. Pizza is coming from Little Tony's.

PETER

Mommy! Stay here. The bully can get you out there.

BECKY

Don't worry, sweetie-pie. I can take care of myself. See you when I get home tonight, okay?

Gives him another kiss, tries to leave but the door is bolted. Takes the Snoopy ring off the hook, unlocks the door, leaves.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON -- DAY

The prison in daylight - no protest today.

INT. WITNESS ROOM -- DAY

Empty. Except for Becky and a GUARD. The Guard points past the execution chamber.

GUARD

Death Row's right there. Eight cells,
all waiting for their final curtain.

BECKY

Pike had a pen pal?

GUARD

Hell, yes. Little hottie. Black
lipstick and short skirts. Young.
Came every visiting period. Here
when he died. Like you were.

BECKY

Why would she be interested in Pike?

GUARD

Why are any of them? These guys in
here could get more tail than Hef.
Women throwing themselves at them.
Mostly older, but some aren't half
bad looking. Like the O'Keefe girl.

BECKY

They have any physical contact?

GUARD

Always glass between them. Those is
the rules. You could tell she wanted
to climb all over him.

BECKY

I don't understand that.

GUARD

I figure it's the ultimate bad boy
fantasy with no repercussions. You
know when they stick the needle in
him, he's gonna be hurting worse
than you. Talk about safe
relationships - the guy's behind
bars!

BECKY

Did he ever give her anything? Like
a knife?

GUARD

No knives allowed in here, ma'am.
She was the one with the gifts.
Gave him his entire library. Never
read a book until she came along.

BECKY

Could she have hidden anything inside?

GUARD

Everything gets searched here. We
tear it apart and put it back together
before it gets in a prisoner's hands.

BECKY

No contraband?

GUARD

Just books. Words printed on pages.
Nothing dangerous.

BECKY

Thanks.

GUARD

This is about Mr. Holt, isn't it?

Becky leaves without answering.

EXT. TRIAL TV BUILDING -- DAY

One of the towers at the Embarcadero, downtown.

INT. TV NEWS DESK -- DAY

Becky on camera, a photo of Holt in the background.

BECKY

Deputy District Attorney Ellison
Holt, who came to prominence
prosecuting serial killer Bodeen
Pike and rode that case to become
the premiere challenger in the San
Francisco Mayoral race, was murdered
last night in his office at the San
Francisco Hall Of Justice. He was
forty-two years old.

FOOTAGE: Holt at a press conference.

BECKY

Holt was found strangled on his desk,
his tongue removed, and a bobble-
head doll next to him - beheaded.
Police believe this to be the work
of a Bodeen Pike copy-cat killer.

FOOTAGE: Paramedics take away Holt's body.

BECKY

Though police have not announced a suspect, they do have a person of interest and are actively involved in an investigation.

FOOTAGE: Holt at a press conference.

BECKY

Ellison Holt was a regular commentator on this program, and a friend. He will be missed.

Cut to commercial.

Becky takes off her earpiece and scoots away from the desk. The phone rings off screen, someone answers.

Becky walks past Wade Randolph holding the phone.

RANDOLPH

Got Detective Lewton on line five.

BECKY

Tell him to go to hell.

INT. BECKY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Becky has a list of the twelve execution witnesses. Seven of the names crossed out. Addresses and phone numbers penciled in next to the five remaining names... except hers.

Randolph sticks his head through the doorway.

RANDOLPH

Look, darling, Lewton keeps calling for you. He's on line three.

BECKY

You didn't tell him to go to hell, did you?

RANDOLPH

He told me your story tonight was bullshit. No evidence it's a copycat.

BECKY

I was there, Wade. His tongue was pinned to the wall. They have Pike's pen pal on tape outside in the H-O-J lobby. She's their suspect.

RANDOLPH

So they lock her up, end of story.

BECKY

Maybe not. I still think it'd be a good idea to warn the others.

RANDOLPH

Your civic duty?

BECKY

Just staying on top of the story.

RANDOLPH

You call them all?

BECKY

Lewton got there first - told them I'm crazy or fishing for a story.

RANDOLPH

Next time he calls, darling, I'll tell him to go to hell.

BECKY

And I'm going to tell these people they may still be in danger.

Becky grabs the list off her desk and leaves her office.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT

A new subdivision on the edge of the city - large homes surrounded by trees with a big public park nearby.

Almost midnight. Becky's car pulls up in front of one of the homes. She gets out of the car, checks the address on her list against the curb number. Mailbox says DeWitt.

EXT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky rings the bell, waits.

The door is opened by LAWRENCE DeWITT, leaving a screen door between them. He looks her over.

BECKY

I'm Rebecca --

LAWRENCE

She doesn't want to talk to you.

BECKY

Your wife may be in danger --

LAWRENCE

Lewton warned us you'd try to cause trouble.

BECKY

Do you see a camera crew behind me?

LAWRENCE

Doesn't mean they're not there.

BECKY

Holt wasn't the first one killed, he was the seventh victim.

LAWRENCE

Said you'd have some strange conspiracy theory. Anything for a headline, right? Keep us scared and you keep us watching.

Lawrence starts to close the door.

BECKY

Seven of the twelve people who witnessed Pike's execution are dead.

Lawrence opens the door, studying her.

BECKY

Your wife may be next. I'm not here to scare you, I'm here to help you.

Lawrence opens the screen door, invites her in.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lawrence sits in an easy chair, TV on mute, looking over the clippings. Becky paces, looking at the darkness outside.

BECKY

Now can I talk with her?

LAWRENCE

She's not here. She's walking the dog. There's a big old park just --

BECKY

Does she have a cell phone?

LAWRENCE

Sure.

Becky hands him her cell phone, he dials his wife's number and hands it back to Becky.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

Occasional overhead lights create puddles of illumination in the large dark public park. Carol DeWitt walks her dog along the gravel path, surrounded by pools of darkness. Someone might be hiding in the shadows ready to strike.

The dog strains at his leash.

DEWITT

Take it easy, Sir Lancelot.

The dog pulls her off the trail, into darkness. She tries to pull him back, but is soon surrounded by shadows.

Her cell phone rings suddenly, startling her.

DEWITT

Hello?

BECKY (V.O.)

This is Rebecca Conway --

DEWITT

Can't you just leave us alone? Let my daughter rest in peace?

BECKY (V.O.)

Mrs. DeWitt, you are in danger.

DEWITT

Really, honey? I'm the one with a dog and a 38 snubnose.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky turns to Lawrence DeWitt.

BECKY

She has a gun?

LAWRENCE

And she knows how to use it.

BECKY

(to cell phone)

Pike said he'd be back to watch the twelve of us die --

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

Just as DeWitt manages to get the dog back on the path, they reach a place between lights... surrounded by shadows.

DEWITT

That's why we have the death penalty, honey. Once they're dead, their threats are kind of meaningless.

A loud cracking noise from the shadows behind DeWitt. She jumps. There's nothing there... only darkness.

BECKY (V.O.)
Seven have already been killed.
Only five of us are left.

DEWITT
You pick your scabs as a kid?

BECKY (V.O.)
Excuse me?

DEWITT
Have you no shame? Why do you keep
trying to use my daughter's death to
promote your own fame?

Dark trees surround her... something moving in the shadows?
The dog barks and whimpers.
Trees around them - the shadows much denser here.

BECKY (V.O.)
This isn't about me. You need to
come home. Now.

DEWITT
Honey, a dog's gotta do what a dog's
gotta do. Sir Lancelot hasn't done
his doggie business, yet. I'm not
gonna have him do it on my new carpet.

The dog barks at something in the shadows ahead. Pulling at
the leash. DeWitt has trouble controlling the dog.

DEWITT
What's gotten into you, Lancelot?

It pulls the leash from her hands.
Runs into the darkness ahead, barking.

DEWITT
Lancelot! Lancelot?

DeWitt calls for her dog to come back.
Then chases after him...
Off the trail and deeper into the shadows.
Cell phone open in her hand.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky listens helplessly as DeWitt goes to find the dog.

BECKY
Mrs. DeWitt? Hello? Hello?

Lawrence leans forward - listening.

LAWRENCE
What happened?

BECKY

I don't know.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

DeWitt follows the barking deeper into the darkness.
Shadows everywhere.
Surrounding her.
The dog barking in the distance.
Suddenly, the barking turns to whimpering.
Yelping.
Painful yelping.

DeWitt lifts the phone for a moment.

DEWITT

I've got to go, honey, something's
wrong with my dog.

She drops the cell in her purse without hanging it up.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky can hear DeWitt calling for her dog.

DEWITT (V.O.)

Lancelot? Where are you? Lancelot?

BECKY

Don't! Please don't!

Lawrence is alarmed, sitting forward, listening.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

DeWitt can't hear Becky's voice.
She can only hear her dog yelping in pain - as if tortured.
She races into the darkness to find her dog.
Comes to a spooky dark bridge - shadows everywhere.

DEWITT

I'm coming. Just calm down, boy.

So dark under the bridge that she can't see her footing.
Carefully, she makes each step in the darkness.
A sound - another footstep under the bridge?

DEWITT

Hello?

The dog continues yelping... then stops suddenly.

Darkness surrounds DeWitt as she walks under the bridge.
Fingers of shadows grab at her from the darkness.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky listens. Lawrence listens.

BECKY
Mrs. DeWitt?

EXT. KID'S PLAYGROUND -- NIGHT

DeWitt hears the tiny voice coming from her purse.
Ignores it.

Carefully makes her way out from under the bridge.

A kid's playground sits in a pool of shadows ahead.

DEWITT
Lancelot?

She reaches into her purse, grabs the butt of her gun, as
she walks into the dark playground.

The swings move back and forth, chains squealing.

In a dark pool of shadows near the sandbox she finds her dog -
head torn off the body. DeWitt screams.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

The scream is loud from the cell phone.

LAWRENCE
Honey? Honey?

BECKY
What's wrong? Hello?

EXT. KID'S PLAYGROUND -- NIGHT

DeWitt looks down at the corpse of her dog, pulls the gun
from her purse... dropping the cell phone in the sand.

Someone laughs from the shadows near the slide.

DEWITT
Who's there?

DeWitt searches the darkness for the killer.
A figure in the shadows near the jungle gym to her left!
She aims the gun at him.

DEWITT
Come into the light, motherfucker.

The figure laughs and disappears.
DeWitt takes a few steps forward.
There's no one even near the jungle gym.

Behind her, a shadow takes form... becoming Shadow Pike.

DeWitt takes a step backwards... right into Pike's arms!
She screams, turns, aims the gun.

Pike laughs again, reaching out to strangle her.

DEWITT

You can't be here. You're dead.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Becky listens... as the gun fires three times.

LAWRENCE

What's happening?

Becky hears DeWitt scream.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

Pike laughs as the holes in his shadow form (from muzzle flare) close up. He reaches for her neck again.

DeWitt runs into the shadows, hitting one of the swings.
Tangled in the swing chains.

Pike advances slowly.

DeWitt turns, fires two more times.

Pike laughs... and disappears! His shadow blending with all of the other shadows.

DeWitt untangles herself from the swing, looks from shadow to shadow. Surrounded by shadows, he could be anywhere.

PIKE (V.O.)

My momma used to say you better be
able to eat what you're dishing out.

DeWitt turns to the voice and opens fire - emptying the gun.

DEWITT

Fuck your mother.

Click. Click. Click.

Laughter from the shadows.

PIKE (V.O.)

Can't kill a man who's already dead.

DeWitt looks from shadow to shadow.

PIKE (V.O.)

That what you're dishing? Killed me
once, gonna try to do it again?

(MORE)

PIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just full of anger, aren't you?
Can't let go of it... neither can I.

DeWitt backs up... toward a huge pool of shadows. The shadow of a man? The shadow of Pike?

PIKE (V.O.)
I am the darkness. The shadows that surround you. You can't escape.

She hears a noise and spins to face the shadows.

But the pool of shadows to her right forms into Pike.
She throws the gun at him... it passes right through him!
He laughs and slashes with his glittering knife.
DeWitt raises her hand to stop the blade...

It slices her hand in half.

DeWitt screams.
Pike drops the knife and grabs her throat with both hands.

INT. DEWITT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Screams from the cell phone. Becky sees Lawrence's face and clicks the phone shut, cutting off the screams.

BECKY
Call 911 now! Police, ambulance.
Get them to the park.

Becky pockets her phone, runs out the front door. Lawrence turns to the phone in a panic and dials.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

At the entrance to the park, Becky can hear the echo of DeWitt's scream tapering off in the distance.

She slowly enters the dark park.
Following the path.
Trying to stay in the light.
But there are shadows everywhere.

In the distance - laughter. The sound of a body dropping.

Becky carefully makes her way deeper into the park.
Stopping only when she almost steps on the severed dog head.

She screams in terror.

EXT. KID'S PLAYGROUND -- DAWN

Ambulance siren screams as it parks next to the police cars.

Becky sits on a park bench, a blanket over her shoulders, watching the sun rise over the swarm of POLICEMEN searching the crime scene for clues. Detective Lewton walks up to her, a cup of steaming Starbucks in hand.

BECKY

Didn't bring one for me?

LEWTON

Tell me what happened.

BECKY

I already told them. And that guy over there. Plus the tech guy.

LEWTON

Fine, now tell it to me.

Becky looks up.

BECKY

I came to warn her about the copycat.
(smiles)
Of course, that was a waste of time because they were only after Holt.

Lewton ignores it.

LEWTON

Why didn't you just call?

BECKY

I tried that, but someone told them I was just some crazy woman with a conspiracy theory.

Lewton takes that hit, too.

LEWTON

So you talked to her?

BECKY

She was walking her dog. She had her cell phone, I called her... I heard Pike kill her.

LEWTON

Quite a trick, since he's dead.

BECKY

I heard his laugh. His voice. Maybe it was a recording, I don't know.

LEWTON

That's right - your dead-man-killing theory.

(MORE)

LEWTON (CONT'D)

He's returned from the grave to kill us all. How do you know John Wilkes Booth or Genghis Khan didn't kill her? Do they have alibis?

BECKY

Isn't your copycat suspect Karla O'Keefe in custody?

LEWTON

We didn't have enough for a warrant, so we pinned a tail on her. She gave us the slip at about 10pm.

(smiles)

But your supernatural dead guy thing makes a hell of a lot more sense than the psycho pen pal driving cross town. There's a lot of traffic after ten. Movies let out. Stores close.

BECKY

The husband heard his voice, too. A male voice, not O'Keefe. Ask him.

LEWTON

Of course he thought it was Pike. It's what he wanted to hear. He wants believe that the maniac who killed his daughter killed his wife, too. But Pike is dead.

Becky looks out at the crime scene - TECHs place numbers near spent shells and bullet hits.

BECKY

What about the gun? She fired all six rounds - I heard it.

LEWTON

Maybe she wasn't much of a marksman?

BECKY

Your copycat is standing close enough to strangle her, but far enough away the vic couldn't shoot her?

LEWTON

You really think Pike did this?

BECKY

Maybe the pen pal played a recording. Maybe that's what DeWitt was shooting at. But it wasn't just Holt, and it's not over.

The Trial TV remote truck pulls up and parks. Lewton looks from the truck to Becky.

LEWTON

And you aren't here chasing a story?
Maybe making your own news?

BECKY

I didn't call them and they didn't
come with me last night.

LEWTON

Strange, out of all the people left
on your list you choose DeWitt. The
very one the killer chooses.

BECKY

You think I killed her for the story?
I was with her husband when --

LEWTON

You discovered the body. The dog's
blood is on your shoes. Plus you're
alive. My book, that makes you a
more likely suspect than some dead
guy. Maybe you had the recording of
Pike?

BECKY

We done here?

LEWTON

Sure. Don't leave town.

Becky storms over to the news truck.

EXT. KID'S PLAYGROUND -- DAY

Becky, made up and looking TV perfect, has the Trail TV
microphone in her hand, an earpiece in her ear, and the camera
and some reflectors on her.

BECKY

This quiet suburban park on the edge
of the city was shattered by violence
last night when Carol DeWitt, whose
daughter was murdered by serial killer
Bodeen Pike, was brutally killed in
the exact same fashion. Attacked,
tortured, strangled, tongue removed.

Becky looks directly at Lewton for the next.

BECKY

Night before last, prosecutor Ellison
Holt was murdered using the same
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)

M.O. Obviously the work of a copycat.
The police had a suspect in Holt's
murder but they were not arrested...
and now they've struck again. Could
this murder have been prevented by
better police work?

After pushing Lewton's buttons, Becky focuses on the camera.

BECKY

DeWitt and Holt are not the only
victims of this alleged copycat.
Six others have been murdered.

Lewton tries to break through and stop the broadcast, but a
burley GRIP stops him. Lewton shows his badge, the Grip
counters with his press credentials - keeps him back.

BECKY

Of the twelve people on Bodeen Pike's
Death Jury, eight have been killed.
The police department believes this
is just a coincidence.

She glances at Lewton.

BECKY

I discovered Mrs. DeWitt's body. I
had come to warn her that her life
was in danger. I heard her die. I
also heard the voice of Bodeen Pike.

Lewton smiles and gestures for her to continue.

BECKY

Before they gave Pike the needle, he
told us he would be back to watch us
die. Now eight of the twelve he
threatened are dead.

(beat)

Is this the work of a clever copycat,
or has Booden Pike returns from the
grave to continue his killing spree?

After the Producer signals she's off the air, Lewton applauds.

LEWTON

Rebecca Conway: the voice of reason,
the voice America trusts.

Becky pulls out her earpiece and ignores him.

INT. RANDOLPH'S OFFICE -- DAY

When Becky passes Wade's office he calls out and she enters.

RANDOLPH

Becky? Was the network sold to Sci-Fi Channel when I wasn't looking? That was a live feed, darling.

BECKY

I know.

RANDOLPH

Wrong answer. If you hadn't known, that might have been an excuse.

BECKY

I don't need an excuse for that story.

RANDOLPH

Should have just stuck with the facts.

BECKY

The facts are... unusual, Wade.

RANDOLPH

You really think Pike has returned from the grave to kill all of those who offended him?

BECKY

I heard his voice. The husband heard his voice. Lewton thinks it was a recording.

RANDOLPH

Maybe it was.

BECKY

DeWitt fired six shots and didn't hit anything. How is that possible?

RANDOLPH

You know, darling, it's one thing to use this nonsense to sell a story, another to believe it.

BECKY

I don't know what to believe.

RANDOLPH

I believe you need to take a little time off. Or focus on the steel cage story. Leave this to the police.

BECKY

My name's on that list, Wade.

RANDOLPH

If there even is a list, darling.

BECKY

There's a list, and this isn't over.
Tonight, it's Tourneur.

RANDOLPH

And how do you know that?

BECKY

It's not me, the copycat wants the
publicity. It's not Lewton, the
copycat wants to be caught.

RANDOLPH

So, you think the Punk Pen Pal is
the copycat? Why not Tourneur?

BECKY

Where would he get the recordings of
Pike's voice? What's his motive?

Randolph sits back and studies her.

RANDOLPH

So, you going to tail the tart?

BECKY

Better than that: She's in the studio
for an interview. The ultimate "get".

RANDOLPH

That's my girl!

INT. STUDIO -- DAY

Becky, seated in across from Karla O'Keefe, smiles.

BECKY

Today's in studio guest is someone
with a special insight into the final
hours of serial killer Bodeen Pike,
his "friend" Karla O'Keefe.

O'Keefe has a strange knowing smile.

O'KEEFE

Pleasure to be here.

BECKY

Before he was put to death, you were
Bodeen Pike's ...

O'KEEFE

I was his girlfriend.

BECKY

Certainly there must be other men
you could go out with?

O'KEEFE

You're single, now, right? You know
what the club scene is like - all
animals. Disco Dans and weirdos.
Everyone just wants a quick score.

The interview has turned into a fencing match.

BECKY

He's a convicted killer...

O'KEEFE

Here was a nice guy who still listens
to his mother.

BECKY

He killed his mother.

O'KEEFE

But he took care of her. Even
afterwards.

BECKY

What do your parents think of this?

O'KEEFE

My parents were both killed in a
fire when I was twelve.

BECKY

You visited him almost every day.
Did you take any mementos? Maybe a
recording of his voice to remember
him by?

O'KEEFE

He only gave me his love.
(smiles)
I got him involved in spirituality.

BECKY

Now that he's gone --

O'KEEFE

Who says he gone? He lives on inside
of me. Inside of you, too. He has
a special connection with all twelve
of us who were there. "Raging
relatives" he used to call them.

BECKY

What kind of connection?

O'KEEFE

You'll find out.

BECKY
Do you dream of him?

O'KEEFE
Do you? Does he visit you as you
sleep? Whisper secrets to you?

Becky feels like the one under the spotlight.

BECKY
Where were you last night between
eleven and one o'clock?

O'KEEFE
Bring you gifts? Trophies?

BECKY
Where were you when Mrs. DeWitt was
murdered?

O'KEEFE
At home. In bed. Dreaming of Pike.
Where were you?

BECKY
Listening to Mrs. DeWitt die on my
cell phone.

O'KEEFE
Sounds exciting. Tell me about it.

BECKY
I'm afraid that's all the time we
have. My thanks to Karla O'Keefe
for an interesting conversation.

Cut to commercial.

As a TECH removes the mic from O'Keefe, flirting with her,
Randolph whispers to Becky.

RANDOLPH
That is one weird woman.

Becky nods, watches O'Keefe work the room. Every man is
flirting with her. Becky takes off her mic.

EXT. SIMON'S TOWNHOUSE -- EVENING

Becky's car parks in front of her ex-husband's luxurious
townhouse. They walk to the front door; Becky with a kid's
suitcase, Peter with his toy robot. She pushes the doorbell
several times before Simon opens the door.

SIMON
Hey, Petey, how you doing?

He tousles his son's hair.

PETER

Okay, dad.

Becky breaks in.

BECKY

Something's come up, Simon.

He turns his attentions to Becky.

SIMON

This isn't my weekend, Becky.

BECKY

I need you to do this --

SIMON

It's not a weekend at all - it's the middle of the week and I have to be in the office every morning by seven.

BECKY

It's only for a couple of days.

SIMON

I can't pick him up after school.

BECKY

It's an emergency --

SIMON

Not an emergency, it's your job. Well, I have a job, too.

BECKY

You have to do this.

SIMON

I don't have to do anything for you. The miracle of divorce. I no longer have to sacrifice my life for your career. My whole life was on hold so you could do your thing. No more.

Peter tries to disappear - focusing entirely on the robot.

BECKY

He's your son. Your responsibility.

Peter turns completely away from them. Hiding.

SIMON

You drug me through shit to get custody. Now you don't want it?

BECKY

You're his father, damn it!

SIMON

But I'm not your husband. If this
were about Petey, it'd be different.
But it's all about you.

BECKY

You selfish son of a bitch!

She takes a swing - and he catches her fist. Locks eyes.

SIMON

For seven years I did everything
your way. Did whatever you thought
was right and avoided anything that
might tarnish your precious image.

BECKY

Until you fucked --

SIMON

Until I couldn't take being Rebecca
Conway's husband. Always standing
in your shadow.

He lets go of her hand.

SIMON

It gets pretty dark there. I'm no
longer one of those people who
sacrifice their life for yours.

BECKY

You have to take him!

SIMON

I don't have to do anything you say.
You're on your own, now.

He closes the door, locking her outside.

Becky explodes, pounding on the door with both fists.

BECKY

You son of a bitch! Fucking son of
a bitch! Damn you! Fuck you!

Peter runs to the car, closes the door, locks it.

Becky continues pounding like a madwoman - all of her fear
turning to rage turning to violence. When she tires, slumping
down onto the porch, she sees Peter's suitcase - no Peter.

INT. BECKY'S CAR -- EVENING

Peter plays with his toy robot.
When Becky tries to open the door, it's locked.
She taps on the window - like pounding on the door.

BECKY

Petey?

He ignores her, frightened.

BECKY

I'm so sorry sweetie-pie. I not mad
at you. Really.

He continues to play with his toy robot.

EXT. BECKY'S CAR -- EVENING

She stops knocking on the window, leaning against the car.
Trying to hold back tears.

BECKY

Sure know how to mess up a life,
don't you, Beck?

A moment. Then the locks pop open.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Becky and Peter at the door to his room.

BECKY

If you get scared, you can use the
special lock on your door to keep
the monsters out.

PETER

What if they're already inside?

Becky shines the flashlight under the bed.
Peter stands behind her.

BECKY

See? No monsters.

Becky grabs Peter and swings him onto the bed.

Peter looks at the closet door in fear.
Becky moves to the closet, flashlight ready.
She pops open the closet door, stabbing the light inside.

BECKY

No monsters here, either.

A jumble of toys and heaped clothing and shadows.
Becky closes the closet door tightly.
Goes back to finish tucking in Peter.

PETER
Why are you always mad at dad? Is
it the bully?

She nods and kisses him on the head.

BECKY
I'm afraid and that makes me angry.
It's not fair that I'm angry at daddy.

Peter's expression changes - his mother is afraid?

PETER
I don't want you to get hurt.

BECKY
I'm going to be careful, okay?

Age starts to leave, he hangs on.

PETER
Why does God make bad things happen?

BECKY
Things aren't good or bad, they just
are. You can get mad, or you can
just accept that sometimes life isn't
fair. I wish I could take back every
time I was ever mad at you, because
I love you, sweetie-pie. That's the
problem when you're mad, you say
things and can't unsay them.

Becky kisses him, moves to the door.

PETER
Why didn't you tell dad about the
bully?

BECKY
He would have said it was my fault.
And he would have been right.

PETER
Be careful, mommy.

BECKY
I will, sweetie-pie.

Becky closes the bedroom door, leaving him alone in the dark.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Out of the darkness...

A retail street downtown - upscale stores on either side of the pavement. Lots of available parking spaces at this hour. Streets are empty.

INT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Downstairs - three dozen mannequins wear the latest suits, surrounded by racks of slacks and shirts and jackets. The sales floor is a maze designed to take you past every item in the store in order to reach the check stand or front doors.

The store is dark and empty, the only light coming from...

Upstairs - the stairs against the back wall lead to offices, where behind a window, intense workaholic Wally Tourneur burns the midnight oil. Going over the ledgers.

INT. TOURNEUR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Tourneur hears a noise downstairs. Stops for a moment, perfectly still, listening. Another noise.

Sets down his pen, looks at the time: 11:43.

Another noise - knocking on the window?

Tourneur can't see anything through the window. Glides open a desk drawer and pulls out a large folding knife. Clicks the knife open and goes downstairs.

INT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

The stairs are bathed in shadows. Tourneur creeps down them, knife ready.

A noise: tapping at the window?

TOURNEUR

Hello?

All he can see is a maze of men in suits.

At the base of the stairs he hits a light switch - just one of the three - and a single bank of lights flickers on.

More tapping at the window.

TOURNEUR

Who's there?

The maze of mannequins is even more spooky under the single flickering fluorescent - shadows stretch over the floor and populate the walls. The shadows seem to move in the flickering light... or are they actually moving?

More knocking on the window... then silence.

Tourneur enters the maze of mannequins and shadows.
Carefully heads to the front doors.
Shadows surround him.
Some seem to move.
A man-shadow on the wall is walking!

Tourneur stops, focusing on the shadow.
The shadow stops, too.

TOURNEUR
I have a knife.

Tourneur holds up his sparkling knife...
So does the shadow.

TOURNEUR
I guess I also have a shadow.

Tourneur turns from the shadow and continues through the
maze of mannequins. The shadow on the wall does, too - about
ten seconds later.

Tourneur heads through the mannequins to the front door.
Shadows of mannequins all around him - some are moving.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

A half dozen locks on the door including a Fox Lock.
But no one is outside the door.

TOURNEUR
Anybody there?

A newspaper blows by on the sidewalk - Tourneur watches it.
Then hears noise from *inside* the store. Turns to face the
darkness - the army of men's shadows and plastic men.

TOURNEUR
Who's there?

Just mannequins and shadows of mannequins.
Shadows everywhere.
Shadows seem to change, grow... stretching toward Tourneur.
He backs from the darkness, bumping into the front door.
Trapped.

BAM!
BAM!
Someone pounding on the window behind him.
Tourneur spins to see...
Becky.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Becky raises her hands to show she's not a threat.

BECKY

We need to talk. Your life is in
danger. Let me in!

INT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Becky's voice is muffled to the point of inaudible.

TOURNEUR

What the hell do you want?

She continues to gesture and yell, so he pulls out his keys.

TOURNEUR

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Starts unlocking all the locks. It's going to take a while.

After unlocking the second lock he glances up at Becky...

Sees her eyes open in terror.

Something behind him.

He turns to see...

The mannequin shadows form one shadow...

.....The shadow forms into Pike...

.....A 3D shadow in front of Tourneur...

.....A man made of darkness.

TOURNEUR

This is impossible. You're dead.

PIKE

(laughs)

Momma always said working too hard
could kill you. But that's all you've
done, huh? Locked yourself up inside
here, keeping yourself away from all
your friends. Gave in to the
darkness.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Becky watches in fear as Tourneur backs to the door, spins,
and starts unlocking locks. Too many locks, not enough time.

Pike's shadow arms stretch out and grabs Tourneur's ankles.
Jerk him off his feet.

Becky watches as Pike drags Tourneur back into the darkness.

Helpless.

Nothing she can do... except call 911!

INT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

When Pike lets go of him, Tourneur remembers the knife.
Spins and stabs at Shadow Pike...
Knife entering the shadow...
And coming out the other side.

PIKE

Can't cut a shadow, or shoot a shadow.

Tourneur pulls his knife out and Pike snatches it away.
He pulls Tourneur to his feet.
Shows him his own glittering knife.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Becky pulls her cell phone from her purse, looks up in time
to see Pike display the knife. Dials 9-1-1.

BECKY

No way they're going to believe me.

Realizes she has a camera on her phone, aims and shoots a
picture of Pike. Proof that he exists.
FLASH!

The flash burns through Pike's 3D shadow! Light erasing him
moments before he would have cut out Tourneur's tongue.
Pike vanishes...
Tourneur staggers to the door and begins unlocking it.

A tiny voice on Becky's phone.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1 Operator number 32. What city,
please? Hello? What city please?

Becky lifts the phone to her ear, smiles at Tourneur, then
turns away to concentrate on the call.

BECKY

San Francisco. A man is being
attacked at 553 Hayes Street. Near
Laguna. Please hurry!

A scream from behind Becky rattles the window.
Becky spins to see the shadows yank Tourneur off his feet.
Deep into the darkness.
Continue the call or try the flash again?

INT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Tourneur is dragged through the maze of mannequins, pinballing
off display racks, bouncing off mannequins - heads fall off
each one - until he's far away from the door. Surrounded by
shadows and severed mannequin heads.

TOURNEUR

You're dead. This can't be --

Shadow Pike yanks him to his feet, knife still in hand.

PIKE

Only had one date with your woman,
but I could feel her anger. Real
man hater, that one. Turning that
anger back at her was only fair.

TOURNEUR

I spent my whole life looking for
Dee, and you took her away from me.

PIKE

Now you're angry at me. Anger just
eating away at you 'till you're
nothing but darkness inside.

Pike grabs Tourneur's neck in one massive hand, strangling.

PIKE

Soon, you'll be with that man-hater.
'Til death do you part, right?

Pike lets go of Tourneur's throat.
He gasps, opening his mouth wide to suck in air.
Pike reaches into the open mouth and grabs his tongue.

The folding knife glitters for a moment...
Then slashes down at Tourneur's tongue.
Takes a half dozen cuts to remove it from his mouth.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE -- NIGHT

Becky screams as the tongue thuds on the window near her
face.

Then Shadow Pike races through the store toward her!
Passing through racks of clothes...

Before he hits the glass, turns back to shadows and
disappears.
Laughs.

She closes the phone, the Operator still talking.

BECKY

No. No such thing as monsters.

Pike's laughter rattles the windows.

Becky hits the "save photo" button on her phone.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE -- MORNING

Police cars fill the once empty street.

Lewton stands next to Becky. Looks from the broken window to the human tongue on the floor next to an evidence marker.

LEWTON

Okay. This is a little strange.

BECKY

Locked from the inside. Three of them still locked. Your guys had to break through the window.

LEWTON

Shipping - receiving door locked from the inside, too. No way out.

BECKY

Any suspects inside?
(beat)
So this was a suicide?

LEWTON

I said it was strange. You want me to call in John Dickson Carr?

BECKY

This will sound crazy, but I saw him. Pike.

LEWTON

The dead guy? Zombie? Vampire? Ghost?

BECKY

He was like, a shadow. It's crazy, but that's what I saw. The shadows in the store turned into a man. He could hold a knife, but you could see through him. A man made of shadows.

LEWTON

But Pike.

BECKY

I took a picture of him.

She pulls out her cell phone and clicks into picture mode. Clicks to the photo...

A flash shows Tourneur being strangled by... no one.

BECKY

Something's wrong.

Lewton snatches the phone from her hands, looks at the photo.

LEWTON

I don't see Pike... but something is wrong with the picture. Tourneur's feet aren't touching the floor.

BECKY

Pike was holding him up.

LEWTON

Or he was jumping when you snapped it. Doesn't prove anything.

BECKY

Where was your copy-cat suspect, O'Keefe?

LEWTON

Her apartment. With two cops sitting out front... and no one watching the back door. She's still suspect number one. Motive, means, opportunity.

BECKY

Listen to me: I saw him.

LEWTON

Just stay the hell away from me. I don't have time for this bullshit.

BECKY

You'd rather believe I'm crazy than the evidence.

LEWTON

(explodes)

Evidence? All you're giving me is tabloid crap. Great for capturing and audience, worthless if you're after a real live killer.

BECKY

Listen to me --

LEWTON

I'm not going to help you turn a victim into television ratings. This isn't your own private freak show. What kind of heartless --

BECKY

I'm trying to help you --

LEWTON

I don't need your kind of help.

BECKY

Pike killed your ex --

LEWTON

You killed her. You and your fucking
TV show killed her. Pike just held
the knife.

Becky recoils as if slapped.

Steps away from him.

BECKY

I'm sorry. I never thought it
would... I just never thought.

Becky turns and walks away... into the darkness.

Deep in the shadows, a hand grabs her, spins her around.

LEWTON

I'm sorry. That wasn't fair. I
lost control. This copy-cat thing
brings it all back. Like reliving
the worst moment of your life every
night. Made me afraid and frustrated
and angry and...

BECKY

Pike really got under our skin, just
like he said he would.

Lewton studies her - she's not as "Nancy Grace" as she was.

LEWTON

You think the pain will fade with
time. It never does. Ruth and I
had a big blow up the day before...
I was angry at her for everything
that had ever gone wrong in my life.
The last thing I said to her...

He holds back emotions.

LEWTON

She died thinking I hated her. I
wish I could just go back and tell
her that...

The emotions seep out anyway.

Becky holds him.

Comforts him.

BECKY

We need to be in control to take him
down. Work together. Stick together.

LEWTON

The dead guy?

BECKY

Pike or O'Keefe. You think she's the killer, I think she's the next victim... or maybe an accomplice.

LEWTON

I'm just supposed to trust you?

He pulls away, back to being a cop.

BECKY

There are only three members of the Death Jury left. One of us is next.

LEWTON

Makes sense.

BECKY

I say from eleven tonight to one in the morning we stick together.

Becky and Lewton leave together.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

City at night. An unmarked police car at the curb.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- NIGHT

Becky and Lewton sit in an unmarked police car on the street. Sipping Starbucks. Listening to static on the radio.

LEWTON

It's going to be the crazy Goth girl. Maybe she dresses up like him...

RADIO (V.O.)

Cobra 3, this is Cobra 7, copy?

Lewton pulls the mic from the dash.

LEWTON

Cobra 3.

RADIO (V.O.)

Your suspect's on the move.

BECKY

Eleven at night. Where's she going?

LEWTON

Your place or mine.

For a moment Becky thinks he's flirting. Maybe he was.
Lewton hits the mic button.

LEWTON
Stick to her and keep me in the loop.
I'm rolling.

Lewton replaces the mic, starts the car, pulls into traffic.

EXT. 24 HOUR FITNESS -- NIGHT

The twenty fourth hour - the gym is almost empty. A few
lights on, making it the brightest storefront on the street.

INT. 24 HOUR FITNESS -- NIGHT

Karla O'Keefe pushes through the front doors, gym bag in
hand, goes up to the front desk and shows her membership
card to the uniformed TRAINER.

O'KEEFE
Pool still open?

TRAINER
Sure. But there's no one down there
to supervise, so try not to drown.

O'KEEFE
I'll keep it in mind.

O'Keefe breezes past the front desk, past a few lonely
insomniacs on treadmills and stationary bikes, to...

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

Empty.
Flickering fluorescents overhead.
No shortage of shadows.

O'Keefe pulls a one piece swimsuit from her bag. Changes
into the swimsuit, carefully puts her goth clothes into a
locker along with her gym bag. Locks it.

Grabs a towel and walks to a door marked...

INT. SWIMMING POOL -- NIGHT

An indoor pool.
Sparsely lighted.
Ripples shadows on the walls.
Spooky.
O'Keefe's footsteps echo.

She tosses the towel on a lounge, dives into the water.

UNDERWATER

O'Keefe swims to the opposite side of the pool. Starts to surface, when she sees the silhouette of a man above her.

Frightened, she stays underwater, swimming to the other side.

The silhouette of a man towers over her.

Still underwater, lungs about to burst, she swims to the center of the pool and blasts out of the water.

SWIMMING POOL

O'Keefe gulps in air as she looks around the pool.

No sign of the man.

No sign of any man.

Just shadows and more shadows.

O'KEEFE

Hello?

Her voice echoes.

Shadows on walls flicker with reflections from the water.

Are the moving?

Just her imagination.

O'Keefe dives below the surface to swim another lap.

UNDERWATER

She reaches the end of the pool.

No silhouette.

SWIMMING POOL

She breaks the surface...

And sees the shadow of a man standing in the corner.

O'KEEFE

Who's there?

No answer. The shadow just stands there.

She swims closer to the corner... closer to the shadow.

O'KEEFE

What are you? A pervert?

No answer. When she gets to the corner, sees that it's just a shadow - no man. A pool of darkness.

Shakes her head, dives below the surface, swims another lap.

UNDERWATER

Sees a silhouette above the surface - a man.

Swims to the other side of the pool, breaks the surface...

SWIMMING POOL

Someone grabs O'Keefe from behind!

O'Keefe spins, screams...

It's Lewton, Becky standing behind him.

O'KEEFE

What do you want?

LEWTON

Just a few questions about last night.

BECKY

You should dry off and come with us.

O'Keefe pulls herself up into Lewton's arms, smiling.

O'KEEFE

Is this a bust?

He takes his hand off her.

LEWTON

Let's just think of it as protective custody.

O'KEEFE

I'm not the one who needs protection.

LEWTON

That a threat?

O'KEEFE

You think he's after me?

LEWTON

Who?

O'KEEFE

You know who. I'm not one of the "Raging Relatives" ...

She looks right into Lewton's eyes.

O'KEEFE

You are. Lost a wife, didn't you?

LEWTON

Ex-wife.

BECKY

Twelve of us watched him die. Nine are dead. Only three of us are left.

O'KEEFE

Why would he come after me? I created him. Gave him eternal life.

(to Lewton)

You're the one he wants.

(smiles)

After he's done with you, he'll start a new list. Twelve more victims.

BECKY

You created him?

O'KEEFE

Of course. He wasn't a believer when I began writing to him. Not a spiritual man at all. Then I showed him the way. And he saw the darkness.

LEWTON

The dead guy alibi isn't going to work with me. Where were you last night from eleven to one A M?

O'KEEFE

Where shadows form - that's where he will be. There's no escape from the darkness. You should be careful.

LEWTON

Put on some clothes. We're going downtown.

O'KEEFE

Sure you really want me in clothes, Detective?

BECKY

You brought him the occult books.

O'KEEFE

He wasn't the first condemned man I've helped escape. I gave Pike shadows, another the mirror world, taught a third to become water. Execution will set them free.

BECKY

Who are they? Names?

O'KEEFE

Give 'em the needle and find out.

Laughter from the shadows.

O'Keefe recognizes the voice, turns to face the darkness.

O'KEEFE

Pike?

Shadows against the walls.
 Are they hiding someone?
 Are they forming into a human?

O'KEEFE
 Come to me, Pike.

Lewton draws his gun, looking into the shadows.

The shadow of a man on the wall!

It moves away... another man-shadow pops up near Becky!
 Shadow arms reach out for her.

Lewton fires his gun at the shadow...
 Blast echoing in the enclosed pool.
 Echoing laughter replaces the concussion.

O'KEEFE
 He's coming for you, Detective.

The three back away from the shadows...
 Laughter from behind Lewton!
 He spins, fires into the darkness.

PIKE (V.O.)
 You can't kill what's already dead.

Lewton aims at the shadow of a man... that vanishes.

A shadow in the corner forms into the shadow of a man.
 Laughter echoes.

LEWTON
 Show yourself!

O'KEEFE
 You can't see the darkness? It
 surrounds you. It's inside you.

Lewton and Becky move away from the shadows, trying to find
 a lighted area - there really aren't any.

More laughter from the shadows.

PIKE (V.O.)
 Momma used to say Death never takes
 a wise man by surprise, he's always
 ready to go. You ready?

A shadow flickers behind Lewton and Becky...

O'KEEFE
 You ready, Detective?

Suddenly arms reach from the behind O'Keefe and grab her.
 Shadow Pike!

O'Keefe screams as Pike pulls her into the pool - splash!

She breaks surface - shadows surround her.

O'KEEFE

Pike! Why are you doing this? You
wouldn't be here without me.

Shadows flicker on the walls. Laughter echoes.

PIKE (V.O.)

You think 'cause you're smarter than
me, you control me? That's a laugh.

Lewton aims from shadow to shadow - which is Pike?

PIKE (V.O.)

Hey, Baby... Ready to come to my
world? Where the shadows are real,
and the people just reflections?

O'KEEFE

Don't do this, Pike.

Suddenly the shadow in the water under O'Keefe turns from
her shadow to Pike. The shadow forms into a human, grabbing
her legs, pulling her under water.

O'Keefe thrashes.

Lewton aims at the shadow in the water - no clear shot.

LEWTON

I can't see him.

O'Keefe kicks free, breaks the surface, gasping.

Shadows dance on the walls.

Shadows twist in the water.

O'Keefe doesn't know where to swim.

O'KEEFE

Help me. Please.

Laughter echoes.

BECKY

Here. Take my hand.

Becky reaches out. O'Keefe begins paddling toward her.

Shadows on the walls.

Shadows in the water.

Shadows everywhere.

O'Keefe paddles closer.

Becky reaches out - fingers almost touching O'Keefe's.

BECKY

I've got you.

Suddenly a shadow arm forms in the darkness and yanks O'Keefe to the center of the pool again. Laughter echoes.

O'KEEFE

Let go. Please, let go.

Laughter as Shadow Pike forms again.

He pushes her head under, holding her there. Lewton fires a shot at Shadow Pike's head - the bullet zooms right through the shadow.

Pike pulls O'Keefe's head up, she gasps, he grabs her tongue!

PIKE

Lookee what I've got.

O'Keefe struggles with Shadow Pike as he pulls on her tongue. Pulls all four inches of tongue out of her mouth until she can no longer scream or talk or breathe...

Then he tears it out.
Rips it right from her mouth.
Blood gushes from O'Keefe's mouth.

Pike laughs then pulls her down into the darkness at the bottom of the pool. Becky starts to dive in after her.

BECKY

No! Who are the others? Mirrors,
Water? How do we stop them?

Lewton stops her from diving in.

Then the water in the pool becomes still.
It is over.
O'Keefe's body slowly floats to the surface.

Becky turns into Lewton's arms, on the edge of breaking down.

LEWTON

It's over, Becky. Over.

Water erupts as Shadow Pike breaks the surface, screaming like a banshee as he zooms at Becky and Lewton.

PIKE

Your day is coming!

Lewton hold Becky close as Shadow Pike disintegrates moments before he would have hit them... turning into shadows.

Shadows that surround them.
Laughter echoes.

Becky pulls away, slightly embarrassed.
Lewton looks down at O'Keefe's floating corpse.

LEWTON
This is going to look strange in the
police report.

BECKY
We have twenty four hours before he
comes back for us.

Lewton holsters his gun, pulls out his radio.

EXT. BECKY'S SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

Trees create shadows that surround the house.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Becky, Pete and Lewton sit at the table. They look like a
family. Peter's suitcase and toy robot near his chair.

LEWTON
How do you kill somebody who's already
dead? I shot him four, five times.

PETER
You shot somebody? A badguy?

LEWTON
A monster.

PETER
Mommy says there's no such thing as
monsters. She shines the flashlight
under my bed and they're gone.

BECKY
I was wrong, Petey. There are monsters.

LEWTON
I didn't believe in monsters either.

PETER
You saw one?

LEWTON
Yes. I used to think that people
could be monsters... and now I think
that monsters can be people, too.

PETER
How can people be monsters?

BECKY
There are people who like hurting
other people.

PETER

Like bullies.

BECKY

Sometimes, when people hurt you or make you angry, you get mad. You want to hurt them back. So maybe you hit them. And they hit you again. And you keep hitting them until they stop... but then you can't stop. You're hitting people who never hit you, just because you're still mad. And with every punch, every kick, every time you hurt someone... you start changing into the monster.

PETER

Monsters can be people.

BECKY

Yes.

PETER

I don't want to be a monster.
Everyone will be scared of me.

Becky hugs Peter.

PETER

The monster wants to hurt you?

BECKY

It's coming after detective Lewton and me.

PETER

Are you going to be okay?

BECKY

I hope so.
(looks at clock)
I wonder where your dad is?

PETER

He likes to work late.

She grabs the phone and dials.

BECKY

Did you forget this was your weekend?

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT -- DAY

Simon turns away from his really hot dinner DATE, holding the cell phone close.

SIMON
Rebecca. How are you?

BECKY (V.O.)
Wondering where you are.

SIMON
Something's come up, hope you don't
mind taking Petey this weekend.

He smiles - payback's a bitch.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Anger tints Becky's face red.

BECKY
You bastard! You knew I needed...

SIMON (V.O.)
How is this my fault?

BECKY
(explodes)
Why am I always the one who has to
bend? Why am I always the one has
to compromise? You never meet me
half way. You're a selfish...
(catches herself)
Okay, Simon. You do whatever you
have to do this weekend. Maybe next
weekend. Call, we'll set it up.
(beat)
You know, you were one of the best
things that ever happened to me.
I'm sorry we couldn't make it work.

Not a trace of "Nancy Grace" left in her - she isn't angry.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT -- DAY

Simon is confused.

SIMON
Right. Goodbye.

He flips his phone closed, turns back to his date.

INT. BECKY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Becky hangs up, turns to Peter.

BECKY
Daddy's away for the weekend again.
Next weekend, sweetie-pie.

She gives Peter a big hug. Peter knows.

Lewton looks at the clock - time is ticking away.

LEWTON

It's going to be dark soon. We need
to figure out a way to stop him. A
way to kill the monster.

Becky lets Peter take his suitcase to his room.

BECKY

I think I know a way. But we need
the TV studio --

Lewton looks at her.

LEWTON

I'm not going on TV...

BECKY

Afraid of the lights?

Lewton figures it out, smiles at her.

INT. BECKY'S SUBURBAN HOME -- EVENING

Lewton enters with his sunglasses and a couple of flashlights,
hands the largest to Becky - it's a monster.

LEWTON

They won't let us carry this one
anymore, afraid we'll hit someone
with it.

Becky slaps it against her palm - a good weapon.

BECKY

It'll do.

LEWTON

What are we going to do about Peter?
Call a sitter?

BECKY

"Raging Relatives".

LEWTON

What?

BECKY

O'Keefe said he was killing the
"Raging Relatives". You're ex-wife
was killed - you're a relative. I'm
not a relative...

LEWTON

But Peter is.

BECKY

He's my son. I'm not leaving him
with a sitter. What if he's Pike's
target, not me?

(to Peter's room)

Peter! You're coming with us!

Peter runs into the room...
Then runs back to his bedroom.

BECKY

Where you going, sweetie-pie?

PETER (O.S.)

To get Captain America and the Justice
League and Gaylord the amazing dog.

Lewton looks at Becky, who shrugs, pockets her sunglasses.

BECKY

Kid needs his toys.

Peter returns with an armload of action figures and a stuffed
dog plus a wind up toy robot.

PETER

Got my robot, too - just in case.

Becky musses his hair, hands him a pair of kid sunglasses.

LEWTON

Let's go.

The three leave the house, almost like a family.

EXT. TRIAL TV BUILDING -- NIGHT

The street in front of the building is filled with shadows.

INT. TRIAL TV BUILDING -- NIGHT

A pudgy moustached SECURITY GUARD at the front desk watching
video monitors... Surrounded by shadows.

A metallic pounding on the glass door.
Startling the Security Guard.

He sees the silhouette of a man at the front door.
Waves his hand...

GUARD

Just a second.

Then clicks the video monitor to the front door camera...
No image.
Just darkness.

GUARD

Something squiggly with the camera?

More metallic knocking on the glass door.
The Security Guard moves to his feet
Unsnaps the flap covering his gun.

GUARD

It's after nine, what the hell can
you want? Nobody's here.

He ambles to the front door - tries to see who's knocking.
Too dark.
As he watches, the silhouette morphs into THREE silhouettes!

GUARD

What the hell?

His hand touches his gun.
Other hand puts the key in the front door, unlocks it.

He slowly pulls it open, looking out at the shadows.

GUARD

We're closed.

The silhouettes move toward him.
He grabs his gun, ready to draw...

GUARD

What do you want?

But the first silhouette grabs his arm before he can draw!

BECKY

Just catching up on some work, Herb.

When the silhouette hits the light, it's Becky... followed
by Lewton and Peter with his toys.

GUARD

Oh, sorry, Miss Conway. Light was
out and I didn't recognize you.

He allows them all three to enter the building.

GUARD

Don't forget to sign in.

Becky stops at the front desk to sign the book while the
Security Guard re-locks the front door, turns to Lewton.

GUARD

Gotta keep the riff-raff out.

LEWTON

Not sure that's going to stop him.

GUARD

That's why I've got this.

He draws his gun, shows it to Lewton, who isn't impressed.
Becky holds up the huge flashlight.

BECKY

Mine's bigger.

The three head to the elevator bank.

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- NIGHT

When they leave the elevator, they step into darkness.

Most of the lights are off for the night - a few flickering
fluorescents are puddles of light in the shadows.

LEWTON

Where's the switch?

BECKY

Hallways and public areas are on a
timer, thanks to the energy crunch.
Offices and studio space we control.

PETER

I'm scared, mommy.

BECKY

Nothing to worry about, sweetie-pie.
We'll be in mommy's office in a minute
and you can play, okay?

Peter nods, but holds tight to Becky's hand.

The three walk quickly down the dark hallway.
Walls pooled in shadows may contain danger.

Lewton catches sight of a man's shadow moving behind them,
spins with the flashlight...

The shadow spins, too.
Lewton raises the flashlight.
The shadow raises something - mimicking him.
Lewton blasts the shadow with the flashlight.

LEWTON

Got me afraid of my own shadow.

BECKY

It's the ones that aren't yours we
need to be careful of.

They continue down the long hallway to Becky's Office.

INT. BECKY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

All of the lights are on - plus some extras. The center of the room is shadow-free, and that's where Peter plays with his toys. The small flashlight by his side.

LEWTON

Your mom and I are going to be in the big studio. If you need anything, just holler, okay?

BECKY

Stay here. Play here. Keep out of the shadows. Stay in the light, okay?

PETER

I don't want you to go.

BECKY

It's safer here than it is out there, sweetie-pie. We're only a room away.

Lewton looks at the clock on the wall - time: 9:17.

LEWTON

We're running out of time.

Becky nods, gives Peter a kiss on the head.

BECKY

We'll leave the door open. If you need anything, just call us.

Becky and Lewton leave the door open behind them.

Peter plays with his toys in the lighted center of the room.

PETER

Gaylord the wonder dog to the rescue.

He continues to play with his toys as the clock ticks down to the witching hour... when Pike will materialize and attack.

INT. STUDIO -- NIGHT

The big studio where Becky interviewed O'Keefe. Becky clicks on the lights.

BECKY

We need to clear the center of the room. Get rid of those chairs.

Lewton nods and they start moving furnishings... And equipment.

Carrying lights all the way back to the walls and setting them up.

Becky carries C-Stands while Lewton grabs the lights.
They sand bag everything.

BECKY
Hope we don't run out of bags.

LEWTON
Safety first.

The clock on the wall ticks away - 10:23.

Becky grabs the flashlight and leaves the room.

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Becky uses the big flashlight to guide her down the hallway
to a dark equipment room. She opens the door, enters.

Darkness. Silence.

She returns with two coils of electrical cable slung over
her shoulders. Goes back down the dark hallway to the studio.
Flashlight moving from shadow to shadow.

Any shadow could be hiding Pike.
Any shadow could BE Pike.

Becky makes it back to the studio without being attacked.

INT. STUDIO -- NIGHT

Lewton uncoils cables and laying them near the lights.

LEWTON
If this kills Pike, are we going to
have to battle the union next?

Becky laughs.

LEWTON
What's next?

Becky points to some 4ks on rolling stands.

BECKY
Those suckers. They're heavy.

It takes both Becky and Lewton to push the big lights to the
sides of the room. Close together, of either side of the
light, Becky accidentally touches Lewton's hand.

BECKY
Sorry.

LEWTON
No. I'm sorry. For everything.

She touches his face... they almost kiss...
But Becky goes back to pushing the big 4k. Lewton helps.

INT. BECKY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Peter is playing with his toys - making his super heroes fly
and battle each other - when he hears the laughter.

Stops. Looks into the shadows surrounding him.

PETER
Who's there?

Silence.

Peter puts down his toys, picks up the flashlight. Shines
it from shadow to shadow. All of the lights trained on the
center of the room have created LOTS of shadows.

A noise behind him.

Peter swings around quickly, aiming the flashlight at the
shadows... kicking his toy robot in the process.

PETER
I can hear you.

Then, he can only hear the toy robot as it begins walking
away from him - switch turned on when he kicked it.

The robot ambles away, making toy robot noises.

Peter shines the flashlight from shadow to shadow.
Nothing there.

PETER
I'm not afraid of you.

He checks every single corner, every shadow.
Nothing.
Slowly lowers the flashlight.

The robot continues walking out of the light...
Into the shadows.
Out the open door.

Peter takes a tentative step after the robot.
Remembers the flashlight and clicks it on.

PETER
Come back, little robot!

Moves out of the light, into the darkness near the door.
Hears the robot bounce against the wall in the darkness,
move farther down the hallway.

PETER

You're not supposed to be out there.

He steps deeper into the darkness, leaving the room.

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- NIGHT

At the far end of the hall, Lewton carries a stack of cables down the dark hallway from the storage room to the studio.

As he leaves the hallway, Peter enters with his flashlight. A lone shaft of light in the darkness. He shines it around, looking for the toy robot. Only finds darkness.

PETER

Where'd you go, little robot?

Hears the robot moving in the darkness behind him. Turns and follows the sound deeper into the darkness. Fluorescent lights flicker overhead, casting shadows.

The flashlight picks up the robot walking down the hall.

PETER

There you are!

Follows it down the hallway... into the darkness.

Laughter echoes somewhere in the hallway. Peter spins around, shines the flashlight into shadows. Nothing there.

Turns back, flashlight stabs the darkness to find the robot. Peter jogs after it... Into a pool of deep shadows between flickering fluorescents.

PETER

Come back. We aren't allowed to be out here. Mommy's gonna get angry.

PIKE (V.O.)

Angry.

Was that an echo? Peter looks around, shining the flashlight into the darkness behind him. A shadow moves from the light.

PETER

Is somebody there?

No answer. He moves the flashlight again - catches movement. The shadows around him are moving. Changing. Shifting. Becoming the shadow of a man!

PETER
Stay away from me.

Peter backs down the hall quickly...
Tripping over the robot.
The flashlight goes flying.
Bounces off the wall.
Rolls back to create shadows on the wall.
Including shadows of the robot and Peter and... Pike!

PETER
Help! Help me!

Shadow Pike forms from the shadows and grabs Peter!

Peter screams as Pike pulls him into the darkness.

INT. STUDIO -- NIGHT

Becky and Lewton hear Peter's scream and drop everything.

BECKY
Peter!

They race out of the room.

INT. BECKY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Lewton and Becky race in... but Peter isn't there.

In the center of the room are all of Peter's action figures
and toys... beheaded.

BECKY
Where is he? Peter?

Screams from the hallway.

Lewton draws his gun, Becky grabs her flashlight, they run.

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Lewton and Becky blast into the hallway to see Shadow Pike
holding tight to Peter, pulling him deeper into the dark.

BECKY
Take your hands off my son, freak.

Pike laughs.

PETER
Mommy!

Becky shines her flashlight at Pike...
He dissolves from Peter's right side, letting go...
Then reforms at Peter's left, grabbing him again!

PIKE

This is my world, bitch. The land
of shadows. Of darkness. Of anger.
You have no power, here.

Pike pulls Peter deeper into the darkness, laughing.

Lewton hands Becky the gun.

LEWTON

Trade you.

She gives him the big flashlight, takes the gun. Lewton
gives her a quick kiss, hefts the flashlight.

LEWTON

I'm getting your son back.

Pike drags Peter deeper into the darkness.

Lewton charges down the hall at Pike.

LEWTON

Let go of him.

PIKE

What you gonna do? Shoot me? You
got no way to stop me. Momma used
to say life is like a box of --

Lewton reaches Pike and throws a punch at his face.

LEWTON

Screw your momma.

Pike's face isn't there when Lewton's fist flies.
Pike reforms on the other side of Peter... Right where
Lewton's flashlight is aimed when he clicks it on.

Light blasts at Pike, dissolving his shadow.
Pike screams.

For a moment, Pike lets go of Peter.
Lewton yanks Peter away from Pike, pushes him down the hall.

LEWTON

Run!

Peter runs down the hallway to Becky.

Lewton hears laughter behind him, spins with the flashlight.
Shadow Pike is right behind him.
Bats the flashlight from Lewton's hands before he can aim.

The flashlight hits the floor, rolls away.

Lewton tries to dive for the flashlight...
But Pike grabs him and pulls him back.

PIKE

Where do you think you're going? We
got unfinished business.

Peter runs into Becky's arms, they hug. Becky looks up to
see Pike dragging Lewton back into the darkness.

BECKY

Rob!

Lewton can't escape Pike's grabs. Shadows are everywhere.

LEWTON

Run! Find the light!

Becky grabs Peter's hand, takes a final look at Lewton, then
turns and runs down the hallway to the studio.

Lewton breaks free of one shadow arm, but another materializes
and grabs him. Shadow Pike grabs Lewton's throat, squeezing.

PIKE

Tell me, was it worth watching me
die? Worth holding on to all of
that anger? Worth your revenge?

Lewton's knees buckle and he hits the floor.
Pike lets go of his neck for a minute, and Lewton screams.
Pike grabs his tongue, pulls it out.
The knife glitters in the darkness.

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Becky and Peter run, as Lewton's screams echo behind them.

Becky slows for a minute, looks back, Pike's laughter echoes.
She turns back and runs faster, dragging Peter behind.

PETER

The shadow monsters are real, mommy!

BECKY

Yes, Petey. I'm sorry I didn't
believe you. Sorry I didn't listen.

They run through the dark hallway, trying to get out of the
pool of darkness to her office.

A shadow on the wall moves, grows, begins to form.

Becky pulls Peter away from the shadow, they run to the office
door, where shadows begin moving, changing.

Becky and Peter start through the office door...
When it slams shut in front of them.
Laughter echoes.

PIKE (V.O.)

You can't escape darkness. Every
place you could hide has shadows.

Becky and Peter run down the dark hall.

Shadows everywhere.

A shadow of a man against the wall in front them!
Becky pulls out her penlight - blasts the shadow.

PIKE (V.O.)

Momma used to say you can't run from
what's inside you. No matter where
you go, there you are.

Becky and Peter race down the hall. When shadows begin to
move, to form into Pike, she shines her penlight at them.
Ahead: a long stretch of darkness between fluorescents.

PIKE (V.O.)

I was only six when daddy left us.
Momma turned dark that day. The
anger was eatin' away at her.

Becky and Peter race across the dark patch... Shadows on the
walls form into hands reaching from the dark to grab them!

Peter screams as a hand grabs his shoulder.

Becky stabs at the arm with her penlight. It releases Peter,
but another arm from the darkness grabs her!

She shines her flashlight and the hand dissolves.

BECKY

This way Peter!

She pulls Peter around a corner to another section of dark
hallway. Lots of shadows... and the echo of laughter.

PIKE (V.O.)

She hated every man for what my daddy
done. And passed that anger down to
me - I was a man, and I ruined her
life. She couldn't go out to the
roadhouse because of me. Couldn't
find love. So the anger grew.

Becky and Peter run through a section of deep shadows, where
dozens of shadow arms reach out to grab them.

She shines her penlight to chase them away - but there is
more darkness than light. Hands grab her hair, her shoulder,
her legs.

BECKY

Get off me, bastard!

She breaks free, almost losing balance and falling.

The shadows behind her form into Pike... he laughs and chases them down the hall. Peter looks back - sees Pike!

PETER

Mommy?

BECKY

Keep running, Peter.

Becky and Peter race down the hallway to a spill of light at the end - the side door to the studio. Pike chasing them.

PIKE

By the time I was a man, I was filled with her anger... Momma used to say there were three things you could do with anger: Forget it, Let it fester, or Let explode. So I let it rip.

Becky and Peter run to the studio doorway.
Pike right on their heels.
They jump through the doorway.

INT. STUDIO -- NIGHT

Becky slams the door behind them and throws the bolt.
Locks both locks.
Grabs Peter's hand and backs to the center of the room.

PETER

He can't get us, now, right?

BECKY

Stay near me, Peter.

Under the locked door - a sliver of flickering light from the hall's fluorescents. The sliver turns dark. Pike's shadow seeps under the locked door, forms into the man.

PIKE

No getting rid of me is there?

Becky shines the penlight at him...
Dissolving him.

BECKY

Sure there is.

But Pike reforms a few feet away.

They've pushed all of the equipment to the walls - and they create a latticework of shadows. Any of them could be Pike. All of them hide him.

PIKE

All of that anger bubbling inside
you. Bubbling inside me. Seems
like every woman I went out with was
like my momma - angry at some man
who done her wrong.

Becky keeps shining her pen light at the voice - dissolving
shadows. But Pike's shadow pops up somewhere else. It's
like he's surrounding them!

PIKE

I'd use my anger to release them.
Set them free. Forever.

Becky spins with the penlight, aiming it at the voice.
The light flutters into darkness... batteries dead.

PIKE

(laughs)
Now I've got all the power.

Becky and Peter press closer in the center of the room, as
Pike materializes and advances toward them.
A shadow man.

PIKE

You know why I saved you till last?

Pike moves closer to Becky and Peter.

PIKE

You're the darkest of them all.
Those others had reason to hate me.
The anger inside them was all about
revenge. But you're just angry by
nature. Used to watch you on TV,
always bitter, always had a hate-on
for somebody or something. Always
dismissive and superior and mad.

Pike only a couple of feet away from them.
Becky looks over her shoulder at the wall...
Filled with shadows.
His world.

Peter wants to run, but she hangs on to him.

BECKY

Close your eyes, Peter.

PIKE

(laughs)
Don't need to worry about your boy.
No harm's gonna come to him. He's
gonna grow up to be just like me.

Becky looks down at Peter - did she raise him to be a monster?
When she looks up, Pike grabs her throat with both hands.

PIKE

Too bad you won't be able to report
on the next batch I set free...

Peter watches as Pike squeezes the life out of his mother.
Mother and son look at each other.
Then her eyes close.

Peter closes his eyes - can't watch any longer.

Pike laughs demonically.

Becky's foot finds the switch paddle on the floor - connected
to a web of cables. She presses the master switch.

Flash!
Lights flood the room.
A camera light clicks on.

The hundreds of lights they pushed to the walls all go on at
once - creating a blinding light that fills the center of
the room. Pike lets go of Becky's throat - staggers back.

BECKY

Go to hell!

Pike catches fire.
Arms bursting into flames.
Fires eats at his shadow torso until holes are burned through.

PIKE

You bitch! I'm burning! Burning!

Flames cut through his body until there is no body.
Every trace of shadow - gone.
Every trace of Pike - gone.

A camera records Pike's shadow body burning until there is
nothing left to burn. Where Pike once stood is nothing.
Not even a shadow - too many lights for shadows.

Becky touches Peter's head.

BECKY

Showtime.

Peter pulls the sunglasses from his pocket and puts them on.
Becky puts on her sunglasses.
They open their eyes.

Lights too bright - even with the sunglasses.

PETER

He's gone.

BECKY
Even monsters die.

Peter and Becky hug.
Camera against the wall recording everything - red light on.

INT. TV NEWS DESK -- DAY

The red light of the camera is on.

FOOTAGE: Shows Pike bursting into flames - shadow turning into fire and dissolving into nothing.

BECKY
Booden Pike's second execution
occurred at 12:03 Sunday morning
here at Trail TV. He will kill no
more. The world is a safer place.
We can all sleep without fear.

FOOTAGE: Lewton.

BECKY
Pike might still be lurking in every
shadow without the valiant sacrifice
of Detective Robert Lewton. He will
be missed by all of us.

Becky shifts gears - she's mellowed. No longer Nancy Grace.

FOOTAGE: A tropical beach paradise... with Police searching
searching the sand for clues. Then a warehouse full of cages.

BECKY
We will continue our coverage of the
strange case of Melissa Carson when
we return from this break, but first --

FOOTAGE: San Quentin. A mug shot of a WILD MAN.

BECKY
The Supreme Court has ruled against
convicted serial killer George Allen
Waters who drowned eighteen people
in Seattle - always at high tide.
Waters is scheduled for execution
next month, and Trial TV will be
there with extended coverage.

Becky smiles as we go to commercial.

Becky pulls out her ear piece, sips from a glass of water
and rolls her chair from the news desk... relaxing.

CREW members move around the set as a commercial plays on a
monitor. Randolph approaches - a piece of paper in hand.

RANDOLPH

That was the craziest story we've
ever aired, darling. This will be
the second craziest -

BECKY

Another dog pack attack?

RANDOLPH

Guess who Waters' pen pal was?

BECKY

Karla O'Keefe.

Randolph smiles and steps away from the desk, a TECH takes
the water glass from Becky's hand, and the DIRECTOR starts
counting backwards with his fingers... pointing at Becky.

Under the news desk, shadows seem to move, change, form.

FADE OUT.

END